

From the Nation's Capitol

News and Views on Matters of Importance at Washington by our Special Correspondent

That the expense of maintaining the Federal government is increasing, by some estimates, \$100,000,000 a year, is shown in the estimates of appropriations that will be required for governmental purposes in the fiscal year, beginning July 1, 1915, submitted to Congress by the Secretary of the Treasury. The Democratic House of Representatives is asked to appropriate for the various departments of government, in the new fiscal year, an amount aggregating \$1,105,206,963.14. Last year the estimates totalled \$1,040,648,026.55. The Democratic House cut the estimates last year and appropriated \$1,018,412,710.91.

The Democratic leaders will retrench at this session but they admit that the appropriations will be \$100,000,000 dollars without a doubt.

Increased appropriations are asked for by every department and Congress itself must have more money to keep in motion. At the last session the sum of \$12,299,519.50 was appropriated to maintain the legislative branch of the government, and in the year 1913, \$13,291,983.22 is asked because the new Congress will consist of 439 members instead of 391 as at present. Stated in round numbers the different departments ask for the following amounts: Interior, \$226 millions; War, \$211 millions; Executive \$820 thousands; State, \$4 millions; Treasury, \$142 millions; Navy, \$154 millions; Postoffice, \$282 millions; Agriculture, \$24 millions; Commerce and Labor, \$17 millions; Justice, \$11 millions; and Territories, etc., \$20 millions.

Physical valuation of all railroad property in the United States as a means of providing a basis for the Interstate Commerce Commission in correcting rates against which complaint is made, is proposed in the Adamson bill which is now being debated in Congress. The bill provides for a Commission to carry forward a thorough investigation. It also recites that the value of railroad property shall be ascertained by means of an inventory of each system which shall list

and classify the physical elements in conformity with a classification of expenditures for road and equipment.

The Commission is authorized to ascertain and report as to each piece of property owned or used by railroads, the original cost for railway purposes, the cost and value to the present owners, and what increase in value is due to cost improvements. It is also instructed to ascertain any increase or decrease of capital stock in any reorganization of railroads and money received by the corporations by means of any issue of stocks, bonds, or other securities.

At a recent visit at the White House, Congressman Underwood stated to the news men that the Democratic Congress will revise the tariff from agate to zinc. Mr. Underwood had been in conference with the President at the request of Mr. Taft and talked briefly about the democratic tariff program as he left the executive offices. Mr. Underwood thought it probable that the Ways and Means committee will begin tariff hearings in January, so as to be fully prepared to report and have a tariff bill or bills at the extra session. The committee will have the doors open to all who wish to be heard and have information to give.

Congressman Glass of Virginia has a currency bill ready which he proposes to submit to Gov. Wilson for his approval, previous to its introduction in Congress. The bill follows the old Fowler plan and many who have seen it consider it an improvement over that drafted by Mr. Aldrich and his associates.

Mr. Glass holds that in view of the explicit declarations of the Baltimore convention against the Aldrich bill and against a central bank, the Democratic party cannot take up with either of these propositions.

The sub-committee of the House Banking and Currency Committee, which is taking up the currency reform question has not passed on any bill but has only agreed on a plan of procedure.

Filed for Record
Windermeres Imp. Co. to J. A. Thompson.
H. C. Griffin and wife to J. M. Barner.
Julia Barner to Jas. J. Parker.
A. Schultz to Hiram Powers.
E. O. Farrar to Frank L. Helms.
J. N. Bradshaw and wife to F. B. Dale.
Margaret A. DeLaney to Robert J. Waldron.
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E. L. Beeman and wife to J. H. Howell.
W. E. Hodges to I. L. Hodges.

Alice Messenger and husband to Thos. J. Check.
W. R. Munner and wife to Edw. Bowen.
J. E. Mosely and wife to M. A. Wilkinson and wife.
J. E. Mosely and wife to V. A. Swann.
J. E. Mosely and wife to F. P. Kuhn.
I. E. DeLaney to Robt. C. Sligh.
Mary Pfeifer to Robt. C. Sligh.
Norristown, Tr. Co. to Ernest Lio-ling.
W. J. Thigpen to James Jackson.
J. H. Reeves and wife to Chas. and Geo. Anderson.

Election Proclamation
In accordance with the ordinances of the city of Sanford, Florida, I hereby call a special election to be held on Thursday, December 19, 1912 at the city hall for the purpose of electing one Alderman to fill the unexpired term.
I hereby appoint E. W. D. Dunn and Roy Tillis as inspectors and J. I. Anderson as clerk of said election.
G. W. SPENCER,
38-2tc Mayor.

Pains All Over!

"You are welcome," says Mrs. Nora Cuffey, of Broken Arrow, Okla., "to use my letter in any way you want in it will induce some suffering woman to try Cardui. I had pains all over, and suffered with an abscess. Three physicians failed to relieve me. Since taking Cardui, I am in better health than ever before, and that means much to me, because I suffered many years with womanly troubles, of different kinds. What other treatments I tried, helped me for a few days only."

TAKE CARDUI The Woman's Tonic

Don't wait until you are taken down sick, before taking care of yourself. The small aches and pains, and other symptoms of womanly weakness and disease, always mean worse to follow, unless given quick treatment.

You would always keep Cardui handy, if you knew what quick and permanent relief it gives, where weakness and disease of the womanly system makes life seem hard to bear. Cardui has helped over a million women. Try it.

Write to: Ladies' Advisory Dept., Chattanooga, Medicine Co., Chattanooga, Tenn., for special instructions, and 64-page book, "Home Treatment for Women," sent free. J.B.

The Imperial Theatre


VAUDEVILLE

ALL NEXT WEEK

Solo, Rose of My Heart Lohr
Herbert Seagroatt
Nancy Ma' Yellow Rose Gellel
The Glee Club
Intermission
Wake to the Hunting Smart
The Glee Club
Solo, Harmony DelKelgo
Herbert Seagroatt
Violin, Polonaise Bohm
Paul Roberts
Mrs. Cozy's Boarding House Mdey
The Glee Club
Reading, The Greatest Woman King
Gordon Haynes
Uncle Sam's Party Westman
The Stetson Quartet
Medley of National Airs Furey
The citizens of Sanford are certainly indebted to the Lend a Hand Club for the opportunity of attending the most notable musical event of the season, and also the privilege of enjoying the delightful concert given by the Stetson Glee Club.
Immediately after the concert the Lend a Hand Club gave a reception complimentary to the Glee Club at the beautiful new home of Mr. and Mrs. B. W. Herndon on Park avenue, which was beautifully decorated with palms, ferns and lovely red roses and a number of Stetson banners, the rich color motif being red and green. In the receiving line were Mr. and Mrs. Herndon; Miss Mabel Bowler, president of the Lend a Hand Club, Mrs. Henry Wight, patroness of the club, Miss Mell Whitner, secretary, and Miss Midge Ward, member of the board. The large number of guests in attendance were pleased to meet personally the members of the Glee Club who had entertained them so delightfully at the concert, and who cheerfully contributed another impromptu program for the pleasure of the guests at the reception. Delicious punch and cake were served by Mrs. Robert Newman, Misses Veda Ward, Linda Connelly, Essie Purdon and Lucca Chappell.
Sanford will be pleased to welcome the Stetson Glee Club again, which is composed of the following gentlemen: Messrs. H. G. Seagroatt, C. McDermod, R. Peterson, C. Walker, A. M. Lawrence, C. V. Mahoney, S. T. Walbank, R. J. Longstreet, Paul Roberts, Gordon Haynes and Professor J. W. Phillips.

Stetson Glee Club
They came, we saw and heard and they captured every heart in the large and appreciative audience, which greeted the first appearance in Sanford of the Glee Club of Stetson University of De-Land Wednesday evening, Dec. 11th.
The selections rendered and the singing of the Glee Club and Stetson Quartette was very fine indeed and most acceptable to their audience. The wonder grows when it is learned that with two exceptions, Prof. J. W. Phillips, the director of music at the University and who accompanied the club has been training the club only since the fall opening of the University. Not only are the young gentlemen composing the Glee Club to be congratulated upon their efficiency and bright prospects for future remarkable work, but also upon their great good fortune in being under the training and instruction of so competent a teacher. DeLand is also to be congratulated upon having in her midst so fine a club who will easily succeed in adding fresh laurels to the fame of her great University and contribute so much to the pleasure of her citizens.
The individual work of Messrs. Herbert Seagroatt, tenor; Gordon Haynes, reader; Paul Roberts, violinist, and Clarence Mahoney, accompanist, was exceptionally fine, and was thoroughly appreciated and enjoyed by the audience.
Especially did the sweet tones of the beautiful new violin appeal to the listeners, when it was learned from Prof. Phillips that Mr. Roberts had made the violin himself during the past summer. In Clarence Mahoney, Sanford is very proud of her accomplished young musician.
The full rich tenor voice of Mr. Seagroatt, the soloist of the club, united with his pleasing personality, makes the future of their fortunate possessor bright with possibilities. His selections were very much enjoyed.
The following program, so splendidly rendered, will give some idea of the charming entertainment afforded by the Glee Club:
Wake with the Lark Gellel
The Glee Club
Solo, Let Me Like a Soldier Fall Wallace
Herbert Seagroatt
When the Band is Playing Dixie Parks
The Stetson Quartet
Reading, Old Ace Brooks
Gordon Haynes
I've G'wine Back to Dixie White
The Glee Club

True to Life
Judge—Mr. Justwed—Well, dearest, how did you like the play?
Mrs. Justwed—Quite true to life—they change servants in every act.



Car-Metal Bottom, Kibosh Last, Scalloped Vamp, English cloth Top, Heavy rubber sole, Semi Military 1 1/2" heel, note button arrangement.

\$4.00

"Snow"

Brockton Made. You will agree with us that ~~the~~ shoes for Men are unsurpassed if you take your choice of our splendid stock for Fall and Winter. How can you beat shoes that are perfect as to style, perfectly comfortable, and of perfect wearing qualities? This is what the ~~the~~ Line stands for. A wide variety of leathers and sizes in excellent footwear. It will pay you to look over the line.


FOR SALE BY
D. A. CALDWELL & SONS
Sanford, Florida

We now have in Stock a Full Line of

"Ware Ever" Aluminum Cooking Utensils

Absolutely the Most Durable, Most Sanitary, Handiest and Best Line of Cooking Utensils on the Market

Every Good Housewife Knows "Ware Ever" Aluminum. The Ware that Lasts a Generation. No Coated or Plated Article. Wears like Solid Metal.



"Ware Ever" Aluminum Utensils save Fuel because they heat quickly and remain hot a long time, consequently less Fuel is needed to keep them hot.


A Set or a few pieces will make a Christmas Gift that will be useful for years to come. Come in and see this line. We will be pleased to show you

If you don't know "Ware Ever" Aluminum ask your neighbor.

Sold only by

Hill Hardware Co.

First St. and Oak Ave.

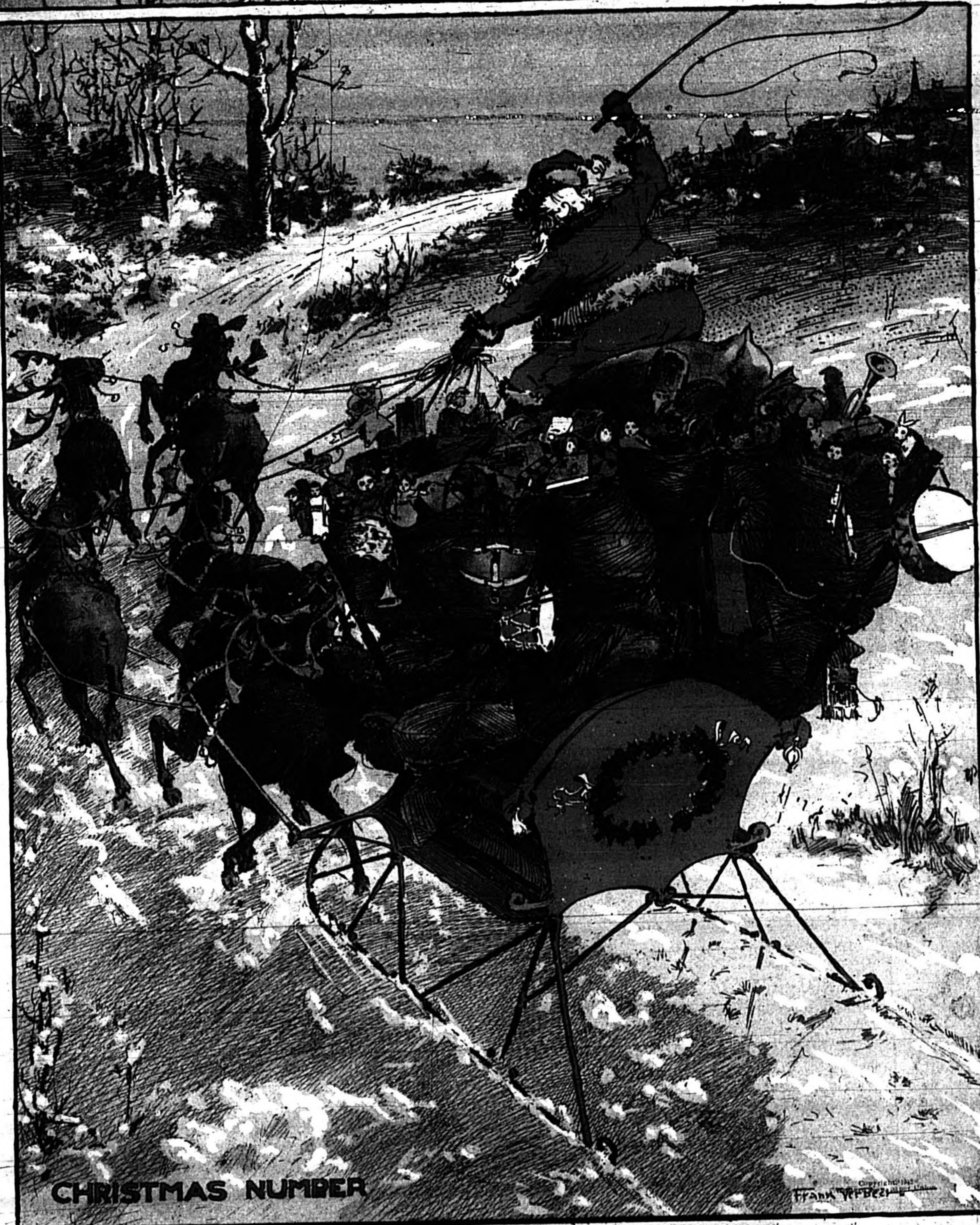


THE SANFORD HERALD

BY SANFORD—LIES IN NORTH LAKE

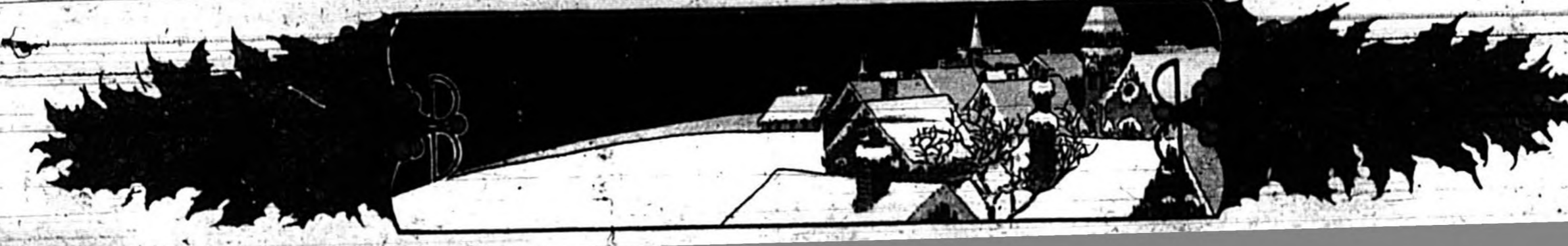
Tuesday, December 17, 1912

Volume 5



CHRISTMAS NUMBER

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FRANK YERGEN



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GEO. H. FERNALD, Vice-Pres.

F. P. FORSTER, Cashier

B. F. WHITNER, Jr., Ass't. Cashier

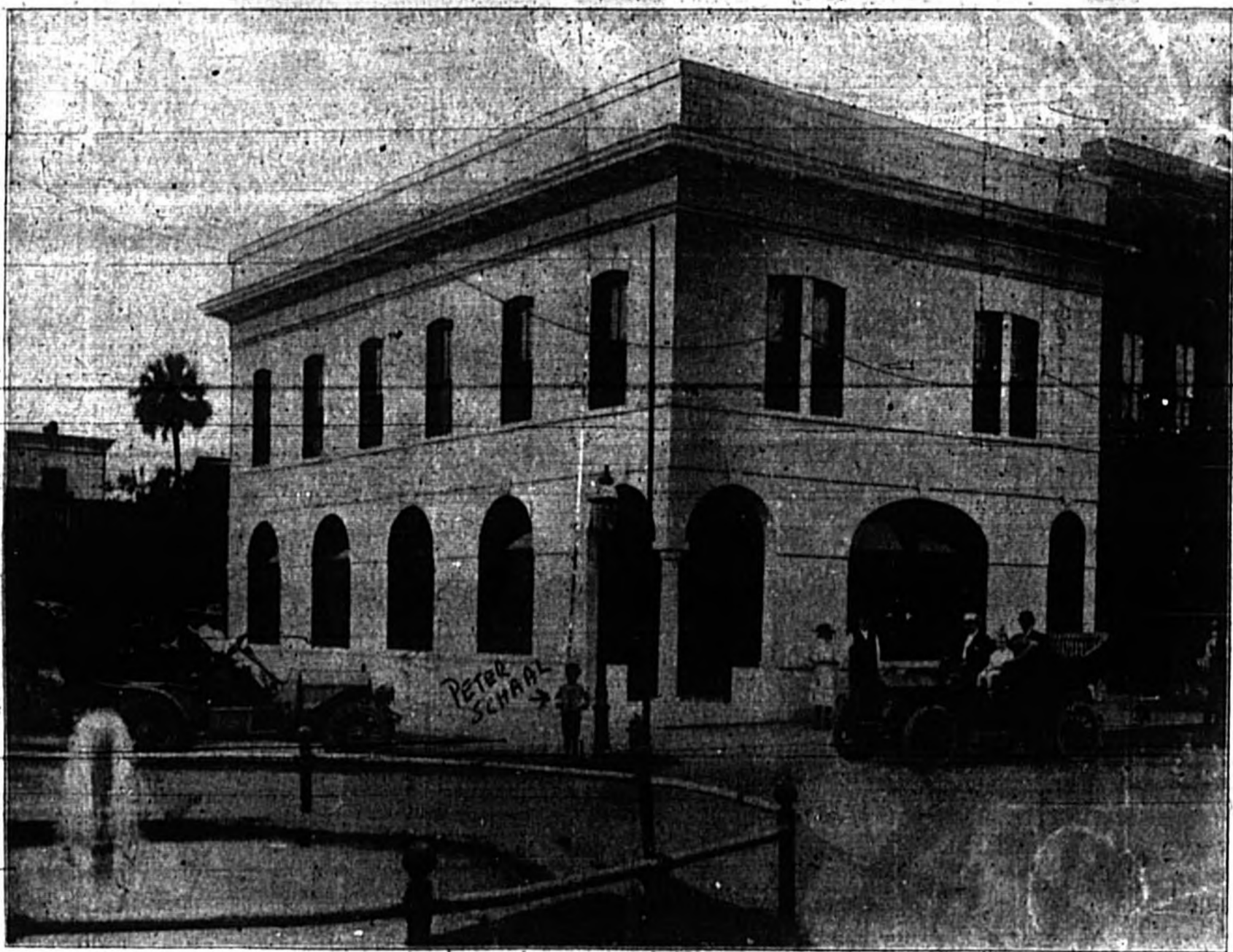
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THE SANFORD HERALD

IN SANFORD—Life is Worth Living

Number 34

SANFORD, FLORIDA, TUESDAY DECEMBER 17, 1912

Volume V

CHRISTMAS FOR TWO

By AGNES HOWARD BUTLER.



M A L L. Thomas Moore was born an orphan. So far as he was concerned, his brief history began and ended at the Children's home. His big sister Lilly, who was six and therefore should have known better, told vague tales of a real Mother and a little house in the country where they had cocoa every day for breakfast. This last condemned the whole story. At the Asylum one had cocoa only on Sunday, and this festive event redeemed a day otherwise devoted to religious exercises.

The two children sat on the edge of their chairs in the bleak asylum parlor, where three holly wreaths in the curtainless windows proclaimed that it was Christmas. Both were dressed in the institutional blue and white check, and there was a red shiningness about their faces which told of the recent and vigorous application of soap and water. Lilly was cream and roses with appealing long-lashed eyes that would have secured her a home many times over if she had been willing to go alone. No one wants to adopt a boy. Even the blonde ones were unclaimed, so what chances had Thomas, brown as to hair and eyes and skin, although anything but somber in effect? The overworked Matron had reluctantly given up the idea of "placing" the two children together. A desirable home had been found for the girl with two prim maiden ladies and little brother had to remain behind. So the tiny folks were to spend their last Christmas together with Lilly's new guardians.

"Sister will come every Saturday to see Brother," said the little girl, who accepted the coming separation with a child's strange fatality, although her heart was aching.

"Yes," assented Brother noncommittally. He was less concerned with future happiness than with the pleasing prospect of a day in new surroundings.

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At this awful thought even Thomas was abashed, so it was the shy little Lilly alone who slipped from her chair and offered her hand to the two ladies as they entered the room followed by the Matron. Miss Priscilla shook hands in a matter of fact way, but Miss Mattie bent to kiss the children as she helped them on with their wraps and gathered up the meager parcel that contained Lilly's personal belongings.

"Shall we go now, Sister?" she ventured. The dominant chord of her existence had always tinkled a soft accompaniment to the leitmotif of the decisive Miss Pris.

"Yes," assented the latter positively, "and we will return the boy precisely at five," she added to the Matron, who had been hovering over Lilly with good-byes and admonitions.

The coachman carried both children down the icy steps and they bore themselves with becoming modesty, as if accustomed to such care, while the orphans in the front ward watched anxiously, and one of them opened the window wide enough to call down:

"Av, Tommy's coming back anyhow," as a salve to their slighted condition.

When the big house was reached there was a delightful holiday smell in the air of evergreens, oranges and freshly burning driftwood. Lilly was taken upstairs to come down later, her blonde beauty radiant in the white lawn and blue-ribbon in which Miss Mattie had dressed her. With a child's adaptability she seemed to fit in perfectly with her surroundings in contrast to Thomas. In his coarse blue gingham and heavy shoes. She would bring the spirit of youth to a house long accustomed to the decorous ways of sober middle age. A white Japanese enamel



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After a moment of rapturous silence Lilly hugged a real dolly, and Thomas fell upon a toy horse. Being of an investigating turn of mind, it was soon minus saddle and bridle and the tall was about to follow when Miss Pris created a diversion by lighting the tree so that he might see it in all its glory before he went back. The early winter twilight began to shadow the room as the rang for tea. Then thoughtfully she hung Tom's coat by the fire to warm in preparation for his cold ride.

The tea-wagon appeared. In honor of the day it bore the Martha Washington set of colonial tradition, a cherished parlour whose egg-shell fragility had been guarded from de-

orations. Besides the usual tea service, there was a pitcher of milk and thin slices of bread, spread with raspberry jam, and a plate heaped with bananas.

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It was Miss Pris who picked him out of the debris, and as his short arms met around her neck and his tear-streaked face went down on her shoulder, she looked across at Miss Mattie and as one who has at length arrived at a happy decision, she announced:

"You take the girl—the boy is mine."

A DAILY CONVERSATION.

"Papa?"

"Well?"

"Say, papa, is there a Santa Claus?"

"I reckon so. Don't bother me. I'm reading."

"Willie Smith, he said, there ain't any."

"Is that the kind of grammar you learn at school?"

"But how does Santa Claus get in?"

"He comes down the chimney."

"We ain't got no chimney."

"Ain't got! Where do you learn such talk?"

"Willie Jones, he say—Say papa, is there really a Santa Claus?"

"There used to be one."

"Has he quit?"

"I guess not. If you're a good boy."

"Am I a good boy?"

"Not always."

"How does Santa Claus get in?"

"Oh, he knows how."

