

heyennes

ivilized Tribes

OKLAHOMA

Don't Worry

By W. W. M.

TOO LATE.

Let men be celebrating,
If to rejoice they please,
A lower rate for freighting
The famed Wisconsin cheese.

The cheese is quite nutritious,
A most sustaining food;
The lower rate's auspicious,
If in a hungry mood.

Yet few will join the cheering,
Or think it matters much,
Since there is something lacking
Which made the Dutch lunch Dutch.

Joe Hickins, the w. k. globe trader and landlord, has decided that abroad is better, compared to life in America. He is not one, it seems, who would see Paris or Rome or wherever it was, and die. Neither, for that matter, are we, but it merely proves our Americanism, perhaps our provincialism; ours and Joe's. There are Chinamen in America who skip no save for the day when they can return to the crowded orient; even Armenians here who long to go back to where relief measures would be necessary to get them through a hard winter. The last minstrel was reasonably correct in his diagnosis.

The remarks addressed to the umpire probably weren't gleaned from the Book of Etiquette.

C. Guy Cutlip, Wewaka attorney and ex-quail hunter, has an article on "The History of Law" in the current issue of the American Law Review. It is an interesting article, too, although it affords no relief from the surplus legislation that is prologuing such history. But he does reveal that unreasonable statutes are no novelty, and Tennessee's anti-evolution measure would have attracted less attention in the days of Hammurabi.

Around the first of the month a man is convinced that more students should major in domestic economy.

Last Friday deserves a place of prominence as the July day when the dining room fire was lighted and that the family might be comfortable for breakfast, and Colorado peppers with please copy.

Confucius said "let everyone attend to his own business," but it is assumed that comparatively few heard him.

Men have been blaming the women a great deal since Adam set the precedent, but there has been an increased tendency in that direction since motoring became popular.

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Don't Worry

(By W. W. M.)

GREAT EXCITEMENT.

With congressmen convening
To share the nation's lawns,
This planet, now careening,
May pause.

Their vigilance relaxes
No particle or whit,
And they may lower taxes
A bit.

But with that prospect nearing
This may they read who run:
They'll hear much louder cheering,
When done.

754

OKLAHOMA CITY TIMES, TUESDAY, DECEMBER 8, 1925.

ADHERENCE BY

WE ARE GOING

Completed

To deal with this vital necessity of the life of the country, it has permitted itself to readjust its policies that its financial affairs must be handled soundly.

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The season also is at hand when a number of those present will insist on spelling Christmas with a cross (X) mark, as the Australian ballot quaintly phrases it, and this may be a hard winter in other respects. Probably there isn't much that can be done about it. We frequently have threatened to withhold our belated Christmas shopping from those who erred in that manner, but the coercion seems as futile as that of the frate subscriber who threatens to cancel his subscription, if the paper doesn't stop printing pictures of Suzanne Lenglen in action.

Boys used to want to become pirates, and there still are several who want to join the Pittsburgh team.

Probably it will surprise you no more than it did us to learn that the Los Angeles Express emblazoned Florida's flag with a two-line streamer. Still, it is unlikely the Miami Herald would suppress tidings of an earth tremor on the Pacific slope, and it may be just as well that those sovereign states are as far apart as they are.

Up to date Jim Ferguson has been charged with about everything, but being henpecked.

Speaking of Florida, as ever so many reactors will, we see by the paper that republicans are trying to grab that climatic commonwealth from the democratic column. We are the sort of political prophet who thought Jimmie Cox had a chance, but our Jeffersonian optimism prompts the prognostication that the republicans are taking in too much territory. A number of the newcomers are republicans, of course, but a flock of them come from New York, where Al Smith's influence is w. k.

A chronic grumbler may be pronounced incurable, when he begins to complain that the sermon was too short.

It is a great aid to the conservation of wild life that so many of the hunters fail to find anything.

A TEST.

If scientific chaps think sleep
A habit, let them make
This one experiment: Just keep
Awake.

There isn't to be any Nobel peace prize award this year, but there seems a chance in Texas for someone to win one.

C. Guy Cutlip's essay on "The History of the Law" has been translated into Spanish for publication in Inter-America, a Spanish language periodical published in New York, and the mayor of Wewoka can go ahead and feel distinguished. Incidentally, it afforded us an opportunity to observe how much Spanish we have forgotten, since we used to order dos cervesas in San Miguel's celebrated thrist emporium.

Rufe Hoskins wishes to say a kind word for the vest: it is that it improves one's chances for finding a match, which is difficult enough in a world where a fellow once lost a bass drum.

We do not share Comrade Brill's aversion to the huddle system of signaling in football, and cite the gate receipts as evidence that nothing has taken the kick out of that grand old pastime. A football crowd not only is likely to be more numerous and noisy, but it has more fun than the gallery of any other sport. However, he doesn't seem to feel as hot about wrestling as we do, so we are approximately even.

Most of the building program for next year contemplates more substantial structures than the political platforms to be erected for the occasion.

Germany has relented sufficiently to provide a home and plenty of ready money for its ex-kaiser, who probably would laugh himself sick if he had his sense of humor on straight. But the last of the Hohenzollerns would be a somewhat solemn sort; no other type would be able to strut while sitting down.

The republican party has decided to be kinder to young Bob LaFollette than it was to his father, and democrats needn't feel so down-hearted because Senator Wheeler was permitted to return to the reservation.

"There Came Four Kings," runs a title of a Brisbane editorial. Such things will happen occasionally, and yet the proud possessor of three aces may feel reasonably justified in a raise or two.

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[Date March 19, 1926. on back.]

Bitter-riding is all right occasionally, but as a regular occupation it doesn't seem to pay.—Morgantown New Dominion.

OKLAHOMA CITY

OKLAHOMA CITY TIMES

(Evening Edition of The Daily Oklahoman)
E. K. GAYLORD, Editor

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DAILY AVERAGE PAID CIRCULATION..... [Morning—25,828]..... 144,612
FEBRUARY CIRCULATION..... [Evening—76,184]

Flood Control

OPPOSITION to tentative plans or suggestions for the control of the flood waters of the North Canadian makes it unlikely that the project can be developed under the present arrangements. But the controversy shows general agreement on the benefits of flood prevention, and conservation of flood waters. This widespread interest should help toward the ultimate solution of our flood problem. Whatever is needed of plan revision or law revision should be pressed to fulfillment, for no state can afford the waste of floods that may be prevented.

An Ounce Of Prevention

OTHER breaks in the granite wall at the city reservoir are likely to occur, in the opinion of V. V. Long, a reputable engineer, unless the city takes immediate steps to strengthen weak points and make necessary repair. Mr. Long is also of the opinion that the breaks that have occurred could have been prevented by proper precautions, but that is futile speculation.

The breaks did occur, and squabbling about the blame is less important now than repairing the damage, and safeguard-

Don't Worry

By W. W. M.

STRAW VOTES.

Starting in with prohibition
Ballots in the public prints,
We shall face that same condition
Th'll come winter fashion hints.

Candidates are wont to gather
Early votes on postal cards,
Ere they work into a lather
Grabbing popular regards.

Magazines and daily papers,
With their endless votes of straw,
Will persist in ballot capers,
TH'N November winds are raw.

Hypothetically voting,
People take their pens in hand,
As an evidence denoting,
In a measure, where they stand.

This performance may be painful,
And as lengthy as a string,
But it really isn't gainful,
For it doesn't prove a thing.

Our art gallery has been augmented by a noble likeness of C. Guy Cutlip, mayor of Wewoka, and far be it from us to say the unkind things about it that he did in the note accompanying the picture. We were of a mood to share the treat with constant readers, and adorn this column with his classic countenance, in competition with the dental display Art Gum has used for decorations recently, but the art department is down on the second floor, and Art circulated illustrations from his essays the day this photograph arrived, and writing is so much easier, so we stick to our policy of limiting this plinth to reasonably pure reading matter.

We have often wondered what the women of Arizona do about washing their hair.

O. O. McIntyre tells the world that considerable gambling is going on at Palm Beach, but, for that matter, good...

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Don't Worry

By W. W. M.

AFTER TAKING.

In early spring one hears the call
That frequently has parted
A man from labor great or small,
And he would then get started.

Would start upon a fishing trip
To lake or brimming river,
And watch his flies and minnows dip
Where shining ripples shiver.

And, ultimately, he will go,
As did this writer lately,
To give the festive fish a show
At lures applauded greatly.

And he will learn of fishing lore,
When at his destination,
The bass struck fast the week before
He chose that occupation.

But if the fish won't bite a bit,
His hopes that should not shatter,
For fish are, to this fishing skit,
A rather minor matter.

Which is by way of intimation that the McAlester fish weren't exactly sociable, but everyone else was, and a pleasant time was had. True, Bill Martineau did land a bass after a desperate struggle. The struggle was to get the motor boat started, and not with the fish, 'n' understand. His catch was, in fact, a young and exuberant bass that hadn't heard enough after dinner speeches to understand that life is a struggle. Probably it had never read the American Magazine, either. To give credit (if that is the word where credit belongs), it should also be added that Bill caught a perch on the morning of the second day, but all the rest of us were a great aid to the conservation of wild life that worries old Doc Hornaday so. But it was a grand trip, for all that, and those privileged to view the scenery from the front porch of Col. Key's cottage on the bluff overlooking Lake McAlester, will pine for a return engagement.

