

THE DAILY ARDMOREITE
 ARDMORE, OKLAHOMA
 ARDMOREITE PUBLISHING COMPANY
 Fred G. Cowles I. B. Myers
 Published Every Afternoon (Except Saturday) and Sunday Morning
 Full Leased Associated Press Wire.
 Entered at Ardmore, Oklahoma, Post Office as Second-Class Mail.
 MEMBER ASSOCIATED PRESS.
 The Associated Press is exclusively entitled to the use for republication of all news dispatches credited to it or not otherwise credited in this paper and also the local news herein.
 All rights of republication of special dispatches are also reserved. (July 25, 1917.)

SUBSCRIPTION RATES
 By Carrier60c per month; \$7.20 year
 By Mail in Oklahoma
 One year \$4.00; six months, \$2.50; three months, \$1.50; one month, 60c.
 By Mail, Outside Oklahoma
 One year, \$7.00; six months, \$4.75; three months, \$2.75; one month, 70c.

"A Newspaper That Serves"

SUNDAY, DECEMBER 31, 1922.

A YOUNG MAN'S COUNTRY.

This is a Young Man's Country. Oklahoma is one of the few states in the United States where ambitious boys, fettered about with traditions and pasts in their home cities and home states may grow into the community.
 What line could be more alluring hitched to a national campaign of advertising than this one: "Come to a Young Man's Country?"
 No state was settled like Oklahoma.
 One day restricted territory in which regular soldiers hunted sooner. The next day the scene of the greatest horse race in the history of the world, when tens of thousands ran for claims and a commonwealth came into being.
 Oklahoma is the most cosmopolitan state.
 Settlers from north, east, south and west flocked into the new country thirty-five years ago, bringing the best ideas, the best blood, the best traditions of the whole nation to melt and make into a new alloy, the Oklahoman.
 No state opened under such romantic conditions, could avoid the crooks who came with the sun of settlement. When men rushed the cold barrier of the Klondike, when the yellow nuggets were turned up in Sutters' mill race in '49, when the Rosebud was opened, those who lived with their guns or their wits hastened to the new excitement. And so Oklahoma lured the lawless. And for a generation the young pioneers of the new country have cut the mavericks out of the herd. The outlaws have passed and the second generation will be a period of rich development for all who invest their years and toil. The trail is blazed, the way is open in Oklahoma for great development.
 Whether you seek him in the offices of the oil baron in Tulsa, or in the seats of the politically mighty in Oklahoma City, you will find the man with power is a young man.
 Older states look with askance at the headless boy of 35 or 40 years who occupies the manager's office. Here youth is an asset and not a liability. A man does not have to have a gray beard in Oklahoma to be heard. Oklahoma was made by young men.
 In a state opened for settlement only thirty-three years ago, the only society is the society of honest accomplishment. There is no thin veneer of families in Oklahoma to which one must belong to get along. What a man's father did counts little here. What you are and what you do means everything in Oklahoma.
 There are some states in which the newcomer never feels at home. There are others in which a man must be a "native son" to have caste. But in Oklahoma you become a part of things before your first year is passed.
 Oklahoma has riches in oil and wealth in her agriculture. Her mineral resources have just been scratched and in manufacturing the beginning has scarcely been made. But of all her great store of treasure, the friendship, the wealth, the genuineness of Oklahoma people is the state's greatest intangible asset.
 Opportunity is in the West.
 And here's where the West begins.—Lawton Constitution.

THE BENEVOLENT TYRANT



He frothed his bumpers to the brim:
 A jollier year we shall not see;
 But though his eyes are waxing dim,
 And though his toes speak ill of him,
 He was a friend to me.
 Old year, you shall not die;
 We did so laugh and cry with you,
 I've half a mind to die with you,
 Old year, if you must die.

Berton Braley's Daily Poem

GOOD NIGHT!

