

# Scientific Farming

## CORN THAT BEATS FROST.

This Can Be Grown In the Northwestern Wheat Regions.

After nearly twenty years of work by the Agricultural college of Washington and co-operating farmers two varieties of corn adapted to the rigorous climate of the Pacific northwest are making strong bids for a permanent place in the farming of those states whose climate is characterized by occasional late spring frosts, cool nights, even in midsummer, and fairly early fall frosts. writes J. L. Ashlock in the Country Gentleman. The problem of western and northern corn growers, whose exclusive interest till lately has been in wheat, has been to find or develop a type of corn that will stand the late spring frost and the cool midsummer nights and ripen up ahead of the fall frosts.

The two new varieties of corn are distinct types, known in the work of the Agricultural college as Thayer Yellow Dent and Windus White Dent. Oddly enough, authentic facts relative to their introduction into the northwest cannot be determined. Nearly twenty years ago C. H. Thayer, now dead, and his neighbor, W. V. Windus, who is still living, were growing



YELLOW DENT CORN.

them in Whitman county, Wash. Windus grew the white and Thayer the yellow. Each man had obtained his seed from a neighbor. The neighbors, now dead, apparently had obtained the seed "somewhere in the east" and had done a good deal of best selecting, which in turn was taken up by the Agricultural college.

As years passed by Thayer and Windus grew their corn with increasing success. In the early nineties the agricultural college was founded in the state of Washington, and when attempts were made a few years later to introduce corn Windus and Thayer, who lived near the new institution, enthusiastically donated seed for trial, each vowing that his was superior to the other.

In succeeding years many varieties of corn were tried out and eliminated by late frosts or the cool nights of midsummer. Several kinds escaped the frosts and coolness of summer, only to be clipped in the fall even before they could be siled. The white and yellow dents, however, promptly gave evidence of their worth. Still, it was several years before the agricultural college felt safe in recommending the corn to the farmers. In 1907 it seemed advisable to offer limited quantities of the seed for trial. By this time one was called Thayer Yellow Dent and the other Windus White Dent.

But men who were successfully engaged in the production of wheat and knew corn only as seen in the great corn states of the middle west and east looked askance. Only by the utmost coaxing could the agricultural college induce thirty farmers to try small patches of it. The results were so good that in the next year, 1908, it was possible to distribute 275 samples of seed among farmers who promised to give it a fair trial. In 1909 700 samples of the corn were distributed. Each year since then has marked an additional step in overthrowing the wheat farmer's prejudice against corn. Till the present year finds corn quite well established in northwestern wheat regions. In January, February and March of the present year the agricultural college distributed more than 5,000 pounds of Windus and Thayer Dent, representing only a fractional part of what will be planted.

On the state farm at Pullman, Whitman county, Wash., the Thayer Yellow Dent grows from five to seven feet high, ears well and produces four to seven tons of silage an acre. Yields running all the way from thirty to sixty bushels have been obtained, which is pretty good for a region far too rigorous for corn as found in its natural habitat. Planted from the 10th to the 15th of May, the yellow corn usually is ready to cut by the middle of September. Under like conditions the Windus White Dent grows about a foot taller than the Thayer Yellow, with correspondingly heavier stalks and foliage. It ears well and by October or a little earlier yields six to eight tons of silage to the acre.

## PEOPLE AND EVENTS

Continued from Page 4

Messrs. Chas and Walter Hand left yesterday for Kansas City en route to Los Angeles and her home in San Francisco, Cal.

Miss Margaret Calvin of Jacksonville is the attractive guest of Mrs. E. O. Hayes.

Mr. and Mrs. Ed Randall, Mr. and Mrs. Ed Biggers, Evelyn Biggers and Gertrude Runge have returned from a camping trip at Rice Lake.

Mr. and Mrs. Zebulon are moving this week into their new home on Magnolia avenue.

Mrs. F. P. Strong is spending several days with Mrs. C. R. Walker, resting and recuperating after a severe illness.

### Brumley-Eichner

A wedding of special interest was solemnized at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Endor Curlett in Geneva, at the hour of high noon Wednesday when Miss Isabella Eichner of Baltimore was united in marriage to Charles S. Brumley of St. Augustine, Dr. John W. Stagg pronouncing the ceremony which made them one.

Miss Eichner has spent the past year with her sister, Mrs. Curlett, and during her stay the romance began which culminated in her marriage with Mr. Brumley, whose parents reside at Chuloto. The maid of honor was Miss Emma V. Eichner, who was gowned in pink crepe meteor and carried an arm bouquet of bride roses. The bride, a dainty blonde, wore white crepe meteor cut in the prevailing ankle length with a flowing veil of tulle caught here and there with valley lilies, and carried an exquisite shower bouquet of orchids and valley lilies, her only ornament being a handsome lavender, the groom's gift. Mr. Sidney Hargrove, a life long friend of the groom was best man, and Mr. Lambert J. Eichner of Baltimore gave the bride away.

The bridal party passed through

the living room from the stairway to the west porch, where the ceremony took place amid decorations of magnolias, bamboo and palmetto blossoms, the lovely ring ceremony being used. The Bridal Chorus from Lohengrin was played by Mr. William Branch, Jr., of Orlando, who played the Intermezzo from Cavalleria Rusticana during the ceremony and Mendelssohn's wedding march at the close.

The entire house was beautifully decorated with bamboo, magnolia and palmetto blooms. Handsome candelabra held white candles gaily burning, and the dining table was attractive with Cluny lace, roses and candles.

The punch bowl stood on a prettily appointed table, and an elaborate menu was served by well trained household servants. The wedding cake and other viands were provided by the well known caterer, Floederman of Baltimore.

Mrs. Lisette Eichner and three sons, mother and brothers of the bride, also a sister, who was bride-maid came from Baltimore to be present at the wedding.

Mr. and Mrs. Brumley left by auto for Sanford, where they took the train for a tour of the Great Lakes and Thousand Islands, to be gone several weeks, and on their return will go to housekeeping in St. Augustine where Mr. Brumley is bookkeeper for Jas. E. Ingram of the Flagler system.

The melon distributors' association has made definite rules for grading and loading melons. In quoting melon sizes, the melons should be within four pounds or above the average quoted. The standard is 20-pound average, melons weighing not less than 16 pounds and not more than 24 pounds; 22-pound average, 18 to 26 pounds; 24-pound average, 20 to 28 pounds; 25-pound average, 20 to 30 pounds; 28-pound average, 24 to 32 pounds; 30-pound average, 24 to 32 pounds; 32-pound average, 26 to 34 pounds; 33-pound average, 28 to 36 pounds; 35-pound average, 28 to 40 pounds.

Melons must be clipped and loaded within 24 hours from time of clipping in order to grade them. The members of the association will

refuse to purchase any ill-shaped, diseased or speckled melons. The standard cars for loading the melons are to be 36 feet long, the melons to be loaded only four tiers high. However, if the cars are less than 36 feet, melons may be added on a fifth tier to make up the deficiency. This applies to all melons except those of 20-pound average and below, which should be loaded five tiers. The association will not buy cars which are not paper lined both on the ends and the sides, and the doors must be covered with straw.

The melon distributors' association was organized in Atlanta this spring and it represents about 75 per cent of the melons out of Georgia, Florida and Alabama. The members of the association, in selling a car of melons to a customer, require him to stand the shrinkage up to 10 per cent, but they will not stand all above that, and also pay the freight on any such extra shrinkage, provided claim is made within 48 hours.

### Fishermen's Favorites.

A considerable number of fishes are remarkable for their leaping powers, and several of these performers are on that account specially favored by anglers, since, by jumping clear of the water, in some cases many times in succession, they tax the fisherman's skill more severely than fishes less active, and thereby give added zest to their capture.

### Weaving Called Old Art.

Weaving is believed to be an older art than spinning. Rude looms are pictured on the tombs of Thebes, and it is believed that the ten curtains of the linen blue and purple and scarlet, with cherubim of "cunning work," made for the tabernacle, were tapestries, the work of the loom.

### Teacher Disagreed.

"Mamma, when you speak about three things you always ought to say 'are,' eughtn't you?" "Yes, dear. Why?" "Cause the teacher said it wasn't right when I wrote on the blackboard. The grand old red white and blue are waxing over Cuba."

### Forget Yesterday's Cares.

How active springs the mind that leaves the load of yesterday behind.—Pope

# DRINK PURE WATER

## WHY TAKE CHANCES WHEN PURE WATER CAN BE HAD

# ELDER SPRING WATER

99.98 PER CENT PURE

ANALYSIS:  
THOS. R. BAKER, Ph. D., Rollins College, Florida  
Winter Park, Florida, April 19, 1915

H. B. Coney, Esq., Orlando, Florida  
Dear Sir:—I have completed a careful sanitary analysis of the sample of water that you brought me last week and have obtained the following result:  
Color . . . . . Clear  
Reaction . . . . . Neutral  
Free Ammonia . . . . . None  
Albuminoid Ammonia . . . . . None  
Chlorine . . . . . 6 parts per 1,000,000  
Total Solids . . . . . 8 parts per 1,000,000  
Nitrates . . . . . 1 part  
Hardness . . . . . .34 parts per 1,000,000

The absence of both free and albuminoid ammonia in the spring water and its very small amount of chlorides indicate its good quality. The indications are that it is of exceptionally good quality. A very desirable feature of this spring water is its softness, containing less than one-fourth of the amount of calcium and magnesium carbonates found in many waters of this region, and just about enough, as many authorities think for supplying the lime and magnesia requirements of the body.

Yours Respectfully,  
(Signed) THOS. R. BAKER  
Daily deliveries made in Sanford in five gallon bottles sealed at the spring. Phone us for further information as to deliveries, prices, etc.

## Elder Spring Water Co.

Phone 1017-3  
Sanford, Florida

## ATLANTIC COAST LINE TRAINS

Northbound	
Arrive	Leave
No. 82 . . . . . 1:18 A. M.	1:33 A. M.
No. 81 . . . . . 10:45 A. M.	11:05 A. M.
No. 80 . . . . . 3:26 P. M.	3:46 P. M.

Southbound	
Arrive	Leave
No. 83 . . . . . 2:06 A. M.	2:16 A. M.
No. 89 . . . . . 2:10 P. M.	2:30 P. M.
No. 85 . . . . . 6:44 P. M.	6:04 P. M.

Oviedo	
Arrive	Leave
No. 26 . . . . . 9:30 A. M.	9:00 P. M.

Leesburg	
Arrive	Leave
No. 21 . . . . . 10:55 A. M.	5:58 P. M.
No. 24 . . . . . 5:20 P. M.	6:35 A. M.

Tribby	
Arrive	Leave
No. 25 . . . . . 1:00 P. M.	2:25 P. M.

Clyde Line Boat  
(St. Johns River)  
Arrive 10:00 A. M. Leave 11:30 A. M.  
Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays.

## CLASSIFIED ADVERTISING

All Local Advertisements Under This Heading THREE CENTS a Line For Each Insertion. Minimum Charge 25 Cents.

## FOR SALE

For Sale—A desirable property in the State of Florida. Owner cannot care of it. Call on H. M. C. . . . .

For Sale—A desirable property located in good neighborhood. House has nine rooms, bath and halls. Flowing water, irrigation, with hot water in house. Call on office . . . . .

For Sale—Cheap—Good as new. Furniture and Shop . . . . .

For Sale—One fine violin, with leather case, 417 W. 11th St. . . . .

## FOR RENT

For Rent—House with bath on Myrtle avenue in. Inquire of Hill Lumber Co. office. . . . .

For Rent—Several nice other rooms over Yowell's. Equus S. P. Yowell & Co. . . . .

For Rent—A six room Coronado Beach furnished. Will rent by the season or month to F. S. Niemeyer, Longwood . . . . .

For Rent—Two rooms, furnished or unfurnished, suitable for light housekeeping. Convenient to business and church. Bath room privileges. Rate for the two \$8.00 furnished, \$11.00 furnished. 206 Palmetto Ave. . . . .

Wanted—Second hand automobile, Ford preferred. Must be in good order. Address J. S. Garretson, Enterprise, Fla. . . . .

# PALM BEACH SUITS

## Just at the height of the season for these cool, comfortable suits

## Men's--Stouts, Slims, Regulars, All Colors \$7.50

## Boy's Palm Beach Suits, 7 Years to 18 Years Sizes . . . \$4.75

# N. P. YOWELL & CO.

## MARTIN'S SEEDS

KNOWN FOR QUALITY

We carry all the leading varieties of PAUL WHEELER and GARDEN SEEDS that have been tested and known to be especially adapted to Florida soil and climate.

Orders filled promptly for NEW CROP of all varieties of SEED BEANS, EGGPLANT, SPINACH, SEED CORN, KAUFER BEANS, MILLET, BEGGARWEED, SORGHUM SEED.

### COWPEAS

All Varieties.  
Rhodes and Sudan Grass Seed.  
Peanuts, Soy Beans.

### POULTRY FEED, SUPPLIES, INCUBATORS, ETC.

Write for Catalogue and Weekly Price List.

Oldest Established and Largest Seed House in Florida.

## E. A. MARTIN SEED COMPANY

308 East Bay Street, JACKSONVILLE, FLA.

THACHER REALTY COMPANY CLOSES BIG LAND DEAL

PURCHASE ALL OF PROPERTY OF OLD COLONIZATION COMPANY

Walter S. Adams of Louisville, Ky., was in the city yesterday enroute home after spending several weeks in Orlando and this city engaged in closing up the deal for the Drew holdings which include all the property recently owned by the Holden Real Estate Co., of this city.

B. Drew of Orlando originally owned this property, having purchased it from the Sanford Colonization Co. Mr. Drew sold the property to the Holden Real Estate Co., and after the death of Mr. Holden, the senior member of the firm, W. J. Thigpen, the junior member and the heir of the Holden estate in turn sold the property back to Mr. Drew. The property then changed hands again, going to R. D. Waring and W. B. Mackinson of Kissimmee who held it long enough to make another quick turn this time to Governor Thacher, W. S. Adams and Frank A. Best, and after much delay in getting the deeds in shape all this property is now vested in the Thacher Realty Co., of which M. A. Thacher is president, W. S. Adams is vice president and Frank A. Best, secretary and treasurer.

The deal is one of the largest that has been pulled off in this vicinity in many years, being about \$200,000 worth of property and includes, besides the Sanford House property, Bishop block and many city lots, country property including celery lands, orange lands, etc. near this city and a portion of property in Volusia county near Lake George.

