

THE SANFORD HERALD

IN THE HEART OF THE WORLD'S GREATEST VEGETABLE SECTION

VOLUME X

SANFORD, FLORIDA, FRIDAY, AUGUST 8, 1919

NUMBER 65

COUNTY DADS REGULAR MEET GET RESULTS

ROAD MATTERS, SALE OF WARRANTS, HOG ELECTION, CATTLE DIPPING OCCUPY ATTENTION OF COMMISSIONERS

Sanford, Fla. August 4
Hon. Board of County Commissioners in and for Seminole County, Florida, met in regular session at 10 o'clock A. M. Present: Chairman L. A. Brumley; Comr's: L. P. Hagan, O. P. Swope, C. W. Entzinger, and E. H. Kilbee, with V. E. Douglas, Deputy Clerk, and Roy Tillis Deputy Sheriff in attendance.

Minutes of meetings of July 7th, 19th and 28th, were read, approved and ordered filed.

Bids were here opened for the \$41,500.00 Seminole County, 6 per cent. interest bearing warrants, No. 1. Terry, Briggs & Co., Toledo, Ohio, Aug. 4, 1919

The Board of County Commissioners Seminole County, Sanford, Fla. Gentlemen:-

For the \$41,500.00 6 per cent. Warrants of Seminole County as described in the attached notice of sale which is made a part hereof, we will pay you the sum of \$40,709.50 and accrued interest from date of issue to date of delivery to us, and in addition we will furnish the Attorneys opinion and print the blank warrants free of charge to you.

You are to furnish us with a full and complete certified transcript of all the proceedings leading up to and culminating in the issuance and delivery of the warrants evidencing their legality to the satisfaction of our Attorneys prior to the delivery of the warrants to us. Warrants to be delivered to us at the Northern National Bank in the City of Toledo, Ohio as soon as approved and ready, and to be paid for in current funds upon such delivery.

Respectfully submitted,
Terry, Briggs & Co.,
By: H. G. Bartlett, Agent.

The above being the only bid received for said Warrants, on Motion of C. W. Entzinger, 2nd by O. P. Swope, and carried, the bid of Terry Briggs & Co., for the \$41,500.00 6 per cent. Seminole County Warrants, is accepted.

Clerk instructed to make transcript of the proceedings in reference to the issuance of above Warrants, for Terry Briggs & Co.

Attorney J. J. Dickinson, here presented the Board with his opinion in reference to the petition of J. E. Pace, in re: Sanford Drainage District, and after reading said opinion on motion of O. P. Swope, 2nd by C. W. Entzinger and carried, said opinion if accepted and approved by this Board.

Mr. Alex Foster, appeared before the Board in reference to opening Ditch along Geneva Ave., and ask that the County help pay for same, and on motion of L. P. Hagan, 2nd by C. W. Entzinger, and carried, Clerk is instructed to draw warrant to Mr. Alex Foster for \$50.00 as part payment for opening said ditch.

Dr. J. T. Denton, addressed the Board in reference to Negro Boy from Chuluota, and also in reference to Mrs. Beatty, and on motion of L. P. Hagan, 2nd by C. W. Entzinger, and carried, Clerk is instructed to draw warrant to Red Cross for \$124.00 same being one half of expense of the Beatty Case to date.

Mr. H. C. DuBose, et al., addresses the Board in reference to the work of the Red Cross in Seminole County, and asked for financial assistance in order to carry out their program, action on same was deferred for the present.

Mr. Alfred Foster, et al., addressed the Board in reference to Tick Eradication Work in Seminole County, and asked that this Board adopt a resolution as prepared by the Stock Men, which resolution was rejected by the Board, and on motion on Comr. C. W. Entzinger, duly seconded by Comr. O. P. Swope and adopted, the following resolution was adopted:

Whereas, owing to the fact that it has been reported to this Board that the State Live Stock Sanitary Board, is not protecting the County lines of Seminole County, and are not otherwise enforcing the law in reference to systematic tick eradication work in Seminole County, Therefore Be It Resolved, that

this Board asks to be advised as to what the State Live Stock Sanitary Board is going to do in this matter, and when; if said Board is not going to enforce the laws in reference to systematic tick eradication work, this Board wants to know it.

Motion of L. P. Hagan, 2nd by C. W. Entzinger and carried, Clerk is instructed to write the State Road Department, requesting that the road beginning at the intersection of the Monroe road and St. Gertrude Ave., said point being on the East line of the West half of Section 28, Township 19 South Range 30 East, and about 3 miles west of Sanford, said Monroe Road and St. Gertrude Ave. being part of State Aid Road No. 3, and run-

ning thence West with main road to the Wikiva River, and Mt. Dora in Lake County, be designated as a State Aid Road.

Engineer Fred T. Williams, here presented plans of the new hard surfaced roads to the Commissioners, and stated that the specifications were being typewritten and would be ready by to-morrow, Mr. Williams was instructed by this Board to mail a copy of the specifications to Mr. Wm. F. Coker, State Highway Engineer, for his approval.

Clerk was instructed to write to Engineer G. R. Ramsey, requesting that he meet with this Board Thursday Aug. 7th, at 10 o'clock A. M. and submit the specifications pre-

INTEREST GROWS IN BALL GAMES AS FLAG FALLS

pared by him, for the new Brick roads in Seminole County, Fla.

Petition of W. A. Whitcomb, et al., requesting that a road be opened and established from Geneva to Bridgend, read and on motion of L. P. Hagan, 2nd by C. W. Entzinger, was referred to the Board.

MIGHT BE ANYBODY'S FLAG BUT SANFORD THINKS DIFFERENT.

With the race tightening on the first lap of the Florida State league first half season at least four teams are conceded a chance to finish ahead, while none of the clubs are entirely out of the running. Bartow which is bringing up the rear has a slight chance to finish at the top and Orlando has little better outlook but it is not out of the realm of possibility that either might win.

Sanford got away with a good start and has not been headed off entirely though the club has had serious reverses in the past week and unless a rejuvenation of some sort takes place, another week will see them further down the ladder. To say that club has had breaks, might be a statement susceptible to criticism, but a team that can pile up seven errors in a single game and win looks like a horseshoe aggregation to an outsider.

Bradentown is regarded all round the circuit as a one-two team, but those who have followed that club's record closely, declare all the breaks have been to their disfavor, though they are running Sanford a close race at present. The Growers have fair pitching, at times spectacular, fair fielding, and base running, but the hitting stands out most. They have three heavy hitters and practically every member of the club is considered a dangerous hitter with men on the paths.

The Orlando management is making a desperate effort to build up a new machine to replace the one that has been surprisingly weak. When the season opened that club was looked upon as the strongest in the circuit, but it has failed to deliver under the management of Bert Humphries, former Cub hurler. The team has done ragged work in all departments but has been extremely weak in the pitching department outside of Humphries. Young has failed to show anything thus far and Surrency has done little better. Keene failed to deliver with the Caps and was discarded, with Bartow picking him up. Then the big pitcher came back and beat the league leaders two days ago.

Bartow's failure to make a better showing is a puzzle. They have a good club and as good a manager as there is in the league. The breaks have been against them, say the dopsters. It has been in some instances, as a large majority of their losses have been by one score. L'Homme-dieu's proteges will bear watching in the last half of the season. It's safe to predict they will finish out of the cellar.—Tampa Tribune.