"He can't squeeze in the steam pipes, can he?"

"Maybe."

"It would wet his whiskers, wouldn't it?"

"Maybe."

"Say, papa?"

"Uh?"

"Is there a—"

"Now you go to bed and don't ask another question!"

FIRST CHRISTMAS TREE



THE conflict of Christianity with heathenism produced no more dramatic incidents than those which have come down to us, half-history and half-myth, out of the forests and snows of northern Europe, where the cross confronted a n.d. prevailed against the hammer of Thor. Often the crisis came at Christmas, which happened to correspond with the Yuletide festival, at the time of the winter solstice.

Longfellow has used one of these stories in "King Olaf's Christmas." Another, in which real religious fervor and moral heroism play a part, is the story of the first Christmas tree.

There stands at Altenbergen, in northern Germany a statue erected in 1811 in honor of Saint Boniface; and the place of the statue is said to be the site of the first Christian church in north Germany.

Boniface, who must not be confused with any of the nine popes who bore the name, was a Briton by birth, and his name was Wynfrith. Declining high ecclesiastical honor, he chose to be a missionary to the rude tribes of the German forests. Of these tribes Tacitus tells us; and we know that they were implacable in war and bloody in their worship, but that among their virtues was a marked purity of private life and love of home.

Each year these people sacrificed to their gods. One of their holiest shrines was a great oak at Gelsamar. There they gathered at midnight at the winter solstice, and offered a fair lad as a sacrifice to call back the retreating sun.

Thus they were assembled at the Yuletide in the year 724. As the midnight approached, an old priest raised the hammer to strike down the child, when Boniface interposed a strong arm and an eager word. He told them of a child who was born seven hundred years before, and how he showed to men that they need offer no more bloody sacrifices. He told them of the love of God and the beauty of his service. The stern men heard and believed. Urged by the heroic missionary, they hewed down the dark thunder-oak, the scene of so many sacrifices.

The legend says that when the tree fell, it left a young fir growing between the shattered branches, and unbroken by their fall. Boniface told them to take that tree to their banqueting hall; to serve God with joy and feasting; and to take for their Yule tree this one, with roots unstained with blood, and with ever-green foliage for a symbol of immortality.

If part of the story is myth, it is not all myth; and it is surely a beautiful way of explaining one of the most beautiful of Christmas customs—

Youth's Companion.

"AS YE DID UNTO THEM"

So he died, and they said unto him: "It is written against you that you heeded not the sorrow and the want of them that were stricken in poverty and suffered in illness and want."

And he said: "That is unfair, for all my life long I noted especially the suffering and want of the poor, and not a Christmas went by that I did not say over and over that I was sorry for them. No one gave them more sympathy than I, no one showed more commiseration for them. Why, lots of times I thought of them on cold winter nights, and said to my friends that it was too bad they had to endure privations."

"That is correct," they said unto him. "But it is written that you did not materialize your sympathy—you simply sympathized in words, and words are not eaten, nor are they worn, nor are they burned in stoves."

So he was abashed, and stood silent for a space. Then he said meekly: "And I must not come in!"

As to that, they did not answer, but they said again unto him: "All those that you sympathized with are here, and now they will sympathize with you."

Wilbur D. Nesbit.

His Hard Work.

Mrs. Wunder—Does anybody ever read those Christmas poems in the papers?

Mr. Wunder—Oh, yes. The editor and the proofreaders have to

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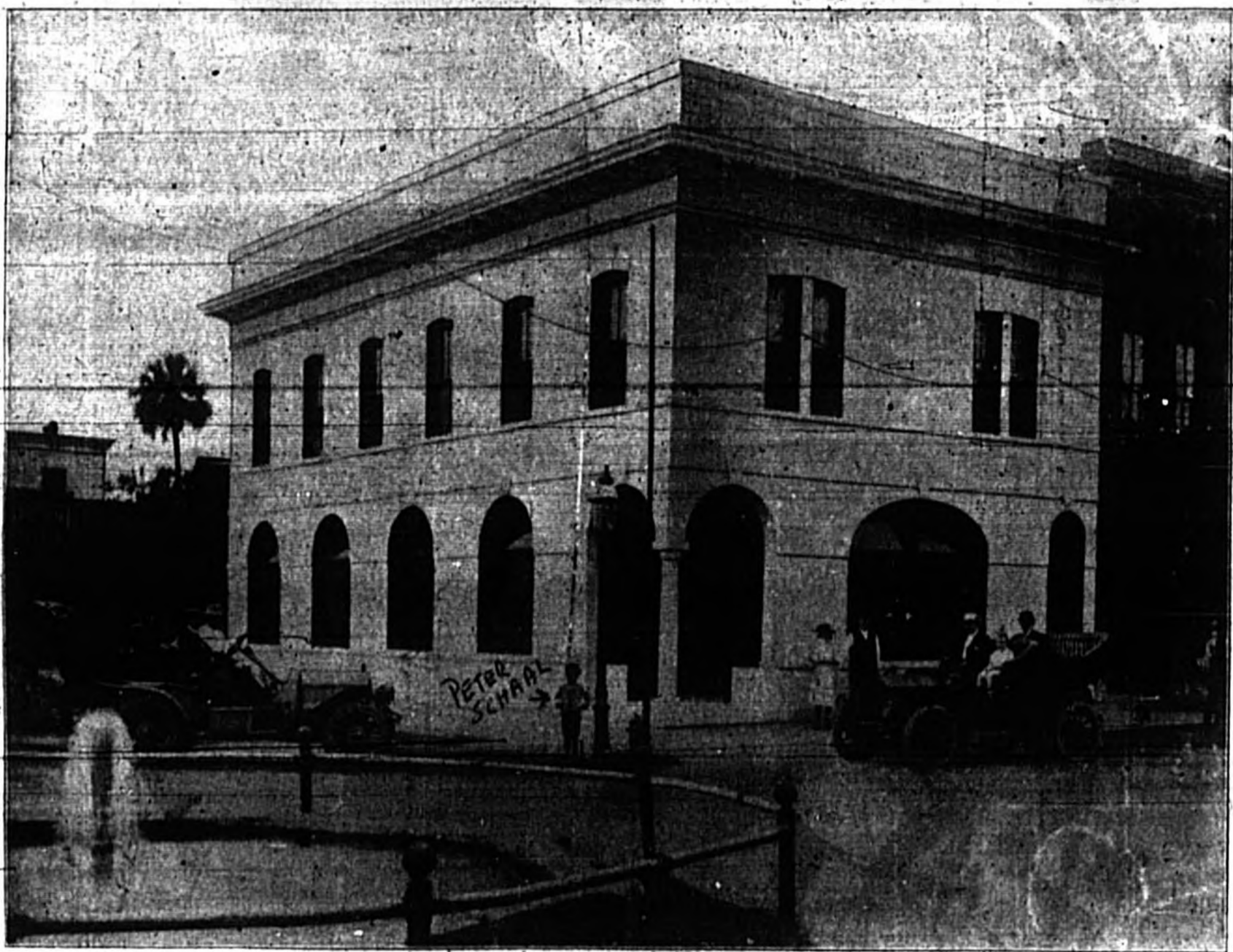
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"We ain't got no chimney."
"Ain't got! Where do you learn such talk?"
"Willie Jones, he say—Say papa, is there really a Santa Claus?"
"There used to be one."
"Has he quit?"
"I guess not. If you're a good boy."
"Am I a good boy?"
"Not always."
"How does Santa Claus get in?"
"Oh, he knows how."
"He can't squeeze in the steam pipes, can he?"
"Maybe."
"It would wet his whiskers, wouldn't it?"
"Maybe."
"Say, papa?"
"Uh?"
"Is there a—"
"Now you go to bed and don't ask another question!"

FIRST CHRISTMAS TREE



THE conflict of Christianity with heathenism produced no more dramatic incidents than those which have come down to us, half-history and half-myth, out of the forests and snows of northern Europe, where the cross confronted a n.d. prevailed against the hammer of Thor. Often the crisis came at Christmas, which happened to correspond with the Yuletide festival, at the time of the winter solstice.

Longfellow has used one of these stories in "King Olaf's Christmas." Another, in which real religious fervor and moral heroism play a part, is the story of the first Christmas tree.

There stands at Altenbergen, in northern Germany a statue erected in 1811 in honor of Saint Boniface; and the place of the statue is said to be the site of the first Christian church in north Germany.

Boniface, who must not be confused with any of the nine popes who bore the name, was a Briton by birth, and his name was Wynfrith. Declining high ecclesiastical honor, he chose to be a missionary to the rude tribes of the German forests. Of these tribes Tacitus tells us; and we know that they were implacable in war and bloody in their worship, but that among their virtues was a marked purity of private life and love of home.

Each year these people sacrificed to their gods. One of their holiest shrines was a great oak at Gelsamar. There they gathered at midnight at the winter solstice, and offered a fair lad as a sacrifice to call back the retreating sun.

Thus they were assembled at the Yuletide in the year 724. As the midnight approached, an old priest raised the hammer to strike down the child, when Boniface interposed a strong arm and an eager word. He told them of a child who was born seven hundred years before, and how he showed to men that they need offer no more bloody sacrifices. He told them of the love of God and the beauty of his service. The stern men heard and believed. Urged by the heroic missionary, they hewed down the dark thunder-oak, the scene of so many sacrifices.

The legend says that when the tree fell, it left a young fir growing between the shattered branches, and unbroken by their fall. Boniface told them to take that tree to their banqueting hall; to serve God with joy and feasting; and to take for their Yule tree this one, with roots unstained with blood, and with ever-green foliage for a symbol of immortality.

If part of the story is myth, it is not all myth; and it is surely a beautiful way of explaining one of the most beautiful of Christmas customs—

Youth's Companion.

"AS YE DID UNTO THEM"

So he died, and they said unto him: "It is written against you that you heeded not the sorrow and the want of them that were stricken in poverty and suffered in illness and want."

And he said: "That is unfair, for all my life long I noted especially the suffering and want of the poor, and not a Christmas went by that I did not say over and over that I was sorry for them. No one gave them more sympathy than I, no one showed more commiseration for them. Why, lots of times I thought of them on cold winter nights, and said to my friends that it was too bad they had to endure privations."

"That is correct," they said unto him. "But it is written that you did not materialize your sympathy—you simply sympathized in words, and words are not eaten, nor are they worn, nor are they burned in stoves."

So he was abashed, and stood silent for a space. Then he said meekly:

"And I must not come in!"

As to that, they did not answer, but they said again unto him:

"All those that you sympathized with are here, and now they will sympathize with you."

Wilbur D. Nesbit.

His Hard Work.

Mrs. Wunder—Does anybody ever read those Christmas poems in the papers?

Mr. Wunder—Oh, yes. The editor and the proofreaders have to.

PALMER & SEIGH'S

SECOND GREAT ANNUAL

CLEARANCE SALE

A Great Many People Remember Our Last December Sale it was a Wonder and this one will be a Greater Wonder and Surprise to you when you see the Great Values we Offer in Clothing and Men's Furnishings. All of these Goods are New, Clean and Up-to-Date, for you know we never carry anything but the Best.

DECEMBER 14 TO 25

Below we quote but a few of the many Bargains to be had at this store during this Sale

BOYS' PANTS
Serges and worsteds, 75c pants, sale price..... **50c**
\$1.25 Pants, sale price..... **\$1.00**
\$1.50 Pants, sale price..... **\$1.19**

BOYS' SUITS AT HALF PRICE
In all the new styles and patterns, full peg pants, well made, values from \$5.00 to \$10.00, sale price one-half.

MEN'S WASH PANTS
Made of U. S. Kaki, \$1.50 pants our price for this sale..... **\$1.15**

MEN'S LEATHER GLOVES
Men's \$1.50 work gloves, sale price..... **\$1.20**
Men's \$1.00 work gloves, sale price..... **75c**

MEN'S DRESS PANTS
All wool, fine neat patterns, medium and also fall weights \$6.00 pants **\$4.00**
\$5.00 Pants, our price for this sale..... **\$3.85**
\$4.00 Pants, our price for this sale..... **\$3.00**
\$3.50 Pants, our price for this sale..... **\$2.60**
\$2.50 Pants, our price for this sale..... **\$1.75**
\$1.50 Pants, our price for this sale..... **89c**

MEN'S DRESS PANTS
All wool, fine neat patterns, medium and also fall weights \$6.00 pants **\$4.00**
\$5.00 Pants, our price for this sale..... **\$3.85**
\$4.00 Pants, our price for this sale..... **\$3.00**
\$3.50 Pants, our price for this sale..... **\$2.60**
\$2.50 Pants, our price for this sale..... **\$1.75**
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\$3.50 Pants, our price for this sale..... **\$2.60**
\$2.50 Pants, our price for this sale..... **\$1.75**
\$1.50 Pants, our price for this sale..... **89c**

ATHLETIC UNDERWEAR
Men's flannel shirts in blue, gray and tan, made of the best pure shrunken flannel:
\$1.50 Flannel Shirt sale price..... **\$1.00**
\$2.00 Flannel Shirt, our price..... **\$1.50**
\$2.50 Flannel Shirts, sale price..... **\$1.80**

Shirts and Drawers, full cut, hand made, perfect fitting, in silk, madras and Nainsook, all sizes. For this sale per garment, 39c to..... **59c**

Men's Balbriggan underwear, in White and Nutrea, regular 50c goods, price..... **39c**

Men's Peperel drawers, with knit insertion, regular 50c goods, sale price..... **38c**

One lot of 50c shirts, without collar, sale price..... **32c**

OVERALLS
Regular \$1.00 men's overalls, sale price..... **85c**

MEN'S HOSE
Men's hose, regular 10c quality, sale price..... **7c**

Men's hose, regular 15c quality, sale price..... **11c**

Men's 25 cent lisle hose, in all the plain colors, sale price..... **18c**

Men's 50 cent pure silk hose in all plain colors, sale price..... **39c**

MEN'S SUSPENDERS
Men's 50 cent French Lisle suspenders, in regular and extra lengths, sale price..... **39c**

Men's 50c heavy working suspenders, sale price..... **34c**

Men's regular 25c suspenders, sale price..... **19c**

MEN'S PAJAMAS
Men's \$1.50 Faultless pajamas, sale price **\$1.22**

Men's pajamas, worth \$1.00 sale price..... **80c**

Men's night shirts, worth \$1.00, sale price..... **80c**

Men's night shirts, worth 50c, sale price..... **39c**

Men's dress shirts in all the new fall patterns, Savoy brand, made of the best French Madras, with or without collar to match, \$2.00 shirts, sale price..... **\$1.60**

MEN'S DRESS SHIRTS
Men's dress shirts, Savoy brand in the new fall patterns, pleated regular \$1.50 shirts sale price..... **\$1.14**

\$1.50 Shirts, price for this sale..... **\$1.29**

\$1.00 Shirts, price for this sale..... **80c**

One lot of 50 cent dress shirts, with collar attached sale price..... **38c**

CLOTHING

T HIS Stock is Very Complete, all the Newest Styles and Colors, all Well Made. Every Suit Guaranteed,

One lot \$15.00 serges, fancy worsteds, suits well tailored and all wool, our sale price..... **\$7.75**

Men's fine suits, elegantly tailored and all pure wool fabrics, in blue serges and fancy worsteds, all \$18.00 suits. Sale price..... **\$11.75**

Men's \$20.00 suits in all the newest fall styles, all wool, and our serge at this price cannot be equaled, sale price..... **\$13.50**

Men's \$22.00 suits, serges and fine worsteds. All the late fall styles and patterns..... **\$15.75**

Men's \$25.00 suits all hand tailored, very newest styles for fall, 18.50, and \$28.00 suits..... **\$21.50**



HATS

Men's \$3.00 felt hats, our price..... **\$2.25**

Men's \$2.50 felt hats sale price..... **\$1.60**

Men's \$2.00 felt hats, sale price..... **\$1.39**

Men's \$1.50 felt hats sale price..... **\$1.00**

Men's \$2.50 felt hats sale price..... **\$1.98**

A TIME TO SAVE MONEY

CHILDHOOD'S HAPPY CHRISTMAS MORNING



goes on as before. Blowing out the candle blindfold is a far more difficult feat than it would appear at first sight and the fruitless efforts of the players to perform this apparently simple task afford much merriment to the onlookers.

To begin the game, place a lighted candle on a small but steady table or pedestal at one end of the room, while the players stand at the other. To start the game, the competitors are blindfolded and turned round three



Blowing Out the Candle.

times before groping their way to the spot at which they imagine the candle to be situated, and endeavoring to puff it out.

Throwing cards into a hat makes a very amusing competition, in which much skill may be exhibited.

A top hat, a couple of packs of cards (with different backs)—and a piece of white tape to mark out a barrier, from behind which the players must kneel to compete, are all the accessories required.

To begin the game, the two players throw in turns one card at a time, and whichever succeeds in getting the highest number of cards into the hat wins the game.

In a large party this would be played in heats, on the principle of a tournament, and to expedite matters sev-

eral hats and packs of cards might be provided.

The pattern matching competition is most exciting, and is best played in a long hall or corridor, so that the competitors may have a long run "home."

A large number of pieces of stuff from a rag-bag must be placed in several baskets, and from among the rags in each basket a small pattern must be taken and placed in an envelope.

To begin the game, the competitors are sorted into pairs, a man and a girl in each, the girls standing at one end of the corridor, each one with an envelope, and the men at the other, each one just behind the special basket in which his partner's pattern may be matched.

At a signal the men run down the corridor to the spot where the girls are standing, and each one receives the envelope held by his partner, opens it, takes out the pattern before dashing back to his basket to match



Throwing Cards into a Hat.

It from the pile of cuttings from

"fancy dress materials" within.

The competitor who first succeeds in matching his pattern wins the game, which, if more convenient, may be played in heats timed by stopwatch.

The silhouette cutting competition, as a rule, provokes the greatest merriment.

A sheet is hung up against a wall and drawn flat. The competitors are sorted into couples, and take their places beneath it seated on a row of chairs. Each player is next presented with a sheet of black-backed paper and a pair of scissors—no pencils are allowed—and thus armed must proceed to cut out the silhouette portrait of his or her next-door neighbor.

After a ten minutes' time-limit has



Pattern Matching Competition.

expired, the hostess must collect the silhouettes, and turning them back side outwards, she pins them up on to the sheet.

Voting papers are next passed round to the entire company, and a first prize awarded for the makers of the best and worst portraits displayed.

Are You in Arrears?
on your subscription? You know
WE NEED THE MONEY

Is there a Santa Claus?

By Wilbur D. Nesbit

Is there a Santa Claus?
You with the truth in your eyes,
Bidding me ponder and pause,
You that sit truth from the lies,
You that with faith in your heart
Lumber at night on my knee—
I have no saint's art,
Truly, the Saint used to be!

Is there a Santa Claus?
You ask again and again,
Now must I answer, because
You have the trust I had then,
You have the trusting belief,
That once my spirit possessed
Are there came worry and grief
Hiding their while in my breast.

Is there an arm
Holding you close to my heart,
Fending you ever from harm
Holding the darkness apart
Is there a spirit of love
Flying with wings ever spread
Beside you, about you, above,
And warding wherever you're led?

Do you believe there is—
Aye, and you know it is true!
Truly, that spirit is his
Throbbing with kindness to you,
Truly, that influence deep
Echoes the warmth of your smile,
Blesses your dreams when you sleep,
Speaks with you all of the white.

Is there a Santa Claus?
Yes! Little one with your eyes
Bidding me ponder and pause
Ere I tell you that are who
Shatter the faith that you hold,
Give you a pang of distress,
Yes, for the young and the old
There is a Santa Claus. Yes!

GAMES FOR CHRISTMAS

They Will Add Interest to the Family Home-Coming Party.

By GLADYS BEATTIE GROZIER.



MAKING the Christmas home-coming party enjoyable to all members of the family, young and old, is always a problem. Grandmother is particularly anxious to please the little folks, and to do so she will also please the older ones. But the children are best entertained when their pleasures are participated in by parents and aunts and uncles, and to accomplish the desired end nothing is more appropriate than games.

The ones described below are simple and easily arranged for in any home. There is an added interest in them when inexpensive prizes are awarded the winners, and these prizes will be especially attractive if they are made by grandmother's own hands.

A program of games may be outlined as follows:

- (1) Blind man's buff played with wooden spoons.
 - (2) Blowing out the candle blindfold.
 - (3) Throwing cards into a hat.
 - (4) Pattern matching competition.
 - (5) Silhouette cutting competition.
- For blind man's buff with wooden spoons, a small chair, a cushion, a large handkerchief for blindfolding



Blind Man's Buff With Two Spoons.

purposes, and a couple of wooden spoons will be required.

To begin the game, a "blind man" is chosen to sit blindfolded on the chair, a wooden spoon in each hand.

The rest of the company are then marshaled up to kneel before him one by one, when the "blind man" endeavors to discover their identity by feeling them with the wooden spoons. The "blind man" is only allowed one guess, so that a good number of the company have, as a rule, to go through the ordeal before one of them is guessed aright, and has to take the "blind man's" place, when the game



A Golden Token
GIFT BUYING
MADE EASY



Christmas Presents in all their Richness and Beauty

If you have not received our beautiful new Catalog, please call or write for it. It will help you make your selection at your leisure in your own home.

Prices just as matchless and true as we advertise them to be. Goods as honest as manufacturers of recognized standing can make them. Selections that comprise hundreds of different styles instead of only a limited number. Consider all these advantages with a positive assurance that our prices are far below all others. We can only illustrate here a few of the pieces of our large assortment of beautiful goods. Get a Free Copy of our Catalog—Early.

- 75 cents, No. 6568 Gold Filled Locket, English Finish
- 85.00 No. 6570 Gold Filled Bracelet, Bright and English Finish—Conealed Joint and Catch.
- 81.75 No. 6573 Gold Filled Tie Clip and Link Button Set, Rose and Roman Finish.
- 62.00 No. 6498 Gold Filled Bar Pin, English Finish, 36 Fine Roman Pearls
- 84.50 Platinum Finish Locket, Fine White Brilliants, Length 1 1/2 inches, No. 6111
- 11.50 No. 6566 Gold Filled Locket, Plain Roman Finish for Two Pictures.
- 81.00 Brooch No. 6526, Rolled Gold on Sterling Silver, Fine White Brilliants
- 81.50 No. 6566, Coat Chain, Gold Filled, Bright Finish, Soldered Links.
- 62.00 No. 6498 Gold Filled Bar Pin, English Finish, 36 Fine Roman Pearls

We Buy Direct From Headquarters and Save You the Middleman's Profit

As the success and reputation of a Retail Jewelry House depends, to a great extent, on their Watch Department, you are assured that this establishment handles only reliable standard goods, the products of leading makers, whose name alone is a guarantee of reliability.

STORE OPEN EVENINGS UNTIL CHRISTMAS

HENRY McLAULIN
JEWELER
SANFORD, FLORIDA

STORE OPEN EVENINGS UNTIL CHRISTMAS

OLD MAN GIDDLES, OBSERVES

The polite lie is often sold into a Christmas gift.

Henry Tarbuck says that as soon as people begin giving him socks and handkerchiefs exclusively for Christmas he is going to apply for a berth in the old folks' home.

Bill Timmons says he doesn't see the sense of tying up a 25-cent present in 18 cents' worth of ribbon and tissue paper and paying 50 cents to send it to some one.

While you are sorry for the tired salesman, like as not the salesman is thinking sympathetic thoughts of you. Little Joseph Gillett has been pulled through the fourth of July, the mumps, a birthday party, the chicken-pox and the measles, so far this year, and his parents hope he is rugged enough to survive Christmas.

When a man volunteers to play Santa Claus at a Sunday school Christmas tree set it down that in his heart he considers himself a natural-born

A DEFECTIVE SANTA CLAUS BY JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY

COPYRIGHT BY JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY

ALLUS when our Pa's here away... Near Uncle Sidney comes to stay...

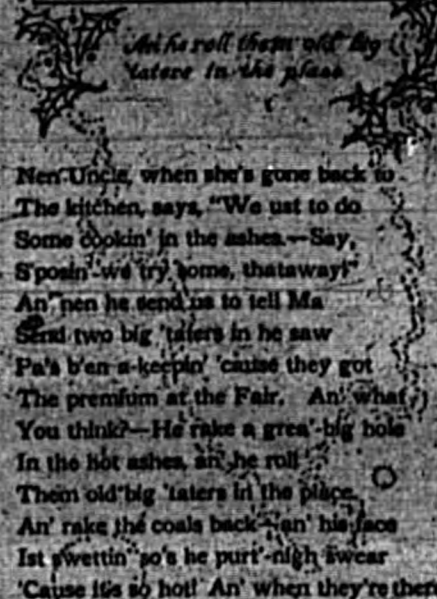


With Santy—Wish Pa'd be here, too!... Nen Uncle sigh at Ma, an' she...