M. H. Thacher, the president of the company is a well known attorney of Louisville. He held the position of Governor of the Panama Canal Zone under President Taft, and stands high in political, business and social circles in the Blue Grass State.

Walter S. Adams is almost as well known in Florida as a native Floridian, having spent many winters in various parts of the state and investing in property at various points. He is a prominent real estate man of Louisville.

Frank A. Best is a prominent manufacturer and business man of New Albany, Indiana, but is interested in property in Louisville and other points in Kentucky, and is looked upon as a citizen of Kentucky, where he spends much of his time.

The Thacher Realty Co. will develop their property and Gov. Thacher or Mr. Adams will be here all the time at their offices in the Bishop Block. They will make a public statement through the columns of The Herald in a few weeks and give an outline of their plans.

All of which means much for progressive Sanford and the glad hand will be extended to the Thacher Realty Co., in their endeavors to help build a Greater Sanford.

Woodland Park Notes

Thursday, June 3rd, there were an unusual number of people for a weekday. Some boys came for a swim in the morning. In the afternoon the first were Mr. Walker and son and Mr. Connelly and son. Clifford Walker beat the record in swimming the length of the pool, going young Wyckham two seconds better. The Mamie brought some passengers as usual. Among the day's visitors were: Mrs. Roberts and daughters, Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Henry and children, Mr. E. E. Brady and daughter, Mrs. D. L. Thrasher and daughter, Mr. McLablin and children, Mrs. Gonzales and son, Misses Pughenart and Allen, Mrs. Monroe and son, Mrs. Harris and Mrs. Wesley, the champion long distance swimmer, Harry Kanner, Misses Kates and Iserman, Mr. Lane and party and Mr. and Mrs. Osteen and children. A social party chaperoned by De F. H. Marks, were Misses Newman Bunch of Orlando, Dr. and Mrs. Butt, Mrs. Miller and children, Mrs. Bart Herndon, Messrs. Sam'l Yonts and Chas. McCrory. They did all manner of stunts in the pool and after the crowd left, they monopolized the dance hall and tangle-toed some to the strains of the Woodland Orchestra. Besides these the usual number of young people came.

About sixty people were in bathing Sunday, June 6th. As usual only a few boys came in the morning. In the afternoon, a number of parties came. Mrs. Stafford and children and Mr. and Mrs. Osteen and children from Monroe, Mr. Wyckham and carload of friends, Mr. and Mrs. Musson and children, the same Der H. F. Marks, Sam'l Yonts, Miss Jones and Miller children came for a swim. Mr. Shepherd and large party from Celery avenue, and others came to spend a pleasant afternoon. The Mamie brought a good load again and Com. Howard came in his flag ship. Threatening rain prevented a large number of the usual visitors from coming.

Woodman.

Children's Day Program

Next Sunday morning at 11 o'clock, the scholars of the Congregational Sunday school will present a program entitled "Nature's Voices," composed of songs, recitations, etc. An offering for the Sunday school missionary work of our national society will be taken, and all the scholars and friends are urged to bring a special offering for this great work. All are cordially invited.

Young Doctors Home

Dr. Ralph Stevens and Dr. Nolle Tolar have arrived home from Philadelphia where they recently graduated with honors from the Jefferson Medical College. Mr. and Mrs. Stevens and Dr. Tolar accompanied them home having gone to Philadelphia to see the boys graduate. It is more than likely that these young doctors will return to the north for a year in the hospitals before starting to work upon home folks.

LEGISLATURE CLOSES AFTER PASSING BILLS

SEVERAL IMPORTANT MEASURES PASSED IN LAST MOMENT

The Florida legislature adjourned at noon last Friday after a sixty days' session that was said to be one of the best in the history of Florida.

General bills as follows were passed:

Creating a state highway commission.

To aid counties in road building.

Establishing state reform school for girls.

Authorizing counties to establish detention homes for delinquent children.

Placing the county commissioners on the budget system and making it a penal offense for them to exceed the tax levy in issuing warrants.

Giving cities the power to change their charters by a vote of the people.

Compelling cities to submit all public utility franchises to a vote of property owners.

Prescribing additional regulations for state banks and for all insurance companies.

Enacting the Texas anti-trust law.

Placing all salt water fish under authority of the shell fish commissioner.

Providing medical inspection for school children at the stills and raising the standard.

Providing naval stores inspection.

The Davis liquor passage law.

Created the counties of Broward, Bloxham and Okaloosa.

The crop pest law.

Created normal school departments in high schools in counties appropriating \$500 in addition to state appropriation.

Created county depositories instead of county treasuries.

WOODMEN SERVICES MOST IMPRESSIVE

UNVEILING OF MONUMENT AND MEMORIAL ATTENDED BY LARGE AUDIENCE

By Elmer E. Rogers

The sacred covenant of Brotherhood was most fittingly exemplified at Lakeview cemetery last Sunday afternoon.

There under a perfect firmament, amidst attractive natural scenery and solemn sepulchres of the dead, the Sovereigns of Gads City Camp, number 6 of the Woodmen of the World paid loving and impressive tribute to their deceased brothers.

True fellowship, which pours forth from the heart like a perennial fountain, expressed itself in tender remembrance as local Woodcraft marched in a body to graves of departed Sovereigns, and at each grave not only expressed amiable sentiment but placed thereon floral tokens of fraternal love.

Thus did Sanford Woodcraft give testimony to the true fraternal spirit of the words of our Savior who said: "By this shall all men know ye are my disciples, if ye love one another."

Once each year this memorial testimony of fraternal spirit is given to departed Sovereigns, and at each of these services, the monuments of those who have died during the year are unveiled. The deceased Sovereigns whose bodies are in Lakeview are:

- John S. Callison, Nov. 1, 1900; Garrett Hengwood, Sept. 3, 1902; Edward Wells Peabody, Mar. 9, 1904; Samuel J. Hill, Mar. 1, 1905; Allen G. Tolar, Dec. 21, 1908; W. E. Williams, Nov. 5, 1909; J. B. Pasvally, May 1, 1909; Samuel B. Campbell, Aug. 20, 1910; Lino W. McElroy, Jan. 8, 1910; Augustus M. Doolittle, Oct. 29, 1912; Miles A. Camp, Jan. 25, 1913.

The following Sovereigns, other than those of Gads City, were present: J. D. Parker, Master of the Phoenixes; F. S. Sincetary, Secretary; D. C. Barfield, Warrant; W. L. Hoodbann, Ex-Officio; E. L. Miller, Clerk; T. J. Miller, Banker; G. B. Frank, Advisory Lieutenant; C. F. Kennedy, Captain of District Organist; J. F. Hoodbann, Organist.

A quartette consisting of Messrs. Chas. L. Poik, E. T. Woodruff, F. F. Fortson and W. H. Wright, feelingly rendered "Nearer My God to Thee," "We'll Never Say Goodbye" and "That Beautiful Land."

Rev. Steinhilber read "Why Should the Spirit of Mortal be Proud" and also gave the Benediction.

In the absence of Mr. Geo. A. DeCottles, selected orator for the occasion, Dr. L. R. Philips spoke briefly of the beauties of Fraternity, and the constructive value of Woodcraft in modern society. Dr. Philips also read an interesting history of the W. O. W. from the Order's periodical, the "Sovereign Visitor."

Dr. Philips brought out the salient truth that the true character and soul of man can only be fully known to the world through the beautiful bond of Fraternity. The true character and soul of man being an unseen spiritual force becomes a collective revealed fact in Fraternity, which knows no MASTERS but only brothers. Thus and thus only may a universality of sympathy be developed and made practical in the every day lives of men.

In presenting the history of W. O. W. and its auxiliary, the Woodman's Circle, Dr. Philips said among other things:—

"Twenty five years ago Sovereign Joseph Cullen Root organized our order with six members, at which time it had no assets. Five years later the order had a membership of 121,625 and assets of \$127,517.61; ten years later 531,907 members and assets of \$10,838,638.91. Today it stands at the top of Fraternity with a membership of over 800,000 and net assets of over \$25,000,000. Truly a most wonderful progress."

W. O. W.'s running mate, the Woodman's Circle is patterned after its parent order and numbers its membership at over 160,000, with no debts and an emergency fund of almost \$5,000,000.

JITNEY BUS LINE STARTS IN SANFORD

TWO CARS WILL MAINTAIN REGULAR SCHEDULE AND FIVE CENT FARES

The jitneys have arrived.

Sanford is the second city in Florida to install the jitneys and as a consequence the city is receiving much comment all over the state. The Sanford Transfer Co. has inaugurated a regular schedule over the city and most important of all is the fact that a cheaper schedule to and from the depot is now maintained, thus giving the out of town people a chance to come to Sanford and transact their business without being held up for a fifty cent fare. This has kept much business from the city that formerly came here and the advent of the jitney means that a greater trade will become a part of the city's regular business. The merchants and the city generally will profit by the jitney bus and everyone should encourage the Sanford Transfer Co. by a liberal patronage. In a conversation with the manager yesterday he gave the Herald the following schedule and information regarding the city bus line.

Schedule at 6 a. m. bus will make the round trip every 30 minutes. It will stop at the depot to arrange to make all train connections at their arriving time.

Depot to city, via North St., to French Ave., French Ave. south to First St., First St. east to Park Ave., Park Ave. south to Commercial St., Commercial St. east to Palmetto, Palmetto north to First St., First St. west to Magnolia, Magnolia south to Seventh, Seventh west to Park, Park south to Fourth, south to Oak, Oak south to First, First east to Park, Park south to Ninth, Ninth west to depot.

Second bus will run from Chapel's place east side to Booth's store on west side several trips each day. This last schedule has not been permanently arranged but will be published in a few days.

Bus will stop at near corners on all streets and at all hotels, public places, etc.

Fare will be as follows: One cent for the round trip, round by French avenue, Sanford, between Fourth street and Commercial street.

Ten cents from these points to city limits.

Fifteen cents from Beardall avenue, city route.

Fifteen cents from Booth's store to city route.

Bus will run on regular route and will not leave streets mentioned.

We will arrange liberally to meet the arrival and departure time of all trains.

We have had and will appreciate the further cooperation of the merchants and citizens of Sanford in this enterprise, which is of material advantage to every one in the city and we will appreciate any suggestions from any one for the improvement of service for the public and company.

If any one has a regular trip that is not covered by this route and time we would appreciate a card stating the service desired and if possible we will arrange it.

We want to give the service that way the public wants it.

SANFORD TRANSFER CO. P. O. Box 1349 Phone 331

Senator Donegan

At noon tomorrow the legislature of Florida will come to an end for a period of two years.

During this session but a small amount of legislation has been enacted that will result in any real good to the people of the state, although numerous local measures have been passed.

At every session a score or more of members of both the house and the senate attempted to get into the limelight by introducing some measure that they hope will carve their name on the pinnacle of fame in letters of such size that nothing will efface them except an office higher up the political ladder.

There are also a number of members who will attend to their duties in a quiet and modest way, seldom saying anything on the floor, but who are constantly working for the

best interests of the people of the whole state?

The man who stands at the head of this latter class is Arthur E. Donegan, senator from this district.

While the state press has not recorded any great flights of oratory flowing from the mouth of Arthur Donegan, nor has it made his name a daily headliner of the news coming out if the state capital, yet it is this same man who introduced in the senate the one bill that had for its object the good of 95 per cent of the people of the state, and which would do more to build up Florida than all other means that could be employed.

We allude to the constitutional amendment exempting homes from taxation.

The vast majority of men who go to the legislature are the outcome of some clique, combination or corporation, and therefore are not in position to be of real service to the general public, but Arthur Donegan won his honors on his "man," he is the creature of no man or set of men, and when he saw the opportunity to do good for his fellows, and at the same time deliver a master stroke for his state he was quick to seize it.

It is not our intention to discuss the merits of this amendment. Every man of average intelligence knows it is the one thing that can make Florida the foremost of all the states in a few years' time, but merely our desire to give credit where credit is due to the man who was big enough to father the bill.

Arthur E. Donegan is today the biggest man in Florida, proved so by his work, and the people should arise as he and place him in the executive chair of the state. St. Cloud Tribune.

WILSON'S NEW NOTE CABLED TODAY

NOTE INSISTS THAT THE NEUTRAL'S RIGHTS BE PROTECTED

Washington, June 8. President Wilson's note to Germany will be cabled to Ambassador Gerard today, according to word from the White House tonight.

The only reason for the delay it was said, was the President's desire to make the phraseology of the note so explicit and unmistakable as to leave no room for doubt or further argument concerning the position of the United States Government, that the right of visit and search must be exercised and passengers and crew of unarmed ships on which neutrals are voyaging transferring to a place of safety before any prize is destroyed by a belligerent warship.

Officials familiar with the contents of the note said it was a forceful reiteration of the principles expressed by the United States in its note of February 19, when the American government announced that it would not admit the right of the German admiralty's proclamation of a war zone to infringe in any way upon the right of neutrals to travel anywhere on the high seas on peaceful merchantmen, and that the German government be held to a "strict accountability" for any violation of American rights.

Suggestion has been made to the President that the recent note from Germany offering regrets and reparation for the sinking by mistake of the Gulflight be cited in the new note as proof of the American contention that without visit and search the identity of a vessel cannot be established and the lives of neutrals safeguarded. The commander of the German submarine which attacked the Gulflight reported that he did not see the American flag until the moment of firing the shot. Whether the idea will be included is not known.

There may be some further discussion of the document with legal officers of the Government tomorrow but it is expected to be put in cipher and sent on its way to Berlin tomorrow night.

L. Krauss, local manager of the New York Supply Co. of this city left yesterday for northern markets, where he will purchase a stock of goods for his store here. He expects to be away several weeks and will visit New York, Baltimore, Philadelphia and many other cities.

SUNDAY SCHOOL PICNIC WILL OCCUR NEXT THURSDAY

DeLEON SPRINGS WILL BE SCENE OF GREAT ENJOYMENT THAT DAY

Thursday will be a big day for the kids and some of the older folks and eight o'clock will witness a large crowd gathered at the union depot to take the train for DeLeon Springs.

The Sunday schools are making great preparation for the event and there is promised a much larger crowd than ever before, as the picnic will give everyone a chance to spend a most delightful day in the woods and not only take a plunge in the cool depths of the springs and eat a lunch under the magnificent oaks but Mayor Swearingen will deliver an address at two o'clock that should be very interesting, touching as it will upon the great work of the Sunday schools in this state and a statement of the work being done in Jacksonville.

Mayor Swearingen is not only the mayor of Jacksonville but he is also superintendent of one of the Sunday schools there and is a most active worker in all work of uplifting mankind in general.