An optimist, if a new definition is needed, is one who fancies his investment in fishing tackle will decrease his grocery bill.

"Bud" Brinsfield, ex-marshal of Wewoka, and former resident of Izard county, Arkansas, was among those present. Bud has been landing some big bass from the McAlester lakes, and has become an expert caster, which led C. Guy Cutlip to remark that you can civilize anybody in time. Someone accused Bud of being a Kentuckian, but he insists he has never been that far from home. He says, however, that he had an uncle who was known as a great traveler in Izard county, having made one trip to Little Rock.

"Work" remarked the gent at the adjacent desk, "never seems so hard as when you have been away from it for a day or two."

ACTING LIKE HUMANS

Another point, perhaps surprising,
Is how one hates to quit the hay
To work, but welcomes early rising
To play.

We are far from being the only cheerful fisherman. George Ade Davis anticipates that the fish we didn't catch, which virtually are all of them, will be larger on the occasion of the next expedition. Besides, if one doesn't catch any fish, he won't be expected to dress them, which is mussy employment.

Rufe Hoskins says the old saying might be revised to read "While there are fish there is hope."

This excursion was our first intimate contact with a motor boat for several years. We had hoped that engineering science had made them somewhat less temperamental than the ones that irritated us in the yesteryears. It seems not. There were two available for this expedition, and several amateurs labored in vain to start either of them. We might have rowed to the chosen point while awaiting the arrival of an expert, but there was no rush of volunteers. Finally one was coaxed into action and towed the other, and the thought occurred that if all were as persevering as motor boatmen, we might eventually get a dome on the capitol and secure a new union station.

Forty years ago this was a wild country, and some of the deuces still act that way.

There is another advantage about a piscatorial exploit that fails to augment the food supply, or deplete the remnant of our wild life. The fish stories one narrates thereafter will be accepted as the truth, if they are.

Meanwhile, to turn to lighter topics, we note that the senate still is struggling to sid the farmers, and there are other indications that this is a campaign year.

JAMES, WEDNESDAY, JUNE 9, 1926.

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July 8, 1926

OKLAHOMA CITY

Don't Worry

By W. W. M.

A SUITABLE SETTING.

How cool are Adirondack hills;
As cool as Winnipeg or Nome,
And Calvin Coolidge, through with bills
A little while, should feed at home.

The coolness of our president
Amounted to a slogan when
He sought a second term, and went
This land republican again.

Then keeping cool with Calvin was
Upon the sovereign voters urged,
And radicals were given pause,
For all they ranted and insurged.

So in the Adirondacks there
A chilly president should fit,
And feel that is exactly where
He has a chance to make a hit.

Recent rain revived the pastures, improved corn prospects, but was tough on picnics. We are an advocate of the alfresco feed, but a down-pout does dampen enthusiasm and potato chips.

Home brew steps in to keep a number of men at home evenings after the static gets too bad for radio to have much influence.

Billy Sunday thinks the religion of the future will be his religion; which is assuming, of course, that Billy Sunday thinks.

W. K. Hale and John Ramsey of Osage county, probably feel this is a warm summer, regardless of what the weather bureau may have to say on the subject.

Marital felicity would have a better chance for endurance if there were a pre-nuptial agreement to determine who should empty the pan under the refrigerator.

President Coolidge urged observance of laws in his Philadelphia speech, but it probably will take more than that to make prohibition really effective. Our favorite Washington correspondent has intimated that liquor in Washington isn't limited to the foreign embassies. Indeed, one might easily infer that there are public officials at the nation's capital who aren't total strangers to alcoholic beverages, and the president might devote some of his advice to his home town. Besides, if memory serves, Philadelphia is the spotless town that Gen. Smedley D. Butler purified so beautifully, before he returned to active duty to cleanse the marine corps.

Sometimes the conversation reminds us of Harold Bell Wright, who also drags on at great length without saying much of anything.

An increasing number of people are beginning to feel that Almee should look in a mirror to see if her halo is on straight.

MONTHS.

July comes promptly after June,
As many will remember,
And makes one vision as a boon
The days of bleak November.

The crime wave, permanent as it is, hasn't shaken faith in human nature. For instance, we have a neighbor who went away and left the door unlocked over the Fourth of July holidays, making it convenient for any burglar who didn't feel patriotic. Then there is C. Guy Cutlip, mayor of Wewoka, who hasn't locked his house since he built it, not even after an oil boom came to town. Although we sometimes laugh at locksmiths in the same indifferent fashion, it is faith in the bull terrier, rather than in the righteousness of the somewhat human race, that supports the open door policy. There is some confidence, too, that no journeyman burglar would waste his evenings on the humble domicile of a scrivener.

Rufe Hoskins says he can't get much of a thrill out of the growth of bank deposits when his own have shrunk.

New York suffers considerable inconvenience from the subway strike, but it will afford a vast number of New Yorkers a chance to see their city, which should be a bit of novelty to many of them. The subway affords rapid transit, but that about lets it out. If one were in no hurry, walking would be a better means to get there, and ever so many New Yorkers are in no particular haste.

A rather extensive library could be compiled from the books one reads, but won't.

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Dont Worry

CONTRIBUTORS' DAY.

WIND O'WINTER.

Dixies swoop around the curb, blown gaily in the gust.
Alley of games of handball, office games with grains of dust.
Elves ride forth on roving winds, apoc, omnipotent,
Wee folk shrill through frosty air, by shrieks of laughter spent
Puff-ball clouds that dapple white against a cobalt sky,
Are fresh frosted fairies leaning out in eagerness to spy
Ariel, their leader as he sails around the town,
Seated on a russet leaf adorned with thistle down.

Passers in the city streets are flicked with wintry cold,
Lashed by sparkling yellow shafts from pots of embeau gold.
You and I meet staidly, bow, and say a dull "Good-day",
Solemnly we walk along, but e'er we turn away
Your fleeting glance reveals how full your inmost heart may be
Of merry little secrets. Oh! my dear do you, too, see
Wee folk shrilling through the air, by shrieks of laughter spent
Elves that ride the roving winds, apoc, omnipotent?
—Freighton Brown Burdham.

When J. E. N. was acquitted—in drag forth some ancient history
which irked me at the time—I was among those who looked down and ad-
mitted that the law was a joke. Still, after due consideration, I have con-
cluded that I am lacking in that basic something which is requisite to
avoiding the penitentiary, and will continue to let the bank robber and
bootlegger demonstrate the impotency of the law. However, I still main-
tain my belief in the original theory that the life of ease is an enviable
one, and with the end of school more or less approaching, have decided
that if I cannot be a bootlegger I will take the next best thing and be-
come a columnist.—R. J.

Don't Worry editor has on numerous and sundry occasions pointed
out that one must be an expert in the bureau of identification or some-
thing, to be able to decipher some of the hieroglyphics submitted by some
of the contrils, and urges the more general use of the hunt and peck
system. (One side of the paper, please.) It would necessitate the calling
in of a hand-writing expert to decode our own scribbles after they get
cold, and for that reason we have adopted the trusty typewriter, but you
can't trust them too much. We have one big objection to any and all
the machines we have ever used; none of them has ever learned to
spell correctly.—O. M. M.

UNUSUAL SUCCESS.

In Wewoka laughing water, as I think you once translated,
Chinese were seem unimportant, Niemazua's overrated
When compared with work politic, such as mayors' robes bring.
And the news that C. Guy Cutlip's brown sombrero's in the ring.

Shades of Brinsfield, shades of Bunyard, shades of Doughs, Day
and Key.
Rally round your homes and derricks, unfrail of destiny
Of one, who optimistic 'neath the bludgeoning of fate,
Can strive (and often with success) to fill an inside straight.
—Edgar Tompkins.

It was in answer to the fifth question, "Who is a noted college pro-
fessor who is also a well known novelist?" that the most garrulous, and
in my estimation, the funniest member of our little group, said "Percy
Marks, who wrote 'Pyrrhusus on Wheels.'" Outside of the fact that
Percy Marks didn't write it, and that it was unjust to accuse him of it,
and that Christopher Morley is not a chip off the old block when it comes

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Don't Worry

By W. W. M.

HOME AGAIN

Here ends the brief vacation,
Which was about the best,
And may this occupation
Afford a little rest.

A little rest is needed.
'Tis only fair to say,
But how that fortnight speeded,
Or fairly flew away!

Now that we and congress are at work again, if it amounts to that, it should lighten the labor on this sector to say something of the recreation period just ended. Arkansas came up to expectations, which were high. Those who wander after wildfowl should try it once, and if their route winds through Ozark foothills, gay with autumn foliage, the trek will not seem too long. After Little Rock came the flat lands. Rice fields add agricultural variety to the corn and cotton. Big plantation homes with negro cabins in the background are pictures from Mark Twain and Stowe; the old south, the deep south, where cotton still is king, and there seems no need for haste. A sidestep to Helena to pick up another hunting companion, and then Indian bay and the wilderness. A second-growth wilderness, they say it is, but a great woods to one from the plains country. Deer hunters and turkey hunters were coming out as we went in, their brief open season ended. No matter, the ducks were numerous as we went by motorboat down the placid waters of the bay, into White river and down that splendid stream to its confluence with Big creek, where the houseboat that was camp lay at its moorings. And then the long walk through the woodlands to the little lake where the barrage began. Trudging back, heavily laden, it seemed a wise provision that reduced the limit from twenty-five to fifteen. . . . This was our lucky tour; usually we at least get in over our waders once or twice during the season, or get our large feet entangled in rushes or mud or quicksand, and sit down where it is deucedly damp. Once we stepped off a Missouri river sand bar, into too many feet of ice water. This year we came through dry shod, but the jinx we have known settled on J. A., who sponsored the expedition and furnished the transportation. He still thinks he is lucky because all escaped from a burning motorboat unscathed, even if a dive into twelve feet of water and the loss of a new gun featured his part of the performance. Incidentally, he demonstrated that a strong man can swim a little in the heavy regalia of the blind. We had often wondered about that, and still feel that the hunter's garb is no suitable costume for channel swimming.