Sanford made monkeys of the Tampa team in the game here Monday and while it was rumor that some players on the Tampa team did not try to play it seemed that it was simply their off day. They started off well in the first inning and scored two runs on the locals but when Sanford started in the second half of the first they made Tampa look like thirty cents and from then on romped home with so many runs that it looked like an exhibition of "town ball" The umpire failed to show up and a player from the Tampa team and one from the Sanford team did the umpiring and did it well. The Orlando Sentinel states that the game will be forfeited because some man told Umpire Osteen that he could not umpire the game and he returned to Orlando on the train. Since no one but the president of the league can tell an umpire whether he can serve or not the action of the umpire in going back to Orlando without showing up on the ball field is inexcusable and has nothing to do with any of the Sanford officials or the Sanford team.

The Orlando Sentinel also states that the Sanford team will be fined \$100 for interfering with the umpire but does not state just where any one interfered with him or stopped him from going to the ball park. It also states that Tampa will protest (Continued on Page 13)

READ AND RUN! TO DICKINS' GIGANTIC SHOE SALE!

As it is with all good things--- they cannot last forever. This sale will soon be a thing of the past. Thousands of people have already attended and saved hundreds of dollars by so doing. The question now is; will you take time by the forelock and come before all of the best bargains are gone! There is one thing certain--- if you saw a \$10 bill in the middle of the road you would pick it up --- then why not make up a list of what you are going to need for the next 12 months and come to this

sale. You will realize that buying goods at such prices is better by far than finding money in the road for there is a limit to what you FIND and there is absolutely no limit to what you can SAVE during this sale. To tell you in cold hard type what awaits you would be impossible---it is beyond the power of press, public or pulpit; we can only say that it will pay you to close up the house, postpone engagements, borrow money (if necessary) and come prepared to buy.

THE SALE WILL SOON BE OVER --- WE ARE GOING TO MOVE RIGHT AWAY

DICKINS' SHOE STORE
SANFORD WHERE STATEMENTS ARE FACTS FLORIDA

"RED GATOR BRAND"

SANFORD TRUCK GROWERS, Inc.

SANFORD, FLORIDA

STATEMENT OF BUSINESS FOR FISCAL YEAR ENDING JUNE 30, 1919

<u>ASSETS</u>		<u>LIABILITIES</u>	
Cash in Bank	\$12,347.79	Accounts Payable	\$ 1,787.92
Accounts Receivable	5,442.17	Reserve for Freight	1,331.23
Inventory Crate Material	3,458.50	Net Worth:	
Furniture and Fixtures	1,400.00	Capital Stock \$	5,680.00
Warehouse Equipment	68.00	Pro. & Loss	20,966.41 - 26,646.41
Automobiles	1,049.10		
Real Estate & Warehouses	6,000.00		
	<u>\$29,765.56</u>		<u>\$29,765.56</u>

Gross Sales of Produce	\$739,198.78
Gross Amount Paid to Growers in the Organization	511,414.47
Crate Material Purchased	75,117.45
Seeds Purchased	1,427.10
Total Number of Cars Shipped up to July 1st, 1919	798
Number of Cars Out, No Report On June 30th, 1919	44

The above is a summarization of the business of the Sanford Truck Growers, Inc., at the close of business June 30th, 1919, as compiled by Mucklow & Ford, C. P. A., Jacksonville, Florida.

The Sanford Truck Growers, Inc., is strictly a farmers co-operative organization, incorporated and capitalized.

No person but a farmer can become a stockholder, but any farmer who will ship his produce entirely through the organization is eligible to hold stock.

The organization is so lined up with the buying trade as to warrant a constant demand for all its output. It recognizes no superior as a marketing agency.

The organization pays 10 per cent dividends on its stock and refunds back to loyal shippers, according to the number of packages shipped, 50 per cent of the earned surplus.

The organization owns and maintains its own

warehouses and carries always a full supply of hampers and crates for the stockholders and because of cash buying, this material is placed with the grower at prices under prevailing market prices.

The organization has no debts hanging over it, has a clear title to everything bearing its name and it has an established credit throughout the country second to no other organization or concern of a similar type in Florida.

The organization is backed by one of the largest and most conservative banks in Sanford and in addition has access to all the money it may need at any time from sources outside of the county.

All this has been made possible by the loyalty, co-operation and appreciation of the 140 growers who constitute the organization.

SANFORD TRUCK GROWERS, Inc.

REX PACKARD, President.

J. D. JACOB, Gen'l Manager.

D. C. MARLOWE, Sec'y-Treas.

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They are *the* tough tread tires and a marvel in their resistance to wear.

BIG TIRES—EXCESS MILEAGE

Kent Vulcanizing Works

Oak Avenue and 3rd St.

THE REUNION

By GLORIA RODGERS

The sun had long since disappeared beneath the horizon, but there shined in the west a faint tinge of red.

Patty Roberts patted her horse lovingly as she gazed toward the low spreading house in the distance.

"Dear old Joe, you've traveled a long way today. We'll soon be home, though. See, Joe, there it is now, and Caroline has a light in every window. I suppose she thinks we're lost."

The low, rambling house was not far away, faintly discernible in the dusk nestling among a few trees. It was homelike and cheery in appearance.

Patty Roberts was staying with a former school chum, Caroline Fenwick, who had come to Hayton after finishing her course. Patty had been a strenuous worker during the dark days of the war, dividing her time between Red Cross workrooms and hostesses work at the various cantonments, and now that everything was bright again, she had come out to her chum's for a much needed rest.

As the faithful Joe picked his way slowly along the trail—for though the night was bright, poor Joe was tired and sleepy, Patty gazed across the moonlit stretch of land. Her eyes were a bit wistful as she watched a star swiftly shoot across the sky leaving a shiny path behind. She sighed. Then, as if giving music to her thoughts, she softly began to sing.

Her voice, sweet and clear, rose on the night air, and as she ended she sighed again and patting Joe said, somewhat wistfully, "Well, Joe, I guess we'd better be hurrying or Caroline will have a searching party out for us." Gathering up the reins and turning down toward the lighted house in the distance, Joe's hoof beats were soon out of hearing.

Unknown to Patty she had an audience while she was singing.

Bob Cutler was returning from his chum's house and he, too, was enjoying

the beauty of the night, when Patty's voice had come to him on the breeze. He drove his horse forward between a cluster of stunted trees and bushes until he could fairly perceive the singer and her horse in the moonlight. Where had he heard that song before? As he listened the soft sounds of the night and the music of the girl's voice was changed to the sweet strains of a waltz and he was dancing again in the lighted ballroom of the hotel. He was lying over again that night when he had found the girl who had won his heart completely.

And as Patty's voice died away and he heard her speak to her horse, Bob's heart leaped. "It couldn't be!—but it does sound like her voice," he muttered. Then he, too, turned his horse and soon was far along the trail which led to his home, about two miles away. But, as he rode, his thoughts lingered about the girl of his dreams. "Just a dream, that's all," thought Bob bitterly. "There's no use hoping I'll ever see her again."

He had been stationed at a naval training camp and had only recently come home. He was glad to be back at his home again, but at times he longed for the place where he had spent so many happy months. Life had been rather dull and lonely in the large school for the first few months, but one night, at a dance given for the boys in the service, he had met a girl with whom he had fallen deeply and irrevocably in love, but although he never saw her afterwards, the hope that he might some day meet her again brightened his days, that were long and monotonous. As the days went by, and still no traces of her, he didn't give up hope until he had obtained his discharge and was speeding to his home.

One afternoon, about a week later, Caroline called to Patty as she was coming out of the barn, where she had been saddling Joe, preparatory to going to the postoffice. "Patty, be sure and hurry home, because we're going to have somebody nice here for supper. He's coming especially to meet you, so you must hurry and be home in time to put on your prettiest dress." Caroline had invited Bob Cutler over

to meet her guest, and he, wishing to oblige Caroline, whom he had known as a playmate all his life, declared, of course, he'd be delighted.