The train will leave this city at eight o'clock in the morning and returning will leave the spring at five in the evening, thus giving practically the entire day at the resort.

The jitney bus will also operate a regular schedule on that day, starting at the corner of Park avenue and First street at seven in the morning and running every fifteen minutes to the depot and return and will endeavor to carry all the people possible at a five cent fare, thus decreasing the cost of transportation materially. In other words those who have to ride to the depot in hired cars will pay sixty cents for adults round trip from the city to the springs, children thirty-five cents.

Any further information relative to the picnic will be cheerfully furnished by the local agent or any of the ministers of the city.

Sunday School Social

Geneva, Fla., June 7. The Cheerful Workers Class of the Geneva Methodist church met at the home of Mrs. Daniels Friday evening last for their regular social and business meeting. Miss Katherine Flynt was elected president; Miss Jeanetta Sheldon, vice president; Paul Dooley, secretary; Edwin Raulerson, treasurer and reporter.

After the business session they enjoyed the games of charades, spider web and Rachel and Jacob.

Mrs. Daniels served refreshments, consisting of fruit ice cream and cake. All regretted that it soon came time to be journeying home, for it was a most enjoyable occasion.

The Baptists were represented by C. W. Culpepper, Miss Thusa Tarbell and Lois Grant.

Those present were Misses Katherine Flynt, Claire Harrison, Lois Grant, Corinne Raulerson, Jeanetta Sheldon, Thusa Tarbell, Marie Daniels and Messrs. William Kilbee, Cyril Raulerson, Paul Dooley, Horace Raulerson, Tommy McLain, Carol Culpepper, Payne Daniels and Edwin Raulerson.

Charlie Has Ancestors

The following clipping from Chas. Merriwether will be of interest to his many Sanford friends:

Mr. C. J. Merriwether who is visiting his mother, Mrs. William Douglas Merriwether at "Windymer," his home, West Javermont, will not return for some weeks. Before his return expects to visit the homes and cousins of his ancestors. Will visit his aunt, Mrs. C. L. King, Pearisburg. They have just completed their mansion and have a beautiful home. Then to his grandmother's old home, Clover Fields, to visit his cousin Frank Randolph nephew Thomas Jefferson, also Monticello and many other of his ancestors' mansions and cousins, that he has not seen since a little boy in dresses, owing to health which he owes to Sanford.

No need to bother with lunches for the picnic at DeLeon. The Bonita will have everything in the refreshment line.

# The Exploits of Elaine

A Detective Novel and a Motion Picture Drama

By ARTHUR B. REEVE  
The Well-Known Novelist and the  
Creator of the "Craig Kennedy" Stories

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## FIRST EPISODE

**The Clutching Hand.**  
"There must be something new in order to catch criminals nowadays. The old methods are all right—as far as they go. But while we have been using them, criminals have kept pace with modern science."

Craig Kennedy laid down his newspaper and filled his pipe with tobacco. In college he had roomed together, had shared everything, even poverty, and now that Craig was a professor of chemistry in charge of the laboratory at the university and I had a sort of roving commission on the staff of the Star, we had continued our arrangement.

"It has always seemed strange to me," he went on slowly, "that no one has ever endowed a professorship in criminal science in any of the large colleges."

I tossed aside my own paper and retrieved the tobacco.

"Why should there be a chair in criminal science?" I replied argumentatively, settling back in my chair. "I've done my turn at police headquarters reporting, and I can tell you, Craig, it's no place for a college professor. Crime is—just crime. And as for dealing with it the great detective is born and bred to it. College professors for the sociology of the thing—yes; for the detection of it, give me a Hyman."

"On the contrary," persisted Kennedy, his clean-cut features betraying an earnestness which I knew indicated that he was leading up to something of importance, "there is a distinct place for science in the detection of crime. Today we have professors of everything—why not professors of crime science?"

Still, as I shook my head dubiously, he hastened to clinch his point. "Colleges have got down to solving the hard facts of life, nowadays—pretty nearly all, except one. They still treat crime in the old way, study its statistics and pore over its causes and the theories of how it can be prevented and punished. But as for running down the criminal himself, scientifically, relentlessly—bah! we haven't made enough progress to mention since the hammer and tongs method of your sainted Hyman."

"Doubtless you will write a brochure on this most interesting subject," I suggested, "and let it go at that."  
"No, I am serious," he replied, determined for some reason or other to make a convert of me. "I mean exactly what I say. I am going to apply science to the detection of crime, the same sort of methods by which we trace out the presence of a mysterious chemical or track down a deadly germ. And before I have gone far, I am going to enlist Walter Jameson as an aid. I think I shall need you in my business."

"How do I comb in?" I asked.  
"Well, for one thing, you will get a 'coop,' a 'beat'—whatever you call it in that newspaper jargon of yours."

"Fortunately, Walter," he pursued, "the crime-hunters have gone ahead in science faster than the criminals. It's to be my job to catch criminals. Yours, it seems to me, is to show people how they can never hope to beat the modern scientific detective."

"Go as far as you like," I exclaimed, convinced at last.

And so it was that we formed this strange new partnership in crime science that has existed ever since.

"Jameson, here's a story I wish you'd follow up," remarked the managing editor of the Star to me one evening after I had turned in an assignment of the late afternoon.

He handed me a clipping from the evening edition of the Star, and I quickly ran my eye over the headline:

## "THE CLUTCHING HAND" WINS AGAIN.

NEW YORK MYSTERIOUS MASTER CRIMINAL PERFECTS ANOTHER COUP.

City Police Completely Baffled

"Here's this murder of Fletcher, the retired banker and trustee of the university," he explained. "Not a clue—except a warning letter signed with this mysterious clutching hand. Last week it was the robbery of the Haxworth jewels and the killing of old Haxworth. Again that curious sign of the hand. Then there was the dastard-

ly attempt on Huntington, the erstwhile magnate. Not a trace of the assailant except this same clutching hand. So it has gone, Jameson—the most alarming and inexplicable series of murders that has ever happened in this country. And nothing but this uncanny hand to trace them by."

The editor paused a moment, then exclaimed: "Why, this fellow seems to take a diabolical—I might almost say pathological—pleasure in crimes of violence, revenge, avarice and self-protection. Sometimes it seems as if he delights in the pure devilry of the thing. It is weird."

He leaned over and spoke in a low, tense tone. "Strangest of all, the tip has just come to us that Fletcher, Haxworth, Sherburne and all the rest of these wealthy men were insured in the Consolidated Mutual Life. Now, Jameson, I want you to find Taylor Dodge, the president, and interview him. Get what you can, at any cost."

I had naturally thought first of Kennedy, but there was no time now to call him up and, besides, I must see Dodge immediately.

Dodge, I discovered over the telephone, was not at home nor at any of the clubs to which he belonged. Late though it was I concluded that he was at his office. No amount of persuasion could get me past the door, and, though I found out later and shall tell soon what was going on there, I determined, about nine o'clock, that the best way to get at Dodge was to go to his house on Fifth avenue, if I had to camp on his front doorstep until morning. The harder I found the story to get the more I wanted it.

With some misgivings about being admitted, I rang the bell of the splendid, though not very modern, Dodge residence. An English butler, with a nose that must have been his fortune, opened the door and gravely informed me that Mr Dodge was not at home, but was expected at any moment.

Once in, I was not going lightly to give up that advantage. I bethought myself of his daughter Elaine, one of the most popular debutantes of the season, and sent in my card to her, on a chance of interesting her and seeing her father, writing on the bottom of the card: "Would like to interview Mr. Dodge regarding Clutching Hand."

Summoning up what assurance I had, which is sometimes considerable, I followed the butler down the hall as he bore my card. As he opened the door of the drawing-room, I caught a vision of a slip of a girl in evening clothes.

Elaine Dodge was both the ingenue and the athlete—the thoroughly modern type of girl—equally at home with tennis and tango, table talk and tea.

Near her I recognized from his pictures Harry Bennett, the rising young corporation lawyer, a mighty good-looking fellow, with an affable, pleasing way about him, perhaps thirty-five years old or so, but already prominent and quite friendly with Dodge.

"Who is it, Jennings?" she asked.

"A reporter, Miss Dodge," answered the butler, glancing superciliously back at me. "And you know how your father dislikes to see anyone here at the house," he added deferentially to her.

"Miss Dodge," I pleaded, bowing as if I had known them all my life, "I've been trying to find your father all the evening. It's very important."

She looked up at me surprised and in doubt whether to laugh or stamp her pretty little foot in indignation at my stupendous nerve.

She laughed. "You are a very brave young man," she rippled with a roguish look at Bennett's discomfiture over the interruption of the tea-table.

There was a note of seriousness in it, too, that made me ask quickly, "Why?"

The smile flitted from her face, and in its place came a frank earnest expression, which I later learned to like and respect very much. "My father has declared he will eat the very next reporter who tries to interview him here," she answered.

The two men stared at each other. "Yes," continued Dodge, "I've found out how to trace it, and tomorrow I am going to set the alarms of the city at rest by exposing—"

Just then Dodge caught sight of me. For the moment I thought perhaps he was going to fulfill his threat.

"Who the devil—why didn't you tell me a reporter was here, Jennings?" he puffed indignantly, pointing toward the door.

Argument, entreaty, were of no avail. There was nothing to do but go.

At least, I reflected, I had the greater part of the story—all except the one big thing, however—the name of the criminal. But Dodge would know him tomorrow!

I hurried back to the Star to write my story in time to catch the last morning edition.

Meanwhile, if I may anticipate my story, I must tell of what we later learned had happened to Dodge so completely to upset him.

Ever since the Consolidated Mutual had been hit by the murders he had had many lines out in the hope of unmeshing the perpetrator. That night, as I found out the next day, he had at last heard of a clue. One of the company's detectives had brought in a red-headed, lame, partly paralyzed crook, who enjoyed the expressive moniker of "Limpy Red." Limpy Red was a gunman of some renown, evil-faced and, having nothing much to lose, desperate. Whoever the master criminal of the clutching hand might have been he had seen fit to employ Limpy, but had not taken the precaution of getting rid of him soon enough when he was through.

Therefore Limpy had a grievance, and now descended under pressure to the low level of snitching to Dodge in his office.

"No, governor," the trembling wretch had said as he handed over a grimy envelope, "I ain't never seen his face—but here is directions how to find his hangout."

As Limpy ambled out, he turned to Dodge, quivering at the enormity of his



"Don't Let On How You Found Out!"

unpardonable sin in gangland: "For God's sake, governor," he implored, "don't let on how you found out!"

And yet Limpy Red had scarcely left with his promise not to tell, when Dodge, happening to turn over some papers, came upon an envelope left on his own desk, bearing that mysterious clutching hand!

He tore it open, and read in amazement:

"Destroy Limpy Red's instructions within the next hour."

Dodge gazed about in wonder. This was getting on his nerves. He determined to go home and rest.

Outside the house, as he left his car, pasted over the monogram on the door, he had found another note, with the same weird mark and the single word: "Remember!"

In spite of the pleadings of young Bennett, Dodge refused to take warning. In the safe in his beautifully fitted library he deposited Limpy's document in an envelope containing all the correspondence that had led up to the final step in the discovery.

It was late in the evening when I returned to our apartment and, not finding Kennedy there, knew that I would discover him at the laboratory.

"Craig," I cried as I burst in on him. "I've got a case for you—greater than any ever before."

Kennedy looked up calmly from the rack of scientific instruments that surrounded him—test tubes, beakers, carefully labeled bottles.

"Suddenly a wild figure in flying garments flitted down the stairs and into the library, dropping beside the dead man, without seeming to notice us at all."

"Father!" shrieked a woman's voice, heart-broken. "Father! Oh—my God—he—he is dead!"

It was Elaine Dodge.

With a mighty effort, the heroic girl seemed to pull herself together.

"Jennings," she cried, "call Mr. Bennett—immediately!"

From the one-sided, excited conversation of the butler over the telephone, I gathered that Bennett had been in the process of disrobing in his own apartment uptown, and would be right down.

Together, Kennedy, Elaine and myself lifted Dodge to a sofa and Elaine's aunt, Josephine, with whom she lived, appeared on the scene, trying to quiet the sobbing girl.

Kennedy and I withdrew a little way, and he looked about curiously.

"What was it?" I whispered. "Was it natural, an accident, or—or murder?" The word seemed to stick in

my throat. If it was a murder, what was the motive? Could it have been to get the evidence which Dodge had that would incriminate the master criminal?

Kennedy moved over quietly and examined the body of Dodge. When he rose his face had a peculiar look.

"Terrible!" he whispered to me. "Apparently he had been working at his accustomed place at the desk when the telephone rang. He rose and crossed over to it. See! That brought his feet on this register bit into the floor. As he took the telephone receiver down a flash of light—"

shot from it to his ear. It shows the characteristic electric burn."

"The motive?" I queried.

"Evidently his pockets had been gone through, though none of the valuables were missing. Things on his desk show that a hasty search has been made."

Just then the door opened and Bennett burst in.

As he stood over the body, kneeling down at it, representing the smallest of a strong man, he turned to Elaine and

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In a low voice exclaimed: "The Clutching Hand did this. I shall concentrate my life to bring this man to justice!"

He spoke tensely, and Elaine, looking up into his face, as if imploring his help in her hour of need, unable to speak, merely grasped his hand.

Kennedy, who, in the meantime, had stood apart from the rest of us, was examining the telephone carefully. "A clever crook," I heard him mutter between his teeth. "He must have worn gloves. Not a finger print—at least here."

Perhaps I can do no better than to reconstruct the crime as Kennedy later pieced these startling events together.

Long after I had left and even after Bennett left, Dodge continued working in his library, for he was known as a prodigious worker.

Had he taken the trouble, however, to pause and peer out into the moonlight that flooded the back of his house, he might have seen the figures of two stealthy crooks crouching in the half shadows of one of the cellar windows, one crook, at least, masked.

The masked crook held in his hands carefully the ends of two wires attached to an electric feed, and, sending his pal to keep watch outside, he entered the cellar of the Dodge house through a window, whose pane they had carefully removed. As he came through the window he dragged the wires with him, and, after a moment's reconnoitering, attached them to the furnace pipe of the old-fashioned hot-air heater, where the pipe ran up through the floor to the library above.

The other wire was quickly attached to the telephone where its wires entered.

Upstairs Dodge, evidently uneasy in his mind about the precious Limpy Red letter, took it from the safe along with most of the other correspondence and, pressing a hidden spring in the wall, opened a secret panel and placed most of the important documents in this hiding place.