An experienced hunter is one who doesn't promise ducks to all his friends before he starts on his hunt.

There were those who told us, before this pilgrimage, that it would be too good. Possibly that is true, and we may pit our wits against the elusive flocks of the South Canadian, come another fall. Still, we have seen larger flights and taken a larger limit in other blinds before. It was rather the seeming certainty that tomorrow would be like today that made the difference; made us, at least, shorten this hunt, a day, fairly satisfied, and get home in time for the O. U.-Aggie game.

RELATED THANKSGIVING

To all and each and any
Who toiled that we might play,
Our thanks today are many,
If not such ample pay.

Travel occupied much of the larger leisure this year, and football claimed two days, or the afternoons thereof, hence there was less shooting than usual, but enough. This year, too, for the first time, Bob White received more attention than the southbound mallards. Four days among Seminole county quail, wound up the performance. We couldn't induce C. Guy Cutlip to hunt, but we kept him up reasonably late most nights, and a pleasant time was had. We knew Wewoka when "it used to be so happy and so poor"; before the Midas of petroleum had come among the jack oak hills with its golden touch. Probably it is happier now, and affluence and city building haven't chilled the hospitality. Also, beyond the derricks, the quail seem about as numerous as ever, but there are more hunters. Still, we didn't feel cramped, and Virgil Biggers and Bud Brinsfield will vouch for the fact that we could have had more quail, had we done better shooting. We are still wondering about the theory that one can't eat a quail a day for thirty days, but Bob White is a grand bird, and this state has the terrain suitable for an adequate supply for years to come.

Rufe Hoskins says a man who returns is always surprised that so few knew he had left town.

And so, as old Sam Pepys might have phrased it, home and to work. Tomorrow, beyond question, we shall change the subject several times, but vacation notes may be prolonged to say that one can look forward to another outing when one has ended. Finally, and after years of waiting, we went beyond the rice fields. Perhaps the gulf coast and even Carratuck and canvasbacks will not always remain iridescent dreams. Hope, at any rate, is inexpensive.

One good thing about keeping a dog is that there is likely to be someone at home to greet the returning wanderer.

This far south the s. s. thought occurs that work isn't as hard as it looked while we were getting up at 4 o'clock in the morning in order to catch up with our play.

Don't Worry

By W. W. M.

AFTER TAKING

Here ends the brief vacation.
And let this bard suggest
This lighter occupation
May qualify as rest.

The urge to walk and wander,
If still unsatisfied,
Is eased till one may ponder
What stanzas to provide.

And, if a little weary,
This scrivener is glad,
And springs that slogan cheery:
A pleasant time was had.

Men have been known to write whole books of vacation notes, hence a col. along that line should be easy, and will be: easy to write, and the readers may face it cheerfully, assured of some later change of pace. As set forth in the advance notices, we followed somewhat familiar trails. Vergil Biggers's feet were not as good as usual, but his bird dog came up to expectations and fulsome promises, while C. Guy Cutlip and his little coterie of serious thinkers demonstrated that Wewoka is no nine o'clock town. Somewhat regretfully we report that the coveys seemed slightly less numerous than usual. Perhaps a dry summer was to blame, or it may be that petroleum development is crowding Bob White into less congested regions. Quien sabe? as they say in old Madrid. But there is more than meat in the annual endeavor to outwalk an ambitious pointer, or outsmart the mallard migration. Also, there is much more to Seminole county than its justly celebrated oil fields; much that is fairer, if not so profitable.

We wonder if the ammunition manufacturers realize the debt they owe to great expectations.

The second week was devoted to Arkansas mallards, and the long trek to and from the White river flats. There we weren't so far from last season's pleasant enterprise, but the difference was vast. Last year we were housed and guided by those who commercialize the grand old pastime, while this year we were the guest of W. I. "Snake" Southern, at his cypress lodge on Stinking bay. That shocking moniker maligns the placid waters of the wooded inlet which the cabin castle overlooks. And we wish more men, particularly more sportsmen, might know our host. Other devotees of the great outdoors dream of such happy hunting grounds, but this man has attained one. Here is gratitude that he let us share it for a little while; let us and a former governor, an insurance magnate and an army officer, and made us feel he was rather glad we came. There is something more than tradition to southern hospitality, even if one might not guess it from Florida resort prices.

It is possible that Pollyanna never had to fuss with a flat tire on a muddy road.

There was a dearth of ducks at the first location, and we don't know whether that should excite the Izaak Walton league or not. Our host said they were abundant earlier in the season, and that excessive shooting had shoved them further south. A dry autumn had something to do with it, the nesters said. It was difficult to think of drouth where one went everywhere with muddy feet, but the ducks were lacking. An unusual cold spell may have been an influence, but if ducks won't come to the hunter, he can fare further. Thus began the cruise of another Southern Cross, a comfortable cabin boat, rather than a long range air cruiser, and on Columbus lake, far up prairie bayou, there was a flight to remember. Our favorite fall diversion has lured us to marshes, lakes and rivers of several states, and always the pastime is different. Here we shot in flooded woods beside the lake; shot ducks coursing above the big trees, and saw whole flocks come fluttering down to alight in the forest waters. That was sporty shooting and misses were frequent, but the game is better that way. Two days of that, and the homeward cruise up the delectable White river, made this an outing to be remembered.

There are high spots in all such ventures. Snow draped the autumn foliage and evergreens of the Ozarks as the expedition moved in. The mirrored forest in Columbus lake, as we cruised across it in a paddle boat at twilight is a picture that will endure. A great flock alighting all about us as we stood exposed in open water, brought its thrill to us who have shot in many waters. The excitement of the novices who did not know there were so many mallards. The motorboat that threatened to sink, but didn't. The fanning group before "Snake" Southern's fireplace, before the hunt began. Such memories are treasures one shares, but does not give away with the ducks. A joyous junket, but, although Bill Bleakley rather leans that way, we cling to our earlier decision not to be a guide.

For a little while, that is the life. Perhaps it is well enough as a life work, too, for Shorty Moore, who knows only the woods and the river; or a winter vocation for Frank Dempsey, our guide, who tinkers with pumps and engines about the rice country through the growing season. But, after while, we should want to return to reading lamps and typewriters and traffic congestion. Without suspecting it, perhaps, the Boones and Carsons missed something, and so it isn't too bad to feel the leg chains chafe again. Our work, if it amounts to that, is not unpicasant, and there is always golf to take one into the reasonably open air.

Also, the morning's heavy mail brought evidences that there are those who longed for our return. We note the excellent work of the pinch hitters, offer the customary vote of thanks, and wonder why.

Tomorrow we shall act on the walrus's suggestion and talk of many things, but the hunt isn't over just because the fowling piece is put away.

OKLAHOMA

Don't Worry

By W. W. M.

EXTREMES

A flood in far Australia
Proves rainfall still may pour,
A soaking Saturnalia
That residents deplore.

Yet drouth in old Kentucky
Has lingered such a while
The people would feel lucky
If floods were back in style.

Extremes of nature trouble
The populace and such
Till few feel free to bubble
About this planet much.

"It looks like they are going their own way," Governor Murray is quoted as saying of the esteemed senate, and Doctor Scott must have winced slightly when he read it. "Like" is a frequently misused word, substituting for "as if" frequently when it should not, but it does seem that a governor who wants to revise our educational system, should adjust his grammar, and the senate might pass a resolution about it.

Interviewed yesterday, an early robin said that those who went south for the winter didn't care much for traveling expenses.

Major M. M. Beck, golfing journalist, wrote "30" in his Holton (Kan.) record the other day; dead at the age of 92. We had hoped he might round out a century, and finish in the newspaper harness he wore so long and so lightly, but 92 years amount to long life. Not too long, however, for one who found it as interesting and generally satisfactory as the major did. A persistent golfer till the last, he had challenged that other nonagenarian of the links, John D., within the past year, but the game was never arranged.

It won't be long now until most patriotic citizens will be figuring how to pay as little income tax as possible.