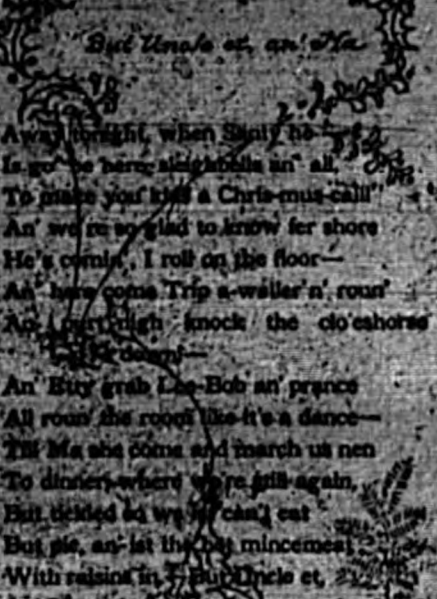


"Mink! Look there! Hain't that a sight... An' Ma she come and touch us run...

As he clam in old Ayer's sled... An' said he's sorry he can't be...



An' try to dream up a good one... An' Ma she come and touch us run...



Nen it blowed open, an' the floor... Blowed full o' snow—that's how it was...

An' Uncle Sid's hands an' feet... An' he'd never get to have on bells!

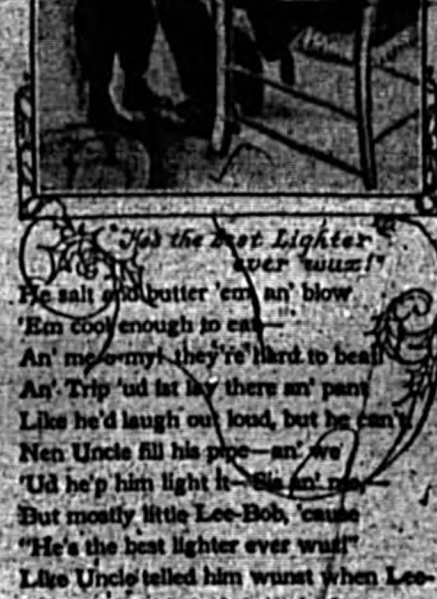


An' when Ma's gone again back for... The kitchen, says, "We just do some...

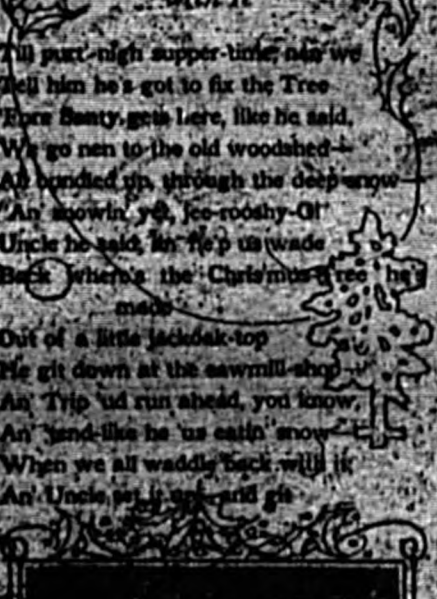


When we all stand in a row... An' Ma she come and touch us run...

An' to all day it snowed an' snowed... An' Lee-Bob he'd watched the road...



An' Ma she come and touch us run... An' Ma she come and touch us run...



An' Ma she come and touch us run... An' Ma she come and touch us run...

An' Ma she come and touch us run... An' Ma she come and touch us run...

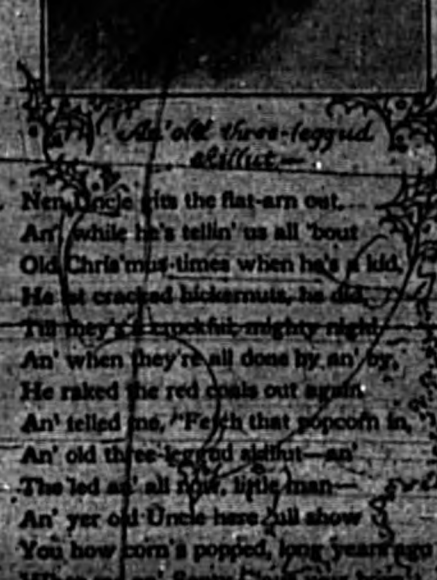


An' Ma she come and touch us run... An' Ma she come and touch us run...

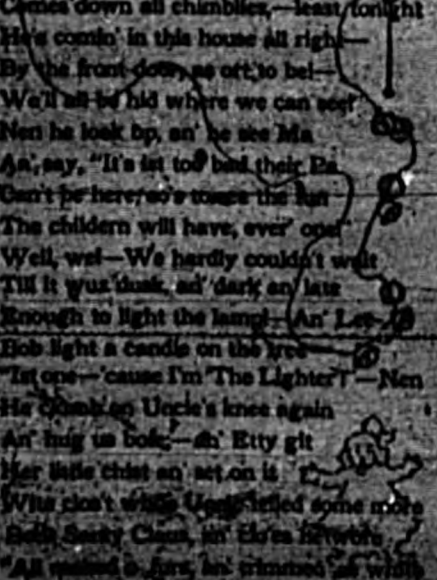


An' Ma she come and touch us run... An' Ma she come and touch us run...

An' Ma she come and touch us run... An' Ma she come and touch us run...



An' Ma she come and touch us run... An' Ma she come and touch us run...



An' Ma she come and touch us run... An' Ma she come and touch us run...

A Christmas Carmen

John Greenleaf Whitier

Sound over all waters, reach out from all lands... Sing hymns that were sung by the stars of the morn...



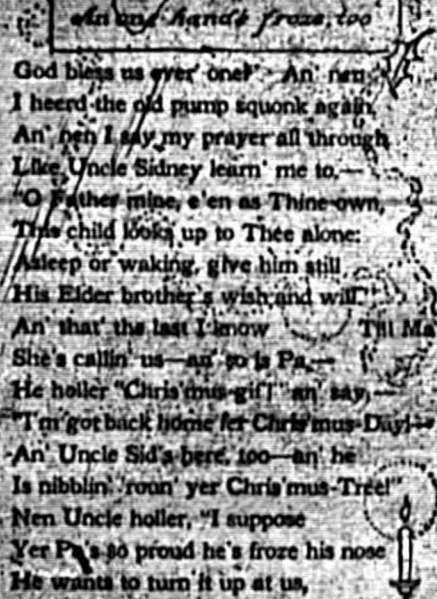
An' Ma she come and touch us run...

Blow, bugles of battle, the marches of peace... Sing the song of glory and of good will to man!



An' Ma she come and touch us run...

Save Her Feelings... Miss Ankit—Does your husband amuse, these cigars you gave him...



An' Ma she come and touch us run...

God bless us every one! An' fere... I heard the old pump squeak again...



An' Ma she come and touch us run...

Wine up his old white beard an'... Nen Uncle frowl'd at the old overcoat...

XMAS SHOPPERS

We have still a Good Assortment of Watches, Diamonds, Jewelry, Clocks, Cut Glass, Etc. to select your Xmas Present from.

REPAIRING A SPECIALTY

OPEN EVENINGS

THEO. SCHAAAL

JEWELER

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W. J. THIGPEN & COMPANY

AGENTS

General Fire Insurance

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Sanford, Florida



You should be just as careful of the clothes you wear as the company you keep

Here's a Store Full

of just the sort of things you ought to wear, at just the prices you ought to pay; clothes in whose company you'll be proud to be.

Smart Fall Suits, \$15 to \$40

If you're just looking for an inexpensive suit for every day, you should see the neat effects we're showing at \$15, \$18 and \$20.

Also a complete line of Xmas gifts for men—Men's Traveling Sets, Men's Collar Bags, Men's Pullman Slippers, Handkerchiefs, Socks, Ties, Gloves and Umbrellas.

WOODRUFF & WATSON SANFORD, FLORIDA

FANELLA'S CHRISTMAS SUPPER

SUSAN GLENN

(Copyright)



O Miss Fanella Fenway the hurry of Christmas snow was not beautiful as she ran through deepening twilight.

Though possessing a certain distinctive air, her coat was pitifully thin and inadequate. Though neatly blackened, her shoes leaked and she wore no rubbers. It is small wonder that the storm seemed merciless and cold. But when she turned in at the big stone gateway, her shoulders straightened proudly.

"The old Fenway place," she murmured, glancing about the gloomy, unkempt grounds, "and I am the last of the Fenways."

"If you were not it would go hard with them," interjected that other half of Miss Fenway's nature that was always ridiculing her Fenway pride. "Unless," with malicious emphasis, "they chanced to be also impervious to cold and hunger!"

Miss Fanella's lips trembled as she unlocked the great front door—upon no condition did she ever leave or enter the house by any of its other numerous entrances.

She lighted the small oil lamps that stood on the marble top of the hall buffet, placed her coat and hat on the carved rack, and peered closely into the great mirror.

"Tomorrow is Christmas, and your birthday," she whispered accusingly, "and no one has remembered it! Not one of your old friends! You are alone."

"Of course, I am alone," spoke the Fenway pride complacently. "Who is



"I Have Dreamed of You Sitting Here."

there in Whalen that I care for? All the old families with whom we associated are gone. It is my misfortune that I am left alone in the old house. "Why need you be alone? There are people all about you, common people to be sure, but kindly and good. And there is—Nelson Travers!"

"A common farmer!" Miss Fanella could almost believe she heard a real voice in the old hall with all the Fenway pride and scorn in it, a voice alarmingly like her stately mother's.

"It has been settled these fifteen years," she said, plucking up the little lamp wearily. "Why must it be gone over again every Christmas?"

Through the great cold rooms the light moved dimly, until she entered what had been the butler's pantry in the old regime. Here a small stove diffused a half-hearted sort of warmth, and a little table and a leather chair were drawn close.

"Here dwelleth the last of the Fenways," she said derisively. "Yet too aristocratic to associate with ordi-



FOR LADIES

- Fancy Hand Bags
- Handkerchiefs
- Silk Scarfs
- Fancy Neckwear
- Kid and Silk Gloves
- Silk Hose
- Parasols
- Belt Pins
- Silk Dress Patterns
- Table Linen
- Napkins to match.
- Coat Suits
- Golf Coats
- Sweaters
- Kimonas
- Aprons

FOR MEN

- Bath Robes
- Silk Ties
- Silk Hose
- Stetson Hats
- Kid Gloves
- Handkerchiefs
- Suspenders
- Shirts
- Dress Suit Cases
- Umbrellas
- Mufflers
- Belts
- Sweaters
- Trousers
- Pajamas
- Lap Robes

Do your Xmas shopping early. You can shop with more satisfaction, and we can give you better results

N. P. YOWELL & CO.

ner at the postoffice. There were few persons using such stationery who still remembered to write to her.

"Dear Miss Fenway!" she read, "are you still alone at the old place? If so, why can you not come with me to Japan this winter, and help me with the children? There will be no one in our party but ourselves. Please let me know by the first of January."

There followed a page of details. The letter was signed by an old school friend now the wife of a successful financier.

Miss Fanella's hand trembled, her face was drawn and white.

"A nurse maid," she moaned at last bitterly, "a common nurse maid! She put it kindly, and it is kind of her to think of me in my destitution, but that is what it means. Yet, isn't it better than cold and loneliness, and starvation? I'm tired of being different from other people. I'll try being as common as the commonest for a while."

Suddenly the great bell pealed through the resounding old rooms. She lifted the little lamp in wonderment and threaded her way again through the icy gloom. No tradespeople called at the house, and certainly not at the big front door! And generations of superiority had taught the neighbors the futility of calling at the Fenway portals.

Nelson Travers stood in the porch, the big white flakes heaped upon his broad shoulders.

"Good evening, Fanella," he said as if he had parted with her but yesterday. "Tomorrow is your birthday, I believe, and Christmas, too. Will you come for a ride with me?"

Miss Fanella gasped, as well she might. This, after fifteen years of silence! Had it taken him so long to recover from the "repulse" of old Madam Fenway?

you not, Fanella? Isn't that old enough to act as you please regardless of the neighbors?"

"I suppose it is, Nelson," she admitted with a smile. "But where?"

"Will you trust me this once, Fanella? I promise to bring you back whenever you wish."

Miss Fanella looked into the white night. Was she dreaming, or could this unlikely thing really have happened in the deadening monotony of her life?

What difference did it make, anyway? Henceforth she would be only a nursemaid. She looked back into Nelson Travers' honest eyes pleading with her to trust him. About her the stately old furniture upon which her pride had fed so many years, pleaded in vain.

"Yes," she said, "I'll come. I do not know how far I shall go, though."

The man stepped into the old hall and held her coat. His lips closed over his displeasure when he felt the weight of it.

She did not remember the worn gloves on the hall table, and only thought about locking the door when she saw Travers slip the key into his deep pocket.

Wrapped in robes, she seemed unconscious of the storm, realizing only the pleasant sensation of companionship and warmth.

She was not even surprised when he drew up before a low, ample house and lifted her carefully to the door-stone.

"I'll be in in a minute," he told her. "Take off your wraps and get warm."

Miss Fanella, her heart beating high at her own audacity, opened the broad door.

thinking of her little store in the butler's pantry.

"I have dreamed of you sitting here," said Travers quietly, coming to her. "And now I am going to ask you to eat supper with me—a Christmas supper, you know."

"I shall be most delighted," answered Miss Fanella with a smile. The Fenway pride was mute for once. It was a quiet supper. Fanella poured the tea, conscious that her companion's eyes were following her, and she enjoyed herself with a fierce, defiant sort of enjoyment.

"Fanella," said the man, leading her back to the fire, "I will bless you forever for coming with me. I wanted you to see my home, to understand just how simple and unpretentious it is. I know I am only a common farmer, but I've always loved you, Fanella. I cannot endure it to see you live as you do, alone in that great house. Won't you let me take care of you, dear?—I know I am not good enough for you. I realize what it must seem like to you here, but—"

"It is comfortable and beautiful, Nelson." Her voice broke over the words. "But I do not deserve it. I was not fair and honest with you—for I cared, always. I let my pride and my family interfere!"

"Oh," she cried, shaken by sudden, fierce sobs, "why did you never come back? They always do in stories—I could not believe it was all over when you went away!"

"Do you mean," said Travers, "that you would have given me a different answer if I had come back, Fanella?"

She held out her hands—the Fenway hands. "Don't you know, dear, that all women are privileged to change their minds?" she asked.

"What a fool I've been, Fanella," groaned Travers, holding her close. "Fifteen years! Tell me, when did you repent your coldness?"

Mistletoe and the Druids.

The custom of decorating strategic points in the household with sprigs of mistletoe at Christmas dates far back to the time of the Druids, who held the little plant in great veneration. At the approach of their winter festival, twigs of it were placed above the doors of their houses to serve as talismans and signs to the good deities that shelter and comfort awaited them within.

Present-day customs relating to mistletoe represent the evolution of the Druidical legend.

Now She's Convinced.

Askit—Where is that Miss Omgari who was expressing herself so strongly against foolish Christmas customs the other day?

Talkit—She's laid up with a bad cold, caught it while she was out gathering the mistletoe.

STRATEGY.



Mr. Hotteligh—Miss Homeligh seems to have that corner all to herself.

Miss Gabby—Yes, the mistletoe.

Go to STOCKTON'S STORE for your CHRISTMAS GOODS

YOU WILL GET THE BEST AND SAVE MONEY

Turkeys	25c lb.
Oysters	45c qt.
Calery	15c, 2 for 25c
Cranberries	15c, 2 for 25c
Olives, plain and stuffed	10c and 25c bottle
Everything in pickles; Dill, Sour and Sweet Mixed Salad Dressing	15c and 25c bottle
Royal Mint Sauce	25c "
Plum Pudding	30c 1-lb can
Pumpkin, N. Y. State	15c "
Cluster Raisins	20c lb
Figs	20c lb
English Walnuts	25c lb

Almonds	25c lb
Brazil Nuts	20c lb
Malaga Grapes	20c lb
Apples, fancy	50c to 60c pk
Bananas	25c doz

Candy Headquarters

More than 50 varieties of fine chocolates—including Walnut Tips, Pecan, Almond, nugatine etc 20c lb
65 varieties candies to sell at 10c lb
Box candies, finest grades, from 10c to 35c bx
These are pure candies, and the same quality others charge double this price for.

Best California Slice Peaches	20c can
" " " " 2 1-2 lb can	30c "
" " Plums 2 1-2 lb	25c "
" " Pears, 2 1-2 lb	30c "
" " White Cherries 2 1-2 lb	35c "
" " Red " 2 lb	30c "
" " Apricotts " 2 1/2 lb	30c "
Blackberries 3-lb can	25c "
Fancy sliced and grated Hawaiian Pineapples in 2 and 2 1-2 lb cans	25c and 35c a can
National fruit cakes	30c to \$1.50

PHONE 35

R. G. STOCKTON

213 E. First St.

How Far Is It to Christmas?

By Wilbur D. Nesbit

How far is it to Christmas? It's across the Land of Dreams, where are the laughing valleys and the ever-singing streams, and up the hill of doubting and along the road of smiles until you reach the border of the land of other worlds.

It's far away and near; it is there, and close at hand—oh, earnest little fellow, can I make you understand? You lie awake and whisper, you count and count the days, and try to bring it nearer in a hundred varied ways!

Already you have seen it in a gleam of joy afar, have seen its joy approaching in the twinkle of a star; you hear the bells that tingle and the clatter of the hoofs that ring a song of gladness as they gallop on the roofs.

How far is it to Christmas? It's not so far away—for all I know, already you have and hold the day; it has no time nor season; it is not set apart, but sends its blessed sunshine to every little heart.

happiness made her wondrously beautiful. Bobby would have lost his wits. If he should not come! But he would come. If he should come and the dream could not be realized! But he would not come unless he could.

A rap at the door!
"Miss, there's a gentleman a-askin' for ye. Should I send him in?"
"Yes, M'ry." The tones were perfectly calm. Six years of patient waiting had not been without their power.

"Margaret!"
"John!"
"I knew you would come. I saw you last evening. I knew you would find me. Oh, John, I am so happy!" She rested her head on his shoulder to hide the tears.

"My Margaret, now and forever!"
"And Constance?"
"Constance is gone—and she wished it to be."

A long silence.
"Sit down, John. There is your chair. How often have I pictured you in it. Let me think. Let me get my breath. I knew you would come. I wonder what Bobby will say! He thinks I have no heart. But—it was to be."—New York Mail.



BEAUTIFUL SUBURBAN HOME

This beautiful suburban home on Sanford Heights consisting of ten rooms and bath and all modern conveniences, lot 65x130 filled with orange trees and other fruits and flowers, fine garage and pumping outfit, good water, electric lights, going at a bargain. \$1,000 cash, balance on easy terms.

MARKS REAL ESTATE AGENCY.

Christmas Chronology

- 306—Diocletian slaughtered 20,000 Christians.
- 597—St. Augustine baptized 10,000 Saxons in Kent.
- 790—Offa, King of Mercia, in battle with Welsh.
- 800—Charlemagne crowned Emperor by Pope Leo III. in Rome.
- 878—Alfred the Great defeated by Guthrum, the Dane, at Chippenham.
- 1065—Westminster Abbey consecrated in presence of Queen Edgitha.
- 1066—William the Conqueror crowned at Westminster.
- 1171—Henry II. entertained Irish Chieftains at Dublin.
- 1190—Richard the Lion-Heart feasted Crusaders at Sicily.
- 1417—Sir John Oldcastle burned as Lollard heretic.
- 1428—Truce at siege of Orleans to observe Christmas.
- 1492—Columbus's ship, Santa Maria, wrecked at Hayti.
- 1572—Cardinal Wolsey, insulted by Gery's inn, reveals, throws two men into prison.
- 1620—Pilgrims building first house at Plymouth.
- 1642—Sir Isaac Newton born.
- 1644—Christmas kept as a fast day by English Puritans.
- 1647—Christmas celebration prohibited by Parliament.
- 1659—General Court of Massachusetts prohibits celebration on penalty of fine.
- 1720—William Collins, poet, born.
- 1773—Tea ship to New York sent back to England.
- 1775—Arnold and Montgomery at siege of Quebec.
- 1776—Washington crossed the Delaware to attack Trenton.
- 1777—Washington's army starved at Valley Forge.
- 1785—Shay's rebellion started in Massachusetts.
- 1837—Zachary Taylor defeated Seminoles near Big Water Lake in Florida.
- 1848—Col. Doniphan and American Volunteers defeated Mexicans under Gen. Pizarro de Leon at Brazito.
- 1851—Library of Congress in ruins from fire.
- 1860—Coldest Christmas in England.
- 1864—Union fleet and army attacked Fort Fisher, but withdrew.
- 1866—Yacht Henrietta ended ocean race from New York to Coosue.
- 1868—President Johnson issued proclamation of general and unconditional amnesty.
- 1871—Paris in distress with German...

HER BEST CHRISTMAS

COME on along, Sandy, I'll treat to dinner at the Metropolitan!"
Sandy, a tall girl who didn't look her thirty years, was busy glancing over a typewritten sheet and for a moment did not answer. Bob, stood watching her, taking in the delicate lines of her face and the beauty of the "sandy" hair, which, when he was alone and forgot that Sandy was a newspaper woman and his "pal," he was pleased to call golden.
"Cut that out, Sandy. You'll be back. I have a check and it's Christmas Eve. I'm for a treat. I say—did you hear me ask you to go to the Metropolitan? You take it as calmly as if I had asked you to go around to Otto's lunch counter. Dances take it! Why can't you be a little enthusiastic?"
Slowly the girl raised her head. More than a sheet of copy had been holding her attention. But she caught Bob's frown and immediately the mother instinct in her was aroused. She broke into her usual comrade laugh.
"All right, Bob. The invitation overwhelmed me. The Metropolitan? But I couldn't, Bobby dear. My shirtwaist is soiled and you yourself said there was a hole in my beautiful brown coat."
"Oh, come along! I was only joking. You'd outshine all the women at the Metropolitan if you went there in that khaki suit. I wish you had a little more vanity. Women

Don't call me tame. I won't go to the Metropolitan with you if you do. Somehow I feel—"

"Fiddlesticks! Get on your hat. I'm going. The idea of a newspaper woman's feeling! Cut it out!"

The Metropolitan was filled with the "vulgar rich" in holiday attire; but Sandy and Bob were happy in true bohemian style as they sat at their little table chatting and joking like two boys. Sandy never would play the woman—that was the only objection Bob had to her.

"I say, Sandy, I bet you've no plans for tomorrow and I'm coming to take you out. I've a great plan. Put on that brown silk and play you're a woman for once."

"Yes, a sweet, young, clinging feminine creature with my heart on my sleeve! 'Twill be charming, of course. Do you really think I could play the part?"

"Stop joking, Sandy. You never will take me seriously. You will go, won't you?"

"I'd like to please you, Bobby, but I really must be home tomorrow. I

have work that must be done, and besides I have a feeling that I ought not to go."
"Feeling be darned! If you had fewer feelings and more feeling for a poor fellow—What's the matter, Sandy?"
The girl had cast a glance over the room and had grown suddenly pale. She closed her eyes for a moment. Bob had caught the paller.

"Oh, nothing. I had a little twinge of that old neuralgia."

Thus the chasm was bridged and the dinner ended happily. If any thing, Sandy was gayer than usual.

Four o'clock the next day Sandy's heart was beating loud. Her "pal," as she was pleased to call it, wore its very best attire. Even the inevitable newspaper was out of sight.



The Patagonian Giant

With two heads in one body. The tallest man that ever walked the streets. Eight feet and seven inches high. He has been all through Europe.

DECEMBER 19th TO THE 25th
at 808 First Street

Look for the Bright Front

Get your—

CHRISTMAS CIGARS

Tobacco and Candies

— AT —

MAXWELL'S

**What You Want
How You Want It
When You Want It**

For anything in the line of printing come to us and we'll guarantee you satisfactory work at prices that are right.