"All right, dear," Patty answered. "I'll be there, if I don't get lost in the meanwhile. I do hope he's good looking," she added in a teasing voice.

True to her word, Patty returned in time to array herself in a becoming dress of pale blue ruffled muslin which just matched the lovely blue of her eyes. She was a pretty picture of youth and daintiness as she entered the living room soon after the expected guest arrived.

"Patty, dear, this is Mr. Cutler—why, I believe you two have met before!" she exclaimed as Bob jumped from his chair and grasped Patty's hands.

"Miss Roberts," he exclaimed, "I can't believe it!"

"I never suspected it!" Caroline declared, as, watching Patty's blushing face and shining eyes and Bob's excited expression, she retreated in the direction of the dining room.

"Just a minute, Caroline," called Bob. "I want you to meet my Dream Girl. The girl whose image has been in my heart for a year. I had given up hopes of ever seeing her again, and now I have her. I'm not ever going to let her go again," he added, still holding Patty's hands in a determined grasp.

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HELEN'S RESCUE

By EMMA LIBBEY

Helen Ramsey presented a fair picture as she floated on the pond in her little skiff. The morning sun shone brightly on her profusion of golden curls, and the brisk breeze blew her light dress around her in picturesque confusion. Fido, glossy black of coat, curled at her feet, jumping up at times to bark shrilly at the low-flying swallows swooping along the surface of the water.

She was unusually quiet and a deep, violet shade that crept into her blue eyes showed that she was deep in thought. The summer was coming to a close, and she was thinking of how dull it would seem in her city home without Reggie Vandyke. For a year he had been constant in his attentions and she was well aware that only her own coquettish evasions had kept him from telling of his love in words. And now he was gone out of her life, sent away by her in anger because he had cuffed the ears of Fido when that pampered canine had endeavored to plant an affectionate kiss on his face.

Letting the oars hang loosely in her hands her thoughts wandered back to the occurrence. He was brutal, to be sure, but then everyone did not love dogs. She sighed as the thought came to her that now she would never feel the pressure of Reggie's lips against hers, and as she realized the boldness of her thoughts a flush of crimson crept over her fair face.

She was aroused from her reverie by a sudden blast of cold air that creased her boat until it seemed that it would capsize. A second gust tore the oars from her grasp and spun the boat dizzily around. Fido, in an ecstasy of fear, crept into her lap and tried to kiss her face, but the thought was now repulsive to her, and as she pushed him into the bottom of the boat thoughts of Reggie came to her and she found herself longing for his strong

arms and steady stroke to carry her to safety.

The beautiful morning had vanished, a sudden tempest having burst upon the pond while she had been drifting along. The gale increased in strength and the roll of thunder grew into terrific crashes, while vivid sheets of fire lightened up the black clouds. The torrents of driving rain had drenched Helen, and her pretty white frock with its flying ribbons clung in folds about her chilled limbs. Her wealth of hair curled more closely to her head and shone in the flashes of lightning like a halo above her pale and terrified face. The blinding sheets of rain had shut off all view of the shore and, despairing of rescue, Helen prayed silently and awaited what seemed like certain death. Fido, head uplifted, howled in terror, sending out spasms of sound that it seemed impossible could come from so small a body.

Suddenly from behind the veil of rain came a faint "Halloo," and the color came back to Helen's pale face. Safety was at hand. She was certain of it, for that was Reggie's voice. She gave no thought to how he chanced to be there in the storm, but was content, as she knew she was safe when he was near. Fido barked and howled in alternation, and soon, dimly seen through the blinding rain, came a dory impelled by Reggie's strong arms. As he drew up to the tossing skiff he threw one arm around Helen and lifted her into the dory, clasping her for an instant to his bosom in an agony of delight. Fido, with a courage developed from his fear, scrambled into the boat, and both maid and dog huddled in a drenched heap in the bottom of the dory. It was a long and desperate struggle against the wind, and Reggie was almost exhausted when a score of willing hands grasped the boat at the shore and Helen fell into her father's arms.

An hour later Helen and Reggie stood at a window in the Ramsey cottage with his arm around her waist and her safe head resting on his shoulder. "Reggie," she whispered, "I think I will give Fido away. I never want him to kiss me again." With a loving look at the fair face resting on his shoulder Reggie refused the sacrifice. "No, we will keep Fido, as but for his barking I would not have been able to locate the skiff with its precious freight." As he stooped to press a kiss on her upturned lips a glorious light shone out in the sky, showing the end of the storm and the beginning of a life of happiness to Helen and Reggie.

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Every blade of grass is a study; and to produce two where there was but one is both a profit and pleasure.—Lincoln.



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30x3 1-2	N. S. - 20.75	32x3 1-2	" - 4.25
32x3 1-2	Plain - 20.75	31x4	" - 4.80
32x3 1-2	N. S. - 24.00	32x4	" - 5.10
31x4	Plain - 26.75	33x4	" - 5.25
31x4	N. S. - 31.50	34x4	" - 5.50
32x4	Plain - 27.50	32x4 1-2	" - 6.40
32x4	N. S. - 32.00	33x4 1-2	" - 6.60
33x4	Plain - 28.58	34x4 1-2	" - 6.80
33x4	N. S. - 33.50	35x4 1-2	" - 7.00
34x4	Plain - 29.50	36x4 1-2	" - 7.35
34x4	N. S. - 35.00		

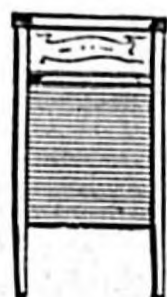
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Plumbing and Sheet Metal Contractors

Over the Hedge

By MILDRED WHITE

My Misadventure

By Otilia Frances Pfeiffer

Wilfred's Troubles

By GEORGE ELMER COBB

Rosemary stood on her toes and tried to peep over the hedge. But as Rosemary was small and the hedge high, she did not succeed.

Rosemary had grown up with a propensity to see the other side of things, and "seeing" had sometimes led her into difficulty. It was because she had yearned to know whether Rob Fulworne could continue true to herself under alluring circumstances, that she had invited the fascinating Bess Wilder to visit at her home and be much in Rob's company. And when later, Bess had departed, it was evident that Rob's affection had failed to withstand the test, for he had followed to the home of Bess as often and as soon as opportunity permitted. Rosemary promptly returning his gifts had fancied for a time that her own heart was broken, while her unsympathetic family, dryly suggest a visit to the home of Aunt Ellen. And it was in the village where Aunt Ellen resided that Rosemary came during one of her walks, upon the impossible hedge.

Aunt Ellen, in her various recitals of village life, had merely mentioned the place as old Colonel Hunter's.

Rosemary, in the excitement of her quest, forgot the sorrow which had brought her hither, forgot, in fact, all rules of convention, and climbing high upon the garden gate, bent over low to peep back its rusty iron bolt. Unwished, she intended to enter the closed garden and to accomplish her purpose in secret.

As the bolt yielded, the gate swinging inward threatened to make her lose her balance; but nimbly Rosemary adjusted—and at the very feet of the prostrate figure of a man. For a moment she drew back fearfully, for the man resting upon blanket and pillow looked awesome in his white wrappings. His face, too, was ghastly white beneath the bandage which bound his head.

The man's eyes gave her no welcome as she looked down upon him, and frostily he asked:

"How did you get in?"

Rosemary blushed guiltily.