Downstairs the masked master criminal had already attached a voltmeter to the wires he had installed, waiting just then could be heard the tinkle of Dodge's telephone, and the old man rose to answer it. As he did so he placed his foot on the iron register, his hand taking the telephone and the receiver. At that instant came a powerful electric flash. Dodge sank on the floor, clutching the instrument, electrically.

A moment later the criminal slid silently into Dodge's room. Carefully putting on rubber gloves and avoiding

he had placed and climbed out of the window, taking them and destroying the evidence down in the cellar.

A low whistle from the masked crook, now again in the shadow, brought his pal stealthily to his side.

"It's all right," he whispered hoarsely to the man. "Now you attend to Limpy Red."

The villainous looking pal nodded and, without another word, the two made their getaway, safely, in opposite directions.

When Limpy Red, still trembling, left the office of Dodge earlier in the evening, he had repaired as fast as his shambling feet would take him to his favorite dive up on Park Row.

Had the Bossy "sinker" not got into his eyes he might have noticed among the late revelers a man who spoke to no one, but took his place near by at the bar.

Limpy had long since reached the point of saturation and lurching forth from his now found cronies he sought other fields of excitement. Likewise did the newcomer, who bore a strange resemblance to the look-out who had been stationed outside at the Dodge house a scant half hour before.

What happened later was only a matter of seconds—and waiting until the hated snitch—for gangdom hates the informer worse than anything else dead or alive—had turned a sufficiently dark and deserted corner.

A muffled thud, a stifled groan followed as a heavy section of lead pipe wrapped in a newspaper descended on the crass skull of Limpy.

It was the vengeance of the Clutching Hand—swift, sure, remorseless.

And yet it had not been a night of complete success for the master criminal, as anyone might have seen who could have followed his sinuous route to a place of greater safety. Unable to wait longer, he pulled the papers he had taken from the safe from his pocket. His chagrin at finding most of them to be blank found only one expression of felled fury—that menacing clutching hand—the real one!

Kennedy had turned from his futile examination for marks on the telephone. There stood the safe—a moderate sized strong box, but of a modern type. He tried the door. It was locked.

There was not a mark on it. The combination had not been tampered with. Nor had there been any attempt to "soup" the safe.

With a quick motion he felt in his pocket as if looking for gloves. Finding none, he glanced about and seized two pieces of paper from the desk

Miss Dodge, are different from mine. Mr. Jameson's are different from both of us. And this fellow's finger prints are still different. It is mathematically impossible to find two alike in every respect."

Kennedy was holding the paper weight near the bust as he talked. "I shall never forget the look of blank amazement on his face as he bent over closer."

"My God!" he exclaimed excitedly. "This fellow is a master criminal! He has made stencils or something of the sort on which, by some mechanical process, he has actually forged the hitherto infallible finger prints!"

I, too, bent over and studied the marks on the bust and those Kennedy had made on the paper weight to show Elaine.

THE FINGER PRINTS ON THE BUST WERE KENNEDY'S OWN.

THE FORMATION of a partnership as professor and aide in crime science between Craig Kennedy, university chemistry professor, and Walter Jameson, newspaper man, is at once followed by their becoming interested in a series of murders by a master criminal who leaves no other clue to his identity than the sign manual of a "Clutching Hand." Elaine Dodge, whose father is one of the latest victims of the mysterious murderer, witnesses the beginning of Kennedy's scientific investigation of the murder.

SECOND EPISODE

The "Twilight Sleep." Kennedy had thrown himself wholeheartedly into the solution of the mysterious Dodge case.

Far into the night, after the challenge of the forged finger print, he continued at work, endeavoring to extract a clue from the meager evidence—a bit of cloth and trace of poison already obtained from other cases.

We dropped around at the Dodge house the next morning. Early though it was, we found Elaine a trifle paler, but more lovely than ever, and Perry Bennett, themselves vainly endeavoring to solve the mystery of the Clutching Hand.

They were at Dodge's desk, she in the big desk chair, he standing beside her looking over some papers.

"There's nothing there," Bennett was saying as we entered.

I could not help feeling that he was gazing down at Elaine a bit more tenderly than mere business warranted.

"Have you found anything?" queried Elaine anxiously, turning eagerly to Kennedy.

"Nothing—yet," he answered, shaking his head, but conveying a quiver of confidence in his tone.

Just then Jennings the butler, entering, bringing the morning papers Elaine seized the Star and hastily opened it. On the first page was the story I had telephoned down very late in the hope of catching a last city edition.

We all bent over and Craig read aloud "CLUTCHING HAND" STILL AT LARGE

New York's Master Criminal Remains Undetected—Perpetrator New Daring Murder and Robbery on Millionaire Dodge

He had scarcely finished reading the brief but alarming news story that followed and laid the paper on the desk when a stone came smashing through the window from the street.

Startled, we all jumped to our feet. Craig hurried to the window. Not a soul was in sight!

He stooped and picked up the stone. To it was attached a piece of paper. Quickly he unfolded it and read:

"Craig Kennedy will give up his search for the 'Clutching Hand'—or die!"

Later I recalled that there seemed to be a slight noise downstairs, as if at the cellar window, through which the masked man had entered the night before.

In point of fact, one who had been outside at the time might actually have seen a sinister face at that cellar window, but to us upstairs it was invisible. The face was that of the servant, Michael.

Without another word Kennedy passed into the drawing room and took his hat and coat. Both Elaine and Bennett followed.

"I'm afraid I must ask you to excuse me—for the present," Craig apologized.

Elaine looked at him anxiously. "You—you will not let that letter intimidate you?" she pleaded, laying her soft white hand on his arm. "Oh, Mr. Kennedy," she added, bravely keeping back the tears, "avenge him! All the money in the world would be too little to pay—if only—"

At the mere mention of money Kennedy's face seemed to cloud, but only for a moment.

"I'll try," he said simply.

Elaine did not withdraw her hand as she continued to look up at him. "Miss Dodge," he went on, his voice steady, as though he were repressing something, "I will never take another case until the 'Clutching Hand' is captured."

The look of gratitude she gave him would have been a princely reward in itself.

It was some time after these events that Kennedy, reconstructing what had happened, ran across, in a strange way which I need not tire the reader by telling, a Doctor Haynes, head of the Hillside Sanitarium for Women, whose story I shall relate substantially as we received it from his own lips.

It must have been that same night a distinguished visitor drove up in a cab to our Hillside sanitarium, rang the bell and was admitted to my office.

I am, by the way, the superintending physician, and that night I was sitting with Doctor Thompson, my assistant, in the office discussing a rather interesting case, when an attendant came in with a card and handed it to me. It read simply, "Dr. Ludwig Reinstrom, Coblenz."

"Here's that Doctor Reinstrom, Thompson, about whom my friend in Germany wrote the other day," I remarked, nodding to the attendant to admit Doctor Reinstrom.

I might explain that while I was abroad some time ago I made a particular study of the "Dammerschlaf"—otherwise, the "twilight sleep"—at Freiburg where it was developed, and at other places in Germany where the subject had attracted great attention. I was much impressed and had imposed the treatment to Hillside.

While we waited I reached into my desk and drew out the letter to which I referred, which ended, I recall "As Doctor Reinstrom is in America, he will probably call on you. I am sure you will be glad to know him. With kindest regards, I am, "Fraternally yours,

EMIL SCHWARZ, M. D., Director, Leipzig Institute of Medicine."

"Most happy to meet you, Doctor Reinstrom," I greeted the new arrival, as he entered our office.

For several minutes we sat and chatted of things medical here and abroad.

"What is it, doctor," I asked finally, "that interests you most in America?"

"Oh," he replied quickly with an expressive gesture, "it is the broadmindedness with which you adopt the best from all over the world, regardless of prejudice. For instance, I am very much interested in the new 'twilight sleep.' Of course, you have borrowed it largely from us, but it interests me to see whether you have modified it with practice. In fact, I have come to Hillside sanitarium particularly to see it used. Perhaps we may learn something from you."

It was most gracious, and both Doctor Thompson and myself were charmed by our visitor. I reached over and touched a call button and our head nurse entered from a rear room.

"Are there any operations going on now?" I asked.

She looked mechanically at her watch. "Yes, there are two cases, now, I think," she answered.

"Would you like to follow our technique?" I asked, turning to Doctor Reinstrom.

"I should be delighted," he replied.

A moment later we passed down the corridor of the sanitarium, still chatting. At the door of a ward I spoke to the attendant, who indicated that a patient was about to be anesthetized, and Doctor Reinstrom and I entered the room.

There, in perfect quiet, which is an essential part of the treatment, were several woman patients lying in bed in the ward. Before us two nurses and a doctor were in attendance on one.

I spoke to the doctor, Doctor Holmes, by the way, who bowed politely to the distinguished doctor Reinstrom, then turned quickly to his work.

"Miss Sears," he asked of one of the nurses, "will you bring me that hypodermic needle?"

"You will see, Doctor Reinstrom," I injected in a low tone, "that we follow in the main your Freiburg treatment. We use scopolamin and narcolopin."

I held up the bottle, as I said it, a rather peculiar shaped bottle, too.

"And the pain," he asked.

Practically the same as in your experience abroad. We do not render the patient unconscious, but prevent her from remembering anything that goes on."

Doctor Holmes the attending physician, was just starting the treatment. Filling his hypodermic, he selected a spot on the patient's arm where it had been scrubbed and sterilized, and

injected the narcotic.

"And you say they have no recollection of anything that happens?" asked Reinstrom.

"Absolutely none—if the treatment is given 'properly,'" I replied, confidently.

"Wonderful!" ejaculated Reinstrom as we left the room.

Now comes the strange part of my story. After Reinstrom had gone, Doctor Holmes, the attending physician of the woman whom he had seen anesthetized, misplaced his syringe and the bottle of scopolamin.

Holmes, Miss Sears and Miss Stern all hunted, but it could not be found. Others had to be procured.

I thought little of it at the time, but since then it has occurred to me that it might interest you, Professor Kennedy, and I give it to you for what it may be worth.

It was early the next morning that I awoke to find Kennedy already up and gone from our apartment. I knew he must be at the laboratory, and, gathering the mail, which the postman had just slipped through the letter slot, I went over to the university to see him.

As I looked over the letters to cull out my own one in a woman's handwriting on attractive note paper addressed to him caught my eye.

As I came up the path to the chemistry building I saw through the window that, in spite of his getting there early, he was finding it difficult to keep his mind on his work. It was the first time I had ever known anything to interfere with science in his life.

"Well," I exclaimed as I entered, "you are the early bird. Did you have any breakfast?"

I tossed down the letters. He did not reply. So I became absorbed in the morning paper. Still, I did not neglect to watch him covertly out of the corner of my eye. Quickly he ran over the letters, instead of taking them, one by one, in his usual methodical way. I quite complimented my superior acumen. He selected the dainty note.

A moment Craig looked at it in anticipation, then tore it open eagerly. I was still watching his face over the top of the paper and was surprised to see that it showed, first, amazement, then pain, as though something had hurt him.

He read it again—then looked straight ahead, as if in a daze.

Suddenly he jumped up, bringing his tightly clenched fist down with a loud clap into the palm of his hand.

"By heaven!" he exclaimed, "I—I will!"

He strode hastily to the telephone. Almost angrily he seized the receiver and asked for a number.

"What's the matter, Craig?" I blurted out eagerly.

As he waited for the number, he threw the letter over to me. I took it and read.

Professor Craig Kennedy, The University, The Heights, City. Dear Sir:

"I have come to the conclusion that your work is a hindrance rather than an assistance in clearing up my father's death, and I hereby beg to state that your services are no longer required. This is a final decision, and I beg that you will not try to see me again regarding the matter.

Very truly yours, "ELAINE DODGE"

If it had been a bomb I could not have been more surprised.

I could not make it out. Kennedy impatiently worked the receiver up and down, repeating the

number. "Hello—hello," he repeated. "Yes—hello. Is Miss—oh—good morning, Miss Dodge."

He was hurrying along as if to give her no chance to cut him off. "I have just received a letter, Miss Dodge, telling me that you don't want me to continue investigating your father's death, and not to try to see you again about—"

He stopped. I could hear the reply. "Why—no—Mr. Kennedy, I have written you no letter."

The look of mingled relief and surprise that crossed Craig's face spoke volumes.

"Miss Dodge," he almost shouted, "this is a new trick of the 'Clutching Hand.' I—I'll be right over."

Craig hung up the receiver and turned from the telephone. Evidently he was thinking deeply. Suddenly his face seemed to light up. He made up his mind to something, and a moment later he opened the cabinet—that inexhaustible storehouse from which he seemed to draw weird and curious instruments which his strange profession brought to him.

I watched curiously. He took out a bottle and what looked like a little hypodermic syringe, thrust them into his pocket and, for once, oblivious to my very existence, deliberately walked out of the laboratory.

I did not propose to be thus cavalierly dismissed. I suppose it would have looked ridiculous to a third party, but I followed him as hastily as if he had tried to shut the door on his own shadow.

We arrived at the corner above the Dodge house just in time to see another visitor—Bennett—enter.

"And, Perry," we heard Elaine say, as we were ushered in, "someone has even forged my name—the handwriting and everything—telling Mr. Kennedy to drop the case—and I never knew."

She stopped as we entered. "That's the limit!" exclaimed Bennett. "Miss Dodge has just been telling me—"

"Yes," interrupted Craig. "Look, Miss Dodge, this is it."

He handed her the letter. She almost seized it, examining it carefully, her large eyes opening wider in wonder.

"This is certainly my writing and my note paper," she murmured, "but I never wrote the letter!"

Craig looked from the letter to her keenly. No one said a word. For a moment Kennedy hesitated, thinking.

"Might I—er—see your room, Miss Dodge?" he asked at length.

"Why, certainly," nodded Elaine, as she led the way upstairs.

It was a dainty little room, breathing the spirit of its mistress. In fact, it seemed a sort of profanity, as we all followed in after her. For a moment Kennedy stood still. Then he carefully looked about. At the side of the bed, near the head, he stooped and picked up something which he held in the palm of his hand. I bent over. Something gleamed in the morning sunshine—some little thin pieces of glass, and I tried deftly to fit the tiny little bits together. He seemed absorbed in thought. Quickly he raised it to his nose, as if to smell it.

"Ethyl chloride?" he muttered, wrapping the pieces carefully in a paper and putting them inside his pocket.

An instant later he crossed the room to the window and examined it.

(Continued on Page 4.)



