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DAILY EDITION.

THURSDAY, NOV. 9

THE EXPERIENCE OF OKLAHOMA CITY

Oklahoma City is another of the larger cities of the United States that has been led to adopt commission government, in its endeavor to eliminate boss rule, machine politics and ring methods from its civic life.

Its experience of commission government dates only since June last, but already the benefits of business methods in municipal corporation affairs have proved themselves. The city has a commission of five. The Mayor acts as president of the commission.

The following letter from Mayor Whit M. Grant gives a hint of what Oklahoma City had to face to secure commission government, and of the success which has followed its endeavors:

"This city has been under commission government since June 8th last passed, which form of government was attained by the people after having four consecutive defeats at the polls due to election corruption and administrative control of the election machinery.

"Since the inauguration of the present form of municipal government in this city, many reforms have been put into effect; much of the people's money has been saved and the proposed plans to be inaugurated by the commissioners look to still greater savings, notwithstanding the fact that the commissioners have been harassed at every turn by the old political ringsters, within and without the party, who have used every endeavor to make the new form of government a failure, partly to cover up the radical shortcomings of their old form of aldermanic government.

Respectfully, WHIT M. GRANT, Mayor

The Graham Island Oil Fields, Limited

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As this office produces good printing you may infer the presence of a good printer—who is "catchable."

Daily News Building PHONE 98 Third Avenue

THE Pillar of Light

By Louis Tracy

Constance laughed. "Perhaps she knew dad years ago," she said.

"What do you think Mr. Pyne said about her?" "How can I tell? Did you speak of her to him?"

"I told him she had fainted when you delivered his message. He said: 'Guess she can faint as easy as I can fall off a house.' Isn't he funny?"

"I think he is splendid," said Constance. The wren was now wholly demolished. The first big wave of the retreating tide enveloped the lighthouse and smote it with thunderous silence.

"Go, Enid," said Constance. "Tell them they have nothing to fear. They must expect these things to happen for nearly two hours. Tell them what dad said. Twenty-five years, you know."

Brave hearts! What infinite penetration inspired the man who first said "Noblesse oblige!"

Constance looked in at the kitchen. Pyne loomed through a fog of steam. "No need to be—she was interrupted by another mighty thump and cataract roar—"these blows of Thor's hammer," she cried.

"Play me for an anvil," he returned. She descended to the depths, to reassure the men. Talking with shrill cheerfulness at each.

"Nevertheless, in this place, the source of her own sense of security, she found uneasiness among the men. They were all sailors in this lowest habitable region. Their pre-conceived ideas had been rudely reversed. The ship, the noble structure which defied the storm by yielding to its utmost fury, had for them no terrors.

"By Jove!" he said. "What's to be done?" "In the first place, you must help me maintain my discipline. You leave the rest to me. Tomorrow will be an absolute impossibility. On the next day, with luck and a steady moderation of the weather, we may devise some desperate means of landing all the active men or getting fresh supplies. That is in the hands of Providence. I want you to warn your officers, and officers whom you can trust, the sailors or civilians. Better arrange three watches. My daughters will have charge of the stores. By going through the lists in the store-room I can portion out the rations for six days. I think we had better fix on that minimum."

"Of course I will back you up in every way," said Mr. Emmett, who felt chilly at this moment but at any time during the night. "I know you are acting wisely, but I admit I am scared at the thought of what may happen—if those days pass and no help is available."

Brand knew what would happen, and it was hard to lock the secret in his heart. He felt that the thing carved in stone upon the tablets of his brain, a thing to be fought out behind barred door, revolver in hand.

Whatever else took place, if men and women, perhaps his own sweet girls, were dying of thirst and starvation, the light must shine at night over its allotted span of 80 chains. There, on the little table beside him, lay the volume of Rules and Regulations. What did it say?

"The keepers, both principal and assistant, are enjoined never to allow any interests, whether private or otherwise, to interfere with the discharge of their public duties, the importance of which to the safety of navigation cannot be overrated."

There was no ambiguity in the words, no halting sentence which opened a way for a man to plead; "thought it best." Those who framed the rule meant what they said. No man could bend the steel of their intent.

To end the intolerable strain of his thoughts Stephen Brand forced his lips to a thin smile and his voice to say harshly: "If the worst comes to the worst, there are more than three thousand gallons of colza oil in store. That should maintain life. It is a vegetable oil."

Then Constance thrust her glowing face into the lighted area. "Dad," she cried, cheerfully, "the men wish to know if they may smoke. Poor fellows! They are so miserable—so cold and damp and dreary down there. Please say 'Yes.'"

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is the old Princess Royal. Eh? What's that?" "That's him. It was a stroke of genius, his catching onto that way. He was as cool as a cucumber. Just looked up when he reached the deck and saw the lighthouse so near. Then he asked me for a rope. Planned the whole thing in a second, so to speak."