THE HIGH COST OF LIVING

has not affected our job printing prices. We're still doing commercial work of all kinds at prices satisfactory to you.

The George H. Fernald Hardware Company

FOR CHRISTMAS 1912

IDEAL FIRELESS COOKERS



“Ideal”
Fireless
Cooker

EVERY purchaser now will have the advantage of the free demonstration to be held in our store for one week, commencing **MONDAY, JANUARY 6th, 1913.**

The Ideal Cookers save fuel, time and temper.

Christmas Bargains in Ingersoll Watches—\$1.00, \$1.50, \$2.00; Cutlery, Pocket Knives, Carving Sets—Useful Gifts for the dining room and kitchen.

We have the best Pocket Knife ever manufactured to sell for 25c

FERNALD'S OAK AVENUE STORE

FLORIDA CANE SUGAR

Will Some Day Be The Money Maker Of All Crops

SUGAR CANE AND SUGAR MILLS

Farming in Florida will be done in a big way. It is the opinion of the leading agricultural writers of the United States that the sugar cane industry of Florida will be the leading industry of the state in the near future. The sugar cane industry of Florida is now in a position to produce a surplus of cane for export to other countries. The sugar cane industry of Florida is now in a position to produce a surplus of cane for export to other countries. The sugar cane industry of Florida is now in a position to produce a surplus of cane for export to other countries.

SANFORD - Brightest Gem in Orange County's Crown

Unequaled Location, Unlimited Resources and Undimmed Future, Sanford Offers Much to Seekers After Health, Wealth and Happiness

Beautiful of situation is Sanford, "Lucky Sanford" the handsome little city of Orange county; which with its five thousand and four hundred inhabitants grows the southern shore of Lake Monroe, in the northern portion of Orange county, and one of the chain of lakes which form the beautiful St. Johns river. The sparkling, sparkling waters of this grand lake, five miles in width and over fifteen in length, reflect Sanford's stately dignity, as the Gate City of South Florida, with her unrivaled transportation facilities by rail and water. The rocky pines, which so admirably guard the shores of the lake, in their precious grandeur lend a pleasing tropical suggestion to the imposing little city when approaching it by the lake, which is heightened by the long row of handsome shade trees on each side of the broad brick paved avenue and wide streets, and which beautify and make the town attractive forming as they do, a rich back ground for the handsome brick business buildings and first street, including the elegant structures in which are housed the First National and People's Banks, all of them being strictly up to date in their appointments. The business men and merchants all seem to be happy and contented, which presupposes that they are all doing a flourishing and satisfactory business. Sanford's two newspapers, The Sanford Herald, edited by R. J. Holly, than whom a more indefatigable town booster never wielded a pen; and the Florida Grower, News, published in the interest of the large number of growers, by J. M. Combs, Jr. The physician and visiting stranger will always meet a cordial welcome when attending either of the six substantial and comfortable churches, representing that many denominations. These churches are well attended and each have flourishing Sunday schools and societies for the young people of the churches. One of Sanford's most desirable and valuable assets is her unexcelled public school system, including a fine modern, recently constructed, handsome brick High School building, comfortable large and well equipped in all its appointments. A large brick grammar school, a comfortable, neat and well equipped primary department and a flourishing private kindergarten. These schools are presided over by a superintendent, principal, assistant principal in the high school, who are aided in the other departments of the school by a most efficient corps of teachers, who are efficiently teaching and training over six hundred children in the principles which go to make up good and noble men and women, and for future desirable and useful citizens, for the great and beautiful city Sanford is destined to become.

THE ORANGE COUNTY FAIR

Will Be Bigger and Better Than Ever Before

AN AGRICULTURAL EXHIBIT

But Horse Racing, Aeroplanes, Polo Games and Ball Games Will Break the Monotony. Arrangements for the Orange county fair at Orlando, Feb. 18 to 22, are progressing rapidly. The previous fairs of Orange county have been such as to astonish people from the north who were in attendance and have been a revelation even to the old residents of the county, but the management promises that this year the exhibits will be larger and the attractions more abundant than ever before. The fair is president and W. R. O'Neal is secretary, and they are spending a great deal of time in making all the necessary arrangements for the event. Several new buildings have been erected, new pens for stock and poultry provided, and the grounds beautified by the setting of trees and shrubbery. In addition to the attractive exhibits there will be many sporting and other events to interest all classes of people. Amateurs will fly over the heads of the crowds, while jockey, polo games, ball games, hand concerts, etc., will be held on the grounds, and before the grand stand each day. The poultry exhibit is always an important one and will be in charge of G. Fred Ward of Winter Park, with T. J. Marshall, editor of the Southern Ruralist as Judge. Prizes are provided for every sort and kind of domestic fowls that lay eggs or wear feathers. David Lockhart will have charge of the races which insure the best possible sport. Horticulture will be looked after by C. G. Lee as chairman. Agriculture by A. T. Rossetter. Domestic exhibits will be in charge of W. S. Branch, Jr., and the manufacturing department will be cared for by a committee of which M. O. Overstreet is chairman. A large machinery hall will have W. H. Reynolds to look after it, and the art department, which always is a most attractive one, will be under the supervision of G. E. Howard. The large educational exhibit from all the schools in the county has W. R. O'Neal as chairman of the committee. A floral automobile parade will be a most attractive feature, and twenty-five Orlaud automobile ladies have been enlisted as a committee for this most important event. Dutton, their local representative, and a most courteous gentleman, will be in charge of the citrus fruit in this section than formerly. Thus another attraction and advantage is offered by "Lucky Sanford," the well read and comely offspring of her great and noble mother, grand old Orange county, which with her nineteen thousand one hundred and seven population, has been quietly and unheralded, forcing her way to the front ranks among Florida's gateway of banner counties. Orange county stands for good and good schools, enterprise and progress along all helpful lines. Her people are substantial, precocious, broad-minded and cultivated. They are ever on the alert to realize every advantage that tends to improve or benefit their homes, their neighbors or their country. In fact, Orange county and her people stand as a unit, for the benefit in everything. She is by far the banner county in her adaptability and cultivation of oranges, this year's crop being estimated the largest and finest in many years. Orange county is distinctly progressive and rich in natural resources. She is striving to attain a still greater future, while dearing and working for the greatest good to the greatest number of people. There is no better and greater county and finer people to be found anywhere than grand old Orange and her citizens. Neither she will she consider any of her children disloyal or unfaithful, or that they are tired of the family home if some of them should think that they can better subvert their individual interests and subvert by setting up a separate establishment for themselves and their rapidly growing children, and their population in the northern part of the county. In the unshakable devotion of the mother county, Orange will rejoice with her own children when the proposed plan of county division is successfully carried out, and "Lucky Sanford" becomes the county seat of Sanford county.

THE WIDE PLAIN

W. D. Nesbit

The Wide Plain is in Sandhewan. It was so named because it is so. It is wide. The town does not cover the entire plain. Far from me to do anything to stop the plain from spreading any further. And some day it is the intention of the Greater Wide Plain association to have real trees growing in their thriving little city. But just at present they are so busy getting the town established that the time has not yet come.

became a feature of existence there. Social life requires two factors. One of them is women. The other is men. You may have thought that one factor would be sociability and the other would be life, but that would be drawing it a bit fine.

Lucy Cleveland was the belle of Wide Plain. She was not the belle because she was the only young woman there, for there were others. Others—youth and beautiful, but while some of the others were as young as she, some were as old as she. Lucy was the belle because she was the only young woman there, for there were others. Others—youth and beautiful, but while some of the others were as young as she, some were as old as she. Lucy was the belle because she was the only young woman there, for there were others. Others—youth and beautiful, but while some of the others were as young as she, some were as old as she.

smiles, especially from George's rival, William Skidmore. "There isn't a tree for a hundred miles in any direction." "It's got to be shipped in by freight, then," suggested Lucy Morton. "No time now," Wesley Perkins pointed out. "It's only two days to Christmas."

The seven girls were not so particular about the tree. Each of them knew that Lucy would be disappointed a bit, but each of them felt that the gift had selected for her would help to overcome her disappointment. Now, in any event, there was to be a Christmas tree for every at the church.



"We Must Have a Christmas Tree."

I expect he was pretty busy. "And—oh—oh—oh—I haven't any time to do much of anything these days," said Lucy. "I've got to be ready for the school tomorrow." "You can have my tree," said the woman sitting down.

The woman standing up looked at her watch. "It's ten o'clock. I must go. Good night."

BEST TOYS FOR CHRISTMAS

They Should Suggest Action and Set the Mind of the Child at Work.

In selecting toys for the children's Christmas presents, they should be such as to suggest action, and bring about the child's mind to set the mind of the child at work. In selecting toys for the children's Christmas presents, they should be such as to suggest action, and bring about the child's mind to set the mind of the child at work.

Lucy looked at the woman sitting down. "You can have my tree," she said. "I've got to be ready for the school tomorrow." "You can have my tree," said the woman sitting down.

The woman standing up looked at her watch. "It's ten o'clock. I must go. Good night."

THE SANFORD HERALD

Published Every Tuesday and Friday Morning by THE HERALD PRINTING COMPANY

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Office in Herald Building Telephone No. 148

Wet and dry should not enter into the question of county division and has no place in the controversy.

The new county of Harney stands pledged to build good roads in every part of the county. Our faith is demonstrated by our work.

Mother Orange will only have her stocking half filled next Christmas for her children in the north end will not play the Santa Claus game under the same conditions another season. We feel sorry for Mother.

Col. Bob McNamee is back in journalism and will be business manager of Dixie. With Charlie Jones, Bob McNamee and Claude L'Engle working together on Dixie that sprightly sheet ought to be better than ever.

Santa Claus will bring Sanford a new tourist hotel, a court house, a fine new passenger station and several other good things this year. We will have to hang up larger stockings next year to hold the many presents that are coming our way.

Sanford is to become a tobacco center, too. Its rich calery and lettuce land is proving entirely satisfactory for the growing of the tobacco plant and, as in other things, the people of the Sanford district will develop the big opportunities offered. —Miami Metropolis.

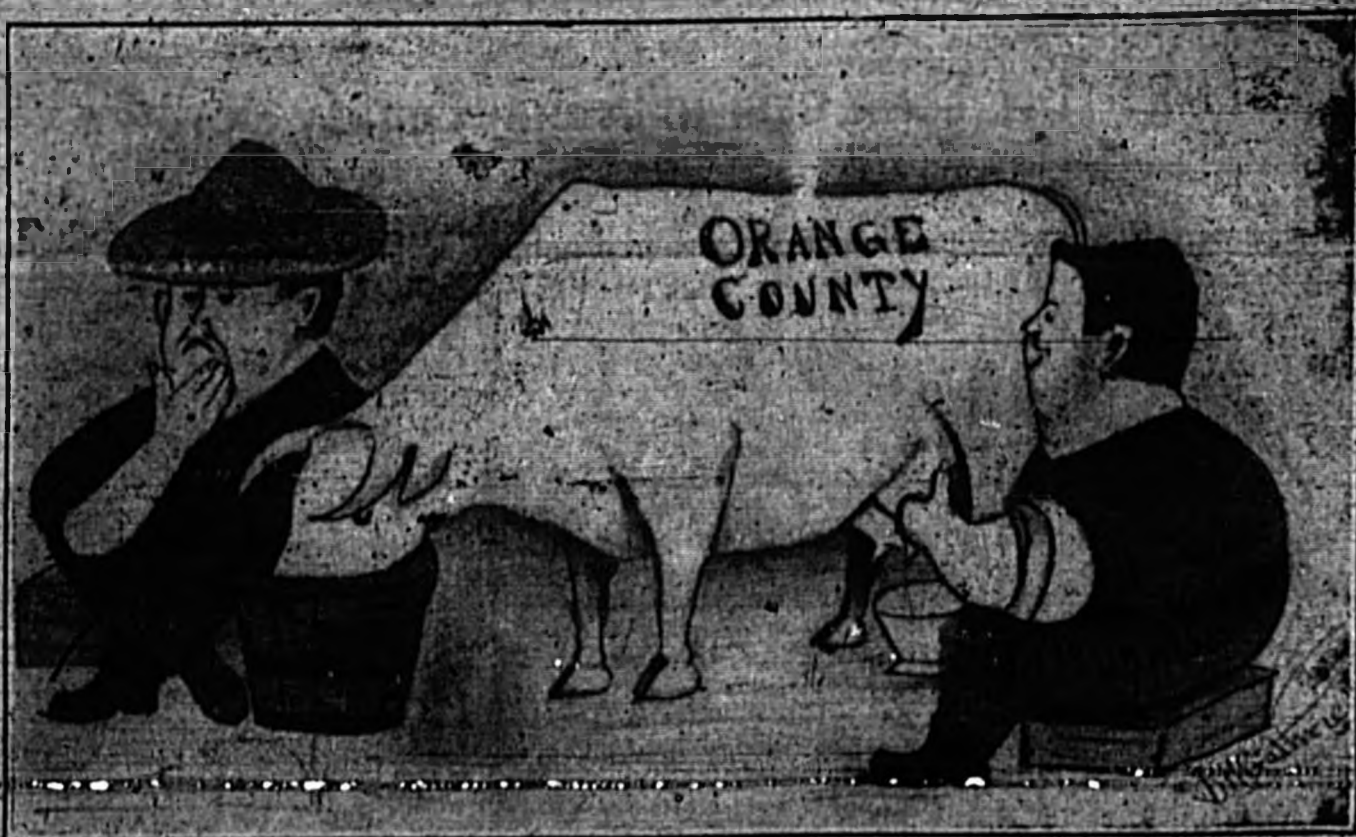
All of the Florida Press Gang will regret to hear that Claude L'Engle is obliged to seek a hospital in Baltimore on account of failing health. It is hard for this active young man to be hindered on the eve of a fulfillment of his political aspirations. The editor of the Herald hopes for his speedy recovery.

The new county of Harney will start in business with 25 miles of brick roads. They do not cost the tax payers outside of the Sanford district one cent. The new county will have all the tax money spent for improvements. The Sanford section is known by her works. The Orlando section by her promises.

Editor Josiah Ferris of the Orlando Sentinel is the man who put the "slag" in Ananias. Among other statements in a garbled editorial he says he has received but a small share of the "public pap" and in thirty years only published the tax sales once. While The Herald editor has been a resident of Orange county Josiah has published the tax sales three times and is training for the fourth.

NEW COUNTY WILL BE DRY For the benefit of our many friends in the new territory who have been purposely misinformed The Herald wishes to state that the new county of Harney will be born dry and will remain as such until the question comes up again when the limit is out. This part of Orange county has always been dry and not only voted as such, but assisted Orlando and other parts of Orange county to remain in the dry column. The overzealous anti-divisionists who are circulating this report in parts of the new county are circulating what is absolutely false and the parties are aware of the fact. The Herald has never favored Sanford being wet and does not favor it now and the new county will not change its complexion one bit in the next wet and dry election. The state of Florida will probably be dry in another year anyhow.

PITY POOR ORANGE The new and progressive county of Pinellas, just across the bay from Tampa, has recently voted to sell bonds for \$270,000 for the construction of hard roads. The people have not yet decided on the road material, but it is known they intend to construct hard roadways. This is a very encouraging step for a county to take and all that section of the state will be benefited. The readers of this paper have been apprised of the action of Walton county in deciding to build seventy miles of good roads and it is noticed with pleasure that scarcely a week passes without the announcement of another new road building plan somewhere in Florida. The state will not rightly come into



SANFORD FEEDS THIS COW WHILE ORLANDO MILKS IT. NOTE THE EXPRESSIONS

her own until a complete system of hard roads is completed and it behooves every legislator, every county commissioner and in fact every citizen to get the road building habit and stay with it. Good roads means almost everything to the state. —Pensacola Journal.

AS OTHERS SEE US Orlando and DeLand are both exhibiting opposition to the division of their respective counties—and a foolish notion it is. You ought to see how we've all prospered down here with two counties made out of old Dade. —Miami Metropolis.

And DeSoto will not prosper as a county as it should until it is divided. The reckless expenditure in money in building the new courthouse is a fair example of what we can expect as long as the county remains intact. However, Wauchula can stand it just as well as the balance of the county and we must confess it is a satisfaction to us to see how Wauchula has outstripped some of its neighbors who opposed division because it was thought would benefit Wauchula. Wauchula can live and prosper under just as great a graft as any of its neighbors. —Wauchula Advocate.

ONLY A SUGGESTION The Herald today follows its usual custom of issuing a Christmas edition, only this year we were obliged to cut the usual large number of pages about one half on account of limited time. The rush of job and book work was so great that our superior facilities were taxed to the utmost to keep up the strain and the Christmas edition that you are now reading was set up in type, printed, folded and mailed in less than two days, which is a record and more than makes up our loss in pages.

We do not feel especially proud of this edition or suggestion of a Christmas edition but do feel proud of the fact that the merchants of Sanford responded to the call so promptly, arranged their copy so quickly and that if we had had more time we could have filled twice as many pages with advertising.

But according to custom we give the readers something more for their money, plenty of Christmas reading and good cheer and the little folk will not look in vain for their regular Christmas Herald and Santa Claus.

The Christmas Herald has become a fixed institution in Sanford and the entire force takes pleasure in its making from the editor to the devil.

EDITORS ALWAYS BOOSTERS

This nation depends upon the twenty-odd thousand so-called "local editors" for its most important work, including the watching of public officials, the informing of three-fourths of the population as to events local and national, and the spreading of thought and genuine American doctrine.

The "local" or country newspaper is in proportion to its circulation the most valuable advertising medium in the United States. The local editor is on intimate terms with all his readers. They read every line of his newspaper. They attach importance to what they see in his newspaper because they know him and trust him.

Its readers live in isolated households, they buy in great quantities the latest labor saving devices, prepared foods, ready-made articles of all sorts. One reader of a country newspaper can be made as valuable to the intelligent reader as three readers of the big city newspaper.

To increase the prosperity of the country newspapers making the editors thoroughly independent, able to extend their useful work and free them from all outside influences is work as important as

could possibly be done—a work which interests vitally every man, woman and child in each community. Therefore, accord them first class support if you expect a first class newspaper. A stream rarely rises higher than its source—Eustis Lake Region.

A SENSIBLE CRUSADE

Very much of the money spent for Christmas gifts serves no useful purpose. The gifts are of practically no value to the recipients, or of very little value in proportion to their cost, and neither the giver nor the receiver experiences any joy over them, because each looks upon the gift as the payment of an obligation rather than as a love offering. Of course this remark only applies to gifts which are made and received in that spirit. The New York American says:

There was never a better idea than the crusade started in the city and in which Chicago has just joined to eliminate the useless Christmas gifts. The three thousand young women here who have agreed to send out their holiday greetings in the form of a letter of good cheer or a card will shortly find that hundreds of thousands will seize the chance to emulate their example.

Nothing could be sweeter than the keeping up of the ritual Christmas spirit. Every one is better for it—the feeling of good fellowship and "peace on earth, good will toward men" is in itself a gift the value of which cannot be over estimated.

The truth about the giving of presents is that Jane who gets seven dollars a week, wants to give Mary, who gets eight dollars a week, just as expensive a present as she receives. The result is an empty purse and in thousands of cases heart burnings and ugly comparisons.

This is just what the new idea will avoid. For the personal visit and the word of good cheer from one to another will have a value always equal and one which nobody will question.

As a result everyone will feel that Christmas is indeed a day of real, honest, good feeling and everyone knows that is worth more than all the presents in the world.

SPEAKING OF NEWSPAPERS

The Orlando Sentinel states that The Herald is fighting for county division because we want the public printing. The statement is absolutely correct, Josiah, and for once in your long and checkered career you have told the truth. The Herald occupies the same position relatively that all the people in the north end occupy. We have never had anything at this end but taxes. The people have never had good roads, have never had representation, have never been recognized as being in Orange county by any official except the tax assessor and tax collector and having stood for the frame up as long as we could have now decided that the north end of the county will demonstrate the Democratic principle of allowing the people to rule.

Naturally the Sentinel kicks on having the county divided, because division means division of the county printing and the Sentinel will be forced to get out in the cold world and make a noise like working instead of having a warm berth by the court house fire and waxing fat on public pap. It will make a big difference, Mr. Ferris, when half of your revenue is cut off and you cannot be blamed for fighting against division.

You are mistaken in your belief that The Herald will deny your allegation about the public printing. We do not deny it, we acknowledge it. This belief is the underlying principle of the whole north end. If the people could have a square deal from the powers that rule, county division would not have been insisted for some time, although the

north end has been big enough to put it over for the past five years, but the idea of separation was the last resort and would never have taken root or flamed into open revolt had we not been driven to it.

The Sentinel will be forced to forge some better method of fighting county division than attacking the principles of The Herald. The people down here know their newspaper and the man who stands at the helm and that absolute selfishness has dominated this paper all ways. The public printing is a public matter and The Herald has never turned the county officials for any of it. Public printing should be divided among all the newspapers of the county and the editors should not camp around the courthouse or go down on their marrow bones for the same. Being a public matter The Herald announced that the tax sales had never been printed in any Sanford paper in twenty-five years until last April.

We have nothing to hide, nothing to keep out of print, nothing to deny and the matter of the tax sales was becoming a sore point to the majority of the people in the north end who refused to subscribe to an Orlando paper simply to get the tax sales and who wanted to see these tax matters, etc., in their home paper at least once in ten years and these same people demanded that their home paper should be recognized as an official county paper some time.

These same people now demand that the county affairs should be made public; demand that this end of the county should have good roads, demand that some of the taxes should be returned to them in improvements and having been imposed upon for so many years seek relief in the new county of Harney.

You will find the whole north end fired by the same purpose, Mr. Ferris, and The Herald did not start the agitation.

You will find the whole north end in favor of the proposition, Mr. Ferris, now and forever, if you take the time to look it up and the matter has really been settled, Mr. Ferris, and the newspapers had nothing to do with it.

Fill the bottle with nice warm milk, Mr. Ferris, and take a good long pull while the pulling is good, for next year when you take the milking stool on your side you will miss the calery flavor that formerly made the cream so thick.

The Methodist Way

Editor Holly of the Sanford Herald drops "County Division" long enough to talk religion as follows:

"Frankly we do not like the Methodist manner of appointing ministers. We become enamored with a good man of the C.M. Summers type and about the time he becomes identified with our social, religious and civil life he attends conference and is called away."

Once upon a time the editor of the Lake Region asked a Kentucky Methodist minister why his church do not give its preachers an indefinite tenure of life in one community, like other denominations.

Said he, "My son, look around you and count up the preachers your church has had under the 'intermediate sentence plan and see whether your church or mine has had the fewest changes of pastors. We counted up, and lo the Presbyterians had changed preachers seven times in twelve years, and the pulpit had been vacant over a year, whereas, the Methodists, on their two and four year plan had had but five ministers! Thereafter, on that subject we ceased religious controversy.—Eustis Lake Region.

The many friends of Miss Edna Farnhart will be glad to hear that she is back at her old position in Dr. Palmer's office.

LAND OF MILK AND HONEY

Florida Has Grand Climate and also Grand Opportunities

If one were seeking world wide for a veritable example of a land of "milk and honey," it would be difficult to discover a more perfect one than Florida. Situated between the mid-Atlantic Ocean and Gulf of Mexico, with a genial climate, the land teems with all the good things of the earth and with the living things that thrive upon it. From the grain and field stuffs of the north and northwest to the fruits of Italy it runs the gamut of agrarianism, eliminating no product that brings health, wealth and happiness to the soul or body of man and beast.

With its ever temperate climate it produces crops almost fourfold those in any other part of the country. In this state fruit growing has reached the highest state of perfection. All sorts of choice peaches, pears, grapes, figs, oranges, grapefruit and avocados grow and are produced in abundance.

The school facilities of this state are the best. In every town there are many well built, restful looking buildings equipped with all the modern educational appliances and presided over by efficient teachers.

There is hardly a town in the state that is not on a railroad or steamer service, and those that are not in connection with other towns by auto or other means.

Dairy ranching has also attained a flourishing condition. Cows average two to four gallons of milk per day, and the cost of feed is nominal.

Fish of all kinds may be caught in the lakes, streams, bayous and all parts of game may be shot in abundance. Life sings joyfully from the throats of the meadow larks in the fields, from the mocking birds in the sweet magnolias and even the owl hoots a note of welcome to the traveler in the night.

