

Some one has said that buildings have souls and characters. And I believe it to be true. And old friend of mine here in Wewoka impresses me with that belief the old court house.

Once it was the important center of all municipal and community affairs. Into its portals passed countless hundreds to seek the justice of the law. About its brooding doorway lounged the politician and the proletariat. In its halls lingered the vanishing Red man. Through its rooms rang the challenge of the barrister pleading his case. And again the statesman thunder his warnings. The citizenship met to discuss community progress in the old court room. It developed a character- a character of soberness, of seriousness. Its brooding portals seemed to lend inspiration to the conclave. Its ancient walls lent substance around which a county seat was builded and maintained. On its importance to the public well hung the hope of a menaced population during county seat wars. Here the Seminole met to bid farewell to a national government goodbye. Here the warriors of a world war met to bid ~~good~~ to loved ones and to friends, ^{them rest} Some of ~~xxxxxxx~~ in France to-day. Its walls listened to the rejoicing at a timely peace.

And above all for more than a quarter of century was heard the tramp of the masonic body, the last to leave its sacred precincts. It witnessed the passing of the Territories and lent its aid. It saw the passing of the Red man's government its original builder and owner. Saw the enrollment and the allotment of the tribesmen. Heard the dignified Robert Owen, the persuasive Haskell and the incomparable Bill Murray. Heard with pleasure the cry that oil was struck and saw the development place its county in the ranks of the most important of the state. Heard the sound of hammer and of saw that turned a sleepy, country village into a city of prosperous thousands. And then, perhaps, with sadness it found itself cast aside to make way for a newer and more imposing edifice. Who can say it did not feel regret. Who among us does not feel ~~the~~ a tinge of sadness at a passing landmark. And such a landmark. What a bulwark it has been in times that are past. To it with what confidence we have pinned our hopes, and ever it has responded with success.

It had acquired a sort of dignity with its age and its associations. The scars of usage gave it character. And though its walls were shambled and worn and its sides were cracked and sunburned, there was something loveable about it all to those who had been its friends.

But to-day it stands on a side street untenanted by those whom it knew so well. Broodingly it watches the passing of the strangers on the street. Somberly inscrutable it stands to-day a relic of another day. The tramp of the craftsmen are not heard in the old lodgeroom, they too, have forsaken their ancient friend. Strangers hark about its rooms, none feel or know its history. None care. It has shambled into a place to rest, a prosaic rooming house. Gone are the days of its historic usefulness. Gone is its importance to a community. Perhaps it feels its loss. There are many who pass it by with a lingering glance of respect- ~~xxxxxxxxxxxx~~ an affectionate recollection for the part it had played. But each year those knowing ones grow fewer and fewer, and but a score more years and the last of those who so valiantly fought the battles of the city and remember with affection the part the old building lent, will be no more among us. But perhaps the old hulk will stand on when its human friends have passed. Perhaps it will somberly, broodingly gaze into the night and somewhere about its make up call for those who have been its associates and its friends. Who can tell.