As an ex-colonel, we might as well further relieve Governor Murray's mind by assuring him he didn't weaken the state's defenses by letting us lapse quietly to the retired list, particularly since he has added such eminent strategists and tacticians as Walter Ferguson, the veteran banker, C. Guy Cullip, who knows enough about law and hole cards to be a good judge advocate, and Dr. W. E. Oriso, who can afford uniforms for the staff. Which is a lengthy preliminary to saying that our sentiments are largely with the pacifists. After m. or l. active participation in two or three wars and innumerable Fort Sill campaigns, we feel that war is rather dumb, as well as brutal, and rarely worth what it costs. It is important to take this stand that the clergy may realize it is no jingo fulmination when we assure the gentlemen of the cloth that they are unduly alarmed about the evil influence of compulsory military training at A. and M. colleges and the University of Oklahoma. We have a broader acquaintance since among the students of these institutions than most ministers have, yet we haven't encountered a minister among them. Some to be sure, like military training well enough to take all the possible credit, but many more resent the discipline and drudgery of it, and those who resist military instruction beyond the minimum requirements. It will be all right with us if they abandon the compulsory feature of it, but it is no cause for excitement if they don't. A bit of discipline is often helpful, even for those who resent it, the physical training incident to the school of the soldier is undoubtedly helpful, and there still is a chance for war, even after Professor Einstein has told the world how to avoid it. The world, taking it by and large, isn't anywhere near as wise as the erudite prof.

Don't Worry

By W. W. M.

ABOUT THE SAME

Some congressmen are fairly wet,
 And some are reasonably dry;
 This source of metrical supply
 Is thus advised and doesn't fret.

At some now dim and distant day
 The statutory lid may lift,
 And yet that need not cause a rift
 In any lute that one may play.

The prohibition argument
 Has waggled along for many years,
 Until that aged dispute appears
 Intractable permanent.

And some will drink and some will not
 No matter what the law may be
 In this dominion of the free,
 Where nothing matters such a lot.

Under the careful tutelage of our French teacher, we have now progressed sufficiently to ask for a pitcher of ice water in Parisian parlance, but the chances are the garcon will recognize us as an American and send us a pitcher of beer. We should make a fair stab at ordering breakfast in either case.

CONSOLIDATION

There are so many candidates
 Appearing on the sundry slates,
 And yet one need not feel dejected
 To think how few can be elected.

The family princess arrived from the short grass for a week's visit at the battered bungalow, for which we are grateful. It also seems a good idea that she has friends enough to keep her too busy to give much thought to spring housecleaning, and a pleasant time is being had. Although ours was a happy family, the truth is that our efforts (if that is the word) at housekeeping were ever subject to adverse criticism, as well as they satisfied us. On the immaculate other hand, seasonal renovations of the premises always seem a pretty far excuse for a man's leaving home, if he can think of anywhere to go. We want the place policed sufficiently to permit fair footwork, but the idea of coming home and eating from the mantel and finding the favorite easy chair loaded with curtain rods and similar impediments, doesn't come under the head of indoor sports.

Rufe Hoskins says very few men ever become as important as a sophomore can act toward a freshman.

C. Guy Cutlip, Wewoka resident and Seminole jurist, sees the soil as the real solution of the unemployment problem, although the four-hour day is a more popular panacea. Guy figures that man may make a living from the earth, by growing food for himself and family, and that the job is big enough to keep the family busy, too, so he believes the relief funds should be spent establishing the unemployed on farms, if the relief is to be permanent. That idea won't drive all the idle from the crowded centers, but it may interest Guy to know that Clarence Roberts, the farm paper editor, is able to discern such a back to the farm movement. There are people on places that were abandoned in the years of industrial expansion. Most of them hate to do chores, and will return to town with improved economic conditions, but there are those among them who find farming as a permanent life, rather than as an emergency need. Some of these are men who have been on farms with the intention of staying there, and probably will find something to do. The rest remain, and are grumbling. The last remains, however, that they can be given on the farms, and those in the rural regions will be glad to accept, if they will bear that in mind.

TAILSPIN TOMMY—No Apologies Necessary!

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OKLAHOMA

Don't Worry

By W. W. M.

Chicago, June 30.

WITH RESERVATIONS

The delegates' orations go
 Afar by press and radio
 But distant ones who listen in
 Amidst the tumult and the din,
 Conveniently may turn them off,
 But it is different with a toff
 Who comes a thousand miles to hear
 Such superheated atmosphere.

He has to sit around the hall;
 May even listen to it all,
 While fashioning some lines to print,
 Or garnering a helpful hint
 Which may prove useful later on,
 When bright convention days are gone,
 And yet he needn't (cause for cheers)
 Believe just everything he hears.

If Huey Long is given an assist for starting the first fight of the convention, and winning it, the fact remains that it wasn't much of a fight, although a California delegate grew excited about it, and the whole Iowa delegation acted somewhat as if its members had been drinking some of the tall corn they grow up that way. We know our Democrats, and shouldn't wonder. There was also a chap from the District of Columbia who was opposed to the unit rule for his delegation, but didn't seem to be able to do anything about it besides talk too much. For a place that doesn't let its citizens vote, and considering the propositions of that subdivision, we should say the delegate from the district was out of order, but Will Rogers has been demanding bigger and better battles, and probably is more appreciative.

Just how peacefully this convention started was indicated by the fact that Governor Murray and the skipper both spoke at John Koutil's dinner party for the Oklahoma contingent, without throwing cafes at each other, while Walter Ferguson, veteran banker and Republican, was permitted to speak at the same occasion, and made the best speech of the evening, with the possible exception of Senator Gore's. However, John Doolin of Alva is entitled to a modicum of praise, since he made no speech at all, and there is never a convention but could use more of such restraint. We really should ignore the fact that Scott Ferris was toastmaster, since he introduced most of the other journalists who fought and fell with him, back in the stirring days of the "Amende Honorable" and treated us like one of the waiters. However, we are a forgiving soul, and as indifferent to publicity as a talkie star.

Judge C. Guy Cutlip was among the contributors delegated to write a column or two for us while we were crossing a certain large wet ocean. We didn't, but he wrote at least one of the columns, and we may print it some blue Monday, after this rendezvous with destiny is over. Guy is a delegate, and now wants to write another column. The way that delegation is dominated by Governor Murray, he would have plenty of time for it, but we have decided it would be better for him to wait until he gets home. He wants to write about Chicago, and this convention probably has trouble enough ahead of it, without picking on the second largest city of this ever so western hemisphere.

At the close of the second day it was very evident that Gov. Franklin D. Roosevelt had a majority of the delegates, and some curiosity to know what he is going to do with them. The world may know by the time this reaches the clientele, but here on the ground floor, a. t. s., and at this writing, the guesses vary far enough to make one wonder if anyone knows. Anyhow, he is now tied with the repeal movement, each having one to crow, and neither being of much interest to the Oklahoma delegation, which is still thinking in terms of bacon and beans.

AS A MATTER OF COURSE, a great deal of nosey about conventions, although that pains us less than it does Mr. Mencken. The idea of sending two or three husky delegates to escort the permanent chairman to the platform, after his election, is one of them. Senator Walsh is no cripple, but that is just as smart as naming a committee to notify the party's standard bearer that he has been nominated, and far less expensive.

"The wife is his for Saturday" (Copy)

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OKLAHOMA

Don't Worry

By W. W. M.

CHANGE OF PACE

Now fashion lines to sauerkraut,
 To sealing wax or ships,
 Or themes that Einstein wrote about
 Or sticks for painting lips,
 Or whether okra causes gout,
 Or why don't snakes have hips.

Write lines about the raging main,
 And lamps devoid of wicks,
 Or write that calculus is plain
 When science does its tricks,
 Or anything to help refrain
 From writing politics.

There was a side trip sometime before the aching void began and we started going around making a noise like Alabama, a side trip back to the old home town, and most of the route lay along the Missouri river, then raging with something like the full tide of the June rise. It was a big rise, too, the greatest flood for a half dozen years, but still short of devastating proportions to the delectable valley. Lowell's tribute to a day in June is more impressive amidst the lush growth of a promising season on fertile lands. That part of the panorama promised plenty; that is, plenty for feeding the multitude, although it probably won't bring enough cash money to pay the taxes, and ~~some~~ urge to join the back to the soil movement, regardless of helpful suggestions of Judge C. Guy Outlip, who thinks that is the solution of our economic ills. What does a guy, even a C. Guy, who raises nothing but Pekingese pups, assorted shrubbery and the size of the pot know about agriculture, anyhow? Still, that part of the landscape was beautiful; green fields fringed with grove, orchard and forest, backed by wooded bluffs and checkered with the golden grain ready for the reaper, or arrayed in shocks across areas already harvested. There was grandeur, too, in the turbulent waters, ever in foreground or background as the train sped up the valley. That morning we had read in the Kansas City Star how Pat Hurley was to come to town soon to celebrate the inauguration of barge traffic along the reaches of that waterway below the Kaw valley metropolis, and how army engineers had confined the Big Muddy to a fixed channel, and there was the dawn of a new navigation to stimulate the commerce of the midlands. We watched Old Man River rolling in his might and were skeptical. Army engineers have been trying that pretty much ever since Lewis and Clark headed up that stream, and it hasn't meant much besides made work.

Still, even a mighty torrent seems rather peaceful after—well, you know where we have been—and now it is pleasant to think of joyous days along that temperamental stream. The flights that used to wend that way were something to stimulate the circulation of a Nimrod, and there were grand, lazy days, when migratory fowl were few, but life was lovely, hedged about with the brilliant foliage that autumn paints along the ramparts of the river. Nearby the gold of cottonwood and willow, and on the hills beyond the kaleidoscopic hues of maples, oaks and elms, and over all the soft haze and caressing sunshine of October's bright blue weather, which often is extended into November in this latitude. The clientele should realize why such placid, pastoral memories are needed now, having learned of the life we led last week, but we didn't intend to bring that up.

Rafe Hoskins says the main difference between a big city and a small one is the added difficulty of finding a parking place.