"Over the gate," she answered.

"My orders were that people should be barred out," said the young man. "I prefer to do my suffering—in secret."

Rosemary's assurance came back to her.

"But don't you think," she asked, "that one suffers more—that way? I mean," she hastened to add, "that it is much better to have one's attention diverted from sorrow or suffering if only for a time?"

The man stared up at her, then wryly smiled.

"You are certainly diverting," he said. "For five minutes I watched your hazy-like experiments with my gun, and your easy descent over my 'no trespassing' sign, only to find that you have come to give me news in the end. Well, when a fellow can't move his leg and his head is banded up generally, just what mode of diversion would you advise?"

"First," Rosemary earnestly suggested, "it might help you to tell some one all about it."

"Nothing to tell," the man answered crisply. "War—that's all. Made them let me come back to the old home here to recuperate. Have the best of care, but everything and everybody seems to get on my nerves. So I sent 'em all away, and lie here looking up at the sky. It's just a matter of time before I'll be all right, the doctors say—as if time isn't the hardest thing a helpless man can bear."

Rosemary nodded understandingly.

"I know," she said, "it's wanting to get on the other side of the wall that makes the time so long. And, while you've been talking I've been thinking that perhaps I could help you to make the time pass. I know of many original ways to entertain an invalid and—"

"Original, all right, I'll bet," chuckled the soldier. "That's the first time," he said suddenly, "that I've come near to a laugh in months."

"I know, then," Rosemary said de-lightfully, "why I had to see the other side of this hedge." And then, seated upon the grass before him, she told the muzzled man of her old-fashioned propensity and the sorrow to which it had led.

But strangely enough, like Rosemary's family, the invalid refused to view her sorrow seriously.

"In cheering me along," he said, "you may help to divert your own sad heart. I think you had better come again tomorrow."

It was an eager Rosemary who later burst in upon Aunt Ellen.

"You never told me," she accused, "that the town's war hero—who had won that much-talked-of medal—lies in the mysterious Hunter place. I should have to have met him."

"Meeting him," Aunt Ellen replied, "is out of the question. Young Richard Hunter since his return refuses to see his nearest friends; Colonel Hunter is quite distressed about it. Even the nurse whom they sent out from town fails to arouse Richard from his morbid state. But, my dear—" Aunt Ellen broke off abruptly. "What has happened to your white skirt? It is dirt and green stains from top to hem."

Rosemary smiled.

"I had to climb a fence," she said truthfully.

"Where's that boy? Is he ever around when he's wanted? Tell you with all my worries it's about time he buckled down to doing something useful."

"Don't scold, Uncle, dear. Martin is a good boy, thinks the world of both of us, and, if he is a little forgetful and heedless at times, he makes up for it when you remind him of it in a gentle, reasoning way. This special afternoon he begged off from his regular chores to go hunting for those two burglars who robbed the bank night before last."

"Expected to catch them and get that \$5,000 reward, I suppose," mocked old John Wadhams. "Oh, yes! that unlucky wight ever strike such fortune! It's not the way of this unfortunate family. We've had nothing but loss and mishap since mother died. With the money I owe and can't pay, and that boy wasting his time, I'm frotted to death half the time!"

"I've got all the kindling in," said Ora Dale, "and I agreed with Martin to do the milking, so everything will be attended just the same as it has been here. I gave him the afternoon."

"Afternoon and evening, too, it looks for it's getting dark."

"Oh, Martin will be along soon," soothed Ora. "He and his chums are all excited about those robbers and they have gone off with wooden guns, boy-like, to 'capture' them as they say. And plan," old John Wadhams went off mumblingly reiterating his complaints. Ora sighed a trifle, then drove away the cloud that hovered by humming a pretty little air about birds, and sunshine, and flowers. She had her cross to bear as well as Uncle John, but it came from sharing his troubles, real and imaginary. Ora was his niece and a homeless orphan when, after the death of Aunt Mary she was sent for by Uncle John to take up her home with himself and his motherless boy. She became the angel of the house, a blessing to the old man. If he only knew it, for she helped him carry his burdens and her diligence and economy lightened the expenses and brought comfort and contentment, the latter to young Martin, at least, who otherwise was inclined to "go out into the world and seek his fortune on his own hook," as he expressed it, although not yet twelve years of age.

Martin fairly idolized Ora and fully appreciated her numberless sacrifices in behalf of his father and himself. He knew, as all Cleveland knew, that Ora was giving up the dream and glory of her life through her loyal and selfless devotion to her uncle. Ernest Throop, in love with her, had told her so and he was a sutor to be proud of—merry, industrious and honorable. Ora loved him in return, but she had told him clearly that she could not leave her uncle while he was crushed under a burden of debt and while Martin was too young to shift for himself. Duty was the watchword of her life, and nobly she lived up to its teachings. All Cleveland was astir at the moment over the bank robbery. Two men had broken into the institution and had made off with a small fortune. The watchman had "winged" one of them in their flight, he declared, for he had seen the fugitive lift one hand to his breast as he ran. A second shot had caused the other burglar to waver and limp and blood stains had been traced for some distance down the river shore.

Meantime Martin, the well intentioned but thoughtless, had lingered with his companions clear into dusk. Then in a game of hide and seek he had crept into one of the numerous earthen water pipes lining the river bluff, ready to be used in a new reservoir system adopted by the town. There he crouched, planning to wait till the seekers had passed by and then make for home. He chuckled as four of his fagged-out comrades sat down on the very pipe he was in. Then, starting up again, somehow they gave it a push. Over the hedge it rolled twenty feet, reversed, spilled out Martin and plunged into the river. Martin rolled after it and, half stunned, came to a stop a few yards from an old wreck of a house boat that had been a landmark for a year past.

In a sort of a daze he saw two men come out of the dismantled cabin of the craft. One had his arm in a sling, the other limped. In a flash Martin Wadhams had an inspiration—these were the bank burglars!

The first words of one of them confirmed this conviction: "Pipe rolled over, I reckon. You go north, Tom and me south. We must pick up a chicken or some eggs or we'll starve."

"Yes, we must make a break from here," growled the other.

It was after dark when Martin Wadhams burst into the house in a frenzied state of excitement. He carried a small sack and was breathless.

"Father! Ora!" he shouted, "the burglars!"

"What of them?" questioned his cousin.

"I've found them! I've got the bank money! I found it in the old house boat. It's in the sack. And you must get the officers here right away. And we can catch the burglars! And, father, the big reward! And now you can pay what you owe, and oh, Ora! now you can marry Ernest Throop!"

A Russell Story.

A story that the late G. W. H. Russell told with gusto was of a mayor in a north of England town. His worship presented some seats for the sea front, and had this inscribed on them: "Presented to the borough by the mayor, Ald. Hoggins. The sea is his and he made it."—London Chronicle.

To Polish Mahogany.

Buffed Mahogany is the finest thing for genuine old mahogany, as it hardens and preserves the wood. Pour the oil on to a pad of soft flannel and rub the wood well. If there are any cracks in the wood the oil will fill these and harden. Wipe off the superfluous oil and polish with a dry, soft cloth. A little vinegar added to the oil will make a bright, clean, dry finish.

"Now, Wilfred, be careful and carry the package straight."

"It's hot, isn't it?" projected Wilfred Lusecomb, as his sister Lella placed a parcel done up in napkins in his hands.

"No, only nice and warm. Some pork and beans just out of the oven. Tell Mrs. Vassar I cooked them especially for her. And don't wonder off to watch the boys play ball. And don't drop or spill them."