In fact, industries of every description abound and flourish.

One can hardly mention the name of Florida but to be reminded of the grand opportunities offered for bathing and boating. Salt water bathing along the coasts and in the lakes of the interior. Crafts of all suitable sizes for business or pleasure are to be found plying in the beautiful warm waters of the state.

With all the great attractions of Florida but half told, there remains one, which possibly is greater than all others—its wonderful climate. The oxygen from the air of the Gulf and Atlantic and the balsam of the pines tend to form an atmosphere that is invigorating and health giving. "It is possible for one to go out every day in the year and mingle among all the semi tropical growths of plant life, which are found here in great profusion. From the smaller wild flower on every side to the more stately palms and magnolias, covered with graceful Spanish moss.

The weather is mild and balmy in the winter and cool and comfortable during summer. The rainfall is ample, occurring usually as showers during the late spring and early summer months.

Some day people will learn these things and then you will know that the promises of a new life are open to them and they will come and take possession and be made welcome.

And when those who have ploughed, shivering through the ice and snow of the north are kimed by the Florida sunshine, with the mocking birds singing gaily around them, with the breath of violets in the air they will fall on their knees and say, "God, we thank Thee, for this is the Land of Milk and Honey."—Lynn Haven Tribune.

Edward Baxter Perry Recital

The following are foreign criticisms on one of America's greatest musicians:

"Last evening Mr. E. Baxter Perry of Boston gave a program which taxed every resource of the modern virtuoso, and showed a technical grasp and scholarship seldom equaled in these days when the piano is supposed to have yielded all its secrets. He is entitled to a high rank among the great players of the world."—Paris Messenger.

"Mr. Perry possesses an admirable technique and a delightful pianissimo, and displayed delicate and thoughtful interpretations, exquisite polish and perfected legato playing."—Stuttgart Mercury.

Mr. Perry will give a recital in the Auditorium of the Sanford High School, Friday evening, January 3, 1913, under the auspices of the Sanford Music Club.

Notice

The annual meeting of stockholders of the Sanford Building and Loan Association will be held at their office over First National Bank, 7:30 p. m. Saturday, January 11th, 1913.

A. P. CONNELLY, Secretary and Treasurer.

PURELY PERSONAL

H. P. Bannon of Macon, Ga., is with the Fruit Growers' Express here for the season.

Luke Hodges, who lived in Sanford several years ago is back again with the A. C. L.

Mrs. F. F. Doyle of Tampa is the guest of her mother, Mrs. M. E. Doyle and will remain during the holidays.

Mr. and Mrs. Wallace have returned from their wedding trip to points in Virginia and are receiving congratulations of their many friends.

Miss Margaret Hart of Orlando is the charming guest of Mrs. T. A. Neal. Miss Hart's many friends in the city are always glad to welcome her to Sanford.

Among the prominent visitors to the city today from the county seat are B. M. Robinson, the clerk of the circuit court, Arthur Butt, the tax assessor and Seth Woodruff.

The American Bible Society has Bibles for sale at the Baptist church. Any one desiring a fine Testament at cost can be supplied by calling at the Baptist parsonage.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Ward left last Sunday for Decatur, Indiana, where Mr. Ward will be engaged for several months with the Ward Fence Co. We hope to see them back in Sanford before the winter is over.

Residents near Lake Jessup are complaining of the Sunday shooting and if it continues some of the hunters will face the court. Hunting on Sunday is strictly against the law and those hunters are aware of the fact.

J. J. Brown left for his home in Smithsburg, Maryland, after spending several weeks with his son, E. B. Brown of this city. Mr. Brown has fallen in love with our balmy climate and expects to return next winter for a longer stay.

Children's Bazaar

The Christmas bazaar held by the Junior Epworth League of the Methodist church at the home of Mrs. L. R. Phillips was a very pretty, pleasant and financially successful affair.

The porch and hall where the attractive tables were placed were very tastefully decorated in red and green with a number of handsome palms and various sized Christmas bells. The table with the pretty fancy work, made by the children, was a very creditable display. There was also a cake table, candy table and a punch table.

The bazaar was well patronized by the interested crowd who were present, and while the large number of articles were not all disposed of, the children cleared over thirty dollars, of which the little folks are very proud and justly so.

Book Circle

Mrs. R. L. Peck was hostess of the Book Circle Friday evening. As the members of the Book Circle and nearly every lady in the city is busy engaged in making pretty, fancy articles for Christmas gifts, the hostess requested the members to bring their fancy work.

A very afternoon was enjoyed in the display and discussion of fancy work. When it became too late to work, a delicious chicken salad, saltines, stuffed olives and coffee were served.

Mrs. Peck's guests were Mrs. Cross Barnes, Mrs. A. P. Connelly, Mrs. May Dickins, Mrs. G. A. Spear, Mrs. B. P. Whitner, Jr., Mrs. J. W. Dickins, Mrs. M. H. Bowler, Mrs. J. J. Purdon, Mrs. H. B. Connelly, Mrs. Henry McLaulin, Mrs. F. L. Woodruff, Mrs. C. H. Dinges were visitors invited to meet with the circle.

Auction Bridge

The Auction Bridge Club was entertained by Mrs. S. O. Chase Monday afternoon. Two tables of bridge were played. The highest score was made by Mrs. Samuel Puleston, who won the handsome prize, a drawn work lunch cloth.

When the interesting games of cards were concluded, delicious chicken croquettes, vegetable salad, bread straws, olives and coffee were served. Mrs. Chase's guests were Mrs. C. O. McLaughlin, Mrs. O. W. Brady, Mrs. A. P. Connelly, Mrs. P. L. Miller, Mrs. B. W. Herndon, Mrs. Samuel Puleston, Mrs. B. P. Whitner, Jr.

Band Concert Next Sunday

The concert announced for last Sunday and which was prevented on account of rain will be given next Sunday afternoon, Dec. 22, at 3 o'clock at the band stand in the park. The full Sanford band will play under the leadership of Prof. L. N. Naah. An attractive and

SHOPPING IN SANFORD

Merchants Of This City Have Mammoth Stocks to Offer

SANFORD A SHOPPING CENTER

People For Miles Around Are In The City Making Their Purchases Of Christmas Gifts

Sanford has become the recognized shopping center for Orange county and parts of Volusia and Lake counties and this year there are greater bargains offered than ever before and a glance over this issue of The Herald will convince the public that in this city you can find larger stocks, better stocks and better prices than even the largest department stores could offer you. The merchants of Sanford have purchased larger stocks than ever before and several of them have more goods than they want to carry over, and therefore the Christmas shoppers this year will be offered bargains in every line such as they will never obtain again. There is a hint of the high cost of living here and the stores can offer you everything in Christmas presents and novelties and also the best stocks and most complete lines of reasonable goods and substantial gifts.

Sanford is well situated to the northern markets, having water rates with the largest markets of the world and this fact accounts for the better rates made on everything you purchase in Sanford.

The strangers among us this year have been agreeably surprised at the mammoth stocks and very reasonable prices on all of them and the people living in the country precincts are coming to Sanford to trade because the prices are right and all roads lead to Sanford.

If you have not made up your mind about your gifts a perusal of The Herald will give you many hints about suitable presents for the holiday season.

COMING TO SANFORD

Famous Fireless Cooking Authority to Give Free Exhibition Here

Sanford is soon to be visited by an expert on the fireless cooker. Mrs. C. R. Judd has been identified with the fireless cooker industry since its infancy. Mrs. Judd is recognized both by manufacturers and the leading periodicals as an authority on the subject of Fireless Cooking and is said to draw the largest salary ever paid for one week's course of lectures on the subject of Domestic Science. Mrs. Judd has given a life time to the study of domestic science.

Mrs. Judd is much beloved by Southern women, having previously toured the Southern states and given a warm reception wherever she was scheduled to lecture. She is at the head of the experimental department of the Toledo Cooker Company of Toledo, Ohio, and is chief of the staff of demonstrators.

The people of Sanford are very fortunate in being able to have the merits of fireless cooking explained to them by Mrs. Judd.

The date of her arrival will be Jan. 8th, 1914. The Geo. H. Fernald Hardware Co. at whose store she is going to give a week's demonstration of the IDEAL Fireless Cook Stove, are making special preparations for this important and interesting exhibit.

A Suggestion

A number of the ladies have expressed the opinion that a prettier and more suitable name than that mentioned for the new county can be found. These ladies think that the beautiful Indian names should be preserved when and wherever it can be done.

We have a lake named Harney, and that they think is sufficient to preserve the name and lake of General Harney. Among the many pretty Indian names which are very familiar there are few that are prettier than the name of the fishing first settlers of this beautiful peninsula, and which name is almost synonymous with the name of our fair state—the Seminole tribe of Indians. Let's name the new county Seminole. The ladies will be pleased with that name, and it will also be a tardy tribute to those whose rights, in the march of civilization have been usurped.

This suggestion is offered to those who have the christening of the new county in charge by

ONE OF THE LADIES.

Horace Keeney, the young Kansas City aviator, attempting a hydro-aeroplan flight from Los Angeles to San Francisco, is believed to have been drowned, together with Chester Lawrence, a Los Angeles newspaper man,

CURBSTONE GLEANINGS

A Budget of Opinion "Just Between You and Me"

EVEN THE GATE POST NOT IN IT

A Child is Among Ye Taking Notice and Faith, He'll Prout 'Em—So Says Slaughterer.

It is noticeable that the Associated Press reporters are continuing the error of dubbing women in favor of the ballot "suffragettes" whether they have, previously been found guilty of throwing bricks or not. They're wrong. Brick, "gettes" no bricks, "yags".

It is my hearty, warm and world embracing Christmas hope and aspiration that all of us—the high, the low, the rich, the poor, the adorned, the loved, the hated, the civilized, the savage—may eventually be gathered together in a heaven of everlasting rest, and peace, and bliss, except the inventor of the telephone.

At last Pat's dream is to become almost true with the advent of the parcels post on New Year's Day. With its inauguration one may send a billet doux, or broad bill ducks, if properly caged, a bonne bouche or an eleven pound turkey, a bon vivant or a pounds of lights. And when the postmaster told Pat he would send a letter to his father in Ireland for only five cents, Pat exclaimed "Begorra if the hole was bigger I'd send a cow!"

You will probably find something in your paper you cannot endorse. Even the Bible is rather plain and hits some hard licks. If you were to get mad and burn up your Bible, the hundreds of papers would still go on printing them. Call the editor all sorts of names, the paper will still be published. And what is more, you walk around and borrow a copy of it from your neighbor. It is much better to keep your vest pulled down and your subscription paid up.

The glad, joyous, festive time draws near, and unnumbered hearts are beating in delightful anticipation. Store windows are decked, in holiday attire. The holly and evergreen hang in festoons, and the wonderful Christmas tree is gradually putting in appearance. Chery voices ring out in rehearsals of songs and choruses for celebration night. Merry Christmas will soon be here and Christmas songs are songs of peace. Christmas greetings are greetings of goodwill. How they soften hard hearts, purify base desires, lighten bitter thoughts, and make every deed purer and holier; every wish kind and tender. Let hearts expand, sympathies enlarge and good will reign supreme. Let benedictions drop from lips, and substantial gifts fall from overflowing hands. Make cheerless homes radiant, and hopeless hearts to thrill with unspeakable gladness. Forgive your enemies. Bury the past. Rise above the mean and petty resentments which you may have harbored against those who have not used you well. Be generous. Get ready to start the New Year with more kindly feelings and more noble ambitions. Make the Christmas of this year a day to which you can always look back with pleasure and gratitude. Peace and good will unto you, dear friends, and a Merry, Merry Christmas to all.

Happy are the people who still carry in their bosoms, at this Christmas season, the confident heart of a child. Only thus that age can participate in the mirth and revelry which this day that is now about to dawn brings. The anniversary of the day which the Christian world has agreed upon as the birthday of its Redeemer, and tonight, wherever the message of peace and good will has been heard, softening the asperities of life and bringing a pause in the steady round of material affairs, the domestic circle is drawn together in happy expectancy and childhood reigns supreme. It is peculiarly fitting that this should be an incident of the day dedicated to Him who glorified childhood and made the innocence of those pristine years a condition precedent to the inheritance of the kingdom of heaven.

Years and years ago there lived in Syria a good bishop by the name of Nicholas, who had inherited great wealth. By chance he passed the hut of a poor man who, in the extremity of his poverty, was about to send his children out into the world to shift for themselves, because he could no longer sustain them. In the quiet hours of the night the little ones—so the legend goes—lifted their voices in prayer—the most eloquent, the most far-reaching per-

child. With the simple trustfulness of their tender years they sent their supplication for assistance to the throne of grace, and that Providence which marks the sparrow's fall and hears the young ravens when they cry, guided the footsteps of the good Nicholas to the door. When the morning broke the children who had "asked" with a confident faith that they would "receive," opened their happy eyes to find that their prayers had been heard, and a competency to save them from the threatened want and exile lay beneath their pillows.

It was the first gift of Nicholas, whom the church has since canonized and the Christian world has made the patron saint of Christmas tide.

The Syrian bishop devoted the remainder of his fortune and the remnant of his days to the alleviation of suffering wherever he found it. But he did more. He gave an impetus to a custom which has become sacredly associated with the Christmas season until this good hour, and hence our Santa Claus.

So it is not only fitting, it is inevitable that only those who can enter into the spirit of these holidays, clustering about the birthday of the risen Lord, can avid he full benediction which the day should bring.

And yet, the season is not without its significance to the children of a larger growth. The Angelus of the year summons home from the varied fields of labor the tolling multitudes—brings rest from routine and affords them an opportunity to take a mental inventory of their achievements. Men in every department of human endeavor stop to cast up their accounts. The laborious hum of the hive melts into mirth and mused and the dying year prepares for that rebirth which was typified by that great apothecosis of the Son of God: The myths and legends of the pagan world have been sublimated and sanctified to lend additional charm anduster to the supreme festival of the Christian year. The noblest sentiments of humanity are called into play—the which relieves the necessities of the unfortunate and covers our imperfections with its broad mantle, the benevolence which is twice blest, the stimulus that is imparted to the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man.

We are on the eve of the day which comes with the breath of the north wind and perhaps with the persistent patter of the rain. As if to furnish a background for the sunshine which human hearts must supply, nature a ray herself in the least attractive guise.

But the heart overflows with loving kindness. Reunion and fellowship send an expansive glow through the inward chambers of the soul. We forget the petty vexations of the past in the joy of the living present and the confident hope of the future.

With deep sincerity I extend the greetings of the season to many friends throughout the south and the country at large. With something more than a cold formalism I wish happiness and prosperity to each and every one, not only for the season at hand but for the new year which will soon be with us. Checked with sunshine and shadow though it has been, the old year leaves us farther advanced in prosperity and enlightenment, and, let us hope, in wisdom and in Christian virtues, than ever before.

May we face the future with resolutions and enjoy the present as the season demands.

Fancy Work Circle

Mrs. T. S. Davis entertained the Fancy Work Circle Thursday afternoon. The ladies were entertained with their pretty fancy work and pleasant conversation. A dainty lettuce salad, sandwiches and coffee were served by the hostess. Mrs. Davis' guests were Mrs. J. J. Purdon, Mrs. J. D. Roberts, Mrs. W. H. Milteer, Mrs. C. H. Hill, Mrs. N. H. Garner, Mrs. C. G. Woodruff, Mrs. R. W. Hines, Mrs. T. Williams.

Whether a majority or two-thirds of the United States Senate would be necessary to order the House canal dispute with Great Britain submitted to The Hague court of arbitration for adjustment has become a matter of study among members of the Senate since the receipt of the British protest against the toll provision in the recent canal act exempting American coastwise shipping.

Whitelaw Reid, the United States Ambassador to Great Britain since 1905, died at his London residence, Dorchester House, shortly after noon today from pulmonary oedema. The end was quiet and peaceful. Mrs. Reid and their daughter, Mrs. John Hubert Ward, were at the bedside. The ambassador had been unconscious since 9 o'clock in the morning and at intervals during the previous twenty-four hours he had been slightly delirious as a result of the drugs

Fled for Record

W. R. O'Neal to Smith Ghent. Smith Ghent and wife to R. J. Brown. F. M. Sanburn to Geo. Darling. Culley & Partin to Merryweather & Roberts. H. C. Dann, et al., to Charity Conner. J. D. Reneker and wife to John L. Symonds and wife. J. A. Howe and wife to John Henderson.

W. B. Hammond, et al., to Overstreet Criss Co. Carrie B. Henkel to Geo. H. McCullough.

A. Spoor and wife to M. B. Maurice. S. J. Brokey and wife to Oakland Hotel Company.

Ida S. Parramore to B. T. Butts. United States to Chas. A. Aber. Prosper Colony Co. to L. L. Rice. Prosper Colony Co. to Estelle B. Fox. Prosper Colony Co. to A. N. Fox. Realty Trust Co. to Fred Chair.

Made the Times, Orlando.

The Gate City Home has brought down the high cost of living. Only \$4.00 per week for the finest table board in the city. See Parker. 28-11

While the weather is hot buy your dried chipped beef at W. J. W. Long's grocery. Sliced on an American slicing machine 94-11

Please send in your orders at once for special boxes of oranges, grapefruit and tangerines for Christmas delivery. Mrs. H. L. D'FOREST.

31-31p

FOR SALE CHEAP Horse, wagon and harness. W. L. Morgan. 29-11

WANTS

All Local Advertisements Under This Heading, Three Cents a Line Each Issue

Wanted—Several young men who know the city, to take census for the new city directory. Apply Wednesday 8 a. m. Mr. Neville, Sanford House. 34-11p

For Rent—Furnished one room cottage or will sell the furniture.—Box 479, City. 34-6p

For Rent—A well established boarding house, twelve rooms and bath; partly furnished. Nice class of gentlemen boarders. Cor. Sixth St. and Laurel Ave. 34-4p

For Sale—Grocery, feed and general store near Sanford. Doing fine business. Good reason for selling. Address "Grocery," care of Herald. 34-11

For Sale—Block of five well located city lots. Address Owner, Box 1287. 34-11

For Rent—Ten room house, well located. A. P. Connelly. 32-2c

For Sale—Poland China Brood Sow. W. E. Squires, Cameron Ave. 32-1c

St. Johns Hotel—Rooms and board. Homelike accommodations for regular boarders or transients. Good table. Rates reasonable. W. H. Wathen, Prop. 420 W. Fifth St. 33-11

For Rent—Six room cottage with all modern improvements. 409 Palmetto avenue. Apply to F. W. Mahoney at Fernald Hdwa. Co. 33-11

Wanted—Glean cotton rags, no scraps, at the Herald office. Will pay 2 cents per pound.

Good Mule for Sale Cheap—For inspection apply to John C. Edwards, Celery avenue. 32-1c

For Rent—Rooms for light house-keeping, 219 Oak Ave., corner 10th St. 31-11

For Rent—Tiled land on shares, eight acres at loading station, one-fourth of crops f. o. b. as land rent. J. W. Rowell owner. Inquire of Walter Haynes, Herald Office. 28-11

for sale. A good strong heavy mule inquire of O. W. Brady, Gardell and Celery avenue. 17-1c

For Rent—Five acres, well tiled, with house. Also 10 acres, 5 tiled. Also 3 acres tiled, with good house. Call on or phone W. A. Minnick, Cameron City. 34-11

For Sale—Good \$400 piano almost new. Will sell for \$125 cash. F. R. Shuman, West Side. 30-1c

Wanted—Orders for fine frost proof cabbage plants, all varieties, \$1.25 per 1,000; cheaper in larger lots. Satisfaction guaranteed. F. S. Cannon, Meggett's, S. C. 31-34c

Homestead claim, 165 acres good land; 7,000 turpentine trees; four room house; lake front; boat; three cypress incubators; bargain cash price. Address O. C. Cooper, Osteen, Fla. 31-7p

Land for rent for potato crop, \$5.00 an acre, near Rand's Sliding, Sanford, No. 331 4th St., Miami. 31-10p

Wanted—One to ten acres right in village near hotel or resident part. Send location and price. Edward Updike, Hempstead, New York. 31-4p

For Sale—Remington type writer in good condition. 113 Railroad Ave. We are equipped to handle your repair work. Sanford Machine & Garage Co. 31-4p

Bring your old tires to Sanford Machine

I WANT TO BE YOUR TAILOR

MERCHANT TAILORED

Clothes Command Admiration from Anyone

Perfect Fit And Style

Combined with Exclusive Fabrics, give the wearer a distinct advantage over the man who persists in buying Ready-Made Suits.

Shackamaxon and S. & W. Guaranteed Fabrics

are made only for Merchant Tailors, not found in ready made clothing. I also handle the Famous SCOTCH WOOLEN MILLS \$15. LINE. Come and see me it will pay us both. I make Ladies' Coat Suits. Long Coats and Dresses. Sell Woolens by the Yard.

M. P. LIPE

Ladies' and Gents' Tailor

Opposite Peoples Bank

I Sell the L. C. Smith and Oliver Typewriters

I RENT - BUY - SELL - EXCHANGE ALL MAKES OF TYPEWRITERS

Paula's Christmas

by Helen Ross



It's a blow for you, but don't worry about me. You know I always desired to make my own way, but it's next to impossible for a rich man's daughter. Then when I had to take mother's place, my hands were too full. All I care about is that we get enough to go after Casten. There's a Christmas party at Barnham's tonight, but I'd rather stay here and talk things over with you."

"Polly girl, you have no idea how you have lightened my worry," said Mr. Mercer huskily. "I know you'd rather not, but by all means go to your party. It's most important that the true state of affairs is not suspected until absolutely necessary. I'll spend the evening across the street with Judge Simms. When your mother was alive, the judge and his wife and she and I never failed to celebrate Christmas eve together, and they'd be hurt if I stayed away."

Paula kissed him absently and ran upstairs to dress. She was far from underestimating the disaster, and the suddenness of it startled her.

"It's one thing to talk about earning your living, and another thing to do it," she told herself. "You are a success so far because you are your father's daughter. It'll mean hard work. Still, work overcomes heartaches and teaches one to forget!"

She brushed the powder-puff across her nose and descended. At the door of the library stood Mr. Mercer.

"I forgot to tell you, Paula, that I found it necessary to put Dr. Grant in possession of the facts."

Paula turned away at mention of the young physician, and started towards the door.

"Good-night, dearie—have a jolly time!" called her father.

Paula swept into the waiting automobile and settling down for the long drive into the suburbs, rapidly evolved numerous plans, meanwhile noting the Christmas gaiety on all sides. The air rang with the excited chatter of children returning from belated shopping or sight-seeing tours, and mingled with their merry voices were the subdued conversations of their elders. The sparkling snow, sleighbells, bright lights and holiday decorations struck a sympathetic note in her heart. The huge motor purred softly, and as Paula reached up to arrange the rich red ribbons which held holly wreaths against the glass doors and windows, her conscience smote her because of her real gladness.

"I'm forgetting what it means to poor father," she soliloquized. "It's no fun for a man of his age to start all over again."

A quick stop threw her on the floor, and by the time she had regained her feet and jumped out to investigate, the chauffeur was lifting a prostrate body from beneath the wheels. A crowd gathered swiftly. The chauffeur was exonerated from blame, as several men had seen the little newsboy run in front of the automobile and slip and fall on the snowy street.

"That's Tim Brown—he lives in Rose alley—just over there, ma'am," volunteered another white-faced neway, stooping to pick up the scattered papers.

"I'll take him home," announced Paula bravely.

The sea of hard, strange faces unnerved her, and she felt sick and nauseated, but she quietly held out her arms for the poor child who lay groaning in the chauffeur's gentle grasp.

A tall young man stepped briskly through the crowd, and made his way to her side.

"Oh, Doctor Grant—I'm so glad you're here!" exclaimed Paula impulsively.

"I'm sorry to hear you're injured," announced the doctor after a hurried examination. Then turning to Paula, "I saw it happen from a distance up the street and recognized your car."

Assisting Paula into the motor, he made the child comfortable on her lap and stepped in with her.

"I'll report to you later, Peters," he called to the policeman, who immediately permitted them to drive away.

In a few minutes they were at the stricken home. A tired, resigned woman opened the door, and after the doctor's tactful explanation, she mutely accepted this last blow which unkind fate had seen fit to administer.