We say "Good night" in the living room
 Three times, perhaps, or four,
 We say "Good night" in the outer hall
 As you linger about the door,
 We say "Good night" in the vestibule
 Some six or eight times more.
 We say "Good night" on the porch awhile
 And then on the steps, or course,
 We say "Good night" at the outer gate
 And then—as a last resource,
 We shout "Good night!" as we start the car,
 Though we're growing a little hoarse.
 It's fun to visit and fun to play
 At the home of a loyal friend,
 But, oh, the time and the breath we waste,
 And the energy we spend,
 As we say "Good night!" "Good night!" "Good NIGHT!"
 Till it seems we will never end.
 I like to leave in a courteous way,
 But I'd like to fix it so
 That when a party is finished up,
 And the moment comes to blow,
 I could shake my hands by the hands and then
 Say "Good night!" ONCE—and go!

TEN YEARS AGO
 Happenings in Carter County and Ardmore as Told by the Files of the Ardmoreite.


Tomorrow, January 1, 1913 will be a legal holiday, but not a compulsory holiday. All county and city offices, the banks and postoffice and public schools will be closed for the day. The stores generally will remain open. The passing of the year 1912 will mark one of the most prosperous years in the history of Oklahoma—in fact in the history of almost every agricultural state in the union.
 Considerable excitement was started in oil circles yesterday morning when a report gained currency that the Gypsy Oil company, which is drilling in the new oil field at Fox, had struck oil in paying quantities, at a remarkable shallow depth. The report, however, is believed to have been erroneous, although indications are good for a producing oil well.
 W. R. Bleakmore, who will enter upon the discharge of his duties as prosecuting attorney of Carter county within the next few days, is busy getting a line upon the business which his office will have in charge during the January term of the district court.
Horses, Blankets, Shawls Given Away
 PONCA CITY—Gaily colored blankets, expensive shawls and a herd of horses were the chief presents that were given away by the Otoe Indians in closing their annual Christmas camp on Bear Creek, sixteen miles south of Ponca City. The feast and dance continued all night long, with the white people of this portion of the state invited to attend as guests.
Perry Plant Rebuilt
 PERRY—The Southwestern Bell Telephone company has a construction crew at work rebuilding the entire system in this city. The poles will be placed in the alleys instead of the streets as far as possible and the system will be underground in the business section.

Sooner Read

Now that Chicago dreams of a city of 125 miles long reaching from Milwaukee to an uncertain point in Indiana with a population of fifty millions, the Muskogee Times-Democrat is not inclined to dispute Chicago's reputation for being the "windiest" city in the country.
 "Put any man in a group of strangers in a Pullman smoking room," says the Bartlesville Enterprise, "and he immediately becomes the leader of his community and the greatest man in his particular line of business."
 "Toward an economic conference," says the Shawnee Morning News, "Mr. Harding will be glad to furnish the conference if the European nations will furnish all the economy."
 Ever notice, asks the Sulphur Times, that when an ann accumulates "his" how conservative he becomes?
 "New York must be awfully shocked when she hears about a country bank in the 'wilder' of Oklahoma' looted by a pair of misguided cowpunchers on horse back," observes the Muskogee Times-Democrat, "but when one of her own big financial institutions—run on our money—is held up by automobile bandits, it's an entirely different story."
Tips
 Walters in the boulevard cafes of Paris are organizing to abolish the tipping system. They want, instead, a fifth added to the customer's bill. That would be twice too much. However, tipping is a foolish and undemocratic piece of nonsense, it should go. There's no more reason why a customer should tip a waiter than a store clerk.

THE REFEREE

Jesse James
 In April it will be 41 years since the shooting of Jesse James. This will make a good many elderly people hunt a mirror.
 Jesse was shot and killed by members of his own bandit gang while he was hanging a picture on the wall. The shooting took place in his home at St. Joseph, Mo.
 The house is rapidly caving in, collapsing to ruins. The local historical society refuses to preserve it, on the grounds that the quicker Jesse James is forgotten, the better. Already he is dim in memory, almost mythical. He stole in thousands. A modern profiteer, stealing in millions, must rank Jesse James with the pikers. The difference was technical merely a matter of methods.
Boom
 Good news from the railroads. The number of cars of freight they loaded for shipment during the week ended on December 9, compared with the corresponding week of previous years, like this:
 1922—919,828 cars.
 1921—741,341 cars.
 1920—837,953 cars.
 1919—761,940 cars.
 The figures prove that business men are betting on good times in 1923, by a large majority. Freight isn't moved on a big scale unless a market awaits it.
Ford
 Ford negotiates for the purchase of another big coal property—the Pona Creek holdings in Kentucky. Recently he closed several other big deals of the same nature.
 It requires no ouija board to tell us that one of these mornings we'll waken to find Henry smashing forth in the coal industry with the vigor he has shown in the auto trade.
 Coal mining needs a stabilizing genius like Rockefeller in oil. Ford may be the stabilizer. Coal offers him a bigger field than flippers. He's getting a late start, however—60 years old next July 30.