The Criminal Slid Silently Into Dodge's Room.

touching the register, he wrenched the telephone from the grasp of the dead man, replacing it in its normal position. Only for a second did he pause to look at his victim as he destroyed the evidence of his work.

Minutes were precious. First Dodge's pockets, then his desk engaged his attention. There was left the safe.

As he approached the strong box, the master criminal took two vials from his pocket. Removing a bust of Webster that stood on the safe, he poured the contents of the vials in two mixed masses of powder, forming a heap on the safe, into which he inserted two magnesium wires.

He lighted them, sprang back, hiding his eyes from the light, and a blinding gush of flame, lasting perhaps ten seconds, poured out from the top of the safe.

It was not an explosion, but just a dazzling, intense flame that sizzled and crackled. It seemed impossible, but the glowing mass was literally sinking, sinking down into the cold steel. At last it burned through—as if the safe had been of tinfoil!

Without waiting a moment longer than necessary, the masked criminal advanced again and actually put his hands down through the top of the safe, pulling out a bunch of papers. Quickly he thrust them all, with just a glance, into his pocket.

Still working quickly, he took the bust of the great orator, which he had removed, and placed it under the light. Next, from his pocket he drew two curious stencils, as it were, which he had apparently carefully prepared. With his hands, still carefully gloved, he rubbed the stencils on his hair, as if to cover them with a film of natural oil. Then he deliberately pressed them over the stencils in several places. It was a peculiar action, and he seemed to fairly glow over it when it was done and the bust returned to its place, covering the hole.

As noiselessly as he had come, he made his exit after one last malignant look at Dodge. It was now but the work of a moment to remove the wires

With them, in order not to confuse any possible finger prints on the bust, he lifted it off.

I gave a gasp of surprise. "There, in the top of the safe—yawned a gaping hole, through which one could have thrust his arm."

"What is it?" we asked, crowding about him.

"Thermite," he replied laconically. "Thermite," I repeated.

"Yes—a compound of iron oxide and powdered aluminum, invented by a chemist at Essen, Germany. It gives a temperature of over five thousand degrees. It will eat its way through the strongest steel."

Jennings, his mouth wide open with wonder, advanced to take the bust from Kennedy.

"No—don't touch it," he waved him off, laying the bust on the desk. "I want no one to touch it—don't you see how careful I was to use the paper, that there might be no question about any clue this fellow may have left on the marble?"

As he spoke, Craig was dusting over the surface of the bust with some black powder.

"Look!" exclaimed Craig suddenly. "Finger prints!" I cried excitedly.

"Yes," nodded Kennedy, studying them closely. "A clue—perhaps."

"What—those little marks—a clue?" asked a voice behind us.

I turned and saw Elaine looking over our shoulders, fascinated. It was evidently the first time she had realized that Kennedy was in the room.

"How can you tell anything by that?" she asked.

"Why, easily," he answered, picking up a glass paper weight which lay on the desk. "You see, I place my finger on this weight—so you could see it even without the powder on this case. Do you see those lines? There are various types of markings—four general types—and each person's markings are different, even if of the same general type—loop, whorl, arch or composite."

He continued working as he talked. "Your thumb marks, for example,



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**THE SANFORD HERALD**

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W. M. HAYNES, Business Manager  
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E. Z. Jones, the state game warden finds his job is not so E. Z. as he thought it was and has gone and lost it.

Now Frank Harris of the Ocala Banner wants to go to war. What is the matter with these Florida editors? Don't they like their jobs?

The Sunday school picnic next Thursday will give a lot of folks a chance to take that annual bath. Also a chance to get something to eat.

Just by way of parenthesis we might add this morning that we have planted that hotel and it is sprouting. Chances good for two of them.

The Sanford Herald is talking of starting a daily paper next fall. Well, Bro. Holly if you get out as good daily as you do a weekly it can't help but be a success.—St. Augustine Meteor.

Miami Herald is up to date in every particular. Dull summer coming on and they arranged for a \$25,000 libel suit just so Attorney Shutt, who is also president of the company could keep his hand in.

The government has been urged to hurry up that order for Sanford's cannon and we can place them on top of the new Mason Hotel where they will guard the mouth of the upper St. Johns river and prevent the tourists from taking Geneva.

The Herald announces that the new telephone system for Sanford will be a self starter, no cranking being necessary. Why couldn't Fort Myers have something like that, even if the lines through the business section are strung on poles?—Ft. Myers Press.

Talk of Bob Holly seceding from south Florida. Preposterous. Bob is only working up a little campaign dope in hopes of catching the west Florida vote. He knows how south Florida will go when he runs for governor.—Zolfo Truth.

Well, we can count on the Truth and Truth always prevails.  
Editor Triplett of the St. Cloud Tribune has raised the question of four weeks' publication of legal advertisements and quotes the law from Col. Vans Agnew on the situation. This is something that should be settled to the satisfaction of all concerned and to be on the safe side the attorneys and others who want legal advertisements should have same printed five times. Better have them one too many than one week short.

**FLORIDA APPORTIONMENT**  
The census and apportionment bill has passed the house and senate, and being in the form of a constitutional amendment will go before the people for ratification or rejection before it accomplishes what it proposes.  
The bill provides that the legislature of 1919 and thereafter shall consist of one senator from each county of the state, and of one representative from each county for every 10,000 of population therein, or the major fraction thereof, where such major fraction exists after dividing the total population of any county by 10,000, provided that each county shall have at least one representative and that no county shall have more than three representatives.

Members of the house are to be elected for two years and senators for a term of four years, except that the terms of the senators for 1916 shall expire the first Monday in April, 1919. Senators from certain counties named, elected in 1918, which expire in April, 1921, while all other senators elected in 1918 will hold office until the first Monday in April, 1923. All members of the house of representatives elected in 1918 hold office until the first Monday in April, 1921.

**THE CRUEL WAR IS OVER**  
The Sun sues for peace. It could possibly lick Straub and Huff and Johnson and Ruben Allyn, but when Hetherington and Brown and Holly

and a few other Balkan states joined the allies, we sue for peace, with the excuse that we cannot lick the whole Dernberg world. Huff refuses to fight, as he is out of ammunition. Right now, or is scared stiff. He says:  
"Keep 'lookin' for trouble' until we get into a fight with Willis Powell. Just consider that your nomination of Perry Wall alone prevents you from getting shot, Willis. You're good folks, and there isn't any fun in landing on a man who isn't a live one. That's why we land on you.

The cruel war is over. We are going fishing next week. The editorial columns hereafter will be devoted to prosaic utterances on chinch bugs in Walla Walla and to edifying treatment of the subject of What Shall We Eat for Breakfast.—Clear-water Sun.

**THE SILVER CUP**  
The silver cup awarded to the American Eagle recently by the Miami Chamber of Commerce has been received and is now on exhibition on the window of Parker's stationery store in Fort Myers. It is of sterling silver, of beautiful and massive design, gold plated within, and contains upon its outer surface the following inscription: "Presented to the Estero Eagle by the Chamber of Commerce of Miami, Fla., in appreciation, 1915." Measurements of the cup are as follows: Height, 12 inches; height of handles, 14 inches; diameter, 9 inches; weight, 4 pounds, 5 ounces, avoirdupois.  
The cup was presented for the best writeup of the city of Miami by the visiting scribes who attended the state press convention, some two months ago. We highly prize the trophy and the honor that has been conferred upon us, but we are free to admit that we would have stood small chance of winning it, had Clarence Woods, Gilbert Leach, Bob Holly, Hetherington or sever, others of Florida's most gifted and flowery writers entered into the contest against us, Estero Eagle.

We couldn't touch you, Bro. Andrews. You handed out a bunch of the real stuff about Miami and they just had to hand you the cup. And it was most worthily bestowed.

The Record-Advertiser, published at Houston, Va., is urging its rural subscribers to do just what we should like for our farmers to do—give us the news from their farms—to make our paper a sort of clearing house of ideas for farmers of this vicinity.

Farmers do not use their local papers enough, and yet the papers afford the best and quickest ways to build up their farms and communities. Every farmer should tell his local paper about his successes on the farm and how they were achieved. We are always glad to get a "farming story," for it enables us to spread the news of progress in our vicinity. And no one needs a flow of eloquence to tell of his success. The facts of a farming success are eloquent in themselves. So write us. The editor can arrange the wording of it if such need be done.

No farmer should be too indifferent or too engrossed in his own work to pass a good idea along to his fellow men, thus giving them the benefit of his experience. Such articles are always an inspiration to others. We well know the true and lasting advancement of our community can come in no other way than through the upbuilding of our farms, and so it is not political and social news we want any more than it is news from the farms. Walterboro Press and Banner.

**Miott Has Patent Switch**  
M. A. Miott is in the city today on a trip over the state in the interest of his firm. Mr. Miott is now connected with a supply house that buys and sells machinery, etc. His firm is also the agent for the Miott patent switch, which has been placed on the market and some day will make the inventor wealthy. Mr. Miott and family are now living in Atlanta and he reports the family as enjoying good health and happiness, although all of them would much prefer living in Sanford.

**The Exploits of Elene**  
A Detective Novel and a Motion Picture Drama  
(Continued from Page 3)

"Look!" he exclaimed. There, plainly, were marks of a jimmy which had been inserted near the lock to pry it open.  
"Miss Dodge," he asked, "might I—might I trouble you to let me see your arm?"  
Wonderingly she did so, and Kennedy bent almost reverently over her plump arm examining it.  
On it was a small dark discoloration, around which was a slight redness and tenderness.

"That," he said slowly, "is the mark of a hypodermic needle."  
As he finished examining Elaine's arm he drew the letter from his pocket. Still facing her he said in a low tone, "Miss Dodge—you did write this letter—but under the influence of the new twilight sleep."  
"Why, Craig," I exclaimed excitedly, "what do you mean?"  
"Exactly what I say. With Miss Dodge's permission I shall show you. By a small administration of the drug, which will injure you in no way, Miss Dodge, I think I can bring back the memory of all that occurred to you last night. Will you allow me?"  
"Mercy, no!" protested her Aunt Josephine, who had entered the room.  
"I want the experiment to be tried," Elaine said quietly.

A moment later Kennedy had placed her on a couch in the corner of the room.  
"Now, Mrs. Dodge," he said, "please bring me a basin and a towel."  
Aunt Josephine, reconciled, brought them. Kennedy dropped an antiseptic tablet into the water and carefully sterilized Elaine's arm just above the spot where the red mark showed. Then he drew the hypodermic, from his pocket—carefully sterilized it, also, and filling it with scopolamin from the bottle.

"Just a moment, Miss Dodge," he encouraged, as he jabbed the needle into her arm.  
She did not wince.  
"Please lie back on the couch," he directed. Then turning to us he added, "It takes some time for this to work. Our criminal got over this fact and prevented an outcry by using ethyl chloride first. Let me reconstruct the scene."  
As we watched Elaine going under slowly Craig talked.

"That night," he said, "warily, the masked criminal of the 'Clutching Hand,' bent over, his arm crooked, might have been seen down below us in the ally. Up here, Miss Dodge, worn out by the strain of her father's death, let us say, was nervously trying to read, to do anything that would take her mind off the tragedy. Perhaps she fell asleep.

"Just then the 'Clutching Hand' appeared. He came stealthily through that window, which he had opened. A moment he hesitated, seeing Elaine asleep. Then he tiptoed over to the bed, let us say, and for a moment looked at her, sleeping.

A second later he had thrust his hand into his pocket and had taken out a small glass bulb with a long thin neck. That was ethyl chloride—a drug which produces a quick anesthesia. But it lasts only a minute or two. That was enough. As he broke the glass neck of the bulb—letting the pieces fall on the floor near the bed—he shoved the thing under Elaine's face, turning his own head away and holding a handkerchief over his own nose. The mere heat of his hand is enough to cause the ethyl chloride to spray out and overcome her instantly. He steps away from her a moment and replaces the now empty vial in his pocket.

"Then he took a box from his pocket, opened it. There must have been a syringe and a bottle of scopolamin. Where they came from I do not know, but perhaps from some hospital. I shall have to find that out later. He went to Elaine, quickly jabbing the needle, with no resistance from her now. Slowly he replaced the bottle and the needle in his pocket. He could not have been in any hurry now, for it takes time for the drug to work."

Kennedy paused. Had we known at the time, Michael—he of a sinister face—must have been in the hallway that night, careful that no one saw him. A tap at the door and the "Clutching Hand" must have beckoned him. A moment's parley and they separated—"Clutching Hand" going back to Elaine, who was now under the influence of the second drug.

"Our criminal," resumed Kennedy thoughtfully, "may have shaken Elaine. She did not answer. Then he may have partly revived her. She must have been startled. 'Clutching Hand,' perhaps, was half crouching, with a big ugly blue steel revolver leveled full in her face."  
"One word and I shoot!" he probably cried. "Get up!"  
"Trembling, she must have done so. 'Your slippers and a kimono,' he would naturally have ordered. She put them on mechanically. Then he must have ordered her to go out of the door and down the stairs. 'Clutching Hand' must have followed, and as he did so he would have cautiously put out the lights."

We were following, spellbound, Kennedy's graphic reconstruction of what must have happened. Evidently he had struck close to the truth. Elaine's eyes were closed. Gently Kennedy led her along. "Now, Miss Dodge," he encouraged, "try—try hard to recollect just what it was that happened last night—everything."  
As Kennedy paused after his quick recital, she seemed to tremble all over. Slowly she began to speak. We stood awestruck. Kennedy had been right!

The girl was now living over again those minutes that had been forgotten—blotted out by the drug.  
And it was all real to her, too—terribly real. She was speaking, plainly in terror.  
"I see a man—oh, such a figure—with a mask. He holds a gun in my face—he threatens me. I put on my kimono and slippers, as he tells me. I am in a date. I know what I am doing—and I don't know. I go out with him, downstairs, into the library."