While Doctor Grant and the mother were working over the boy, Paula's quick eyes took in every detail of the bare home. Christmas for the many little Browns promised to be scanty. A kind neighbor had taken the other children to her home, so Paula's presence was unnecessary. She slipped out of the house, gave the chauffeur a few instructions and as he drove off rapidly, she sought a nearby telephone booth and after ten very satisfactory minutes, was back at the house. Her phone calls were to certain toy dealers and caterers, and long before the doctor was ready to go, the chauffeur had shyly dragged baskets and bundles of all sizes and shapes into the wee kitchen.

At last Dr. Grant was ready to leave.

"May I ask for a lift, Paula?" he asked wearily. "I have had a hard

day. I told Mrs. Brown that you night of all nights? It would seem as if you were doing this out of charity," commented Paula coldly.

"No, Paula, out of esteem. I am poor, but I have enough for two. You certainly understand why I have not spoken before—a Paula Mercer could hardly be expected to share a young physician's precarious income."

He appropriated her reluctant hand. "And so you allowed your pride to come between us! No, I thank you for the honor, Dr. Grant, but I have some pride, too."

"Paula," pleaded the young man miserably, "if you only knew the battles there have been between my wretched pride and my love, I need you so much, Paula."

"If I were you I'd engage a competent housekeeper," Paula remarked sarcastically. But her heart ached as she said it.

"Don't, don't, dear," entreated the doctor. "Those things hurt too much from you! Can't you love me, Paula? Please see how infinitely I worship you."

"Why didn't you say that before?" Paula whispered unsteadily. "You said esteem, and what girl in her right senses desires esteem when she's yearning for love?"

"And I'm yearning for a kiss; we'll soon be at your home, but I can't wait until then!" exclaimed the doctor happily.



That's Tim Brown—He Lives in Rose Alley.

would be around to see her tomorrow, and also to watch Tim eat his Christmas dinner. In a week he will have forgotten what happened. As they turned into the brilliantly lighted avenue, he happened to glance at her evening cloak. "Oh, how stupid of me!—to let you go so far out of your way when you are going to the Barnhams."

"No, I'm going home. I've had enough for one night," answered Paula with averted face.

Now that she remembered her own trouble, she felt a strange shyness with this man who was in the secret of their financial wreck. The silence became awkward—somehow there seemed nothing to say.

"Paula," began the doctor abruptly, "I have heard of your misfortune, and now I feel free to ask you to be my wife. I realize—please don't interrupt until I have finished—I realize that you will take steps to support yourself at once, but I need you too much to allow that."

Paula's heart leaped violently, but the elation was brief. The sweetness speedily turned to bitterest misery.

"Why does this occur to you to

Christmas Plum Pudding.

The Christmas plum pudding is descended from the plum porridge and is a time-honored dish at every Christmas feast. To be properly made, each person in all the household must stir it before it is boiled and the mistress of the house must add the spices "with her own fair hand," and so she favors fortune for a year. If she is an American and mixes her pudding in an ancient china bowl, stirring it with an ancient spoon, whose handle is adorned with an old English crest, so much the better, for in the new land she is helping to keep alive the customs that made old England merrie.

The pudding should be boiled in a well-floured cloth "six hours upon the day of mixing, six hours upon the day of eating, and the steam should not cease to arise from the pot while the pudding is within it."

Keep Vigilant.

He trespasses against his duty who sleeps upon his watch, as well as he that goes over to the enemy.—Edmund Burke.

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Now is the time to make your arrangements for Orange Tree Fertilizer. Our brands have been tried and tested and give maximum results.

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Smith's Pure Florida Guava Jelly, Per Dozen Glasses, \$1.75

<p>GET READY FOR THE CHRISTMAS PIES</p> <p>We have the ingredients for the two popular seasonable Pies—Mince Meat and Pumpkin.</p> <p>Richelieu Mince Meat, wet per pound..... 20c Curtis Bros, in glass..... \$1.00</p> <p>Richelieu Pumpkin</p> <p>The "real thing," golden yellow and delightfully good, 3-lb tins..... 15c</p> <p>PLAIN OLD FASHIONED BUCKWHEAT FLOUR</p> <p>5 pounds for..... 25c</p> <p>PLUM PUDDING</p> <p>Already to heat and serve. You will want one of these for your Christmas dinner.</p> <p>Individual tins..... 10c 1-lb tins..... 30c</p> <p>Delightful Fruits Delightfully Preserved Delight the Palate</p> <p>Richelieu Sweet Pickled Peaches, jar..... 50c Curtis Bros. Sweet Pickled Peaches, jar..... \$1.00</p>	<p>FRUIT CAKE</p> <p>Too late now to make your own Fruit Cake, and what's the use, when you can purchase such delicious Fruit Cake as National Biscuit Co.'s Fruit Cake,</p> <p>1-lb tins..... 30c National Biscuit Co.'s Fruit Cake, 5-lb tins..... \$1.50</p> <p>SOME TEMPTING "TEASERS"</p> <p>Olives filled with Almonds, bottle..... 30c Olives filled with Celery, bottle..... 30c Split Pickled Mangoes..... 35c Olive Relish..... 35c</p> <p>NUTS</p> <p>California Walnuts, per pound..... 25c Florida Pecans, per pound..... 25c Brazil Nuts, per pound..... 20c Paper Shell Almonds, per pound..... 30c</p> <p>NUT MEATS</p> <p>Shelled English Walnuts, per pound..... 60c Shelled Jordan Walnuts, per pound..... 60c</p>	<p>Shelled Florida Pecans, per pound..... \$1.00</p> <p>For salads, for cakes, for dressings, or to serve salted, these Nuts will be found fresh, crisp and sweet.</p> <p>FANCY CAPE COD CRANBERRIES</p> <p>15c the quart</p> <p>Fancy Fruits Furnish a Fine Finish For Feasts</p> <p>Malaga Cluster Table Raisins, the pound..... 35c Stuffed German Prunes, the box..... 50c Stuffed "Fard" Dates, the box..... 35c Stuffed Smyrna Figs, the box..... 35c Combination Jars of Filled Figs and Dates, the jar..... 50c</p> <p>MORE SEA FOODS</p> <p>Shad Roe, packed on the Columbia River, Oregon, especially for the trade. A fine breakfast dish.</p> <p>Medium sized Mackerel, white and fat, 2 for..... 25c</p>
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L. P. M'CU LLER

MACARONI DELTA DIGS

Dug Spooner and Miss Nervine Hoplight attended the dance given by the smart set at Jessup Crossing last night.

Abe Gullet and family took Sunday dinner last Sunday with St. Blizard's family. We learn that Mrs. Blizard served bean soup and fried rabbit. The Blizards are born entertainers.

Liz Updyke, head waiter and chamber maid at the Buster house, tendered her resignation last Saturday and has accepted the position of hired girl in Bud Gaston's family. The Updykes are eastern people and quite wealthy and Liz don't have to work unless she wants to.

Buck Sweazy and Link Paterbaugh are thinking of starting a moving picture show over Al. Stuckey's undertaking store and show Bible pictures altogether, as our town certainly needs bracing up religiously very much, owing to the warm feeling over county division.

Parson Goodbecher was called to Suchers Corners yesterday to attend the funeral of his first wife's stepmother, who passed away quite peacefully with lockjaw last Wednesday. The old lady was high tempered and in trying to kick a dog off the door step knocked a toe nail off and lockjaw got in its fatal work. Deacon Sidebottom will officiate in his place next Sunday and read several chapters in the Old Testament.

Aunt Rocky Hollister has had her measure taken for a new set of celluloid teeth and some union underwear.

Jim Billings is going to erect a two-room bungalow on Plunkett avenue and take in borders. Jim has inherited \$300 from a rich uncle who used to operate a two chair barber shop.

Pete Dingman and his wife, from New Bethel are here for a two weeks visit with his father in law, Mose Updyke. Pete always makes Mose twice glad. Once when he comes and once when he goes.

Abe Billings' mother-in-law is threatened with lockjaw and Abe is awfully sore up. Preacher Hunker told Abe if she died he'd preach her funeral sermon at less than regular rates as Abe is a member of his church and they were boys together. It is to be hoped the old lady will triumph over death's dark design.

CALLING THE FAKIR

Charity Cases Becoming Rather Numerous in Florida

A Wauchula woman, who received every consideration here as a reasonable person could ask, recently went to Tampa with her children, and her appearance and plausible story was such that she touched the heart of busy Tampa, which is accustomed to seeing people with all manner of afflictions and all kinds of poverty. Yet this woman, who could have about everything a poor woman could reasonably demand at home, played her part so well in Tampa that she received greater attention than the average person in distress. The people of Tampa are accustomed to meeting all kinds of suffering humanity and have people specially trained in that line to look after such cases, and yet these persons whose training and duty it is to sift the worthy from the unworthy are easily fooled by a woman from a country town.

Our charitably disposed people should take a lesson from this. We have plenty of people at home who have all the assistance we can give them; people whom we know and know their condition. The people of Wauchula do not let worthy people suffer to any great extent; neither do the people of other communities.

Simply because a man is blind or crippled is no reason why he should be traveling over the country begging. There is no reason why any man who has simply lost a limb should be begging. There are hundreds of various vocations he could make a good living at if he was made of the right material.

Again, you are often called upon to help the stranger who is raising enough money to go to a hospital to have an operation that will cure his affliction. Think a minute. Suppose a man meets with an accident at our crate factory and it is seen that he must have the attention of some great specialist or be a cripple for life, would the people of Wauchula be so hard hearted that he would be forced to go among strangers and beg the money?

Would we treat a worthy man that way? No, nor will any other community. A man that is worthy does not go among strangers for favors, and ninety-nine out of a hundred of these fakirs that come to Florida in the winter are unworthy. They are fakirs, pure and sim-

Underwood for the Cabinet

A political caucus that probably means much to Oscar Underwood in connection with a Wilson cabinet appointment was held in this city yesterday and attended by a degree of secrecy that was intended to let nothing slip.

Col. W. J. Bryan and Hon. Edward F. Goltz of St. Louis arrived on the morning train from Miami and were met by appointment by Col. Horace Hood and Gen. Bibb Graves of Montgomery, Ala., both noted political leaders and advisors in their state. Col Hood besides being the editor of the Montgomery Journal.

Both warm adherents of Oscar Underwood, they were here to urge recognition of their great southern leader for a portfolio in the new cabinet.

Gen. Goltz, who is national executive committee man for the state of Missouri, has been in Miami several days in conference with Col. Bryan, and accompanied him to Jacksonville, en route to St. Louis.—Jacksonville Metropolis.

Woodruff for Alderman

C. C. Woodruff wishes to announce that he is a candidate for Alderman in the special election to be held Thursday and wants all his friends and all the other

Liquor In Dry Territory

Washington, Dec. 16.—Scores of women wearing white ribbons thronged the corridors and lobbies of the capitol House and Senate office buildings today, giving the place an appearance of the headquarters of an equal suffrage convention. The women are members of the national conference of the W. C. T. U. and are here to urge the consideration of the Kenyon-Sheppard bill prohibiting the shipment of intoxicant drinks into dry states. Kenyon hopes to get action on the bill before Congress adjourns for the holidays.

Will Make Dry Fight

Ocala, Dec. 16.—C. W. Cooke, the new state superintendent of the Florida Anti-Saloon League, has issued a declaration of his intentions. He says: "Having fought for three years in the hottest of the battle for prohibition in Texas, and then for a year with the National Anti-Saloon League, I now enlist for the war of extermination of the liquor traffic in Florida.

"Now is the crisis in the battle for prohibition in the state. Two things must be done. First, we must strenuously enforce our temperance laws in dry counties. Second, we must dry out some more wet territory.

"These two things will be done. The battle is on. We begin at once to organize the state for the most thorough campaign of enforcement of temperance laws the league has ever attempted, and we enter at once five counties for conquest of territory.

"Of the eleven wet counties in the state, we expect to win at least five with-

"AFTER THE BALL"

Epoch Breaking Song to be Sung by Libbey Wednesday Night

Libbey and Trayer, noted artists, singers and comedians created a furor last night with their splendid singing, clever lines, farcical situations. Libbey's remarkable impersonation of "Buffalo Bill," Miss Trayer's beautiful voice, finished acting and their grand opera finale hit the marks of popular applause.

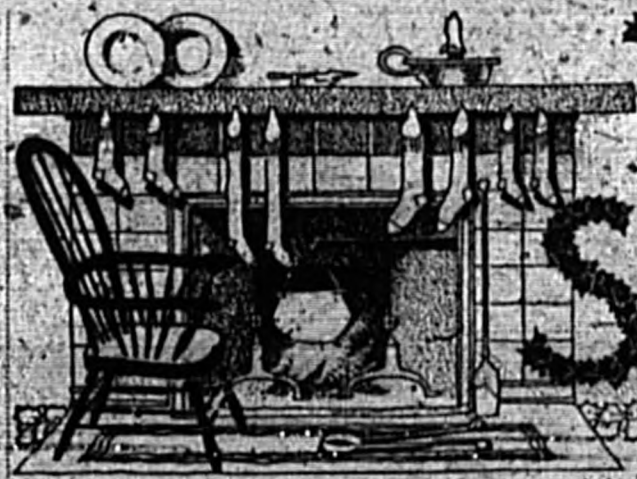
Manager Karnatz, who heard Libbey sing "After the Ball" years ago, and whose singing of it created a sensation everywhere so great that Libbey always had to jump into a cab to escape his strenuous admirers, has prevailed upon him to introduce it Wednesday night. This song, through Libbey, made a half million dollars for a poor struggling composer, who today is one of the largest publishers of the world. It almost seems like a fairy tale, but facts are facts. This only by rare good luck that Manager Karnatz secured these two artists of world wide renown and ability. Page and pages in all of the leading papers of the world have been filled with the story of "After the Ball," which J. Aldrich Libbey first introduced. The work of Libbey and Trayer have never been excelled upon the local stage.

Come and see them, enjoy them and be sure and hear the song Wednesday which made musical history, revolutionized the publishing of music, and which will be sung by the same singer who originally introduced it. Libbey and Trayer are hits. Don't miss seeing them.

Bad Checks in Florida

Daytona Beach, Dec. 16.—Forged checks continue to come in to the banks in this city and indications are the forgers are still working fast and furious in this section of the country. The latest to be reported here was cashed by a prominent hotel man of Daytona Beach, and the little transaction has cost him \$25 for the experience. The check was drawn on the Union Bank of Quebec. It was made payable to J. W. Holt, Jr., and was signed with the name of Kenfrew & Co., furriers. Local bankers say they have never known of so many forgeries as have been reported during the past month, and say local business men should be

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YULETIDE SUGGESTIONS

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Rochester Ware Full and Complete line including Chafing Dishes and Percolators Carving Sets Silverware Shears and many other beautiful and useful presents in the hardware line.

FOR CHILDREN

We have one of the most complete lines of Mechanical toys in the city Magic lanterns Steam engines and many other pleasing and interesting gifts in this line Tool boxes Small wagons and a nice line of little ranges for children.

FOR GENTLEMEN

Gem Jr. Safety Razors \$1 Ever-Ready Sets \$1 to \$5 Gillette Safety Razors \$5 Auto Strop and many other good makes Robeson and I X L pocket knives. Every knife fully warranted. Stephens, Winchester and Remington rifles.

You'll Find Our Goods First-Class In Every Particular and Our Prices Right

HILL HARDWARE COMPANY

First and Oak Across from Depot

REGINA'S CHRISTMAS TREE BY MOLLY Mc-MASTER

REGINA gazed despondently out of the window. A light snow was falling like millions of sparkling diamonds and pearls yet Regina saw nothing. Her Christmas tree had not come! It mattered not that the day was a wonder day and that the eve of Christmas was close at hand. Nothing mattered to Regina says the fact that she had promised her Sunday school class a glorious tree and that now there was no tree for them. Tears welled slowly into Regina's eyes and blurred the glittering landscape. She argued with herself that she might have known that the New York shops could not be relied upon to send a tree to the suburbs at so short a notice, but that did not help the situation. Regina shrank from facing those twelve little girls whose smiles would vanish in childish disappointment when they learned that the tree they had been promised was not to be theirs. The tears brimmed over and fell. Regina's vision was cleared and in the clearing she gazed directly at the miniature fir tree in the vacant lot next door. A sense of keen delight swept over Regina. After all, her



appeared in outdoor costume. She had put on her gymnasium suit, high rubber boots and her father's great top-coat. Over a riot of curls her snug fur cap fitted closely. "You look for all the world as if you deserved your nickname," expostulated Regina's mother. "Regina, I do hope no one will see you." "There's no one for miles around," Regina laughed and shouldered an ax. "Unless the people who live in the bungalow turn up—I will have the world to myself." She picked up a big tub with her free hand and trudged off toward the vacant lot. Regina's eyes were too intent on her mission to see that a thin curl of smoke was twisting from the chimney of the bungalow that rambled in the lot beyond the vacant one. Regina drew near the coveted tree and her heart expanded lovingly. "What a little beauty!" she exclaimed half aloud. The little tree was of special origin and stood not much higher than Regina. Over its branches a yell of smoke seemed to linger. After a moment spent in admiration, the girl put down her big tub and began to clear away the light fall of snow from about the roots of the tree. Her cheeks were gloriously red, and the sparkle in her eyes rivaled the day itself. When the snow was cleared Regina swung the great ax into the frozen earth. The ground scarcely responded to her strength. She swung again. "Hey! What are you doing to that tree!" Regina dropped her ax and gazed in the direction of the deep, gruff voice. A man was standing on the veranda of the bungalow. Regina picked up her ax and with dignity swung it again. "I say there, you—that tree belongs to me!" The man was coming toward her. Regina stopped and turned. "This is a vacant lot," she called out with apathy.

onfary movement to raise a cap that in his haste he had forgotten to put on. "I beg your pardon," his voice had lost the gruff quality. "I thought you were a man—but that tree is mine. I brought it up from my father's garden in the south." David Langhorn spoke rapidly. Regina's face was rather startling in its beauty and he had a desire to cover her embarrassment. "I have taken very special care of that tree." "Very special," Regina said coldly. "I have lived here a whole summer and no one—" "I have been away—lately." "I don't see why you leave your poor little trees around in vacant lots," Regina put in hurriedly because she felt like crying now that her precious tree was taken from her. "This is my lot," Langhorn told her. "If you had chopped down—" "I wasn't chopping it down!" Regina cried indignantly. "I was going to put it very carefully into this tub." She stumbled over her words, but determined to tell this very good-looking man with the red hair that she was not a George Washington. "I ordered a Christmas tree by express and it didn't come. My Sunday school class—twelve little girls—are expecting a tree tonight in my house and now—" Words failed Regina. She bit her lip and looked appealingly up at Langhorn. The man laughed because it was the safest thing to do for the present. "And I have brought down twelve little settlement boys with the same promise—and nary a tree have I got. I reckoned on getting one in the village." Regina laughed and the whole world seemed to echo the laugh. "I have tried even the department store!" She gazed into David Langhorn's eyes. "I am sorry for the poor little souls whom we are disappointing—my class worked so faithfully all last summer." "By Jove," David said. "I read once of some people who had a Christmas tree cut of doors! They had great

thousand candles, as well as the stars and a Santa Claus drove up over the real snow! Couldn't we do something like that?" "With this tree! How perfectly glorious!" Regina, beside herself with joy, began to shovel away a greater clearing. David took the shovel away from her. "My kiddies will do that—it will be the treat of their lives." David looked seriously at Regina. "Now go home and get warmed up. This afternoon I will call properly and in the evening—Christmas Eve—" He did not finish with words for the heart of both David and Regina were overflowing with good tidings of great joy. That evening Santa Claus drove up through the crisp snow and emptied his great bags before the tree. It was a wonder tree to be sure, a vacant lot and it was hung with a hundred electric bulbs. The children reared their flames around and about danced and capered twenty-four joyous children. And when the moon was high in the heavens and the spirit of Christmas had entered into each child's heart, David and Regina drew the children to them and sang young voices and carols. Still later when one tiny girl had cuddled herself into Regina's arms and two more had fallen asleep in David's there was only a duet of voices. David and Regina sang all the old English carols until twenty little kiddies had fallen into a happy sleep. "For unto you is born this day. 'In the city of David, A Savior!' The voices of David and Regina trailed into silence and they only looked at each other. Regina was the first to speak, the mother instinct prompting her. "Perhaps we had better waken them now—the fires might get low." David was silent a long moment, then he said slowly and reverently, "The fires will never burn low—Regina. This is the night when the Great Spirit of Love was born into

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"JUST LOOKING TODAY"



Just look at the Christmas shopper. Rush madly here and there. And all she spends is our dime. And that is for street car fare.

Valuable Gift. "Talking about Christmas boxes," remarked a commercial traveler, "the one I got last year would be hard to beat. Our gov'nor never gave us a Christmas-box, so you can imagine how surprised we were when he told each of us to go into his office where he had a pile of envelopes in his pocket. 'Gentlemen,' said he, 'I intend to give each of you a Christmas present this year. These envelopes contain something valuable, which I hope you will make good use of.' 'Of course you thanked him and marched out, thinking that he was a good sort, after all. And what do you think was in the envelopes?' "A check?" "No; it was a confounded prescription for the cure of indigestion!"

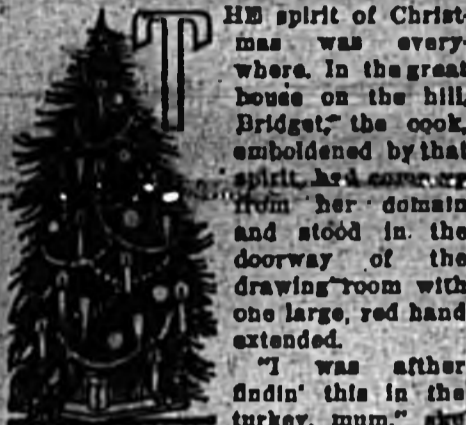
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GODFREY'S CHRISTMAS FIND

BOROTHI DOUGLAS

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THE spirit of Christmas was everywhere. In the great house on the hill, Bridget, the cook, emboldened by that spirit, had come from her domain and stood in the doorway of the drawing room with one large, red hand extended.

"I was after findin' this in the turkey, mum," she said. "It might and it might not be anything."

The family, busy on ladders and chairs, with Christmas greens, turned questioning eyes on Bridget.

"What is it, Bridget?" Mrs. Stone humored the cook.

"A bit of purple glass with some pictures on it, mum." Bridget having done her duty returned to her realms below.

"What is it, mater?" Godfrey Stone asked lastly.

After a moment of close inspection, by the window, Mrs. Stone spoke in tones of excitement.

"It is a rare smethyst with an initial engraved on it!"

"I sents a mystery!" laughed her son, rising to inspect the stone. "The initial is E. Does your butcher happen to—"

"Oh, mamma, is this the turkey you got from the farm I told you of?" asked in the eldest daughter. "because if it is—we could easily trace the owner of the stone. Godfrey can run over today—"

"Not on your life! Christmas Eve is not the day to chase around all the turkey farms in the village."

His sister's eye twinkled. "You would be out of the house by this time if you had just seen the turkey girl."

"Pretty?" Godfrey's tone was indifferent.

"So much so that I had fairly to drag Jim away when I took him with me to select our turkey."

"Perhaps," Godfrey suggested, meekly, "it would make the girl's Christmas more happy if the stone happened to be hers and was returned to her."

"Your Christmas spirit is very commendable," Mary put in dryly.

Godfrey laughed and took the stone from his mother. "Where is this turkey farm, sis?"

"On the old farm road—you can't miss it."

Nor did Godfrey miss the little farm that stood like a fairy picture among groves of fir trees. The tiny cottage and outbuildings were of pure white and with their heavy thatch of snow there among the crystal and blue branches of giant fir trees that were wonderful. Godfrey felt like a trespasser in the realm of fairies.

The impression was not withdrawn when the door of the cottage swung open. The Fairy Queen stood there, but she was not the sprite-like vision of dreams; instead, she was the embodiment of life and death and Godfrey was decidedly disconcerted, but the girl's smile, together with her words, drew him within the tiny cottage. Outside all was white; inside all was lit up by the red glow from an open fire.

The girl's gentle voice broke Godfrey's very evident confusion.

"Did you want to inquire about turkeys?" She motioned him to the high low chair by the fire. It being Godfrey caught sight of her left hand. On her engagement finger there was a ring in which a yawning cavity marked the loss of a setting.