"No, ma'am," promised Wilfred steadfastly. "Maybe Mrs. Vassar will give me a penny for bringing them."

"You mustn't take it, if she offers it," warned Lella. "You shall have two from me, if you do your errand nicely."

"Yes, ma'am," pledged Wilfred, and started off on his mission. When he reached the bridge crossing the creek he rested the parcel on its rail and began fidgeting some with the water.

"Oh, ginger!" exploded Wilfred and passed a picture of dire dismay. A careless switch of his arm had swept the package free and it fell ten feet to the stone abutment, and there lay the creek in many pieces and its brown tempting contents scattered far and wide.

Wilfred stood rooted. It was a gruesome moment for him. Only that morning he had thrown a ball through a neighbor's window, and his mother had reported this mischief to his father. With this in mind and the present mishap added, Wilfred figured it out that he was due for a strenuous private interview with his father that evening.

"I'm always getting unlucky," he mumbled, "and they're always picking on me! I'm not going home. I'll hang around with the boys until father gets his supper and goes downtown as he always does. Then I'll sneak into the house and go to bed, and by that time maybe they'll forget all about what I've done."

It was just dusk, after two hours' play with his chums, that Wilfred drew down behind a hedge and crouched down guiltily as he saw his father and a companion come down the street. They paused, each to go his own way, as they reached the corner. Now Mr. Lusecomb had just informed his neighbor that a real estate deal in which they were mutually interested had been spoiled by an officious agent, who had gratuitously informed the prospective customer that by holding out he could get the property involved for five hundred dollars less than he was asked to pay.

"Yes," the startled Wilfred heard his father say, "he spilled the beans and ruined our chances!"

" ought to be skinned alive!" snarled the neighbor wrathfully. "We'll find some way to make him smart for this."

"Crackey!" gasped the terrified lad—"I'm in for it!"

"That settles it," decided Wilfred. "Somehow I've done something awful in spilling those beans. Father and Mr. Rowe talked as if I'd ought to be skinned alive. I won't go home—I can't go home. I'll— I'll run away!"

It was all well enough until it began to rain. Wilfred had got about a mile when a drizzling shower came up. He crouched under a hedge soaked and miserable. As he trudged on again he observed a light and made for it. As he neared its source his spirits brightened up magnificently.

"It's where the Barclays live," he exclaimed. "Why, if Mr. Barclay is home, I'm all right. He is a friend of mine, he is. He's good to all the fellows."

Wilfred had reason to feel confidence in Ira Barclay. The latter had been calling on Lella for some time past. He was not exactly looked upon as a sutor by the family, but they all liked him. Wilfred timidly, but hopefully knocked at the door to find Mr. Barclay home and alone and ready with a genial welcome.

Relieved, but fearful, Wilfred told his story. Ira Barclay went to the telephone without his knowledge and informed Wilfred's folks of the circumstances, suggesting that Wilfred be allowed to stay all night. Then the big-hearted fellow set about making Wilfred comfortable and happy.

"Oh, I say," abruptly observed Wilfred, his eye chancing to fall upon a framed picture upon the mantel. "Lella has got one of those, too."

"Indeed," remarked Ira, and a trifle animatedly. The picture was one of himself, cut from the local newspaper at the head of an article boasting him for a local judgship.

"Yes, she has," rattled on the irrepressible Wilfred. "She keeps it on her bureau and the other day Lois Phelps noticed it and she said to Lella 'what's that for?' and Lella says, 'why, that's a gentleman I regard with great respect—no respect.' And Lois got tormenting her and says, 'maybe you keep him there to kiss,' and Lella says, 'I will if I want to. He's worth it,' and did."

Ira Barclay reddened and his breath came quick. He did not seek to invade the sanctity of a young girl's secrets, but he was infinitely glad of Wilfred's inadvertency. For a second time during that eventful day Wilfred had "spilled," this time bringing wonderful happiness to a truly deserving young man.

Florida Safe & Lock Co.

Vault Doors, Fire Proof Safes.

Safety Deposit Boxes.

Prompt Delivery Box 84, Lakeland, Florida

E. C. PAINTER FERTILIZER COMPANY

JACKSONVILLE, FLORIDA

Fertilizers, Insecticides, Sprayers, Poultry Supplies

For thirty years we have been manufacturing fertilizers in this State—we have satisfied customers in every county in Florida.

Write for Latest Price List. Prices always in line with Quality

J. E. SPURLING, Local Agent, SANFORD, FLORIDA

BICYCLES - - BICYCLES

Bicycle Accessories



While we have gone into the Auto Accessory and Auto Tire and Vulcanizing Business we are still in the Bicycle Business and are now Better Prepared than ever to serve you in our Bicycle Repair Department and can better supply your demands for the Best Bicycles Manufactured.

We carry a big stock and a complete line of all Bicycle Accessories and Childrens Velocipedes and Toy Automobiles. Everything on Wheels. See us when you need wheel goods.



Sanford Cycle Co.

Phone 251-W Sanford, Florida 115 Park Ave.

Does the Man Who Wants to Buy Your Fruit Crop Ever Tell You Any Good News About the Market?

Really it is rather remarkable the amount of bad news which gets into circulation just about the time buyers are getting ready to contract for oranges and grapefruit. Here are some of the little items which are beginning just now to be talked:

- Poor sizes; it is rather remarkable how many groves have such a large proportion of poor sizes, according to these rumors.
- Also, it is equally remarkable how the entire yield sometimes threatens to be an "off-size" crop, if the rumors are right.
- Then there is the big crop, of course. The threat of over-production is always with us, to judge by the rumors that are talked.
- Scarcity of labor is another item of bad news which helps explain why the buyers can't hope to pay better prices.
- Then, there are transportation difficulties, too. Sometimes the outlook for getting fruit to the markets is pretty blue.

These are just a few of the items of bad news. They are the cause for the question previously asked, and which we repeat: Does the man who wants to buy your fruit crop ever tell you any good news about the market? Join the Florida Citrus Exchange and keep informed. Full particulars of membership on application to



Florida Citrus Exchange, Tampa, Fla.

L. A. HAKES, Manager

Orange County Citrus

ORLANDO, Citrus-Exchange, FLORIDA

FLORIDA CITRUS EXCHANGE

NOTICE!

On account of the continual increase in labor and all merchandise, especially cleaning and pressing supplies, all pressing clubs have been forced to increase : : : : prices as follows : : : :

UNION PRICES EFFECTIVE AUGUST 1, 1919

2 Piece Woolen Suits Pressed	- - - -	\$.50
3 " " " "	- - - -	.60
2 " " " Dry Cleaned	- - - -	1.00
3 " " " "	- - - -	1.25
2 " " " Scrubbed	- - - -	1.25
3 " " " "	- - - -	1.50
Trousers Pressed	- - - -	.35
Coat Pressed	- - - -	.35
Trousers Cleaned	- - - -	.50
Coat Cleaned	- - - -	.75
Suits Sponged and Pressed	- - - -	.75

PALM BEACH and MOHAIR SUITS

Suits Cleaned	- - - -	\$.75
Single Pants (or) Coat Cleaned	- - - -	.40
White Flannel Trousers Cleaned	- - - -	50 & 75c

CLUB TICKETS FOR SALE AT \$2.00

GOOD FOR SIX SUITS PRESSED OR THREE SUITS CLEANED AND PRESSED

BOARD OF COMMISSIONERS MEET

(Continued from Page 9)

ringer and carried, the following citizens were appointed a committee to view this road and report to this Board, Mr. W. W. Whitcomb, Mr. G. R. Read, and Mr. M. E. Dooley, a plat of the proposed road was filed with the petition.