Those who manage to celebrate the Fourth in a safe and sane manner, might try it on other occasions.

Furthermore, while it isn't our purpose to decry patriotism, which is doubtless a noble sentiment, if one feels that way about his native land, it does seem that the lads who begin celebrating the nation's natal day a week in advance are a bit too enthusiastic about the high purposes of our ancestors in throwing off the British crown. And, to add to and prolong the pandemonium, several of them will keep going for a week thereafter, if their fuses or high explosives hold out that long.

It is nice to be welcome in many places, but we can feel right at home without any one delivering an address on the subject.

OKLAHOMA

Don't Worry

By W. W. M.

SUMMER READING.

This is the time one likes to read
Of polar exploration;
Of icebergs sailormen concede
Are risks to navigation.

Now scientific sharps foretell
Of glaciers southward drifting,
Which offers for the heated spell
Perusal most uplifting.

Andean blizzards halt a train,
With drifts too deep for running,
And reading that should ease the strain,
Where harvest hands are sunning.

And peerless prophets see a year
When summer will be missing,
A theme the populace to cheer,
While pavements hot are hissing.

But gelid reading, after all,
When mercury is soaring,
Will not prevent from now till fall
Unnecessary roaring.

C. Guy Cutlip, mayor of Wewoka, was in this city Sunday, and had an after-thought that just about broke our durable heart. He said he might just as well have taken us for a motor trip to the Custer semi-centennial memorial ceremony on the Little Big Horn, if he had thought of it in time, or if we had mentioned the matter when on that so-called fishing expedition to McAlester. Our interest in that western Thermopylae is of long standing, and has been intensified of late by much reading about the memorable disaster, but, of course, it never occurred to us to suggest that a friend should cut loose and furnish motor transportation to the historic scene. And we can't figure on a similar ceremony for another fifty years, and C. Guy may not have a new car by that time.

There are several other ways for a woman to demonstrate her affection besides shooting her husband because she loves him so.

Carl Williams, the w. k. mediator, is back from Washington wearing his new laurels gracefully. Generally speaking, we are willing to let him try to please the railways and their employes in their own way, but we do offer the suggestion that he arrange with the Pullman estate to do a little better by its porters, so they won't expect so much from us. After a long man has spent a restless night trying to adjust himself to the proportions of a Pullman berth, and then donned his duds in cramped quarters, he is in no mood to scatter largess with a lavish hand, even if he does get his clothes brushed when they don't need it, and Henry could tell the Pullman people it is possible to do well and pay living wages.

There are a number of keynote speeches that don't unlock much of anything.

A negro lawyer at Wewoka has his own theory why members of his race rarely if ever commit suicide. "A white man," he says, "gets in a jam of some sort, and sits down and worries over his troubles, and the outlook keeps getting worse, until he decides to end it all. A negro gets in a jam, sits down and stew and worries and finally goes to sleep." Which may upset the recent scientific theory that sleep doesn't amount to much.

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Don't Worry

By W. W. M.

EARLY FROSTS

October saw an early frost,
But one may well remember
The sort that certainly will cost
Is slated for November.

When frost is on the pumpkin vine
And also on the plumping,
Republicans who stay in line
Will find that frost is numbing.

In other words, to make it plain
And point in that direction,
A frost the g. o. p. to pain
Will come with the election.

We wonder if John Simpson feels any better, since a farm strike picketer actually was killed somewhere near Canby, Minn. It has been a long time since the embattled farmers rallied at Lexington and Concord, and the development of lethal engines since that early day means that a farm revolt with shotgun accompaniment couldn't amount to much, no matter how just the agricultural grievances. What we think is that John wanted a bit of front page publicity, rather than open hostilities, but he could have achieved as much without bloodshed, merely by advocating a \$5,000 a year government salary for farmers. He couldn't have got it for them, of course, anymore than he can get them higher prices until market conditions warrant them, but there would have been the plaudits of the multitude that need the money, and no particular harm done. Now a lad of Scandinavian extraction has been slain, because someone kidded him into the idea that the farm holiday would place the tillers on Easy street, and it may be that John would like to retract his frenzied fulminations about the fowling pieces.

We note there is a Rabbit club over in Capitol Hill, and there are a number of timid souls in north town who should be entitled to honorary membership.

Of course we hope the family princess gets back to the battered bungalow for an autumnal visit with her dad, although that pleasant association, we realize, will carry a threat of fall house cleaning. Insofar as we can see, the place is reasonably spick and fairly span, except that it could do with a few coats of paint and a bit of interior decorating, but you know how women are. There are traditions to maintain, and housekeeping seems a serious business to those who tackle it as a new undertaking. The women might as well know, however, that the performance is something of a strain, even to men who have nothing to do with it, beyond trying to locate a favorite pipe or the book they were reading when the storm hit.

Probably the Democrats aren't going to be disappointed again when they find there aren't enough postoffices to go around.

It appears there weren't so very many red shirts in evidence when a little group sought to suppress Christine Hill's paper, the Oklahoma Daily, down at O. U. last week. However, whatever mean things we said about the rough initiation of the Ruf Neks back in Savole Lottinville days, still stands, despite our high regard for that young man.

QUESTION

Some urge the 30-hour week
For righting economic wrong,
And would they then expect this meek
And humble bard to work that long?

The Rev. Forney Hutchinson will go to Washington, but not to take a political job, but, presumably, it is a better pastorate than he holds here. As one who disagrees with him with considerable frequency, we still like him very much. Golden Bells said the two sins were cruelty and meanness; the snooping, sneaking, deceitful acts, and our own definition wouldn't be so far at variance. Ever so many other actions are sinful to Dr. Forney Hutchinson: dancing, cards, and particularly hole cards, which are only a guessing contest to us; Sunday golf, horse races; ever so many things that afford people a little fun. Hence there was bound to be disagreement, as ever there is between Puritan and liberal, but it is all right with us for him to believe that way, since he never sought to cramp our own style, and has been known to say a kind word for the col. Probably we like him so well because he has a faculty for friendship, and a degree of kindness which seems to us the important part of the teachings he expounds. Wherever he goes, our wishes for his welfare go with him.

Rufe Hoskins says the head lettuce growers should realize the debt they owe to the salad dressing manufacturers.

Nancy suggested that we should take some contract bridge lessons, dropping the gentle hint at a time when there were no rocks handy to throw at her. However, Mr. Culbertson might as well realize he still hasn't a Chinaman's chance of selling us a book on the subject. We were somewhat addicted to auction in its day, even going to the point of winning prizes by our prowess at the game. It remained, however, something one did to keep peace in the family, and it never amounted to entertainment, although the friends we played it with were congenial. Hence contract came as a boon. We didn't know how to play it, showed no disposition to learn, and rather revel in our ignorance still. In fact, we know how C. Guy Cutlip felt when we introduced penny ante into Wewoka society, between days of chasing a bird dog over the wilds of Seminole county. Guy called at the cubicle weeks later to deliver a vote of thanks. "I haven't had to play bridge since you were down there," he said, with deep feeling, "and you know I had much rather play poker and lose than to play bridge and win." We knew, and there is also Frank Wilkins's contention that auction is a better game than contract to make contract look pretty terrible to us from the road. It may amount to a racket for Mr. Culbertson and amusement to ever so many others, but we warn them we shall follow Sam Blythe's example and bid six spades regularly, if ever they drag us into it.

Most of the Republican spellbinders are emphasizing the fact that conditions might be much worse than they are, a truth that is no particular consolation to those who have devoted the past summer to looking for work they couldn't find, and wondering when they would eat next.

It always seems a good idea to us that October has 31 days. We size up the campus crowd and assume that no lad is going to try to achieve a higher education without a leather jacket.

Don't Worry

By W. W. M.

FASHION'S FOIBLES

Just what the well-dressed man will wear
May be a vital matter,
And yet this bard with scorn may dare
To patter.

The swallow-tail may have the call
For formal wear this season,
But this one wears none such at all
With reason.

A somewhat ancient dinner coat
Will have to serve as formal,
Till trade, with ample cause to gloat,
Is normal.

We share the notion of the Rev. C. C. Nance that detective stories, in the main, are sour and sorry literature, but doubt that they have much to do with careers of crime, and, being liberal, we wouldn't burn such tales, or deny them to such as get any fun out of them. In the adolescent days we had our own Nick Carter period, without putting up at the leading jail, or looting the livery stable. Also, we know a number of gentle mothers who get vicarious thrills from the chronicles of crime, and the detective story is a favorite diversion of that eminent philanthropist and sterling citizen, Lew Wentz, and ever so many others. Since Christopher Morley gave intimate details of the library of the Herbert Hoovers, no public man need think his bookish preferences are sacrosanct, and it should be all right to tell that much of Lew's literary leanings. Furthermore, we hold censorship in low esteem. Our favorite son was allowed lee-way beneath the reading lamp, and is no stranger to Philo Vance and Sherlock Holmes, although the counsel of a critical father may have had something to do with his preference for better books. A father whose wayward son is in trouble, stirs our pity, of course, impossible as it is for us to understand a paternal sternness that lets the lad languish in jail, when he might be out on bond. Old Ed Howe taught us that friendship between father and son is the best medium of guidance, and we have worked along that line. In the main, the idea still seems sound, and certainly makes a grand time of the responsibility of rearing a family.

Could that disgusted look on the camel's countenance result from going so long without a drink?