"No," he said finally. "I have brought this!" He held up the smethyst and watched the girl's face. A great light leapt into her eyes.

"How perfectly wonderful!" exclaimed Eleanor Deane. "But tell me—where did you find it and how?" Her questions tumbled from smiling lips.

"In the crop of a turkey," Godfrey informed her. Then despite his better judgment he added, "The bird was rather inconsiderate—to swallow your engagement ring—thinking it was a worm."

A quick color crimsoned Eleanor's cheeks. "An engagement ring is always very precious," she put in hurriedly. "I thank you for returning—"

"Her confusion over Eleanor mentioned her occupation. "You see I have entire charge of my turkeys and it must have been in the mixing of their food that my smethyst dropped out. I mix it always with my hands. I hope the turkey Mrs. Stone paused in confusion."

"Mrs. Stone—my mother?" Godfrey helped her out. Then because there seemed nothing more to say and because he seemed strangely depressed, Godfrey made his departure.

"Well!" demanded Mary Stone when her brother again set by his own fire. "Isn't she lovely, and did you not see that sad look in her eyes? I heard in the village that the reason she took to raising turkeys is because she was engaged to some state of a man."

"Mary! What marvelous! expostulated her mother.

"What?" Godfrey tried to keep the tone of his voice normal. "The smethyst was the setting from her engagement ring—she must be still engaged!"

Unaware of the tension with which her brother awaited her answer, Mary said, lightly, "Well—maybe she still is—but the story in the village is that she broke off with him."

During dinner Godfrey remarked casually: "Mother—do you think Dad has done enough for his factory hands this Christmas? Wouldn't it be rather a good idea to send a basket to each of the families?"

Mrs. Stone, rejoicing that the philanthropic spirit was being made manifest in her son, smiled happily. "It would be lovely, dear—I will just send Perkins over to that very little farm and—"

"No, no—Perkins knows nothing about turkeys!" Godfrey said without glancing in his sister's direction. "I will go over tomorrow for some birds for the New Year."

"Christmas is not the day to chase around all the turkey farms in the village," quoted Mary.

Christmas day was crisp and sparkling when Godfrey again approached the tiny farm. The fairy queen opened the door and a tinge of color came swiftly to her cheeks when she recognized her visitor.

Godfrey, using all his common sense, first mentioned the factory hands and the turkeys that he wanted for them.

"You know," Eleanor told him, "that the birds have to be taken away when they are living—I can't bear to have it otherwise. I seem to love every bird." She looked appealingly up at Godfrey and laughed tremulously. "I have a good weep after each gobble's departure."

Godfrey turned swiftly away, then impatiently back. "Why do you—"

Eleanor smiled wistfully and a little slow shrug crept over her shoulders. "If you care to hear why—I will tell you," she said.

"I care—very much," Godfrey returned, and kept the tenderness out of his voice.

"It was essential—that I do something," she said. "I have been an orphan for many, many years and for almost as many years I have been engaged to a Mr. James Vane. Jimmy and I grew up together and have been sweethearts always. I never saved any money—because Jimmy always had plenty and it hadn't occurred to me that I would ever want with him."

She paused and Godfrey remained silent, longing for, yet fearful of, the finish of her story.

"Well—Jimmy was one of the idle, rich and in looking for a pastime took to gambling. He has been gambling ever since."

Godfrey turned his eyes from the sorrow in Eleanor's face; then he spoke aloud the words his heart was asking: "Do you—love him—now?"

"Yes. I love Jimmy and always will love him—but not—"

She found it impossible to go on with Godfrey's eyes fixed in so disturbing a way upon her.

"Not how?" he demanded.

"As a husband—"

Eleanor replied.

Godfrey was decidedly disconcerted, but the girl's smile, together with her words, drew him within the tiny cottage. Outside all was white; inside all was lit up by the red glow from an open fire.

The girl's gentle voice broke Godfrey's very evident confusion.

"Did you want to inquire about turkeys?" She motioned him to the high low chair by the fire. It being Godfrey caught sight of her left hand. On her engagement finger there was a ring in which a yawning cavity marked the loss of a setting.

"No," he said finally. "I have brought this!" He held up the smethyst and watched the girl's face. A great light leapt into her eyes.

"How perfectly wonderful!" exclaimed Eleanor Deane. "But tell me—where did you find it and how?" Her questions tumbled from smiling lips.

"In the crop of a turkey," Godfrey informed her. Then despite his better judgment he added, "The bird was rather inconsiderate—to swallow your engagement ring—thinking it was a worm."

A quick color crimsoned Eleanor's cheeks. "An engagement ring is always very precious," she put in hurriedly. "I thank you for returning—"

"Her confusion over Eleanor mentioned her occupation. "You see I have entire charge of my turkeys and it must have been in the mixing of their food that my smethyst dropped out. I mix it always with my hands. I hope the turkey Mrs. Stone paused in confusion."

"Mrs. Stone—my mother?" Godfrey helped her out. Then because there seemed nothing more to say and because he seemed strangely depressed, Godfrey made his departure.

"Well!" demanded Mary Stone when her brother again set by his own fire. "Isn't she lovely, and did you not see that sad look in her eyes? I heard in the village that the reason she took to raising turkeys is because she was engaged to some state of a man."

"Mary! What marvelous! expostulated her mother.

"What?" Godfrey tried to keep the tone of his voice normal. "The smethyst was the setting from her engagement ring—she must be still engaged!"

Unaware of the tension with which her brother awaited her answer, Mary said, lightly, "Well—maybe she still is—but the story in the village is that she broke off with him."

During dinner Godfrey remarked casually: "Mother—do you think Dad has done enough for his factory hands this Christmas? Wouldn't it be rather a good idea to send a basket to each of the families?"

Mrs. Stone, rejoicing that the philanthropic spirit was being made manifest in her son, smiled happily. "It would be lovely, dear—I will just send Perkins over to that very little farm and—"

"No, no—Perkins knows nothing about turkeys!" Godfrey said without glancing in his sister's direction. "I will go over tomorrow for some birds for the New Year."

"Christmas is not the day to chase around all the turkey farms in the village," quoted Mary.

Christmas day was crisp and sparkling when Godfrey again approached the tiny farm. The fairy queen opened the door and a tinge of color came swiftly to her cheeks when she recognized her visitor.

Godfrey, using all his common sense, first mentioned the factory hands and the turkeys that he wanted for them.

"You know," Eleanor told him, "that the birds have to be taken away when they are living—I can't bear to have it otherwise. I seem to love every bird." She looked appealingly up at Godfrey and laughed tremulously. "I have a good weep after each gobble's departure."

Godfrey turned swiftly away, then impatiently back. "Why do you—"

Eleanor smiled wistfully and a little slow shrug crept over her shoulders. "If you care to hear why—I will tell you," she said.

"I care—very much," Godfrey returned, and kept the tenderness out of his voice.

"It was essential—that I do something," she said. "I have been an orphan for many, many years and for almost as many years I have been engaged to a Mr. James Vane. Jimmy and I grew up together and have been sweethearts always. I never saved any money—because Jimmy always had plenty and it hadn't occurred to me that I would ever want with him."

She paused and Godfrey remained silent, longing for, yet fearful of, the finish of her story.

family. "Then why wear his ring?" Godfrey again demanded.

"I told Jimmy, when he asked me to, that I would wear it out of sentiment—until—"

Eleanor knew she would have to finish her sentence, so she hurriedly did what his eyes asked, "until—I loved some one better than I loved him."

"Well," Godfrey decided slowly, "you won't mind so much now that the setting is out—will you?"

"It is my birthstone and it means—contentment," Eleanor returned demurely.

Godfrey laughed happily and Eleanor joined him. The Christmas chime in two voices thrilled through the tiny cottage.

"I am at peace for the first time in my life," Godfrey said softly. "And it is all because it is Christmas and my mother bought a turkey that had swallowed an smethyst that belonged to—you?"

Godfrey laughed happily and Eleanor joined him. The Christmas chime in two voices thrilled through the tiny cottage.

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CHRISTMAS ROMANCE

El a preparing for Christmas-me! Goodness knows I wight I was, but Christmas doings ain't for me no more. And just because I was a baking something to eat to-morrow, which happens to be Christmas, she thought I was preparing for that day a special.

Betty Green sighed as she placed the pie in the oven, and pulled a kitchen chair up beside the stove. The new neighbor, who had but recently moved into the town, and who knew nothing of Betty's history, had just left. With the Christmas spirit everywhere she had thought of course Betty was preparing a feast for the day.

"Now, if Jim hadn't never sailed away on that water-logged old Mary Ann, as he did a-going on four year ago, I guess I could a been preparing for Christmas like other folks. If there hadn't been nobody else, Jim and me could of enjoyed Christmas, and then maybe there'd a been somebody else—somebody what just about how would a been liking dolls or tin cars, and if so Jim and me would a been having a Christmas tree for that somebody else, and we'd be a having the best Christmas in all South Cove.

"My how I did try to keep Jim from sailing in that Mary Ann, any body what knew anything about ships know she wasn't fit to go to sea in, but Jim says 'It's the only berth he's likely to get, and taking it would our marrying just that much sooner, and the Mary Ann or Jim ain't never been heard of since she left that South America place to

China." The bright eyes of Betty Green were wet with tears as she opened the oven door to raise the pie to a higher shelf. Ever since Jim Busby failed to return in time for the wedding which Betty had so carefully prepared for four years ago—a wedding which was to be the big event of the Christmas season at South Cove—she had had a lonesome life. Two months after the Christmas that was to have been Betty's wedding day her aged father had been carried to the village cemetery, leaving her alone in the world. With no other relatives, and with no friends except those at South Cove Betty remained in the little fishing town in which she had been born nearly twenty-seven years ago.

With the baking finished, Betty left the kitchen and went into her bedroom. She wanted nothing so much as to be alone in that room that had been her father's—in that room where she kept carefully preserved the wedding clothes she had lavished so much care upon four years ago. These clothes and the faded photograph of Jim Busby on her bureau were all that were left her of her romance. With these she would spend her Christmas eve, would live over again the courting days. And Jim should be there with her. That would be her Christmas.

With care she took each garment from its wrappings in the bureau drawer and spread them on the bed. The pretty wedding dress which Sarah Glover had helped her make—yes, she would put it on tonight just as she had planned to four years ago. Jim would like her to do that; he had always liked to see her prettily dressed, and maybe Jim might see her from the spirit world tonight.

As she fastened the gown she almost forgot that Jim could not be there, that it was all a make-believe. As she stood before the mirror the smile of four years ago came back again. She noted the color in her cheeks; it was like a bridal blush.

A rap at the door dispelled the illusion she had permitted herself for a few moments. She could not go to the door in that dress. The caller would have to wait, but he did not wait. She heard the door

a voice—oh! such a familiar voice—calling Betty.

"Jim! My Jim!" she answered, as she pulled open the door of her bedroom and sprang into the arms of a strong, bronzed sailor.

"Far into the night she listened to Jim's tale of shipwreck on the Patagonian coast of the months and years of practical captivity before he could get back to a seaport.

"And now," he said, "I am home to claim my Christmas bride."

"And I have our Christmas baking done," said Betty.

WRIGHT A. PATTERSON.

FRIENDLY WARNING



Atlas was holding up the world. At this juncture Santa Claus drove by.

"Hello, Atlas," said Santa. "Still holding it up, I see."

"Yes," wooped Atlas.

"Well, get busy with it," Santa advised.

"After I make my trip this year there won't be anything left for an everyday hold-up man."

Wouldn't fit the Bill.

Mr. Bigheart-Wiggins, old boy, we've raised \$50 to get the down a Christmas present, and we want something that will make a great show for the money—something that will look big, you know. Can't you suggest something?

Wiggins—Sure. Buy \$50 worth of rice and then boil it.

THE CHURCH MOUSE.

THEY stood in the deserted vestry of the church, facing each other angrily for the first time in their lives. Then suddenly Janet swept the diamond from the third finger of her left hand and held it forth. "You will oblige me by taking this back," she said stingingly.

He stood looking into her eyes, growing grayer of face as he saw the stubborn anger that reposed within them. "Which means that our engagement is broken, and that I may not hope for its renewal," he replied very low.

For an instant their gaze met as the glittering thing, lightly held, was passing from hand to hand; then as she released it and before his grip had become secure there was the slip of a nervous finger and with a tink the ring fell upon the iron grating of the floor register. Faintly they heard it go bounding far down the metal pipe which led to the furnace below, each supposing it lost forever in the flames and not knowing that in its fall by some strange fate it had bounded through a small hole in the pipe and now lay amidst the rubbish of the church's basement. For an instant the girl's eyes softened, then hardened again and she turned them aside. Upon the floor in a corner of the room the little church mouse was sitting upon its haunches, and she nodded towards him. "To be renewed when the little church mouse brings it back to me," she returned coldly.

They turned their backs upon each other and walked away.

A week passed, and the little church mouse prowling about in the darkness of the basement, saw something through the gloom that glittered even more brightly than did his own eyes. Cautiously, hungrily, he approached it, smelt of it, felt of it with his gray whiskers, then stood it up before him. Its glitter fascinated him. Surely this glistening thing about the size of a kernel of corn must be good to eat, and he tried his sharp teeth upon it. Yet gnaw as he would, he could not even scratch it, and at last he decided

that it was only good to play with. He was a little thing, and half starved as are all church mice, so it came to pass that it was not long before he had worked his head and forelegs through it and was running about with it encircling his middle, a very small creature wearing a diamond saddle with a gold girth. It was fun for a time, but he soon became tired of it and tried to crawl out. He could not. Becoming panic stricken he fled frantically up the stairs.

Janet, alone and very unhappy, sat in her pew at the Christmas morning service. It was rather chilly in the church and she slipped one hand into her muff. Then she gave a start for within it she felt a small, struggling thing with something round and hard about it. Involuntarily she closed her hand, and as she did so the little church mouse popped out of the muff and scampered away, leaving the round object in her fingers. She drew it forth. It was her engagement ring.

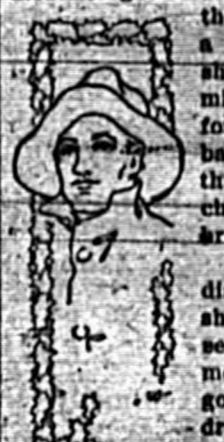
The last of all to leave her pew, Janet stepped into the vestry upon her way out. Dick was standing before a window with head bowed, looking older, grayer of face than he had a few weeks ago, and she saw the deep unhappiness that lay in his eyes. She approached him, looking up at him with the old expression which he knew so well. Softly she slipped one hand into his own, and as his fingers gently closed about it he felt something hard, round and familiar within his grasp. He raised her hand. The engagement ring—his own—encircled her third left finger.

"The little church mouse brought it back to me. Listen while I tell you," she said, drawing a trifle closer. For a moment her voice murmured.

"Is it not wonderful!" she exclaimed, half awed, as she finished. His eyes lightened.

Wonderful, dear! It is 'ar more than that. It is a miracle of His Spirit wrought upon His day—His token of love, everlasting and that even we are not forgotten."

Tightly his arms closed about her. HARRY IRVING GREEN.



WHAT PATTY DID

By MAUDINE SISSON

And at last the wanderer had returned to the land he had headed for his home. He was tired and weary and lonely. Home? But he had none! He had left it when he left wife and baby. This struck him like a sudden blow, though he had all along realized it in a general way. No home—no wife—no child. That was what he had left the train and taken lodgings. He had no place to go. With money in his pockets, he was a tramp.

And to know that Christmas was at hand, and to hear the jingle of sleigh bells and catch the shouts of children on the street—to wonder if his child still lived, and to wonder further what old Santa Claus would bring her—why, the man cursed the tears he could not keep back.

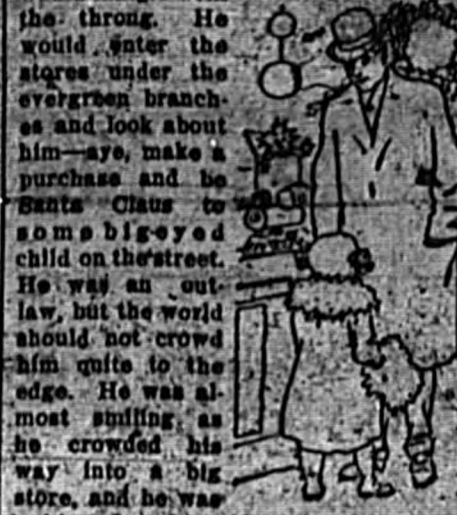
A quarter of an hour later the outlaw was down on the street. He would mingle with the throng. He would enter the stores under the evergreen branches and look about him—aye, make a purchase and he would be a citizen. He was an outlaw, but the world should not crowd him quite to the edge. He was almost smiling as he crowded his way into a big store, and he was looking about him when a small, warm hand was caddled into his and a child's voice said:

"Please take care of me 'til mamma finds me—'til lost!" "It was a little girl, and on her face was both a smile and a look of entreaty.

"Why, of course," replied the outlaw, prying her hand and drawing her back a little. "So you came here with your mother after Christmas things and got separated?" "That's it, only I think she ran away from me so that I shouldn't know what Santa Claus was going to bring me tomorrow night."

"I hope it will be something nice." "Oh, it will be. Aye, you buying something for your little girl?" "No." "Maybe she's dead?" "I don't know." "The girl looked up and noticed the grave expression on the outlaw's face, and smiled sweetly and said:

"I'm sorry, I have hurt you, mamma says I talk too much. I've just thought that maybe you are not married at all." "I guess that's pretty near it," replied the outlaw as he tried to laugh but made poor work of it.



"Well, I'm going to be married." "To Gladys David?" "Never heard of her." "The daughter of one of our engineers."

"There was a moment of painful suspense when the storm broke. "You shall not be any either a fool or a fanatic to think of it. An engineer's daughter! Think of your mother-of-me-of your sister—the disgrace! You must have lost your senses!"

"But I am to marry her," was the steady reply. "I say not! If the lady has trapped you, let an engagement be at once. The father must see his influence of take his daughter."

"But we love and are promised to each other." "In the next half hour the father stormed and raged. If the son insisted on such a marriage he would be cast out by the family; he would be ridiculed even by the common people. And the marriage ended up with: "Fred, I will have the engineer call up here and give him a check for a thousand dollars."

"I hope she will. You look to be such a nice man that she should have. I just thought that maybe you are not married at all." "I guess that's pretty near it," replied the outlaw as he tried to laugh but made poor work of it.

"Well, I'm going to be married." "To Gladys David?" "Never heard of her." "The daughter of one of our engineers."

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LAST CHRISTMAS WAS MY YEARAGO
(THE OLD LADY SPEAKS)
By James Whitcomb Riley
Copyright by James Whitcomb Riley

Last Christmas was a year ago, Says I to David, I says—I, "We're going to morning service, you hitch up right away; I'll try to call the girls just what for do for dinner. We'll be back by two." I didn't want to hear what he would more like say back to me, But banged the stable door and flew back to the house, just plumb chilled.



Cold! Wool! how cold it was! My—Oh! Frost! Nix! and the air, you know, "I see," I said enough," heard David swear. "To have a man and cut his hair!" And blow and blow and snow snow!

Where'er it had drifted long the fence, And crosst the road—some places though, "Just a sweep clean to the gravel, so the goin' was up bad for sleighs. As 't was for wagons—and both ways, 'Twas 'twixt mud-dirt and the bare ground, I've

Just stumbled as I got through alive; I hadn't any notion of a fence; 'At best it anywhere, I know— Last Christmas was a year ago. And David said, as we set out, "At Christmas services was 'bout as cold and wretched kind of love to offer up as he know of; And as for him, he rally thought 'At the good fella' up above Would think more of us—as he ought— A stayin' home on such a day, And thankin' of him that way! And jayed on, in an undertone, 'Bout leavin' Lido and Jane alone There on the place and me not there To oversee 'em and p'pare 'The stuffin' for the turkey and 'The bass and all, you understand."

I've allus managed David by Jes' sayin', nothing. That was why He's chased Lido's been a way— cause Lido sh'd allus take up Perry's side When David talk 'ed him; and so, Last Christmas was a year ago— Er ruther, 'bout a week store; David and Perry'd quarrel'd about Some tom-fool argument, you know, And pap told him to 'Jes' git out. O' there, and not to come no more, Looked at the girls, and then at me, Then at the open door—and then—

And as he paged the window, we then— "I've a white as white could be March past, onbitch his shoes, and light A see-gray, and lops out o' sight. Then Lido she come to me and cried! And I said nothing—was no need. And yit, you know, that man, jes' got Right out o' there's o' he'd be a shob. 'Tendin' to be most and feed. 'The stock by some'n. Then, I tried to git the pore gal pacified."

But gittin' back to—where was we? Oh, yes!—where David lectered me All way to meet— in, high and low, Last Christmas was a year ago: For all the world could there was A fair attendance, mostly, though. The crowd was round the stove; you see, Thavin' their heels and

LODGE NOTES
SANFORD LODGES
Sanford Lodge No. 27, I. O. O. F.
Meets every Monday at 7:30 p. m. over Imperia Theatre. M. M. Ryan, N. C.
F. S. Balfour, Sec'y.

The germot—and a long one, too—I couldn't help but think o' squires And us changed round so, and around 'round His gentle ways,— to give his warm Bench up, and have to face the storm. And when I no— Hood David, he was 'twixt 'em—bin—I thought best To kind o' sort o' let him rest: 'Paired like he sleep so peacefully! And when I thought o' home, and how And what the girls was doin' now, And kind o' prayed, 'way in my breast, And brushed away a tear or two As David waked, and church was through.

By time we'd "howdyed" round and shuck Hands with the neighbors, must 'a tuck A half hour longer: ever one A-sayin', "Christmas gittin' afore David er me—so we got none! But David warmed up, more and more. And got so jokey-like, and had His spirit up and 'peared so glad, I whispered to him, "Beeze you set As 'bassel' of 'em come and eat Their dinners with us. Gyr's got A full-and-plenty for the lot And all their kin!" So David passed The invite-round: and ever seat In ever-wagon-bed and sleigh Was jes' packed, as we rode away—

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HOBBO

OWN the long, gray country road—an automobile hills came whirling ahead of a cloud of dust that rolled away behind it like smoke from a bomb. In the middle of the road half a dozen turkeys were congregated, long of neck, long of limb, fat of body, juicy, tempting—basking in the fall sunlight. Suddenly there was a rattling gobble from the horn of the machine, an answering gobble from the throats of the turkeys, a cloud of feathers in the air and the man at the wheel passed on with a backward grin at the fowl as it lay fluttering by the wayside. "One more gobble gathered to the eternal roost," he chuckled.

From out of the long grass that fringed the wayside a man arose, lean and hungry, and stood looking at the still kicking victim. Then he drew a huge, old-fashioned silver watch from his pocket and glanced at it. "Just dinner time, and I haven't had a taste of a turkey in a year. Guess this is my lucky day," he soliloquized. Then he picked up the bird and started for the brook near by.

He seated himself by the bank and commenced dressing his find, tossing handfuls of feathers to the winds, feeling of the plump body with grins of satisfaction. Then all at once he looked up. A sour faced man with a big star on his coat was standing over him. "Come with me," he commanded.

"To where?" grunted Hobbo Jim. "To the place where all turkey thieves should go—to the coop." "But I didn't steal this bird—"

Jim began, then stopped short. He was staring into the open countenance of a disagreeable looking revolver and he dropped his prey. "All right, I'll go," he said, sullenly.

Night had smothered the countryside and from out of it the snow was



"Come With Me," He Commanded.

coming down in hard, frozen particles like sifted sand. Across the fields the wind came nipping like a sharp toothed terrier, and Hobbo Jim glanced anxiously about, through the gloom. He had been released from the "coop" only that day after two months of confinement for having been caught with a dead turkey in his possession, and he shivered a bit beneath his thin clothes as he hurried along the lone road. To make matters worse he was hungry, broke and friendless, and to be hungry, broke and friendless upon Christmas eve is hard enough luck for any man. Then as he peered, he saw through the darkness of the roadside a glimmer of light that twinkled before his eyes like a great star of hope and he passed with his gaze fast and wistfully upon it.

With a caution grown of long experience he passed quietly to the back of the building and peered through a window. He could see into the dining room from here, and as he gazed and satified at a crack deep within him his stomach began clamoring like a famished wolf pack, for within a dozen good things to eat, while about it the gurgled family still sat nibbling. "There is enough left for a dozen knishes, and still things to throw away," he muttered as his eyes roved

the night he stretched with his knuckles in a timid tap, then patting of his most woebegone face stooped awaiting his fate with a heart that fluttered anxiously.