(Continued Next Week)

Sturman-McDaniel's

Miss Ruth McDaniels and Bryan J. Sturman were married at the residence of the bride's mother, Mrs. E. A. Douglass on Sanford Heights Saturday morning at eight o'clock. The ceremony was performed by Dr. George Hyman of the Baptist

Church in the presence of the family and a few guests. After the ceremony a wedding breakfast was served and the bride and groom left for Jacksonville via auto to New Smyrna.

The bride is well known in this city where she spent her girlhood days being the eldest daughter of Mrs. Douglass. She has a large circle of friends won by her sweet disposition and charming manner. For the past year Mrs. Sturman has held a responsible position in Jacksonville where she met Mr. Sturman, the acquaintance ripening into love and the wedding is the culmination.

The groom is the son of former congressman Sturman of Washington state and is well known in his western home. For some time Mr. Sturman has been connected with the Merrill-Stevens Ship Building Company of Jacksonville where he holds a responsible position as

electrician. Mr. and Mrs. Sturman will make their future home in Jacksonville where the best wishes of their many friends follow them.

Death of I. J. Secord

The summons of one Death Angel came to Mr. I. J. Secord, Tuesday night at ten o'clock at his late residence in this city, bringing sadness and sorrow to a large circle of friends for the deceased was one of the beloved older citizens of the community, his genial disposition, kindly courtesy and unflinching consideration for others winning for him a friend in everyone with whom he came in contact. Loyal to his country, faithful in friendship, a devoted husband and a conscientious churchman and christian gentleman, death has robbed the town of one of its most desirable citizens.

Mr. Secord was born in Niagara county, N. Y. August 10th, 1839 and he would have been eighty years old had he lived until Sunday.

The deceased has had a most remarkable life. His father was killed by the Indians in Northern Michigan and at the tender age of six he was left an orphan and without a home. At fourteen he engaged in farming and shortly after drove a big herd of cattle into California, before he was fifteen. From then on failures and successes marked his life until the Civil War when in '62 he enlisted under the Star and Stripes being in active service for three years and four months. Almost shot to pieces in various engagements and carrying a bullet in his knee the rest of his life he was made a Commissary Sergeant in '64. He was also made prisoner by the opposing forces several times but always escaping.

On October 8th, 1885 he married Miss Mary McCord and came to Sanford, where they have resided ever since.

Mr. Secord's health has been failing for several years and for a number of weeks it was known that his days were numbered.

The funeral services were held at the Congregational church at six o'clock Wednesday afternoon, by G. B. Waldron and Dr. Geo. Hyman officiating. Mr. T. J. Miller personally had charge of the funeral arrangements. Interment at Lake View Cemetery.

Solemnly and beautiful on the still evening air "taps" were sounded by Mrs. Robert Herndon. Honorary pall-bearers were W. H.

Leffler, J. N. Lord, A. C. Martin, Confederate Veterans; M. F. Robinson, Findlay Munson and I. Robbins, G. A. R. Veterans. Active pall-bearers were J. H. Ferguson, F. R. Kent, Geo. Randall Henry Nickel, R. A. Terhuen and T. C. Carlson.

The deceased is survived by his widow, Mrs. Mary Secord and one son of his first wife, Ira J. Secord of San Pueblo, Cal.

THE BAPTIST TEMPLE

Two large enthusiastic audiences at preaching services.

Sunday School launched a campaign for 270 in attendance by the end of August.

Six new members were added to the church. The enrollment increases at every service.

The pastor will speak Sunday morning on "The Standard of a Church for Bigger Brotherhood"

The second of a series of addresses on Dr. Hyman's experiences as Chaplain will be delivered Sunday night. "France and Frenchmen as I saw them," will be the subject.

Elsewhere in the Herald is mentioned the gift of \$100.00 to home missions by Mrs. E. E. Cox and of \$700.00 to foreign missions by Mr. J. D. Hood.

Join the Temple congregations. You will be glad.

Dickins' Sale Continues

The great reduction sale of the Dickins Shoe Store continues and there are many more bargains in shoes for you but you must hurry down at once and get them for they are going fast.

The reason is that shoes are high and going higher and the low prices put on all these fine shoes are making them fly. This is a better opportunity than the people of this section to purchase shoes at such prices. See the advertisement in this issue.

Notice

Regular meeting of Sanford Lodge No. 27, I. O. O. F. Monday night August 11th. The Degree Staff of Osceola Lodge of Kalamazoo will be present to confer the degree first. All Odd Fellows cordially invited.

PREVENT HOG CHOLERA

The B. A. Thomas Hog Powder has a record of 35 per cent cure of Hog Cholera. If you feed hogs and directed you need never fear an cholera or any other hog disease. And the directions are very simple just about what you are doing plus a few cents worth of B. A. Thomas Hog Powder in the feed will prevent it. Usually Hog Cholera goes to the lungs and it kills the hog. It is a disease that is fatal. If you do not know what to do, you will get better than you can get. It costs you 10 cents a pound. It is sold by Merchants Grocery Co. 61-5tc.

Pure Food

Our pure food laws have three purposes:

1. To prevent the use of unwholesome material.
2. To prevent fraudulent substitution.
3. To inform the purchaser what she is buying.

Some products are so well known to the housewife that from the class name under which they are sold she can tell the ingredients contained therein. With others, such as baking powder, all the ingredients are named on the label, and as a result the most healthful, economical and desirable kind can be selected.

There is one class of mixtures, however, which are still bought blindly without knowledge of the ingredients. These are the so-called Self-Rising Flours. Read the label on any package of self-rising flour and there is never found either the statement, "This package contains the following ingredients and none other," or any equivalent statement. One cannot determine from the label either the quality of the flour or the nature of the other ingredients mixed therewith.

In the selection of baking powder, the housewife is very particular; but in self-rising flour she takes whatever ingredients are handed her without asking questions and in an equal state of ignorance with the dealer who is selling to her, as to what these ingredients are.

It has been admitted by the manufacturers of acid phosphate that the phosphate used in self-rising flour frequently contains 25 per cent or over of calcium sulphate (gypsum). Physicians know the objections to introducing such an amount of unnecessary inedible material into the system.

The physician can do much toward the enactment of laws that will forbid the use of such material in the manufacture of self-rising flour and that will require a statement on self-rising flour of all the ingredients contained therein.

Such laws will protect the health and the pocketbook.

Maudie Marie Costello

NOTE—Miss Costello is already well known to most of the ladies of our city. She is of the Domestic Science Branch of the University of Chicago, a graduate of Lewis Institute, Supervisor of Domestic Science in Public Schools, Special Lecturer on Domestic Arts and Economy, Special Lecturer to the Women's Clubs.

We are publishing a series of her most important articles.

1ST FLOOR PORTAGE ON LAKE MONROE

Joining Bulkhead on the West. Two Weeks of building Lots. With two-story factory building. Address: C. KENNISON, P. O. Box 505, Orlando, Fla.

Fordson Tractors

Now is the time to place your order for the "Fordson Tractor." The very best and cheapest tractor for all farm use.

Price of Tractors	: - - -	\$750.00
Power Pulleys	- - - -	\$39.00
Extension Rims	- - - -	\$40.00

All prices f. o. b.

Factory

C. F. WILLIAMS - EDWARD HIGGINS
Dealer Salesman

PRINCE ALBERT

the national joy smoke



Tanned bags, tidy red lips, handsome pound and half pound tin humidifier—and that classy, practical pound crystal glass humidifier with sponge moisture top that keeps the tobacco in such perfect condition.