Our dentist intimated that his profession has been among the hardest hit by these doleful days, and we have heard several doctors grumble about the way people neglect their doctor bills. It doesn't take much to keep a man away from his dentist, despite the screams of Amos 'n' Andy, and ever so many feel the doctor can't do much besides wait for his pay, which, of course, isn't fair, but facts must be confronted. It isn't our purpose to tell the medicos anything about the business angles of their essential profession, but this is as good a place as any to wonder if it would make any difference if fees had been reduced somewhat in proportion to the decline in commodity prices, wages, salaries and so forth. All right, all right; have it your way, but it was admitted that wondering is entitled to a place among the inalienable rights.

We are glad Dr. A. C. Scott won a prize for writing the best essay about President Hoover, although still unwilling to take that writer's word for the merits of his favorite nominee. Furthermore, we assume the judges in the contest weren't Democrats.

PROFIT AND LOSS

The price of eggs goes up again,
And now the somewhat helpful hen
May help a little more;
May help the hen-retaining bloke,
But not a lot of urban folk
Who buy them at the store.

Vergil Biggers was over from Wewoka last week, and assured us he has an educated bird dog in good working order, that Judge C. Guy Cutlip has something else, that quail are abundant this year in Seminole county, and that we are invited to come on over, which is likely to happen shortly after the November election is out of the way. Vergil went into some detail on this important subject, and told of a farm we have hunted over along Little river that has eight coveys using about its broad acres this season. Allowing a little lee-way in the advance notices, that should mean the return of Bob White in adequate numbers to that region over which we have hunted a dozen years or so, and usually with reasonable luck. There is a great deal of excitement that isn't occasioned by the campaign.

Rufe Hoskins says there are several ways of demonstrating sophistication besides eating Roquefort cheese.

We were glad to learn that Harry Rutledge, field manager of the Oklahoma Press association, has landed a better job in Chicago, and trust the duties of his new position won't require him to make speeches. With the possible exception of former Senator Pomerene, we have long felt that Harry makes the worst speeches, but, of course, he wasn't hired as an orator. Neither were we, for that matter, but we are more given to self-restraint along that line. Probably our speeches, if any, would be worse than Harry's, except that they would be considerably shorter. Whenever we think of a good speech, we are reminded of Lincoln's Gettysburg address, which was short, if not snappy, and has lingered in the minds of the great emancipator's countrymen, long after the lengthy eulogies of others on the same program have been forgotten. Except for getting the date on straight, there are no statistics in it either, which convinces us any public speaker can do pretty well without making a noise like an adding machine.

This, incidentally, is Columbus day, but, in view of all that has happened to what that eminent explorer found over here, the celebration of the anniversary hereabouts isn't so very enthusiastic. There has been a lot of real estate development since Christopher landed, but so little of it is paid for that we are left wondering if the aborigines didn't have the right idea.

Probably men feel superior to women because men have done such a swell job at running the government.

OKLAHOMA

Don't Worry

By W. W. M.

PRESIDENTIAL POLITENESS

When the loser sends the winner
Phrases of congratulation,
He must feel himself a sinner,
Gilty of prevarication.

But 'tis true, in that connection,
With the winners waving banners,
Folk approve the post-election
Line of presidential manners.

Out at Dusty's the other night, we got better acquainted with Griff Jenkins, a kinsprout who cares for contract bridge as little as we do, which is no faint praise. Judge C. Guy Cutlip of Wewoka, is also entitled to membership in the order, since he informed a palpitant planet he had rather lose at poker than win at bridge. Nothing that has been done toward revising the scoring rules of the contract game has disturbed that dauntless three appreciably.

You may have observed that a pup can keep pretty busy without accomplishing anything in particular.

After collecting the damages due for the latest of the rear end collisions that have irked us lately, we have temporarily abandoned the idea of trading the Cerulean Carryall in on an oil field truck as a measure of self-defense. It is only fair to the young man who shocked us so to say that he was much more polite about the incident than we were at the time, and we are glad he had insurance. No one seems to withdraw any sympathy from the famished Chinese to hand it to the insurance companies. One insurance policy leads to another, and this prompt payment reminds us that our burglary insurance policy must be renewed. We used to feel that no burglar would molest a working journalist, but Virginia had her fur coat stolen lately, and it seems you never can tell. However, the record for the meanest man among the predatory persons is still held by that bandit who robbed a jobless man of his clothes. Since we have about abandoned speeding, we have become more than ever in favor of law and order.

It doesn't take a great deal of encouragement to convince a mother that her daughter has great musical talent.

We were pleased to note there was a considerable demand for the dollar seats at the O. U.-Missouri game Saturday. Football is such a grand game that it was nice of Ben Owen to bring it down within the reach of such poor boys as can't negotiate complimentary tickets. The time has come when there are ever so many who can't afford football at \$2 a throw, and an institution of higher learning should adjust itself to the times.

Few American Communists show any disposition to go to Russia, where they would have a better chance to work at it.

During this era of depression no banks have failed in the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland. Only one Canadian bank has failed. This will be read by any number of people who think Americans are the world's greatest people, with the grandest government yet devised by men. Scott's last minstrel had the idea, although that doesn't demonstrate there is much sense to it.

One doesn't need to take up astronomy to find a better excuse than the election returns for staying up too late.

OLD STUFF

Don't Worry

By W. W. M.

PROBLEM

The g. o. p. went slightly wet,
The daring Democrats went wetter,
And time will tell which one will get
The much desired ballots better.

So this is July, which, as a general rule, is the longest month on our calendar. It usually is pretty hot in August, too, but there is almost always the expedition to Fort St. to crack the summer monotony, and, not infrequently, a break in the sudorific season. Indeed, we recall one year down there when we were privileged to call Gen. Baird Markham's attention to a flock of sprigs flying over the reservation, thus making him lose interest in the grand review then marching past the given point. That was when Henry Johnston was governor, and he was the only one sufficiently thorough in his policy of preparedness to have an overcoat for the occasion.

There are a number of fairly dutiful sons, but it is difficult to find one who washes his neck and ears to suit his mother.

It won't be long now until a committee of sterling citizens will rally around to advise President Hoover that he has been nominated as the Republican standard bearer again, and the chances are he won't be particularly glad to see them.

Back seat drivers doubtless avert a number of accidents, and get very little credit for such achievement.

We came home with another invitation to visit Norris Henthorn's fish ranch, or whatever his real estate holdings are over there in the edge of the Ozarks. The date hasn't been set, but it is another of those expeditions frequently postponed, such as visiting Bob Kidd's lake near Poteau. Still, it seems a good idea, as it always seems there should be better fishing where we haven't tried it.

It may have been an oversight, but we read the platforms of both parties and saw nothing in either advocating more red raspberries.

It may be said for the seersucker suit that there are a great many days when one doesn't get out in the rain.

Election days aren't what they used to be before the radio, and the battle of the ballots afforded a pretty fair excuse for coming downtown in the evening.

Allen Street told a pretty good story about a Negro, taking his first ocean voyage, who came up on deck the first morning out, and remarked to his traveling companion: "Look at all that thah watah, Sam. That's the fust thing I ever saw that thah was enough of." It is possible he had never attended a national convention, or he would have known there is enough oratory. Judge C. Guy Cutlip came over to our seat in the press gallery in the cold gray dawn last Friday morning, and remarked that he had decided never to make another speech. However, it is unlikely that his momentous decision will become generally popular, and it shouldn't be difficult for the Kiwanians to serve oratory with their dessert.

SOLILOQUY OF A SLOW POKE

One can get up and walk around,
When riding on the train,
And rarely feel as if the ground
Were quite remote and vain.

We heard of a farmer the other day who wouldn't admit he isn't making any money. Life has its occasional pleasant surprises.

It gives us a slight patriotic thrill to vote early, as if keenly interested in saving the nation. Whether the nation is worth saving doubtless is a debatable question, as one can't help but infer from hearing the comradely Communists discussing the other side of the question, but there still is some satisfaction about voting early: an assurance that it won't stick around the old subconscious as a slight irritation for the rest of the day.

A dandruff devotee is fairly likely to wear a blue serge suit.

Nearly every time we saw Scott Ferris in Chicago he was threatening to get us some extra tickets which he never delivered.

Now that the Fourth of July is over, it should be all right to wonder if any one read the Declaration of Independence on that glorious occasion. It is true that a number of people aren't feeling as independent as they were, and don't care much to sit riveted to a pitch pine plank while some one prates of all men being created free and equal, but there are a number of the boys working who like an occasional holiday.

What has become of the o. f. fiddler who patted the floor with his foot, while performing?

Rufe Hoskins says you may not notice a hole in the screen door, but a fly will.

A man who has just paid a hotel bill always wonders how any caravanary manages to have financial difficulties beyond counting the profits.

There are those who still remember away back when Governor Murray thought he had a presidential boom, declared his intention of writing his reform measures into the Democratic platform, and never permitting an Oklahoma vote to be cast for Franklin D. Roosevelt before frost. Well, if an explanation is needed, his excellency's own presidential gesture approached a record in early frosts.

Occasionally some prodigy is willing to major in mathematics, but the search for other varieties of trouble is more persistent.

As we understand it, Siam now has a constitution, and, getting a late start that way may never go in for a constitutional amendment.