Tom Sims Says

 In Mount Pleasant, Pa., bandits hit off a man's thumb, proving you must watch a man with open mouth.
 Counterfeit twenties are in circulation. Examine closely the small change a bootlegger gives you.
 The king of Spain banished garbo from his kitchen, so the king of Spain's neighbors are tickled.
 A New York boy lived three weeks in a water tank and all the other boys sympathize with him.
 In spite of expert predictions of good times in 1923, the outlook is decidedly better.
 In San Jose, Cal., a cop used an airplane to chase an auto speeder, so he probably was a fly cop.
 A fire in a Persian temple has been burning 1000 years, showing our fire department is not the worst.
 Wires says the thirty-odd White House cops will get new uniforms, but these thirty-odd are not the only odd ones around there.
 It is much more blessed to give than receive bliss.
 A new machine takes a picture of your voice. Some smart guy will say it must be perpetual motion to take a woman's voice.
 The janitor tells us that soft coal is hard to burn.
 U. S. ship scrapping program is halted and we may be unable to get a battleship for a park ornament.
 A little man always hates to start an argument because he usually gets called a liar.
 We are against divorces but living apart often saves a man or woman from living a part.
 A toothpaste mine has been opened in Nevada and they don't have to keep their mouths shut about it.
 "How do you eat?" asks an advertisement. The answer is "on credit."
 Did you know spring bathing suits were being made now?
 Jim Scanlon of Shenandoah, Pa., went to great pains to get a girl off his hands. She was tattooed on, so he cut his arm off.
 West Virginia railroad is giving \$5 to every baby born to an employe, which will make the baby's first words, "Gimme them five bucks."

JINGS OF THE DUFFS



Swapping Days



Save Your Old Magazines and Newspapers.
 We are in the market for newspapers, magazines, old rags, iron and all kinds of metals. Bring them to
 14 Caddo or phone 2283.
MILL STREET GARAGE
 Expert Mechanics.
 All Auto Repair Work Guaranteed.
 Second Hand Ford Parts.
 Rear Ardmoreite.
 Bill Couch, Prop.

FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS



A Broken Surprise



BY BLOSSER



In national affairs, the party in power brought to a successful conclusion the greatest disarmament conference in the world's history. It passed a drastic tariff bill and killed the soldier bonus measure.
 Efforts to harness the resources of nature went on apace. The biggest project of this kind was thwarted, at least temporarily, when Henry Ford failed to get Muscle Shoals.
 Early in the year a man who had accumulated a fortune in oil and real estate in the Southwest committed suicide. He was disconsolate over the lack of further outlet for his energies. "There are," he wrote in his farewell, "no further worlds to conquer."
 He would better have wept with King Xerxes, for pity at the thought of the shortness of the span of man's life, or have concurred with Cecil Rhodes, the empire builder, whose deathbed sigh was, "So much to do, so little done."
 The top of the world is still unconquered. The heroic struggle waged over a period of several months, to attain the peak of Everest, failed.
 An attempt to fly around the world was unsuccessful.
 In short, 1922 has developed the usual amount of advancement, the usual amount of tragedy, reverses and successes. It has opened new fields of endeavor and blazed new paths of commercial, spiritual and political conquest.
 The coming year will raise its curtains for another act. Whatever it holds we can do no less than acquit ourselves like men and Americans. We all will have our part to perform, our act to carry through and our energy and brain and brawn should be ready and willing to respond.
 This is fine barbecue weather, remarks the Chickasha Star. Yes, if it were only a little finer, the trench fire wouldn't be necessary.