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PUT it flush up to Prince Albert to produce more smoke happiness than you ever before collected! P. A.'s built to fit your smoke appetite like kids fit your hands! It has the jimdandiest flavor and coolness and fragrance you ever ran against!

Just what a whale of joy Prince Albert really is you want to find out the double-quickest thing you do next. And, put it down how you could smoke P. A. for hours without tongue bite or parching. Our exclusive patented process cuts out bite and parch.

Realize what it would mean to get set with a joy'us jimmy pipe or the papers every once and a while. And, pull to beat the cards! Without a comeback! Why, P. A. is so good you feel like you'd just have to eat that fragrant smokel R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, N. C.

BALL GAMES FOR THE WEEK
(Continued from Page 9)

the game but it was not played under protest and neither was it a farce with the exception of the fact that Sanford laid it all over the Smokers and drove their pitchers from the mound.

This is the score for Monday's game:

Game:	AB	R	H	PO	A	E
Tampa	3	0	1	1	2	2
Alvarez, 3b	3	1	1	1	1	0
Leon, 2b	2	1	0	1	1	1
Brown, ss	2	0	2	5	1	0
Dellinger, 1b	2	0	2	1	1	0
Hernandez, p & rf	1	0	0	0	2	0
Bowden, rf & p	1	0	0	0	2	0
Farrior, c	1	0	0	2	0	0
Corcho, lf	1	0	0	2	0	0
Williams, cf	1	0	0	0	0	1
Jackson, cf & 3b	1	0	0	0	0	0
Wells, cf	0	0	0	0	0	0
Totals	17	2	6	12	7	6

Sanford	AB	R	H	PO	A	E
Stewart, 2b	4	3	4	3	2	0
Chapman, c	4	1	2	4	0	0
Johnson, cf	4	1	2	2	0	0
White, rf	4	3	3	0	0	0
Childs, lf	1	1	0	2	0	0
Albanese, 1b	2	2	1	4	0	0
Davis, ss	2	1	1	0	2	0
Inman, 3b	3	2	1	0	0	0
Chapman, p	3	1	2	0	1	0
Totals	25	15	16	15	5	0

Score by innings:
Tampa 200 00—2
Sanford 561 3*—15

Summary: Left on bases, Sanford 4; Tampa 3; two base hits, Leon White, Davis, Inman, Stewart; base on balls off Chapman 2; Hernandez 3; hits apportioned off Hernandez 3; Bowden 3, Alvarez 4; stolen bases

Davis, Inman, Childs; batter hit, Inman; double plays, Davis to Stewart to Albanese; time of game 1:47, umpires Ellis and Jackson.

Sanford Takes Second Game

Manager Bowden received a vote of confidence from his directors by wire this morning, read the riot act to the Smokers, two in particular drawing stiff fines for indifferent play and though crippled the Tampanians came back this afternoon fighting the Celeryfeds to a 1 to 0 finish, with both Morton and Corcho pitching magnificent ball. The locals scored their tally on a couple of bubbles in the seventh.

Manager Hernandez fined Hernandez \$25 and fined Leon similarly and suspended him. Bowden, Williams and Jackson are still out of the game and to fill the emergency Bowden signed Chaplin and Rive, who were released by the local club.

One hardly recognized the same club in the Tampa uniforms. The Smokers moved about with more pep and spirit and played jam-up ball except for one slip in the seventh. The score:

Tampa	AB	R	H	PO	A	E
Alvarez, 3b	4	0	1	2	0	0
Rive, cf	4	0	1	1	0	1
Brown, ss	4	0	1	2	0	0
Dellinger, 1b	4	0	0	8	0	0
Hernandez, lf	4	0	0	1	0	1
Farrior, c	3	0	0	10	0	0
Chaplin 2b	3	0	0	0	1	0
Wells, rf	3	0	0	1	0	0
Corcho, p	3	0	0	1	0	1
Totals	32	0	3	24	5	3

Sanford: AB R H PO A E
Stewart, 2b 4 3 4 3 2 0
Chapman, c 4 1 2 4 0 0
Johnson, cf 4 1 2 2 0 0
White, rf 4 3 3 0 0 0
Childs, lf 1 1 0 2 0 0
Albanese, 1b 2 2 1 4 0 0
Davis, ss 2 1 1 0 2 0
Inman, 3b 3 2 1 0 0 0
Chapman, p 3 1 2 0 1 0
Totals 25 15 16 15 5 0

Johnson, cf	4	0	0	2	0	0
Albanese, 1b	4	0	0	8	0	0
White, lf	3	0	1	1	0	0
Hord, 3b	4	0	1	5	1	0
Childs, rf	4	0	1	0	0	0
Davis, ss	3	1	0	1	4	1
Morton p	3	0	1	0	4	1
Totals	33	1	6	27	11	9

Score by innings:
Tampa 000 000 000—0
Sanford 000 000 10*—1
Summary: Left on bases, Tampa 2, Sanford 7; two-base hits Stewart, Hord; first base on balls, off Corcho 1; struck out, by Corcho, 9, by Morton 9; stolen bases Davis; time of game 1:43; umpire Boyer.

BASE BALL LAST GALLEY

Sanford Takes Third One
Ellis pitched a magnificent game against the Smokers here on Wednesday, being especially strong in pinches and Sanford dumped the visitors to the tune of 4 to 0.

Hord's homer in the eighth with two on, finished up the local end of the whitewash in fine style, for a clean sweep of the series.

A spectacular catch by Farrior of Child's Texas leaguer in the seventh was among the features, the Smoker second sacker, racing backwards into short right-center for the poke and killing a hit.

Johnson's double, followed by Albanese's triple in the opening stanza brought the first score and only a magnificent rally by Wells in the sixth prevented more local scoring. The Smoker hurler walked Stewart in this frame and hit Chapman. Then he did the clam act so effectively that Chapman didn't get a chance to move.

The score was as follows:

Tampa	AB	R	H	PO	A	E
Alvarez, 3b	4	0	0	2	1	0
Jackson, cf	4	0	1	1	0	0
Brown, ss	4	0	0	3	0	0
Dellinger, 1b	3	0	0	7	1	0
Hernandez, lf	1	0	0	2	1	0
Corcho, rf & lf	3	0	1	5	0	0
Farrior, 2b	3	0	2	0	0	0
Rive, c	3	0	1	8	0	1
Wells, p	3	0	1	3	0	0
J. Bowden, rf	1	0	1	0	9	0
Totals	29	0	5	24	7	2

Sanford	AB	R	H	PO	A	E
Stewart, 2b	4	0	1	5	1	0
Chapman, c	3	1	1	7	2	0
Johnson, cf	4	1	1	0	0	0
Albanese, 1b	3	1	1	11	0	1
Hord, 3b	4	1	1	2	1	0
Childs, rf	4	0	0	0	0	0
White, lf	2	0	0	0	1	0

Latest New York Styles

Ladies Ready-to-wear and
Gent's Furnishings

Everything in up-to-date Styles
Right from New York

New York Ready-to-Wear

312 Sanford Avenue . . . Sanford, Florida

Davis, ss	3	0	1	1	4	1
Ellis, p	3	0	0	0	4	0
Inman, cf	0	0	0	0	0	0
Totals	29	4	6	27	12	2

Score by innings:
Tampa 000 000 000—0
Sanford 100 000 000—15

Summary: Left on bases, Tampa 3, Sanford 5; two base hits, Johnson; three base hits, Albanese; home runs, Hord; first base on balls, off Wells 3; struck out by Wells 5, by Ellis 6; sacrifice hits, Hernandez, Bowden; stolen bases Stewart 2, Chapman; double plays, Davis to Stewart to Albanese; time of game 1:55. Umpire Windham. Attendance 191.