Elaine shuddered again at the recollection. "Ugh! The room is dark, the room where he killed my father,

Moonlight outside streams in. This masked man and I come in. He switches on the lights.  
"Go to the safe, he says, and I do it—the new safe, you know. 'Do you know the combination?' he asks me. 'Yes,' I reply, too frightened to say no.  
"Open it then," he says, waving that awful revolver closer. I do so. Hastily he rummages through it, throwing papers here and there. But he seems not to find what he is after and turns away, swearing fearfully.  
"Hang it!" he cries at me. "Where else did your father keep papers?" I point in desperation at the desk. He takes one last look at the safe, shoves all the papers he has strewn on the floor back again and slams the safe shut.  
"Now, come on," he says, indicating with the gun that he wants me to follow him away from the safe. At the desk he repeats the search. But he finds nothing. Almost I think he is about to kill me. "Where else did your father keep papers?" he hisses fiercely, still threatening me with the gun.  
"I am too frightened to speak. But at last I am able to say, 'I—I don't know!' Again he threatens me. 'As God is my judge,' I cry, 'I don't know.' It is fearful. Will he shoot me?"  
"Thank heaven!" At last he believes me. But such a look of foiled fury I have never seen on any human face before.  
"Sit down!" he growls, adding, "at the desk." I do.  
"Take some of your note paper—the best!" I do that, too.  
"And a pen," he goes on. My fingers can hardly hold it.  
"Now—write!" he says, and as he dictates, I write—  
"This," interjected Kennedy, eagerly holding up the letter that he had received from her.  
Elaine looked it over with her drug-laden eyes. "Yes," she nodded, then lapsed again to the scene itself. "He reads it over, and as he does so says, 'Now, address an envelope. Himself he folds the letter, seals the envelope, stamps it, and drops it into his pocket, hastily straightening the desk."  
"Now, go ahead of me—again. Leave the room—no, by the hall door. We are going back upstairs. I obey him, and at the door he switches off the lights. How I stand it I do not know—go upstairs mechanically into my own room—I and this masked man.  
"Take off the kimono and slippers!" he orders. I do that. "Get into bed!" he growls. I crawl in fearfully. For a moment he looks about—then goes out—with a look back as he goes. Oh! Oh! That hand—which he raises at me—THAT HAND!  
The poor girl was sitting bolt upright, staring straight at the hall door as we watched and listened, fascinated.  
Kennedy was bending over, soothing her. She gave evidence of coming out from the effect of the drug.  
I noticed that Bennett had suddenly moved a step in the direction of the door at which she stared.  
"By heavens!" he muttered, "staring, too. Look!"  
We did look. A letter was slowly being inserted under the door.  
I took a quick step forward. That moment I felt a rough tug at my

arm, and a voice whispered: "Wait, you chump!"  
It was Kennedy. He had whipped out his automatic and had carefully leveled it at the door. Before he could fire, however, Bennett had rushed ahead.  
I followed. We looked down the hall. Sure enough, the figure of a man could be seen disappearing around an angle. I followed Bennett out of the door and down the hall.  
Words cannot keep pace with what followed. Together we rushed to the back stairs.  
"Down there, while I go down the front!" cried Bennett.  
I went down, and he turned and went down the other flight. As he did so Craig followed him.  
Suddenly, in the drawing room, I bumped into a figure on the other side of the portieres. I seized him. We struggled. Rip! The portiere came down, covering me entirely. Over and over we went, smashing—a lamp. It was vicious. Another man attacked me, too.  
"I've got him—Kennedy!" I heard a voice pant over me.  
A scream followed from Aunt Josephine. Suddenly the portieres were pulled off me.  
"The duce!" puffed Kennedy. "It's Jameson!"  
Bennett had rushed plump into me, coming the other way, hidden by the portieres.  
If we had known at the time, our Michael of the sinister face had galloped the library and was standing

in the center of the room. He had heard me coming and had fled to the drawing room. As we finished our struggle in the library he rose hastily from behind the divan in the other room, where he had dropped, and had quietly and hastily disappeared through another door.  
Laughing and breathing hard, they helped me to my feet. It was no joke to me. I was sore in every bone.  
"Well, where did he go?" insisted Bennett.  
"I don't know—perhaps back there," I cried.  
Bennett and I argued a moment, then started and stopped short. Aunt Josephine had run downstairs. And was now shoving the letter into Craig's hands.  
We gathered about him curiously. He opened it. On it was that same Clutching Hand again.  
Kennedy read it. For a moment he stood and studied it, then slowly crushed it in his hand.  
Just then Elaine, pale and shaken from the ordeal she had voluntarily gone through, burst in upon us from upstairs. Without a word she advanced to Craig and took the letter from him.  
Inside, as on the envelope, was that same signature of the Clutching Hand.  
Elaine gazed at it, wild-eyed, then at Craig. Craig smilingly reached for the note, took it, folded it and unconcernedly thrust it into his pocket.  
"My God!" she cried, clasping her hands convulsively, and repeating the words of the letter, "YOUR LAST WARNING!"  
(TO BE CONTINUED)

**The Working Man's Bank Account**

Men who are employed by the day or week rarely have very much notice before they are laid off. This means that the working man of all men should have a little money saved up and have it deposited safely in the bank. The Peoples Bank invites the accounts of working men and families. Interest is paid on savings accounts, compounded twice a year. Your money will help you earn money, if deposited with this Bank.

**PEOPLES BANK OF SANFORD**  
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SANFORD, FLORIDA  
H. E. TOLAR Cashier  
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(TO BE CONTINUED)

**Apperson**

Here is Apperson Brothers Definition of a good car

"A car that mechanically represents the best that has been produced up to the minute it is made; that will go anywhere, and over all sorts of roads; that has the necessary power when you most need it; that is built so as to be comfortable for those riding in it; that has incorporated in it the maximum of safety and is so good looking that its owner will be proud of it anywhere."

C. F. WILLIAMS, Agent  
EDWARD HIGGINS, Mgr.




"I've Got Him, Kennedy!"

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**ELDER SPRING WATER**  
99.98 PER CENT PURE

**ANALYSIS:**  
THOS. R. BAKER, Ph. D., Rollins College, Florida  
Winter Park, Florida, April 19, 1915

H. B. Coney, Esq., Orlando, Florida  
Dear Sir:—I have completed a careful sanitary analysis of the sample of water that you thought me last week and have obtained the following result:

Color.....	Clear	Chlorine.....	6 parts per 1,000,000
Reaction.....	Neutral	Total Solids 8 parts per 1,000,000	
Free Ammonia.....	None	Nitrates.....	Trace
Albuminoid Ammonia.....	None	Hardness.....	38 parts per 1,000,000

The absence of both free and albuminoid ammonia in the spring water and its very small amount of chlorine indicate its good quality—the indications are that it is of exceptionally good quality.  
A very desirable feature of this spring water is its softness, containing less than one-fourth of the amount of calcium and magnesium carbonates found in many waters of this region, and just about enough, as many authorities think for supplying the lime and magnesia requirements of the body.  
Yours Respectfully, (Signed) THOS. R. BAKER

Daily deliveries made in Sanford in five gallon bottles sealed at the spring. Phone us for further information as to deliveries, prices, etc.

**Elder Spring Water Co.**  
Phone 1017-3 Sanford, Florida

IN AND ABOUT THE CITY

Little Happenings—Mention of Matters in Brief—Personal Items of Interest

Summary of the Floating Small Talks Succinctly Arranged for Hurried Herald Readers

Miss Willie Hawkins of Winston-Salem, North Carolina is the guest of her sister, Mrs. H. B. Connelly. Fryers and fat hens at Leffer's. 83-2tc

Mrs. O. W. Douglas of Albany, Ga., arrived Sunday for a ten day visit to her sister, Mrs. A. C. Williams.

Mr. and Mrs. F. N. Holley of Apalachicola are in the city, the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Bledsoe on Celery avenue.

The Daytona Beach Hotel, under the new ownership and management offers special summer rates. Hotel refurbished and redecorated throughout. Sea-foods a specialty. W. F. & E. R. Ayres, Daytona Beach, Fla. 80-1f

Let the Bonita serve you at DeLeon Springs next Thursday. Why bother with something to carry along in a heavy basket.

Field peas, \$2.75 bushel at Leffer's. 83-2tc

Every one is glad to see the jitney buses on the street, for it means a cheaper fare to all points in the city and it is as good as a street car line, maintaining a regular schedule at all times.

Hon. Forrest Lake arrived home from Tallahassee on Saturday night and Mrs. Lake and the children will come home today. All of them thoroughly enjoyed their stay at the state capital.

5 or 6 doses 666 will break any case of Fever or Chills. Price 25 cents. 71-52tc

Attorney Frank Sams of DeLand was in the city on Sunday, the guest of friends. Mr. Sams is one of the rising young attorneys of Volusia and has many friends here who are always glad to see him.

Calvin Williams, the popular auto man is ill at his home on Palmetto avenue, to the regret of his many friends, but he expects soon to be back on the job. Genial Cal is missed by friends and patrons alike.

Mr. and Mrs. Wakefield from Geneva were in the city yesterday on business and pleasure combined. The Wakefields are doing a great business in canning and preserving and placing Geneva on the map by their advertising.

Edwin Raulerson was among the visitors to the city from Geneva yesterday and reports the beautiful city of Geneva as being upon a most substantial growth at this season and many new people coming in to make their homes there.

Reginald Holly expects to spend home on Thursday after spending sixty days at Tallahassee where he was journal clerk in the senate. He stopped over in McClenny on a visit to Harold Turner, who was also an attache in the senate chamber.

LADIES

White and Palm Beach Shoes cleaned by an expert at Albert Gramling's barber shop. Will call for and deliver. No. 119 W. First street. 83-2tc

Woodland Park

Thursdays and Sundays Swimming Pool, Amusements, Music. Leave it for your next Picnic 73-1f

**Bonita Has Contract**  
The Bonita has the contract to feed the hungry at the Sunday school picnic next Thursday at DeLeon Springs and will serve quick lunches and ice cream and cake and everything that the hungry may wish. The Bonita people know what the people want and can be depended upon to furnish all that is desired in the proper style.

**Logan Berries**  
W. S. Price of the firm of Price & Collier is a horticulturist as well as a contractor and during his spare moments is experimenting with various fruits and flowers. Some time ago he sent to California for the Logan berry, which is a cross between a blackberry and raspberry and now he has this berry growing at his place on the west side. He brought some of them to the Herald office today and they are pink in color like a raspberry and taste somewhat like the raspberry but are also very much like the dewberry. Mr. Price expects to have a good crop of them later on.

**Have Your Piano Tuned**  
Many pianos are sent hundreds of miles to factories to be repaired. That has occurred in Sanford by advice of tuners. R. D. Moyer will fix any instrument for a reasonable price and the owner will not lose use of instrument, transportation, etc. See standing ad. 82-1fc

**What He Wanted.**  
"Canvases" said the artist, flattered by the presence of the millionaire in his studio. "Yes, sir, I shall be happy to show you my best canvases. Something allegorical? Or do you prefer a landscape?" "What I want," said Mr. Newrich, the eminent contractor, with decision, "is something about a yard and a half long and a yard wide, to cover some cracks in the floor."

**Had a Better Name for the Baby.**  
A literary mother in a town not a thousand miles away from Toronto Republican office exhibited her first born to a bachelor acquaintance. The infant set up a lusty squalling, and between yells the mother said, "Were—thinking of calling her—Hypatia?" "Huh," grunted the bachelor, "better call her Hysteria."—Kansas City Star.

**Human Doormats.**  
Some men could be sized up in two words. Human doormats. Florida Times Union.

FOR POULTRY BREEDERS.

Director Quisenberry of the national egg laying contest, Mountain Grove, Mo., gives these rules for breeding country.

Breed only from stock of high vitality, which has never been seriously sick with any disease.

Breed from mature males and females.

Breed from birds as near ideal in shape and color as possible. A good all round bird is better to use as a breeder than a bird exceptionally good in one particular, except a pair in other.

Let the male be a confirmed stinger in quality, and the female is wisest and most fertile.

Instead of buying ten males at \$1 each and thus getting very ordinary males to head your flock, it is much better to get one good male at \$10 and mate him in a separate pen to ten or twelve of your very choicest females.

The condition of the parent stock is largely in the hands of the responsible for the condition of the baby chicks. A few good birds will breed good.

Good strong vigorous males and females properly mated will store so much vitality in the eggs that the embryo can stand a lot of abuse in incubation, and the baby chick will overcome and outlive many of our mistakes in faulty breeding and improper feeding.

ABOUT PEOPLE ...AND EVENTS...

A RESUME OF SANFORD HAPPENINGS UP TO DATE

Address all Communications to the Editor, The Sanford Herald, Sanford, Fla. Phone No. 203

Slemmons Arnold

A marriage in which a cordial interest is felt by the Sanford friends of the bride elect is that of Miss Annie Slemmons of Orlando and Mr. John Skillman Arnold of Jacksonville, which will occur at Orlando Thursday evening, June 10th. Miss Slemmons is well known in Sanford and has many friends here her wish her bon voyage on the sea of matrimony. The wedding arrangements will be very beautiful and the reception to follow at the home of the bride will be a large and elaborate affair. Both young people are popular society favorites.

Motored to Daytona

When the good old summer time comes upon us Sunday sees an exodus of Sanford people to Daytona Beach and the various resorts to enjoy the cooling breezes of the ocean or a dip in some sylvan spring and last Sunday was no exception to the rule. A number of parties motored over to Daytona, among whom were Mr. and Mrs. B. W. Herndon, Mrs. E. L. Miller and A. P. Connelly.

Mr. and Mrs. Braxton Perkins, Miss Annie Higgins and Billy Leffer formed another congenial party.

Mr. and Mrs. C. F. Henry had as their guests Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Bishop.

More Auto Parties

A congenial party that motored over to Wekiwa Springs Sunday were Misses Peachea Leffer, Saidee Williams, Laura Fish, Messrs Arthur Yowell, J. D. Roberts and Ernest Galloway.

Birthday Party

Adele Runge was the happy young hostess to a number of girl friends Monday afternoon in honor of her birthday and the gayest of good times was enjoyed throughout the delightful afternoon. An authors contest furnished much fun and amusement, the prizes being won by Vera Terhoun, who was given a book, and Dorothy Rumph to whom was presented the game of "Pete" codfish. Old fashioned games were gently enjoyed and a number of songs and instrumental music were rendered that completed the happy program of unalloyed pleasures.

Cake and ice cream were served after which the entire party was taken for a ride in the big auto truck. Enjoying the happy occasion were Dorothy Rumph, Anna Mason, Esther Woodburn, Lel Hutchinson, Florence Witte, Vera Terhoun, Helen Witte, Evelyn Rye, Mrs. M. P. Smith, Adele, Pauline, and others.

Only a few members of St. Agnes Guild were present at the regular meeting at the home of Miss Josie Stumton but a delightful afternoon was enjoyed by those who attended. Light refreshments were served.

Phone president were Mrs. Meta Barks, Zoe Miller, Frances Ayres, and Mrs. M. Stumton. The next meeting will be held with Mrs. Charlotte Hand and will be an important business meeting.