The door opened and a man stood before it peering into the darkness. And as the lamp light from within fell upon the hobbo's cringing form the face of the one upon the threshold darkened until it matched the night. "So it is you—sneaking around here and looking for more of my turkeys," he said threateningly. "I have a notion to run you in again upon suspicion. Get out of here, thief."

"But I didn't steal that bird—"

whined the caller. Then he paused suddenly, for once more he was peering into the mouth of that same unpleasant looking revolver. "Oh, I'll go all right," he added hastily.

Up the road he went hurrying, angry, disappointed, hungry and colder than ever. In the bottom of a pocket where he had plucked a hand for warmth his big, old-fashioned watch lay ticking and his fingers closed about it fondly. It was his only possession of slightest value. Twenty years ago it had been given to him upon a Christmas eve—twenty years ago in the days of his boyhood, and he had carried it with him incessantly throughout all his wanderings. "I suppose I could get the price of a meat and a bed from that old feller," he mused, then his jaw set. "But I wouldn't part with it for its weight in greenbacks. It is the last thing she ever gave me, and I'll hang on to it if I hang for doing it. I'll beg, starve—yes, or help myself when nobody is looking before I'll part with it." He shoved it deeper into its place and bent forward against the wind.

Five minutes later he again paused suddenly. By the wayside another light was shining, and with a quick glance up and down the road he stood listening. Nothing came to his ears but the low growl of the wind and he hesitated no longer. Sneaking into the yard with feet that fell as softly as the snowflakes themselves he once more peered through a window. There was no linden table here, but instead he saw a bed upon which lay a white faced boy with a woman close beside him. He put his ear to the pane and listened. It was not long before he learned that the two were alone in the house, and at that good news Hobbo Jim smiled approvingly.

He passed quickly to the kitchen door and tried the latch. The door was not locked and he entered with the stealth of a panther. A spare bed room with door ajar was adjoining, and forming his plans as he sneaked along Jim crept within. Here, in the darkness, he would hide beneath the bed, wait until all was still, and then in the early morning hours fill his stomach and pockets from the pantry and silently steal away. Instantly told him that the woman would sleep beside the sick boy and he had little fear of being discovered. And what if he was—with a lone woman and a helpless kid as his only way to escape? Noiselessly he crept beneath his shelter and lay listening.

Through the stillness their voices came to him in murmur. It had been a bad year for the two in the next room, a year of privation and want, and the morrow would be the hallowest mockery of any Christmas that had ever come to them; a day when a skeleton would preside at their board and hunger be an unwilling guest. Patiently the woman was explaining to the sufferer, telling him that she feared that this year Santa Claus would pass him by without stopping. But the boy was unbelieving.

"Santa Claus does not forget. Hang by my stocking, please," he told her, and Jim heard her sigh as she crossed the room to obey him. Then as the warmth of the house came stealing softly over him Jim's eyelids fluttered and closed, the last thing he remembered hearing being the woman's voice as it began reading to the sick one.

"More blessed to give than to receive—" But Hobbo Jim was now sleeping.

He was awakened and raised his head a trifle as he listened. There had been an accident in the room, a serious accident as he soon gathered, for through some misfortune the clock had been knocked from the mantle and now lay a ruin upon the floor. It was the only timepiece they had, and the woman was worrying over it considerably, for she no longer had the means of telling when it was time to give the boy his medicine, and the proper administration of the medicine was a very important matter to the sick one. "That's kind of tough on the kid," thought the hobbo from his hiding place. But it was no fruit of his and anyway he had troubles enough of his own.

Midnight came, and for the next hour all had been still as a cavern. Cautiously, silently, Jim backed out of his lair and rising to his feet stood alert. By the dim light from the other room, he could see the patient. Then he gave a snort of disappointment. There was not enough upon the barren shelves to fill one corner of his hollow stomach, and here were a woman and a sick boy to feed off of

of a crust of bread into his pocket he crept out again.

From where he stood he could see the interior of the dimly lighted room beyond, and curiosity arose within him. With the tread of a prowling fox he stepped to the threshold and



Slid the Watch into the Stocking.

peered around the corner. The boy was sleeping now, while beside the bed the woman was sitting with head drooped forward as worn out from her long vigil she had fallen asleep in the midst of her watching. And as he gazed at their tired faces there came to Jim a picture of many long years before, a picture of when he had been a boy and sick as this one now was, when a woman had sat beside him the long nights through giving him his medicine and ministering to him as she read—that was it she had read! Yes, he remembered now.

"More blessed to give than to receive." That was it. He had never had a great deal of confidence in these words and had never tried them out, still he had sometimes thought that one day he would put them to the test. But he had never had enough for himself, let alone others, while now—his eyes fell upon the stocking hanging from the mantle and a queer look came creeping over his face. They certainly were in tough luck, tougher luck than he was in himself, and the smashing of the clock had been bad business. For a full minute he stood blinking at them, then for the second time that night he chuckled as his hand wandered into his one good pocket. Then he withdrew it, and stretching forth a long arm slid the big silver watch into the hanging stocking.

Along the black road Jim went hurrying, his finger gnawing at his stomach, the teeth of the wind sharper than ever. In one hand he held the crust of bread and now and then he bit at it savagely. "More blessed to give than to receive." He laughed as he buttoned his coat around his throat and bent further forward against the gale.

"I dunno—I dunno, but anyway I've tried it out at last. Only thing I'm sorry for is that I won't see that sick kid's face when he finds that old ticker in the morning."

England's Last Tollgate.
The distinction of being the last tollgate in England is now claimed by a gate in the Cambridgeshire Fens, one and a half miles from Chatteris, on the main road to Somersham. The gate stands in the middle of a section of about two hundred yards, once privately owned, and was erected over two hundred years ago. It was eventually purchased by a London company for \$10,000.

Love Element in Writer's Lives.
Alfred de Musset's love for irresponsible George Sand gave his thoughts such an extraordinary elevation that he wrote many brilliant poems in consequence. Chaucer sang the praises of many queens, but his one great love was Philippa Picard de Rouet, the Lady-in-Waiting to Queen Anne of Bohemia. He waited nine years to marry her, but made it a matter of complaint in several poems.

The Downtrodden Farmer.
An Ottawa man heard that a farmer wanted to sell a motor car. He sympathized with the poor farmer and his family because they were forced to part with the machine for financial reasons, he believed, and went out to the farm to buy it. The farmer was not at home, but his daughter was there. "I came out to buy your car," he said. "Which one?" asked the girl.—Kansas City Star.

Pleasant for the Wife.
Some time ago the wife of an assistant state officer gave a party to a lot of old maids of her town. She asked each one to bring a photo of the man who had tried to woo and wed her and had been jilted by her. Each of the old maids brought a photo and they were all pictures of the same man, the hostess' husband.—Kansas City Journal.

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Eight and a half Acre Truck Farm, crop well under way, looks good. All tiled. Five acres in lettuce and celery, balance ready for crop, best location, best soil. Will sell cheap. Looks now as if crop will pay for the land this season. Tools, team all go in. Quick sale.

Nine Room House, suitable for rooming house. First street. Everything new and up-to-date. Toilet, bath and all modern conveniences. Price way down.

Fifteen Acres, five cleared and tiled. Two fine wells. Two small outbuildings. All under Pittsburg wire fence. Quarter mile loading station. This place will only be on the market for a few days for quick sale. \$2,500.00

Thirty-five Acres in two miles Sanford. Good double story house which cost \$2,500.00 to build. Good barn for 12 or 15 head stock. No better dairy proposition in the state. Terms. We offer this at \$3,500.00

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WHILE all the World is Awakening to a Wondrous Feeling of Peace and Gladness; While Everyone Forgetful of Self, is Striving to make each loved one happy;

While THE SPIRIT OF CHRISTMAS is over all around, it seems appropriate and fitting that an Institution which exists by the confidence and good will of the people, should express to that people a measure of its appreciation of all the Loyal Support accorded it during the year now drawing to a close.

Therefore it is our pleasure to use this opportunity of conveying to THE PEOPLE OF SANFORD, OUR CUSTOMERS AND FRIENDS, a paean of thanks and appreciation for their substantial support and good will, and with it the assurance that we will continue to aid and assist them in all their worthy undertakings.

Extending to all, our BEST WISHES FOR A MERRY CHRISTMAS and A MOST PROSPEROUS NEW YEAR, we invite your attention to the comparative Figures shown below.

DEPOSITS	
June 4, 1906	\$16,891.16
June 4, 1907	\$97,746.80
June 4, 1908	\$95,683.50
June 4, 1909	\$154,720.81
June 4, 1910	\$187,415.82
June 4, 1911	\$196,991.18
June 4, 1912	\$280,686.46

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THE SANFORD HERALD

IN SANFORD—Life in North Florida

Number 28

SANFORD, FLORIDA, FRIDAY, DECEMBER 20, 1912

Volume V

PEACE IS STILL DELAYED

New Proposal From Turkish Sultan is Awaited

NEWS FROM THE WORLD TODAY

Universal History Which Passes Over Our Florida Wires Each Twenty-Four Hours

The peace conference was in session but a short time today. The Turkish delegates announced that fresh instructions had been dispatched from Constantinople by special courier, therefore adjournment until Saturday was taken by which time the dispatches would reach London. Reports are current in the Ottoman capital tonight that the government is instructing the delegates to resume negotiations with the Greek as well as the Balkan plenipotentiaries. This tends toward peace, as it had been hinted that the Turks intended to continue war for a time so that they could strengthen their army.

It was two hours after dark and snowing when the "Sufragette army" that is on its way to Albany to deliver a message to Governor Sulzer, marched into the city yesterday, scarcely able to drag their feet another step. Miss Rosalie G. Jones, leader of the expedition, who for two days has walked with painfully blistered feet, almost collapsed when she led her following into the hotel, where they stopped for the night.

A monthly magazine for hoboes is to be published by Jeff Davis, new president of the International Brotherhood Welfare Association. It will be known as the International Hobo Review. The annual convention of the itinerant workers, who are estimated to number about 1,000,000 in the United States, will be held in New Orleans, January 28 to February 2. More than 1,000 are expected to attend.

The navy department accepted today "for the good of the service," the resignation of First Lieutenant Edward Ellis, of the first marine corps, to take effect Friday. Ellis, who is now in the marine barracks, Mare Island, California, faced court martial on charges of failure to pay his debts.

Vice Admiral Halli Pasha, formerly minister of marine in the Turkish cabinet was killed in the naval engagement between the Greeks and Turks off the Dardanelles, December 13. This is the report received from a Greek Captain, who has just arrived from the Dardanelles, and made through a semi-official agency.

Mr. Perry's Lecture Recital

Edward Baxter Perry, the blind pianist of Boston, has been decorated with the Cross of Jerusalem by his Royal Highness, Prince Guy de Lusignan of Paris, who attended his concert in that city, with the title of Chevalier de Melusine.

The Prince de Lusignan is the lineal descendant of that Guy de Lusignan who was King of Jerusalem in the 12th century when that city was temporarily taken from the Moslems by the Crusaders. The Lusignais reigned also over Cyprus and Armenia, making an empire of the Orient which included not only the Holy Land and the sepulchre of Christ, but also the supposed site of the Garden of Eden, of Mt. Ararat and the Tower of Babel. Although the present Guy de Lusignan has no realm he is always called Royal Highness by the French who acknowledge him only as the lawful king of Jerusalem, and he has at disposal three royal orders, the Order of Melusine, Order of the Sword and Order of St. Catherine of Mt. Sinal, which is the chief military order in existence. All of these orders date from the time of the crusades and the order of Melusine is bestowed only upon artists and literary men of note. Mr. Perry is the only American musician who holds it.

Blaze Last Night

An early morning fire about four o'clock brought out a shivering crowd to the end of French avenue, where a frame house occupied by a negro family, had caught fire in some manner and owing to the delay in turning in an alarm the fire had gained considerable headway and the house was almost destroyed.

NO ARMORY IN SANFORD

State Cannot Find Building Suitable For Military Company

Major Harry Snow of the state ordnance department, Florida State Troops, was in the city yesterday and in company with W. C. Palmer, captain of the Sanford company, made a tour of the city for the purpose of finding a suitable building for an armory and after making a thorough investigation it was found that no building in the city would come up to the specifications required.

If no one can be found who will build an armory the military company in this city will probably never materialize. Major Snow also had the commissions of the officers of the new Sanford company as follows:

- W. C. Palmer, Captain.
- P. L. Moore, First Lieut.
- Will Hill, Second Lieut.

It is a matter of extreme regret that the idea of a military company will be dispelled after reaching this stage on account of the lack of suitable quarters but at the present time there is no building vacant and none that will meet the requirements.

City Council Meets

The city council met in regular session Dec. 16th, 1912, at 7:30 p. m. Present, F. J. Miller, president; P. M. Elder, B. W. Herndon, S. Runge, F. L. Woodruff and W. H. Underwood. Minutes of the last meeting read and approved.

G. H. Fernald appeared and asked that some steps be taken to improve the city dock. The matter was referred to the building committee and Mr. Fernald to work with them and form a plan for the improvement and present it to the next meeting.

Moved and seconded that the bids for the printing of the city ordinances be referred to the ordinance committee with power to act. Carried.

Moved and seconded that the personal assessment of K. S. Johnson for the year 1911 be reduced from \$14.40 to \$7.20, if paid at once. Carried.

Moved and seconded that the matter of reducing the assessment of the Sanford Traction Co. Personal, be referred to the finance committee. Carried.

Dr. McEwan Hurt

Dr. J. S. McEwan had a narrow escape from death in an automobile accident on Orange avenue at eleven o'clock last night. As it was the physician escaped with his life, but sustained severe injuries, which include, as far as it is known at this time, a broken cheek bone, a broken nose, a broken finger, and serious lacerations of the face. And it is feared that he may lose an eye.

The accident happened at the turn of the avenue, just south of the high school building. Dr. McEwan had been for a call upon Mr. Gettier and was returning home. Just below the turn of the avenue at South street, his automobile collided head on with a street sweeper, the physician's automobile travelling south and the sweeper traveling north.

The tongue of the sweeper crashed through the wind shield of the machine, struck the steering wheel, and in doing so struck one of the Doctor's fingers, ranged upward and struck the face crashing in the cheek.

It is likely that the blow from the tongue would have been fatal, but for the fact that it glanced upward after striking the steering wheel. Reporter-Star.

Will Make Another Canal

It was announced today that a contract had been let to a Birmingham firm for the digging of a \$600,000 canal to run from West Palm Beach to Lake Okechobee. The ditch will be forty-seven miles in length, eleven feet deep and seventy-five wide and will be completed by July 1.

A Hint for 1913

Perhaps you cannot reach the top,
Perhaps your burdens are too great,
And it may be that you must drop
Out of the ranks and try to live.
Perhaps you are to know the worst,
To fall while others clamber high,
Never a race to finish first,
But still if I were you, I'd try.

Perhaps, just as you say, your task is far too difficult for you,
That it's too much for them to ask
One of your frail physique to do.
And it may be that you must fall,
And few will know the reason why;
Then it will do no good to wall,
Why don't you buckle in and try!

BIG MEETING AT GENEVA

County Division is Main Topic of Discussion

PEOPLE ARE ANXIOUS FOR FACTS

The Northern End of Orange Wants County Division and They Expect to Have It

County division is the question of the hour and like Banquo's ghost will not be down. The north end of Orange county is discussing this question pro and con and are looking at it sensibly and wisely and from every angle. Like the people at Sanford they know that division is the best way to get better results, but they will not act hastily and they want to get every point on both sides of the question.

At the request of many of the good people in the Geneva section a number of Sanford's representative citizens braved the cool weather last night and held a meeting in the Geneva opera house.

Hon. J. T. McLain of Geneva presided as chairman and speeches were made by Messrs. Walker, Brady, Forster, Rossetter and Thrasher, and a full discussion was invited and indulged in and the facts and figures were laid before the people at the meeting, some hundred being in attendance.

The spirit of the meeting was most friendly, which has been the attitude of the Sanford people and friends during the campaign and only facts were given.

It seems that the people in the new territory had heard only the Orlando side of the question and were at sea regarding the real situation, some of them having been informed that the people in the new county would have to maintain two sets of officials and would pay twice as much in taxes, a statement that is absurd and absolutely unfounded.

The Geneva section has been known on many occasions that Sanford is with them on every question of improvement and that their interests lie with the new territory and the meeting last night only strengthened that belief.

All of the gentlemen who went over from this city were treated royally by the Geneva people and expect to return at a future date.

CITY ELECTION YESTERDAY

C. C. Woodruff Wins Out For The Position Of Alderman

The city election for the purpose of deciding the vote of W. W. Abernathy and C. C. Woodruff for aldermen was held yesterday and despite the busy season and little less than 320 citizens went to the polls and cast their votes for their favorites. This aldermanic race has been rather close in every instance and while but little work was done by either candidate their friends were busy and the large vote was a big surprise. When the vote was counted it was found that C. C. Woodruff was the winner by eight votes.

Following is the official count:

For Alderman	
W. W. Abernathy	154
C. C. Woodruff	164

Notice
The Sanford Library will not be open again until the fourth day of January, 1913.

On that date it will be re-opened in the new quarters secured for it in the Imperial Theatre building.

Books or magazines which have been loaned out at such dates as will make them due for return during the interval between December 17th and January 4th will not incur a fine if returned on January 4th.

The annual meeting will be held in the new room Thursday, January 9th, 1913. All interested are urged to attend. 25-26

Sanford Music Club

The Music Club will hold their regular meeting at the studio of Mrs. Fannie Stinson Saturday afternoon at 8 o'clock. Mrs. J. H. Esomillat, leader. All members requested to be present.

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THE CELERY SPROUT

Fortnightly Little Monthly of High School Literary Society

The Celery Sprout is the very latest journalistic stunt in Sanford and is a bright four page paper published by the Boys' Debating Society of the Sanford High School. The paper is filled with good material relating to school life and should prove very popular not only to the undergraduates but to the Alumni and friends and patrons of the High School.

The paper is being very well provided the right kind of support is extended to the boys, and a glance over the advertising columns of the December issue would convince them that Sanford merchants are not slighting the infant, and that the Celery Sprout will continue to grow into a strong and beautiful stalk and be a financial as well as a literary success.

The following young gentlemen are at the masthead:

Editor in Chief, Bert Pattihall; Athletic Editor, Wallace Crosby; Exchange Editor, Tahney Deane; Alumni Editor, Harry Kanner; Humorous Editor, Carey Wright; Advertising Manager, Harold Long; Business Manager, George McLaughlin; Treasurer, Randall Ghase.

Every Week Bridge Club

Mrs. T. A. Neal was hostess of the Every Week Bridge Club Thursday afternoon. Three tables of bridge were played. Mrs. B. W. Herndon made the highest score, and the prize, a handsome china jardiniere.

After the conclusion of the games of cards, sparkling cider, salt wiches, olives crackers and coffee were served. Mrs. Neal's guests were Miss Margaret Hart of Orlando, her charming house guest, Mrs. C. M. Vorse, Mrs. B. L. Hughes, Mrs. C. O. McLaughlin, Mrs. O. W. Brady, Mrs. Cruise Barnes, Mrs. G. F. Smith, Mrs. Forrest Lake, Mrs. D. W. Herndon, Mrs. Barrett.

Shopping in Sanford

The following ladies of Ovida were in the city this week taking advantage of the many bargains offered by Sanford's enterprising merchants:

Mrs. B. S. Smith, Mrs. T. L. Cushing, Mrs. J. H. Jones, Mrs. H. B. McCall, Mrs. P. H. Wheeler, Mrs. W. I. Hallenback, Miss Anna McCulley, Miss Mary Leinhardt, Miss Bertha Dixon, Miss Irene Hallenbeck, Miss "Billie" Wickard.

Reading Circle

The Reading Circle of the Missionary Society of the Methodist church could not hold their regular meeting Tuesday afternoon in the church on account of the work that is still being done on the interior of the church and the practice of the Sunday school children for their Christmas exercises.

A call meeting of the Missionary society will be held in the church Tuesday afternoon, Dec. 31st at 3 o'clock. It is urgently necessary that every member of the society attend the meeting.

Cameo Club

The Cameo Bridge Club was entertained by Mrs. L. P. Hughes Wednesday morning. Two tables of bridge were played. Mrs. O. W. Brady made the highest score and will have the pleasure of wearing the lovely cameo brooch until the next meeting of the club. Mrs. Hughes' guests were Mrs. C. M. Vorse, Mrs. C. O. McLaughlin, Mrs. O. W. Brady, Mrs. A. P. Connelly, Mrs. D. W. Herndon, Mrs. G. F. Smith, Mrs. Robert Newman.

Filed for Record

Prosper Colony Co. to Jno Strommiller, Benton & Clark to F. C. Williams, Alice T. Parish to Otto Weisenburger, Otto Weisenburger and wife to Clara Phillips.

C. D. Starbuck and husband to Geo. J. L. Bar.

F. A. Peppercorn and wife to Geo. W. Wright.

Delta Canal Co. to L. Howell Davis, Frank J. Lindgreen to Albert J. Robinson.

Jesse Bumby to Jesse Bumby, Jr.

The Terrible Habit of Work

—Boston Transcript—Pete Say, Dinby, what wud yez do if yez had all the money yez wanted?

Deny—O'd be after goin' to me wuzk in an automobile instead of a trolley car.

WOMAN COMMITS SUICIDE

St. Petersburg Excited at Sound of Pistol Shots

STATE NEWS IN BRIEF FORM

Florida Events of a Day Clipped and Stripped From Many Sources

Mrs. Ruby Patrick Bradshaw shot herself through the head with a revolver in the office of R. J. W. Taylor, where she was employed as a stenographer in the Central National Bank building at St. Petersburg yesterday afternoon when the streets were crowded with Christmas shoppers. News of the suicide spread quickly and created wild excitement. Hundreds of persons flocked in and around the building in a frantic rush to get into the office and see the ghastly spectacle of a young woman dead by her own hand. No one saw the woman kill herself and she left no note of explanation to show why she had done it.

The Governor's mansion no longer stands empty, a solitary monument to Governor Gilchrist's oddity in not taking unto himself a wife. Governor Trammell and family have already taken possession. Mr. Trammell's move was hastened because of the fact that he was occupying the residence in which Hon. W. N. Shattuck expects to live. Tallahassee Note in Times-Union.

Lakeland has formed a Lakes Improvement Association, the objects of which is to beautify Lakes Morton, Weir and Mirror. It is proposed to have a sixty-foot driveway around Lake Morton. They must have a woman's civic tongue in Lakeland.

A conference of fish men is soon to be held in Sarasota to consider amendments to the present fish laws of the state. Manatee, Lee, DeSoto, Pinellas and Hillsborough county fishermen are to be invited to attend the meeting.

A fertilizer plant is to be established at Live Oak and the splendid phosphate which is found in such abundance in the lower section of the county will be used as a base for making several grades of fertilizer.

The St. Petersburg water works is to be improved by the addition of a duplicate system of machinery. When these improvements are added the water supply will be in excellent condition.

Bargain Walk in Sanford

From now until after Christmas the merchants of Sanford are selling goods at a price that will move their immense stocks and Sanford is attracting the multitudes from all the country roundabout. This city is becoming most popular among the people who know a bargain when they see one and those who have been accustomed to paying exorbitant prices for everything in the merchandise line, have become regular customers of Sanford merchants. Tourists coming here from the large cities of the north are agreeably surprised at the low prices on dry goods and clothing and many traveling men have remarked that Sanford merchants made less profit on merchandise than the merchants of other Florida cities. The buyers get the benefit of the low prices and the city will be filled with shoppers this week and next, taking advantage of the reduced cost of living as exemplified by the merchants of Sanford.

Moore is Promoted

Mr. E. C. Moore, who was a resident of this city for several years, going to Sanford about ten months ago to take the management of the Postal Telegraph office in that city, is again back at his old love, having taken the position with the same company as manager held by Mr. Guy Empe, who goes with the Orlando Automobile Company. This is in the nature of a decided promotion for Mr. Moore, who has held a warm place in the hearts of Orlando people. Reporter-Star.

Remember the date of Mr. Perry's recital in the auditorium of the Sanford High School in January 3rd.