George Key went directly from Chicago to his lodge in the vast wilderness around Gull lake, Minnesota, the lucky stiff, although the casual observer might not think a Delegate with nothing to do for a week but sit around, would feel any need of a vacation.

Every man should be considerate of American womanhood, and pick out a light-running lawn mower.

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OKLAHOMA

Don't Worry

By W. W. M.

JOINERS

When times are really pretty tough,
A state the writer rules,
Full many men do well enough
Collecting dues.

And if the times were extra good,
It is the best of tips
That many make much cash, or could,
With memberships.

For people rush, in peace or war,
From Denver to Des Moines,
From Portland, Maine, to Portland, Ore.,
Alert to join.

The people yearn for this or that,
For causes small or big,
And, be their purses full or flat,
Will gladly dig.

From which this scrivener infers,
While tolling at his art,
That joiners every spicler stirs
Are not so smart.

As exclusively forecast in this pilaster of prognostication, our name is not written there among those Gov.-Elect W. H. Murray has selected to serve as colonels on his staff. A seasoned, not to say salty, colonel is about to be shunted to the placid paths of peace, shorn of rank and title. Still, with such military geniuses as Walter Ferguson, Gene Lorton, C. Guy Cullip, Alva McDonald, Cash Cade and Dr. W. E. Grisso on the list, we shall not feel that the state is defenseless, or that we are without a flock of friends in court. We have been an exception often enough not to mind it much, and there is, to stay us in this scene of shifting fortune, the thought that one can't have everything. Anyhow, we still retain a charter membership in the Cadillac corps, which is a more exclusive and durable organization, and a war correspondent may still be part of the given point when the division passes in review.

Nearly every poor man can think of ways he could make money if he had a little capital.

While reading George R. Phillips's enlightening tome, "Forest Trees of Oklahoma," the thought occurred that some ornithologist (if that is the word) should do as much for the birds of Oklahoma. Probably Joe Brandt of the University Press, will rush us a volume to show that some ornithologist has, which will be all right, but, if such a book has been printed, it has eluded us, and such books should not elude us, if they appreciate the benefits of publicity. One of our ideas is that people are likely to like Oklahoma, if they take time to get acquainted with it, and the birds are attractive neighbors we should know better than most of us do.

LARGER LEISURE

Bill Holloway will soon be free
To tinker with his garden,
While fewer folk drop into see
About a pardon.

With the holiday excitement abating, it is time to begin selection of the judges who will award the column watch, and, gosh, how we dread it! There won't be more than one watch, at best, and so many contributors have done good work within the year. Still, as a watchless one, we take this means of assuring those who fell to cop, that it doesn't make so much difference what time it is, as a rule, and there is usually an array of clocks within range, when punctuality seems consequential.

Rufe Hoskins says a clew doesn't seem any more important than a bloodhound, when it comes to catching criminals.

Frank H. Simonds is somewhat optimistic about Europe, which may be added to the other evidence that anything can happen.

We have read biographies of Captain Kidd, Jesse James, Billy the Kid and Al Jennings, to mention a few criminals who have attracted more than passing notice, and there is nothing in any of them that should tempt a youth to a career of crime. Probably such books never have, and the failure to read of the unpleasant experience of those predatory chappies, may have been a factor. From the complacent position of one who works, in a manner of speaking, for such money as he gets, that seems much better than being shot or shot at, and finishing suddenly in an overcrowded penitentiary that doesn't run much to home cooking.

Calvin Coolidge has decided that this is an imperfect world, which is fairly convincing, coming from one who has done so well in it.

Forest Taylor found a happy hunting ground in the Big Bend country of Texas, and brought back two big bucks, but we shall continue to cast about for promising duck territory, when comes another fall. We are disposed to leave deer hunting for those who want it, and they are fairly numerous. We had rather watch a flock of mallards circle and set their wings, or see a bevy of Bob Whites hurtle from a thicket before a frozen pointer than to bring home venison. After rabbits, which interest us no more, feathered game was the first thrill we found afield, and that has been a pleasant path to follow.

A woman can cross a crowded street in a nonchalant manner indicating great faith in humanity.

OKLAHOMA CITY

Don't Worry

By W. W. M.

STATE FLOWERS

Mr. Thoburn thinks the flower
Of this state should never be
Mistletoe, which gets its power
Parasiting on a tree.

("Parasite" perhaps is not a
Verb according to the book,
But observers here may spot a
Nonchalant and essay look.)

Still, this bard is not excited.
Feels no urge to tear his shirt
Till a wrong life that is tickled.
By the speeches statesmen blurt.

Kansas, once described as "bleeding,"
Chose the flower of the sun,
But it figures in the reading
Of the fields that must be done.

And some further observation
Of the flowers states possessors
Hints their standing in the nation
Knows no factor that is less.

C. Guy Cutlip, Wewoka barrister, was in Oklahoma City the other day, grumbling because an oil well, slightly south of his back yard, has sprayed his premises and ruined the shrubbery, of which he has a large variety, being a plutocrat who doesn't have to trim it himself. However, as one who has seen all oil has done for Wewoka, since we first started chasing bird dogs around the wilds of Seminole county, it is a little difficult for us to join in the gnashing of teeth, etc., although we trust the offending oil company will get Guy a new supply of greenery when spring plays a return engagement.

Will Rogers has a lot of energy besides that which he devotes to chewing gum.

There is some noble hunting in the January Field and Stream, even if one must take it vicariously: a quail paradise, somewhat vaguely located on an old southern plantation, where one may flush 20 doves in a morning's walk. Such vicarious pastime is a great help to one whose best day this season lasted but seven coverts, while one day yielded no more than three. Also, there is the sketch of a day amidst the mighty mallard flight along the Illinois river bottoms in Sangamon county, where one toddles out at 9 or 10 o'clock to get his limit, picking only the greenheads. We have seen that sort of shooting in Arkansas's rice region, but not this year, but there is some excitement in merely reading of such a year, and next is another year.

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AIN'T



This from the Don't Worry column of the Oklahoma City Times conducted by Walt Mills is too good to keep: C. Guy Cutlip, Wewoka barrister, was in Oklahoma City the other day, grumbling because an oil well, slightly south of his back yard, has sprayed his premises and ruined his shrubbery, of which he has a large variety, being a plutocrat who doesn't have to trim it himself. However, as one who has seen all oil has done for Wewoka, since we first started chasing bird dogs around the wilds of Seminole county, it is a little difficult for us to join in the gnashing of teeth, etc., although we trust the offending oil company will get Guy a new supply of greenery when spring plays a return engagement.

Don't Worry

By W. W. M.

Chicago, June 30.

WITH RESERVATIONS

The delegates' orations go
Afar by press and radio
But distant ones who listen in
Amidst the tumult and the din,
Conveniently may turn them off,
But it is different with a toff
Who comes a thousand miles to hear
Such superheated atmosphere.

He has to sit around the hall;
May even listen to it all,
While fashioning some lines to print,
Or garnering a helpful hint
Which may prove useful later on,
When bright convention days are gone,
And yet he needn't (cause for cheers)
Believe just everything he hears.

If Huey Long is given an assist for starting the first fight of the convention, and winning it, the fact remains that it wasn't much of a fight, although a California delegate grew excited about it, and the whole Iowa delegation acted somewhat as if its members had been drinking some of the tall corn they grow up that way. We know our Democrats, and shouldn't wonder. There was also a chap from the District of Columbia who was opposed to the unit rule for his delegation, but didn't seem to be able to do anything about it besides talk too much. For a place that doesn't let its citizens vote, and considering the proportions of that subdivision, we should say the delegate from the district was out of order, but Will Rogers has been demanding bigger and better battles, and probably is more appreciative.

Just how peacefully this convention started was indicated by the fact that Governor Murray and the skipper both spoke at John Koussil's dinner party for the Oklahoma contingent, without throwing caustic at each other, while Walter Ferguson, veteran banker and Republican, was permitted to speak at the same occasion, and made the best speech of the evening, with the possible exception of Senator Gore's. However, John Doolin of Alva is entitled to a modicum of praise, since he made no speech at all, and there is never a convention but could use more of such restraint. We really should ignore the fact that Scott Ferris was toastmaster, since he introduced most of the other journalists who fought and fell with him, back in the stirring days of the "Amende Honorable" and treated us like one of the waiters. However, we are a forgiving soul, and as indifferent to publicity as a talkie star.

Judge C. Guy Cutlip was among the contributors delegated to write a column or two for us while we were crossing a certain large wet ocean. We didn't, but he wrote at least one of the columns, and we may print it some blue Monday, after this rendezvous with destiny is over. Guy is a delegate, and now wants to write another column. The way that delegation is dominated by Governor Murray, he would have plenty of time for it, but we have decided it would be better for him to wait until he gets home. He wants to write about Chicago, and this convention probably has trouble enough ahead of it, without picking on the second largest city of this ever so western hemisphere.

At the close of the second day it was very evident that Gov. Franklin D. Roosevelt had a majority of the delegates, and some curiosity to know what he is going to do with them. The world may know by the time this reaches the clientele, but here on the ground floor, s. to s., and at this writing, the guesses vary far enough to make one wonder if anyone knows. Anyhow, he is now tied with the repeal movement, each having one to crow, and neither being of much interest to the Oklahoma delegation, which is still thinking in terms of bacon and beans.