Yield Party

A jolly party of little folks spent the day, Thursday at St. Gertrude Springs, chaperoned by Mrs. John Stempier. It was a merry group that gathered around the prepared to enjoy the lunch. Bathing in the springs, running and playing about the woods made the hours fly fast away, until the evening shadows brought the happy party homeward, tired but so delighted with the pleasures of the day. Enjoying the gay little picnic party were Mrs. Stempier, Marie, Gladys and Jack Stempier, Lucille Anderson, Mildred Robinson, Mildred Lee and Max Bradbury.

Sew-Sew Club

Mrs. Henry McLaughlin delightfully entertained the members of the Sew-Sew with a charming little porch party Thursday afternoon, serving delicious sherbet and cake for refreshments. Mrs. May Dickins and Mrs. Markwood were guests of the club. Members present were Madames Henry, Holly, Dingee, B. A. Howard, McKinnon and E. L. Woodruff.

Thursday Afternoon

Several small parties leaving town for a pleasant country ride taking advantage of the Thursday closing met by accident at Clay Springs and Orlando and joined forces for supper at Orlando and afterwards motored over to Apopka for the dance in the evening, including Mr. and Mrs. B. W. Herndon and Mrs.

Puleston, Miss Peachea Leffer and J. D. Roberts, Miss Margaret Cahill of Jacksonville and W. J. Thigpen, Miss Olga Schultz and Arthur Yowell, Dr. Puleston and Mr. Walther.

Book Circle

One of the enjoyable affairs of the week was the meeting of the members of the Book Circle with Mrs. Frank Whitner, Saturday afternoon, with several other guests present. A "poets' contest" was one of the delightful pleasures of the afternoon. Pictures representing familiar poems and their authors were "guessed" by the guests in which contest Mrs. J. W. Dickins was victorious receiving a box of fine candies as a reward. A sherbet course was served at the refreshment hour. Enjoying the charming hospitality of Mrs. Whitner were Mesdames Margaret Barnes, S. O. Chase, J. W. Dickins, Speer, Rand, S. A. Wood, Mrs. Whitner Sr., and Miss Laura Fish.

Outing at Wekiwa Springs

All the pleasurable delights of the old fashioned picnic were enjoyed by a merry group of young people, including Misses Florence Frank, Anna McLaughlin, Helen Rowland, Olga Schultz, Margaret Wight, Messrs. Felix Frank, S. M. Lloyd, Joe DeMont, McClintock and Dr. Fair. Felix Frank chaperoned and kept tab on the various couples, counting them off on his fingers whenever one became lost to view. Felix thinks it lots of fun but rather strenuous work to chaperone a crowd of gay spirits, however, fresh fish and fried chicken are a splendid compensation, to say nothing of a dip in the springs. The other side of the story goes that the congenial spirits on this particular occasion vote Felix an adorable chaperone for he always looks the other way and seeks a missing couple (that is just behind him) about a half mile off. The fact remains that all had a delightful time and especially enjoyed the fish fry.

Dinner Party

Mr. and Mrs. A. K. Powers were hosts at a charming little dinner party on Friday evening at their home on the Heights. The attractive appointments of the table were enhanced by a beautiful centerpiece of Easter lilies. The five course dinner was delicious and daintily served. Enjoying the tempting viands and the gracious hospitality of their entertainers were Mr. and Mrs. R. J. Holly and Judge Perkins of DeLand.

St. Agnes Guild

A very large number of members of Wekiwa Springs St. Agnes Guild met Mrs. L. Y. Bryan, Sr., Mrs. and Mrs. L. Y. Bryan, Jr., Gladys Bryan, Ada and Avis Stenstrom, Ed Routh and Orin Stenstrom.

Boys

Mr. and Mrs. J. V. Stenstrom arranged the birth of a little Sunday June 6. The group party at the home of Mrs. Stenstrom.

B. Y. P. U.

The general business meeting and annual election of officers of the B. Y. P. U. was held on Thursday evening. Much enthusiasm prevailed and the members present pledged themselves to a larger zeal and greater endeavors. This organization is a fine society and is doing a splendid work. The following officers were elected: President, Miss Marie Stewart; Vice Pres., W. C. Duncanson; Secretary, F. E. Garfield; Treasurer, A. D. Jones; press reporter, Mrs. Loretta Robinson; Mrs. S. G. Kennedy; Librarian, Mrs. S. G. Kennedy; four Captains, Misses Lucille Rines, Mary Gatchel, Maud Jenkins, Mrs. G. A. Radford; chorister, M. L. Wright. Following the business period a delightful social hour was enjoyed at which delicious refreshments were served. The table was centered by a huge vase of gorgeous gladioli. The B. Y. P. U. cake was a marvel of culinary art, iced in the yellow and green of the society's colors with the letters B. Y. P. U. and A. No. 1 upon the top. The cake was cut so that a slice containing a letter fell to the four retiring captains, Mrs. Leslie Bryan, Mrs. S. G. Kennedy, Miss Annie Long and Mrs. M. L. Stewart. The hymn, "A. M. S. G. Kennedy and N. C. S. G. Robinson" was sung by Mrs. M. L. Rains, Linda Connelly, Ruby Batts and Edith Stewart. The informal program of music and short talks was closed by singing the B. Y. P. U. rally song, written by Mrs. E. E. Cox and sung to the melody of Swanee River. This

is the third rally song written by Mrs. Cox.

Another jolly crowd enjoying the pleasures of an auto ride and all day party at the Ranch were Dr. and Mrs. Puleston and children, Mrs. Thrasher, Mrs. R. J. Holly, Miss Annie Hawkins, Miss Nixon, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Hand, Mr. Chas. Hand, Mr. and Mrs. Archie Batta and Mr. Tom Hawkins. The party left the city early in the morning, carrying with them an appetizing lunch for dinner and supper, returning late in the evening, all reporting a day of quiet pleasure and happiness.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Tabor, Mr. and Mrs. A. D. Parrish and Mr. Ralph Chapman were a pleasant party that motored over to DeLeon Springs Sunday afternoon.

Another party enjoying a delightful afternoon outing at Clay Springs Thursday were Mr. and Mrs. W. P. Carter, Mrs. H. C. Gerrer, Mrs. Vance Douglass and Walter Carter in the Gerrer car and Mr. and Mrs. Duane Turner, Deane Jr., Mrs. Bessie Hill and Katherine Turner in the Turner car.

Personal Mention

Mrs. J. D. Hood left Tuesday for Macon, Ga., where she will spend the summer, returning to Sanford about September 1st.

Mrs. Austin Williams is enjoying a visit from her sister Mrs. Douglass of Albany, Georgia.

Miss Mary Chappell was among those who attended the Commencement week at Stetson University. She returned home last Wednesday accompanied by Miss Luca Chappell who has been studying for several months at the University.

Friends of Miss Elizabeth McLaughlin will regret to hear of her illness at Orlando. Mrs. McLaughlin is with her daughter at the hospital.

Dr. C. E. Walker has returned from a week end visit with Mrs. Walker and Mrs. Greenwood in Orlando.

Mrs. A. W. Fitts and children left Friday for the mountains of North Carolina to spend the summer. Mr. Fitts accompanied them to Jacksonville.

Mrs. Forrest Lake and two little daughters, Serita and Maud are expected home today from Tallahassee.

Prof. Henry Nerhling, who has been the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Wight for several days returned Monday to Ocala.

Mrs. T. A. Neal will leave tomorrow for Orlando to attend the Slemmons-Arnold wedding on Thursday.

Miss Lilian Higgins left Saturday afternoon for a visit of several weeks in Jacksonville.

Mrs. R. E. Millen and Mrs. H. M. Bray left Saturday to spend the summer in Georgia.

Miss Claire Walker and Miss Ethel Moughton are expected home from the Woman's College at Tallahassee Thursday.

Mrs. Lewis Deval and two children of Jonesbury, Ark., are visiting Mr. and Mrs. W. R. King on Sanford Heights.

Miss Annie Hawkins, Miss Nixon and Messrs. Tom Hawkins and Kent Rossetter left this a. m. in the Hawkins automobile for Georgia. If all goes well they plan to motor all the way to the Hawkins summer home at Commerce.

Brotherhood Meeting

There will be a meeting of the Brotherhood tonight at the Manse. All members requested to be present.

FOR THIS WEEK Preserving Season is on and Sugar is Advancing For this week 14 lbs. granulated Sugar \$1.00 LEMONS 20c Doz. L. P. McCULLER Store Closed Thursday on Account, Picnic.

ROBBINS NEST HOTEL, THURSDAY, JUNE 10 TO SATURDAY, 19 DR. DAVIS COMING Dr. Davis, the Optometrist, who has been making regular visits here for number of years, will be at Robbins Nest Hotel next week for few days. See him for glasses, for headache, weak eyes or poor vision. Work guaranteed. Don't delay coming until too late. References: Dr. J. N. Rubson, D. A. Caldwell, J. E. Pace.

COW PEAS Car load Iron and Brabham Cow Peas just delivered. These varieties Peas guaranteed not to infect soil with "Root Knot." Write for prices, mentioning quantity desired. DUTTON CRATE CO. SANFORD, FLORIDA

A Sample of the Many Letters from Our Satisfied Customers UNITED STATES POSTOFFICE AT LONGWOOD, FLA. F. J. NIEMEYER, Postmaster May 29, 1915 Bonita:— Enclosed find check for \$3.00 for Cream shipped me yesterday. Thank you for your promptness. Cream was fine and enjoyed very much. Will call in to see you before long to see about future shipments. Yours truly F. J. NIEMEYER Bonita—Bonita

NOTICE

Notice is hereby given that the following described lands, or so much thereof as will be necessary to pay the amount due for taxes herein set opposite the same, together with cost of such sale and advertising, will be sold at public auction on the 5th day of July, 1915, at Sanford, the county of Seminole.

Table with columns: DESCRIPTION OF LAND, Sec, Twp, Rge, Acres, OWNER, Amt Taxes & Costs. Contains detailed land descriptions and owner information.

Table with columns: Lot, Description, Area, Owner, Amt Taxes & Costs. Lists various lots and their owners, including sections for 'The Town of Monroe' and 'Sanford Heights'.

Table with columns: Lot, Description, Area, Owner, Amt Taxes & Costs. Continues the list of lots and owners, including sections for 'Sanford' and 'Sanford Heights'.







# SEMINOLE CO. IS ON DIXIE HIGHWAY

### THEY DIDN'T WANT US BUT WE JUST BUTTED IN AND MADE A MAP

Sanford and Seminole county will be on the Dixie Highway!

This was decided yesterday at a meeting of the Central Florida Highway Association held in Orlando, at which between forty and fifty citizens of Seminole county were present.

The meeting was attended by representatives from practically every county in the state affected by the route, over 500 men being present. Never before in the history of the state has there been gathered together a bigger or more enthusiastic bunch of good roads boosters than was to be found in Orlando yesterday. The meeting was characterized by enthusiasm and rivalry from start to finish and resembled in every respect a big political meeting. Every foot of the Florida division of the great highway which will cross the state from north to south in perhaps two places was contested and fought for by the delegates present.

The route which was recommended to the Dixie Highway commissioners was selected by a committee, consisting of one member from each county represented. Representative Forrest Lake was chosen by the Seminole county delegation to represent this county and it is safe to say that much of the credit for putting Sanford on the Dixie Highway is due to Mr. Lake, who fought for the Sanford route in the committee, lost by one vote, obtained a reconsideration and finally succeeded in convincing the committee against great odds that to pass by Sanford with this great highway would be not only a menace to our county and citizens but a crime against the travelling public.

As the matter now stands Sanford is on the route coming out of Georgia through Gainesville to the southern part of the state via Eustis, and is also on what is known as the scenic route from Gainesville to Arcadia. This will mean that nearly every automobile bound for the south central or southwestern part of the state will go through Sanford and this with our new hotel will make Sanford a popular city for the travelling public.

Those going from Seminole to the Orlando meeting were: W. W. Abernathy, Chas. Kanner, Tim Keane, A. Vaughn, F. B. Warman, J. I. Thrasher, J. D. Davison, W. H. Wight, L. P. McCuller, L. S. Maines, W. M. Haynes, Chas. L. Wing, A. P. Connelly, C. O. McLaughlin, Sanford; C. A. Raulerson, J. H. Hudleston, M. E. Dooley, Geneva; L. P. Hagan, F. P. Forster, L. A. Brumley, C. R. Walker, Dr. L. R. Phillips, W. L. Wallace, Sanford; J. A. Clark, Oviedo; C. W. Entzinger, Longwood; F. S. Frank, W. M. McKinnon, L. G. Stringfellow, C. M. Hand, R. C. Maxwell, W. A. Lester, Forrest Lake, T. A. Newton, F. L. Miller, Geo. Mason, Geo. D. Hart, Chas. Williams, F. P. Rines, E. F. Housholder, J. N. Whitner, F. L. Woodruff, H. E. Tolar, S. A. Irwin, Sanford.

### Court Is in Session

Circuit court is in session but it is so tame that few people are attracted to the building. The case of Pace vs. Miller, ejectment suit still drags along and is both wearying to the officials and the spectators. This case will probably keep the court here part of next week. We like to have the Judge and other officials stay here as long as possible and with a few more cases like the above they could make arrangements with the new Mason Hotel for rates by the year.

### Jitneys Hauled the People

The jitneys were very much in evidence Thursday morning when the pleaders were out in force and the little buzz wagons were kept busy transporting the people to and from the depot. The rate of five cents each way appealed to the picnic folks and especially those with large families.

### City Council Meets

The city council met in regular session June 7th at 7:30 p. m.

Present: H. W. Herndon, president; W. W. Abernathy, J. Adams, C. H. Dinger, J. D. Davison, R. C. Maxwell. Absent: H. E. Tolar.

Minutes of the last regular and the special meeting of May read and approved.

Moved and seconded that the personal tax of Joe Fernandez be reduced from \$500 to \$300. Carried.

A voucher was ordered drawn in favor of W. A. Tillis to reimburse him for money paid by him in error to the amount of \$10.00.

It was moved and seconded that the assessment on Lot 8, Block 11, Tier B be reduced from \$1,000 to \$400, and that the personal assessment of Richard Allen be reduced to \$100. Carried.

The reports of the treasurer, collector, sanitary inspector and chief of police read and ordered filed.

It was moved, seconded and carried that the bills as approved by the finance committee and signed by the president be paid.