"He is not one of the ship's company?" "No, sir, a passenger, navy of Cyrus J. Traill, the Philadelphia millionaire. Haven't you heard of Traill? Not much of a newspaper reader, eh? There was a lady on board, a Mrs. Vansittart, who was coming over to marry old Traill, so people said, and the wedding was fixed to take place in Paris next week. Young Pyne was acting as escort."

The chief officer glanced down the purser's list and slapped his thigh with much vehemence. "No, by gosh! Here she is, marked O. K. Well, that beats the band."

"So the lad has discharged his trust to his uncle?" Mr. Emmett was going to say something, but checked the words on his lips. "Queer world," he muttered. "Queer world."

With that he devoted himself to planning out the watches. Soon he and the purser betook themselves to the depths with a roll-call. As they crept below gingerly—these sailors were not at home on companion ladders which moved not when the shock came—they met Enid for the first time. She, coming up, held the swinging lantern level with her face. They hung back, politely.

"Please come," she cried in her own way. "These stairs are too narrow for courtesy." They stepped heavily onward. She flitted away. Emmett raised his lantern between the purser's face and his own.

"What do you think of that?" he whispered, a stricken. The man of accounts smiled broadly. "Pretty girl!" he agreed, with crudely emphatic superlatives. Emmett shook his head. He murmured to himself: "I guess I'm tired. I see things."

Enid handed an armful of dry linen to the damp, steaming women in the lower bedroom. She was hurrying out; someone overtook her at the door. It was Mrs Vansittart. "Miss Brand," she said, with her all-sufficing smile, "give me one moment."

They stood in the dark and hollow-sounding stairway. The seas were lashing the column repeatedly, but the night's ordeal was nearly ended. Even a timid child might know now that the howling terror without had done its worst and failed. From the cavernous depths, mingling with the rumble of the storm, came the rhythm of a hymn. Those left in gloom by the withdrawal of Mr. Emmett's lantern were cheering their dependant so.

Surprised, even whilst Enid awaited the older woman's demand, the listeners heard the words: "Awake my soul, and with the sun Thy daily stage of duty run; Shake off dull sloth, and joyful rise To pay thy morning sacrifice."

The rough tones of the men were softened and harmonized by the distance. It was a chant of praise, of thanksgiving, the offering of those who had been snatched from death and from mortal fear more painful than death.

The singing ceased as suddenly as it began. Mr. Emmett and the purser were warning the first watch. The interruption did not seem to help Mrs. Vansittart. She spoke awkwardly, checking her thoughts as though fearful she might be misunderstood or say too much.

"I am better," she explained, "quite recovered. I gave up my bunk to one who needed it. I am sure you are all doing our best to help one another," volunteered Enid.

"But I am restless. The sight—of your sister—aroused vague memories. Do you mind—I find it hard to explain—your name is familiar. I knew some people—called Brand—a Mr. Stephen Brand—and his wife."

She halted, seemingly at a loss. Enid, striving helplessly to solve the reason for this unexpected confidence, but quite wishful to make the explanation easier, found herself interested.

"Yes," she said. "That is quite possible, of course, though you must have been quite a girl. Mrs. Brand died many years ago."

Mrs. Vansittart flinched from the feeble rays of the lantern. "That is so—I think I heard of—of Mrs. Brand's death—in London, I fancy. But—they had only one child."

Enid laughed. "I am a mere nobody," she said. "Dad adopted me. I came here one day in June, nineteen years ago, and I must have looked so forlorn that he took me to his heart—thank God!"

Another solemn chord of the hymn floated up to them: "Let all thy converse be sincere, Thy conscience as the noonday clear"

The rest of the verse evaded them. Probably a door was closed. Mrs. Vansittart seemed to be greatly perturbed. Enid, intent on the occupation of the moment, believed their little chat was ended. To round it off, so to speak, she went on quickly: "I imagine I am the most mysterious person living, in my early history. I mean, Mr. Brand saw me floating towards this lighthouse in a deserted boat. I was nearly dead. The people who had been with me were gone, either starved and thrown into the sea or knocked overboard during a collision, as the boat was badly damaged. My linen was marked 'E. T.' That is the only definite fact I can tell you. All the rest is guess-work. Evidently, nobody cared to claim me. And here I am."

Mrs. Vansittart was leaning back in the deep gloom, supporting herself against the door of the bedroom. "What a romance!" she said, faintly.

"A vague one, and this is no time to gossip about it. Can I get you anything?" Enid felt that she really must not prolong their conversation, and the other woman's exclamation threatened further talk.

COAL NOTICE

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Skeena Land District—District of Queen Charlotte Islands. Take notice that thirty days from date, I, C. E. Bainter, by occupation bookkeeper, intend to apply to the Chief Commissioner of Lands for a licence to prospect for coal and petroleum on and under 640 acres of land on Graham Island described as follows: Commencing at a post planted five miles east of C. E. B. Coal Lease No. 10, marked C. E. B. corner C. E. B. Coal Lease No. 10, these north 80 chains, these east 80 chains to place of commencement. Dated Sept. 11, 1911. C. E. BAITER, Leocor Pub. Sept. 23.

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