Standing of Clubs.	Won	Lost	Pct
Sanford	19	10	.655
Lakeland	18	14	.560
Bradentown	17	14	.548
Llando	14	14	.500
Tampa	13	18	.410
Bartow	10	22	.312

Thursday's Games
Sanford 4, Tampa 0
Lakeland 6, Bradentown 3.
Orlando 6, Bartow 1.

Free Books

Citrus Insects and Diseases: Short, plain description of the common citrus troubles with directions for treatment; also receipts for spraying advised and directions for spraying and pruning. —twenty-four pages.

Garden and Field Troubles: Sixty-four pages of valuable information on control of the various troubles that may arise in the truck garden or field including preparation of soil, rotation of crops, handling of seed and seed beds, transplanting, spraying, etc. —

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A LOVE PROBLEM
By MONA DORR.

As the train drew into Medfield, Lillian Thornton glanced appreciatively around the quiet little station. Its cleanliness had impressed her when entering the town. Having come all the way from the city of Jamestown to teach at the district school, the rural scenery gave her a feeling of contentment.

Glancing out through the window in the tiny waiting room she saw a small runabout stop and a tall man spring out. He came into the station, and stepping up to her, hat in hand, asked: "Is this Miss Thornton?" As the girl nodded, he continued: "I'm Douglas Ramsey, superintendent of schools. Mrs. Gray asked me to meet you. You know the roads are so muddy." He threw her a reassuring smile as he picked up her bags and led the way to the car. On the ride to Mrs. Gray's she learned that her companion was Mrs. Gray's near neighbor, living with his parents. The beautiful scenery and lovely fields impressed Lillian, who had been used to city life, and the ride had not seemed a two-mile run when the car drew up before a low, old-fashioned cottage. Though it was the month of September, the grass was still a lovely green, and the dahlias, gladioli and other late foliage, in their mingled glory of yellow, pink and red, seemed to nod a bright welcome to the girl. As they started up the gravelled path the front door was opened and a plump, pleasant-faced woman smiled a welcome to Lillian. "We'll not require an introduction," said Mrs. Gray as she pressed the girl's hand. After a few words, Superintendent Ramsey departed with the promise to call for Lillian the next day to introduce her to the new duties at Kelsey school. Mrs. Gray's family consisted of her husband, a genial, hard-working farmer, and her six-year-old son Richard, who would start into school with the new teacher. Lillian retired happy that night with the assurance of a pleasant home, one good scholar and the anticipation of several others. Tuesday morning found Lillian and small Richard starting out for the school, which stood down the road a short distance. On the way Douglas joined them, and as they reached the schoolhouse they saw a group of eager little figures patiently waiting. "Hello, Johnny! Well, how goes it, Ted?" and so on as the man greeted each smiling face. When they had all assembled in the schoolroom the superintendent arose and said: "Boys and girls, this is our new teacher, Miss Thornton. How many are going to do their very best to make this a model school this year." Twenty-five ready hands star into the air in acquiescence, and Lillian Thornton knew her first battle was won. Days flew by into weeks and, with the teacher's city training, the little school was fast becoming a model.

In the meantime the superintendent had become a frequent caller at the Gray homestead, and Lillian looked forward with pleasure to his evening calls. One afternoon in midwinter a knock was heard, and one of the scholars admitted Superintendent Ramsey. Needless to say, books were laid aside and attention was claimed. "Now," said the teacher smilingly, "we will have recitation." And there followed quick sums in arithmetic which were readily answered by the older pupils. Finally the work was switched to the younger children. "Richard"—this to the little Gray youngster—"tell us the answer to one plus one." The boy thought for a moment, then replied: "One!" The teacher looked askance. "Why, Richard, one plus one?" "One," he returned again. Then with quivering lips and tearful eyes, "I know, teacher, you said 'twas two; but my mother said if—'Smiley'—I mean Mr. Ramsey, kept comin' to see you, you twod be one, so I thought that was an example. You always say to give an example." There was a strained silence for one minute, when a titter, then a burst of laughter was heard from a roomful of lusty young throats; and, worst of all, came the low chuckle of a man. Lillian's head came up from the desk in double-quick time, and her flushed face and angry eyes met the laughing gaze of 'Smiley' Ramsey, as he was lovingly named by his many little friends. "My dear little girl," he laughingly whispered, "why should you be so angry?" The school was adjourned one hour before closing time and then many of the older girls came up to comfort poor teacher. The following autumn there was a pretty wedding in which 25 little children gave their small blessings to a lovely new house was erected near the little schoolhouse; but the pupils, and the parents, too—would have none of it until its mistress had consented to teach another year. (Copyright, 1919, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

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Proper Food Important.

"As a man thinketh so is he," Yes; but also: "As a man eateth so doth he think." For the brain, a part of the body, is built of food.—Los Angeles Times.

Household Hint.

To make a cheap filter, take a large flower pot and stop the hole with a sponge. Cover with a few inches of powdered charcoal; fill with water, and let it stand over a pail supported by two or three sticks. The water filtering through the charcoal will be freed from all impurities. The charcoal should be changed every three months.

Worst of Answers.

A certain Kansas City physician will never know just how near death he was the other day when, after a thorough examination of probably the slightest, sweetest and altogether supreme nine-months-old baby in the world, the mother asked: "Well, what do you think about my baby?" and he said: "Oh, it's a normal baby."—Kansas City Star.

Sky Went Along.

A woman was leaving a home where she had been very happy, and, as she boarded the train which was to take her away, the tears came fast. Her little son, anxious to comfort her, tried the effect of a cheering discovery he had just made. "Why, mother," he exclaimed, "the sky is going right along with us." Other faint-hearted people need to make the same discovery. No matter what we leave behind, the best goes with us.

Find Indian Stone Celts.

In an article on Indian stone celts in the Wisconsin Archeologist, Charles E. Brown, chief of the state historical museum, describes the various classes of celts, or stone hatchets, and in what Wisconsin localities many of them have been found. Jefferson county has been the source of many celts, and other counties in which they have been found are Dodge, Calumet, Brown, Waupaca, Walworth, Winnebago, Waukesha and Washington.

Our War With Spain.

On the 18th of April, 1898, the United States senate and the house of representatives declared jointly that the Cubans "are and of a right ought to be free and independent" and empowered President McKinley to use the land and naval forces of the United States to their utmost capacity to carry the resolution into effect. This resolution constituted our declaration of war against Spain.

Death Valley.

Death valley is a narrow valley between the Panamint and Funeral mountains in California. It is traversed by the Amargosa river, which is usually a dry channel, though probably it was formerly full of water. The level of the valley is covered with salt, supposed to have been brought by the torrents from the surrounding desert and left on the evaporation of the water. Death valley is considered to be the hottest and driest place in the United States. A temperature of 122 degrees has been observed.

Why Be Thankful?

One good reason for being thankful all the time is that you have cool water to drink, wholesome food to eat and fresh air to breathe. These make it possible to enjoy the kind of health that brings the state of good feeling called happiness.

Have Good Light.

If you work at night be sure that you have a good light. Are lights, because of their glaring rays, are exceedingly injurious. A shaded light is the best substitute at night for diffused daylight. The electric bulbs should either have a dome or a dark paper shade. A gas light composed of mantle and bulb produces a good, diffused light and when placed high enough near the ceiling does not injure the eyes.



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