As constant readers must have suspected, our convention notes are designed to be mainly on lines overlooked by the reporters, whose high purpose is to present this epoch-making assemblage as big news, and, following that trend, we should say something about Heywood Broun's hat. That probably isn't news and it certainly isn't new, but it is the toughest looking lid in the press box, and we may turn fascist if one is supposed to wear such headgear to break into the socialist party. Heywood wasn't so very natty when we spent the summer with him at Madison Square Garden eight years ago, but his indifference to sartorial scenery seems to grow with his bald spot, and it isn't as if the depression had hit him that hard. His would have been the worst looking hat, even if Dusty Rhodes had come along and worn his fly-fishing sky piece.

Harrington Wimberly of Altus, and Dave Vandevier, El Reno editor, arrived somewhat late, having flown. However, it is only fair to Bill Bleakley and Cheeble Graham to add that they didn't leave home until Monday, and then got here in time for John Koussil's dinner party.

Several sterling citizens are carrying canes up here, but we shall not grouse about the vanity of delegates unless Governor Murray adds a moccasin to his field equipment, and he wasn't even threatened when last seen, but he was so good natured it is possible that he takes our word for it that he is the lucky presidential aspirant is the one who gets defeated.

Governor Ritchie gets a good hand when he comes into the convention a little late, with the band playing "Maryland, My Maryland." Still, we recall when staunch Jeffersonians felt "The Sidewalks of New York" might become the national anthem, and shall not take the musical accompaniment too seriously until they finish counting ballots, whenever that is. Meanwhile, the Chicago climate is behaving so well (business of knocking wood) that the prospect of a chronic case of Chicago isn't anything compared with what it might have meant to have been tied up at Houston four years ago. That was the convention to which Carl Williams took six suits of clothes, and then stayed in the hospital so long he didn't get to wear them.

There is, of course, a great deal of hokey about conventions, although that pains us less than it does Mr. Mencken. The idea of sending two or three husky delegates to escort the permanent chairman to the platform, after his election, is one of them. Senator Walsh is no cripple, but that is just as smart as naming a committee to notify the party's standard bearer that he has been nominated, and far less expensive.

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**WEWOKA MAYOR SUES
FOR HON. WALT MASON**

Walt, Mason, that conscientious, kind-hearted diplomat who keeps a smile on the lips of thousands through his "Don't Worry" column, is taking his vacation and spending the time hunting, or part of it any how. It is therefore up to somebody who is better fitted for such duties to keep the smile column going and than our own mayor. In Friday afternoon's Oklahoma City Times C. Guy Cutlip edits the "Don't Worry" column and we are earnest in advancing the thought that we believe Walt is not the only one who do "That Stuff."

While the Mayor seems to step up to the plate with a bit of timidity, we know that is only for those who do not enjoy a personal acquaintance, and all unnecessary, our Mayor opens the column with an apology. That's customary, of course, but honestly Mayor, we believe Walt's batting average will be none the worse for your endeavor. Mr. Cutlip's opening "poem" follows:

An Apology.

I've been invited, by one who knows Good writing. So here goes. The patient public must be patient still while Walt of hunting gets His fill.

While battling for Walt I feel that all Will dispense my effort but prize

My gall, but the time for hunting Will soon be past and surcease From such drivell will come at last. So keep your tempers, maintain the Peace, a limited talent will Soon enough cease.

Perhaps such efforts will cause you to halt and give more appreciation to old Friend Walt.

For we all can't be pots, that is a Cinch and if I get by this effort

And escape Judge Lynch I'll promise the world, as I promised Myself this poeting business Will be laid on the shelf.

**FIRE IN FORD CAUSES
RINGING OF FIRE ALARM**

A Ford on fire caused the ringing in of an alarm this morning about nine-thirty, but the block was erroneously given as the third instead of the second, so the fire department sped past the afflicted car without noticing its condition and when it returned the driver had already extinguished the blaze.

The name of the owner of the Ford was not reported to Fire Chief Rodman.

Mrs. A. F. Gilstrap, Mrs. Abe Douglas, Mrs. W. L. Thurston, Mrs. J. F. Dillion and Miss Frances Dillion motored to Shawnee Thursday to visit little Elizabeth Creekmore who has been very ill at the hospital there, but is now improving.

**Did You Ever
Stop to Think?**

That the motives behind the drive for unification and interconnection of power systems have been lowering costs in order to increase the use and availability of electricity for everyone and service to the cause of industry and agriculture, which is the cause of the whole American people.

That the results already attained stand as another wonder of the world—production increased, with more goods for everyone; the burden of human toil reduced but the opportunities for wage-earners increased; production costs lowered but high wages continued.

That the fundamental underlying factor that has given the United States these social and economical advantages, which are now bringing the rest of the world here to study and to marvel, has been the progress and development of the American power industry under private, not political management.

That unification and interconnection have given and are giving this country an improved power service, a service which has directly contributed to the improvement of the living and working conditions of millions of people.

"The slaves of electricity, answering to the call of American industry," says Mr. Creed, of the Pacific Gas and Electric company of California, have given the free worker the greatest capacity of production ever attained in the history of the world, and with this increase in might has

COUNTY BUSY WITH INCREASED SCHOOL POPULATION

County Superintendent L. V. Porterfield said Saturday that several temporary structures were being built to house the increased number of pupils in schools in and about Seminole City.

The Independent Oil and Gas company has agreed to build a temporary school building in District 18, east of Seminole, and it is under construction. The County is to furnish the teaching force, and it has not yet been decided who is to pay for the equipment.

One new temporary schoolhouse has already been erected in Seminole City, but so great is the congestion of pupils that they are taught in half-day shifts.

An additional teacher has been employed at Good Hope, two miles north of Seminole City, making a force of three.

The time for the schools in cotton districts has arrived, some of them having arranged to open Nov. 15th, and others at different dates between Nov. 15th and Dec. 1st.

WHO WILL BE MISS WEWOKA?

There is a chance for some young lady in Wewoka to be elected by popular vote the queen of the American Legion Rodeo that will be held here for 4 days and nights starting November 24th. The rules of the contest are simple and easy to work for, all you have to do to win the First prize that is on display in P. J. Martins Jewelry Store Window is do a little

ANNOUNCING--

The Beginning of the Fall Term. Enroll for the special lectures to be given by business classes.

Okmulgee Business

104 1-2 S. Morton.

AMBULANCE

Calls answered day

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OKLAHOMA CITY T

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Dont Worry

By W. W. M.

TRAFFIC CONGESTION.

The woods and fields proclaim the spring,
And one might write an ode
To violets and everything
The season has bestowed,
But many more are motorizing,
And one must watch the road.

The vernal meadows have come,
With verdant trees a-flame,
And cherry blossoms helping some
To boost the scenic game,
But where so many motors hum,
What chance to view the same.

The fields with flora are bedight,
And woodland concerts thrill,
The landscape becalms a new delight
By yale and verdant hill,
But motorists must use their sight
To dodge a threatened spill.

An industrious farmer is one who wants it to rain Saturday night, so the hired hands won't get much rest.

So far as we have observed, C. Guy Cutlip, defeated candidate for mayor of Wewoka, was the only loser in the recent election to issue a card of thanks in honor of his defeat. Also, his is an expression of gratitude that approaches face value, in that he said in advance that he didn't want the job. As one who once tried to get C. Guy out in time to go duck shooting, it is easy to understand that his resentful nature wouldn't head him toward extra work with much enthusiasm.

Domestic life being what it is, we never are greatly surprised when the intelligent composer changes "marital" to "marial."

The Rev. Earl Blackman, of Kansas City, has been appointed a member of the Missouri boxing commission, but that isn't as startling as it may seem to those who don't know the Rev. Of his merits as a minister, we know nothing, but we have seen him in the roped arena, where he seemed to be a capable referee. That may not accord with your notion of the dignity of the clergy, but it is adequate preparation for a boxing commissioner, and there are other ways of attracting attention besides walking in from the Mexican desert.

Senator Borah's idea that the prohibitory law can be enforced gives no inkling of when the enforcement will begin.

Chicago is to have a forty-one story apartment house, but there is reasonable likelihood that smoke will reach the top floor.

number of swimmers invaded the lake -
we not among them having

Old Stories In New Type From the Times Files

Twenty-eight Years Ago

Oklahoma had in the Kansas penitentiary 150 convicts, and paid 25 cents per day to keep each of them.

The Iowa Indians were dissatisfied with Oklahoma and wished to spend the summer on the Nemaha river, Nebraska.

Oklahoma was to be represented by Miss Frances H. Oslin as sponsor and Miss E. Pattillo as first maid of honor at the ninth annual reunion of United Confederate veterans, to be held in Charleston, S. C., in May. Both young women were from Greer county.

Fifteen Years Ago

From the Woodward Democrat: "Woodward buyers are paying 60 cents for kafir corn, 72 cents for Indian corn and \$7 per hundred pounds for hogs. Who could be pessimistic with such prices as these prevailing?"

Work was in progress drilling a deep well at Clinton in search of oil or gas. The outfit was equipped to sink the drill 2,000 feet if necessary.

Ten Years Ago

The far-reaching, important and sweeping success of the battle of Arvas was being revealed in successive chapters to the British public.

HERE'S AN OLD ONE.

GOT "AN OLD"
ONE FER YE
ABNER EF
YE WAS ON A
ELEPHANT
HOW IN HEK
WOULD YE GIT
DOWN OFF IT

WELL I
REC
HOLLE
A LA