### Refuse to Save Frank

Atlanta, June 10.—By a vote of two to one the Georgia prison commission today declined to recommend commutation to life imprisonment of the death sentence pronounced upon Leo M. Frank for the murder of Mary Phagan. The commission presented its report to Governor Slatyer, who is at liberty to either reject or approve its recommendations. Commissioners E. L. Rainey and R. P. Davison voted against the recommendation for clemency. Commissioner T. E. Patterson voted in favor of commutation.

The majority report pointed out that in all the court decisions against Frank that no new evidence had been shown and that the commissioners felt "constrained not to interfere with the enforcement of orderly judgment courts."

Commissioner Patterson, dissenting, said in consideration of the evidence he left his mind open as to whether there was room to doubt the story told by James Conley, negro, one of the principal witnesses.

### Jitney Service to Orlando

If the jitneys have come to stay it is to be hoped that at least one day each week one may be able to go to Orlando by means of them if not more than the fare asked by the railroads and remain in town until the day there if desired. As it is now, with the morning train discontinued last winter, one must either go by the midday train and return after practically but one hour stop at Orlando or by the midnight train, which is anything but to be desired, or remain at Orlando overnight in order to accomplish anything to do with the city during the trip.

Orange and Seminole counties have not recently been one county, to not make it sometimes vitally necessary to go to the former county seat on business and there are many people who would take advantage of such an opportunity for social occasions, which also is of value since the cultivation of friendly feeling between Orange and Seminole counties would react to our benefit.

It is true that there are exceptions to the lack of the morning train as at the time of the Orange county midwinter fair and possibly there may be another such exception this week for the benefit of those wishing to attend the Citrus Growers' Convention and barbecue at Orlando, but such rare occasions and intervals do not fulfill the requirements for the frequent ordinary necessities of travel between here and Orlando and it is to be hoped that the matter will be taken up and satisfactorily arranged.

A Herald Reader.

### Attention, Odd Fellows

The annual memorial services of Sanford Lodge No. 27 I. O. O. F. will be held in the Star Theatre on Sunday, June 13th, 1915 at 3:30 o'clock p. m. All members of Sanford Lodge No. 27 and all visiting, or other Odd Fellows are requested to meet in the hall over the Imperial Theatre at 3 o'clock sharp and march together to the Star Theatre. A cordial invitation is hereby given to the public to attend this memorial service.

By order of the Noble Grand, C. C. Cobb, Noble Grand. John W. O. Singletary, Sec.

# S. S. PICNIC HAD ONE GREAT DAY

### NEARLY 600 TICKETS SOLD ON TRAIN AND SPRINGS WERE CROWDED

The annual Sunday school excursion yesterday to DeLeon Springs was largely attended, there being 560 tickets sold on the train between Sanford and the Springs. As many others came in cars from this city and from other cities the crowd was estimated as being about 650 and a glance at the springs about noon would convince any one that there were about 1000 present. The morning was ideal and about one o'clock, after most of the crowd had lunched a rain came up and lasted about an hour, but as the speaker of the day had already arrived the crowd was content to stay indoors for awhile and rest. Mayor Swearingen, Mrs. Swearingen and their little daughter arrived on the southbound train and were escorted to the pavilion where a tempting lunch had been provided for them, and after lunch the Baptist Temple Band under the leadership of A. B. Brock rendered some choice music. R. E. Holly acted as chairman of the meeting and after an invocation by Dr. Browne the chairman introduced Mayor Swearingen as the man who would rather be right than be mayor, and he was received most enthusiastically by the people. He made an address mainly upon the work of the churches but it was also a call to the people for purity in politics and better local government. The rain beat so heavily upon the roof of the pavilion that the speaker had difficulty in making himself heard but his address was reported in good advice to the children and the men, and at the conclusion it was warmly applauded and the people were led back to take his bond. Mayor Swearingen, one time a citizen of Sanford and worked in the A. C. L. shops and yesterday he met many of his old friends who know him here twenty years ago.

A most delightful afternoon was spent in bathing and other sports and the evening was returned at six o'clock and home.

The A. C. L. Ry. handled the train in their usual satisfactory manner and Trainmaster Marlowe was on hand to see that everything was done for the benefit of the people present. Not a child was missing and not one of them was injured and the excursion was one grand time, especially for the younger folks who seemed to enjoy the outing all the more.

There was only one of the delightful feature about the springs and that was the dearth of the dressing rooms for the men, who were obliged to dress in a dirty packing house when they had no place to hang up their clothes and no surety that their clothes would be found there when they returned. DeLeon Springs is a fine natural resort but if any large crowds expect to go there this season the management will have to get busy and provide accommodations for the men.

Otherwise there was nothing to mar the perfect day and the picnic was a great success in every way.

### Presbyterian Church

Dr. Brownless will continue his series on the Broad View of the Bible Sunday. At 11 a. m. the subject will be "The Bible and Spiritual Life."

At 7:30 p. m., "The Bible and America." Considerable interest was aroused by the sermons of this series last Sabbath and these two will conclude the series.

### B. of L. E. Memorial

The B. of L. E. memorial services will be preached by Rev. George Hyman at the Baptist church next Sunday morning. The public is cordially invited to attend.

### George Is Here

George Mason, the man who intends to build the Hotel Mason in Sanford has been in the city for several days and will remain over Sunday to view the city at all angles. Mrs. Mason will join him here Saturday and will remain over Sunday in the city.

# BUSINESS ENTERPRISES OF SOUTH GROW

### A HOTEL AT SANFORD AND MANY OTHER IMPROVEMENTS IN SOUTHWEST

Columbus, Ga., June 11.—The Industrial Index says in its issue for this week:

"There is a swelling tide of construction and industrial activity in the southeast. It is demonstrated by building permit figures and in the increasing number of industrial concerns organized and manufacturing plants established and definitely projected. Building material dealers report a growing volume of trade."

"Railroad earnings are increasing. There is growing activity in some important industries that were most affected by the recent depression. Money has been accumulated in unusual sums throughout the country and cannot long remain idle. The entire country is beginning to feel the effects of its enormous volume of foreign business."

"Collections are better. Business is improving steadily. The prospects are good."

"A Milwaukee, Wis. company has purchased a tract of 21,000 acres additional in a Florida county and will cost approximately \$1,000,000 in draining and otherwise improving a total of 65,000 acres for colonization."

"An Italian American development company will improve for settlement an extensive tract in Florida, and has awarded a contract for the erection of 100 buildings at the town site."

"A total of twenty-one corporations with minimum capital stocks aggregating \$3,064,000 have been formed during the week."

A contract has been awarded for the construction and equipment of a railway line in North Georgia.

A commission has been issued for the extension of a railway between Charleston, S. C. and Savannah, Ga.

Among the items of construction to be undertaken is reported this week:

Apartment house, Atlantic Beach, Fla.; bridge, St. Petersburg, Fla.; and Montgomery county, Ala.; church building to cost \$30,000 or more, Dothan, Ala.; jail, Dade county, Fla.; hotel building, Sanford, Fla.; new school building, \$25,000, Seaside, Ga.; hotel buildings, Rome, Ga.; and out. The public is invited to the construction contract, have been awarded as follows:

Apartment house, Coronado, Fla.; church building, Columbia, S. C.; and Miami, Fla.; cold storage plant, Tampa, Fla.; dormitory, Greenwood, S. C.; courthouse, Murray county, Ga.; fair building, \$10,000, Mobile, Ala.; postoffice improvement, Pensacola, Fla.; school buildings, Homestead and Unadilla, Fla.; theatre building, \$50,000, Tampa, Florida.

"Feed mills will be established at Mottet, Ga., and Troy, Ala. Blakely, Ga., will establish a municipal ice factory. A petition has been submitted for a franchise for a gas plant to serve sections of Pinellas county, Fla., with an estimated total investment of about \$250,000. A syrup refinery will be established in Jacksonville, Fla."

Elections will be held upon the issuance of improvement and refunding bonds as follows: Bradenton, Fla., \$15,000; Chicksdale, Miss., \$150,000; Pinellas county, Florida, \$500,000; Girard, Ala., \$20,000; Irondale, Ala., \$15,000; Lee county, Alabama, \$35,000."

### Quarterly Conference

The record quarterly conference will be held next Sunday at Methodist services. The pastor will preach in the morning at 11 o'clock. The evening sermon will be delivered by Dr. J. D. Sibert of the Miami district. This will be Dr. Sibert's second and official visit to Sanford. All members and friends of the church are cordially invited to hear these sermons, and attend the conference which will be at the close of the evening's sermon.

### Danger in Reckless Speeding

Although our brick roads are now supposed to be finished and in proper condition for autos and wagons, etc., a great deal is left to be desired by the narrow roadbed, which is especially the case when the various heavy trucks in use in this region are upon their business bent.

With trucks, as with lighter cars, it seems to become the rule that the driver on achieving an auto loses much of his sense of proportion as to width of road and as to speed and as these trucks so frequently take and keep the middle of the road it becomes necessary (?) for others to be pushed away off to the side of the road where, either for lighter cars or ordinary vehicles, the different roadbed ideas not always make for safety.

It is of course only a temporary lack of thought but such things should be regulated by some ordinance which would take cognizance of and fine those who claim the whole road or those who persist in speeding of whatever type of car.

There are numerous places where side roads converge at right angles into the highway, where there is always extreme danger to the occupants of light vehicles entering from such side roads into the highway, as it never seems to occur to auto drivers that there is any necessity for being on the lookout at such roads for any one but themselves. This is particularly so in the early evening unless some recognition of other vehicles is acknowledged by auto drivers there is a high probability of serious, perhaps fatal, accidents as usual.

Let's First

### Stetson Commencement

Stetson University has just closed its commencement year in her history. Commencement opened Friday, May 27, with a grand concert by the College Girls' Glee Club. Saturday afternoon was given over to the seniors of the Stetson College of Liberal Arts, who had attractive out of door exercises, including a professional and the presentation of the class gift, a handsome sundial. The baccalaureate services occurred Sunday morning. One hundred and three graduates from the various departments of Stetson University attended in a body. The educational sermon was preached Sunday evening by Rev. S. B. Hager, secretary-treasurer of the Florida Baptist Association. Sunday morning the College Seniors were assembled at 10 o'clock following the alumni of whom there were an unusually large number from out of town present, and invited guests enjoyed a banquet in Channon Hall, Tuesday, June 1, closed the Commencement exercises. In the morning occurred the graduating exercises of the Stetson College of Liberal Arts and the senior Baccalaureate exercises. The commencement exercises of the College of Liberal Arts and College of Law, with the conferring of degrees. The Dr. Rey Cameron Mann, D. D., Bishop of Southern Florida of the Episcopal Church gave the Commencement oration. Following the exercises in the auditorium a public reception was given in the Museum of Fine Arts in honor of Hon. and Mrs. W. S. Jennings who were present at the graduation of their son from the College of Liberal Arts.

### Congregational Church

Next Sunday morning, 11 o'clock the scholars of the Sunday school will give a Children's Day service, entitled "Nature's Voices," consisting of recitations, song, addresses, etc. All are cordially welcomed and asked to bring an offering for our national Sunday school work.

In the evening service, 7:30, the following will be the subject for consideration: "Some Light on Knotty Bible Passages," a helpful and free discussion of puzzling places in the Bible.

The Sunday school at 9:45 a. m., and the C. E. Society at 6:30 p. m., with the subject "Christ's Call to the Young Men of Today," led by Eraser Armstrong.

All are cordially invited to these services of our church.

### Epworth League Notice

All Epworth League members take notice that the meetings have been changed from Tuesday evening to Sunday evening, 6:45 in the Star Theatre. All young people have an invitation and will receive a welcome.

# SEC. BRYAN HAS RESIGNED FROM CABINET

### VIEWS NOT IN ACCORD AND PRESIDENT ACCEPTED HIS RESIGNATION

Washington, June 11.—William Jennings Bryan has returned to private life after two years and three months as Secretary of State. He resigned because he could not join in the approval of the note to Germany or reconcile its principles to the prevention of war, which he claims is nearest his heart.

Bryan's resignation developed an unusual situation in domestic politics and a grave turn in the United States foreign policies, the main features being the effect Bryan's resignation will have on the relations between the United States and Germany. There have been intimations from official Berlin sources that the United States' notes could not be taken seriously as it was known that Bryan was committed against drastic measures. It is believed his withdrawal will produce a profound impression in Germany at this critical stage. The notes are expected to go forward today, all of the cabinet but Bryan approving Bryan states he will continue to support Wilson politically. He remains in Washington for a few days and will then take a vacation. Bryan called at the White House this afternoon to bid the President goodbye. The meeting was cordial.

### Lansing Appointed

Robert Lansing, counsellor state department, was appointed secretary of state ad interim, by President Wilson to succeed William Jennings Bryan. The change in the cabinet took effect with the dispatch of the rejoinder to Germany on the Lusitania, which states in unmistakable terms the demands of the United States. Differing not in the object sought the prevention of war but in the method of approaching the problem, Bryan resigned rather than to sign his name to the note. The decision to send the note to Germany today was reached after a conference between President Wilson and Lansing.

### Framalin Leaves Today

The elegant yacht, Framalin, the property of James Laughlin, will leave the dock today bound for New York and other points on the Atlantic seaboard. The Framalin was built near this city last year and is according to the plans of Mr. Laughlin who has owned in Florida for many years, the most modern of the boats.

The Framalin is a thorough sea-going boat measuring 62 feet over all with a 17 foot beam over guard rail. She draws a depth of two and a half feet, which draft enables her to traverse most of the inland waterways. She is driven by a 50-65 horse power engine. Besides a dory she carries a 20 foot power boat upon her decks. An electric dynamo supplies her with a powerful searchlight.

Were it not for the sea one aboard might imagine himself in a modern home, such are her conveniences and furnishings. She is electric lighted throughout, with hot and cold running water; her state rooms carry double berths while there are bunk accommodations in the saloon and cabin deck for eight, giving her berth accommodations for twelve, besides caring for a crew of four. Her furnishings throughout are of red mahogany.

Mr. Laughlin is a great lover of outdoor life, and he, with Mrs. Laughlin spends the major part of his time cruising and camping. He has the distinction of carrying the first auto through from Jacksonville to Miami, in the winter of 1908.

Mr. and Mrs. Laughlin will be accompanied on their trip this summer by Mrs. Laughlin's sister, Miss Bessie Mahady, and Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Shaw and baby.

They expect to return in the early fall.

Dr. J. D. Sibert, Presiding Elder Will preach in the Star Theatre next Sunday evening at 7:30. Those who heard Dr. Sibert on his first visit to Sanford will be glad to know he is to be here.