

**Work of Real Forester.**  
The modern forester undertakes to make orchards profitable. There are orchardists, to be sure, who know very well how to care for their trees and who do care for them; but there are also orchards that are neglected or handled unskillfully. The forester will take a run-down orchard and by intelligent, scientific treatment of the trees, with systematic care, make it produce big and handsome apples in abundance.

**Feminine Curiosity.**  
Little Eleanor's pretty cousin wore a new engagement ring, and the budding woman regarded the ring and the giver alike with reverent eyes. One night when the happy man has been invited to Eleanor's home for dinner, Eleanor, unconsciously gushing, burst forth with: "Oh, Mr. Blank, do please tell me. In all the love stories I've read the men propose so sudden. When it's coming on, does it—does it feel anything like a sneeze?"

**That Shining Nose.**  
At the opera the young man who paid for the seats was engaged for a few tense moments in a study of a stunning woman of middle age who sat in the row in front. Then he turned to the girl at his right, and whispered, "Look at the lady in lavender; what is the matter with her nose?" The girl gave one glance at the shining "nob," then turned to her escort and whispered: "Enameled."

**Colds.**  
Numbers of people are suffering just now from irritating colds in the head. A very simple home remedy which brings almost instant relief is to pour half a pint of boiling water on to a dram of pulverized camphor, and to inhale the vapor for about ten to fifteen minutes. The annoying fits of sneezing, running eyes and heavy feeling in the head will quickly yield to this remedy.

**Flat Chest.**  
The occupation of a bookkeeper tends to bring the head and shoulders forward and cramp the chest. Try to sit more erect and learn to stand tall, and stretch the body to its full height. Many defects of the figure are due to bad postures, but by exercise many defects can be corrected.

**Reflection on Cholly.**  
Cholly (handling his friend's revolver gingerly)—"I suppose now if this should go off while I'm holding it like this it would blow my brains out!" His Friend—"No, it wouldn't do that, but it would bore a hole clean through your head."

**Never Let Him Forget It.**  
The man who owes all to his wife is out going to be permitted to forget it this side of the main entrance to the cemetery in which the family lot is situated—Houston Post

**Luxury in Cigars.**  
The Rothschilds smoke the most costly cigars that are made—the Henry Clay Sobranos—which cost \$1.50 each. These are wrapped in gold leaf and packed in little inlaid cedar wood cabinets.

**No Doubt About One Thing.**  
"It does not always take brains to make money," observed the father of the college boy as he looked over that young man's expense bill, "but it sure does take money to make brains."

**Too Busy for Serious Things.**  
The growing indifference of the age is appalling; men are too busy with their pleasures, their money-making, their politics, and a thousand things.—Exchange.

**Use of the Horse.**  
Owing to the advancement of science it would be possible to get along without horses now, if it were not for the necessity of having a few of them at the annual horse shows.

**All Too Frequent Mistake.**  
The soul is intended to guide the body in the journey through life; the chief mistake which man makes is that he permits the body to guide the soul.—London Truth.

**Real Life.**  
The mintage of wisdom is to know that rest is rust, and that real life is in love, laughter and work.—Elbert Hubbard.

**Only the Belief of Snobs.**  
The idea that trade is vulgar is one of the silliest ideas that ever came into the brain of man.

**Aristocratic Dairy Farmers.**  
Dairy farming is popular as a genuine source of income to the British aristocrat.

# MONDAY APRIL 29th

Will find many attractive bargains on display from all departments. All boats and trains are daily bringing something new and fresh from the Largest mercantile centers in the country.

### FIRST CALL

At 9:00 o'clock Monday morning—true to its name—a yard-wide Bleached Domestic, "First Call Brand", 10 yards for **59c**

### 36-INCH NATURAL LINEN 24 CENTS

This full weight and count, Natural Linen color, all Linen, a good value at 35c. a yard; Our price only **24c**

85 cent PONGEE 69 cents  
Natural color Silk Pongee, about 27 inches wide, a good value for 85c, our price only **69c**



# MONDAY APRIL 29th

Will be a gala day to all and every one attending our special Monday Sale, and by carefully reading this advertisement you can quickly realize what values are offered for this day.

### RUG SALE 29 CENTS

18x42 Rug in selected patterns. This great rug special will be placed on sale Monday morning at 9 o'clock. While they last, at, each **29c**

### 36-INCH COLORED LINEN 29 CENTS

40 Cents is a Great Value for this Fine Quality Colored Linen in Light Blue and Lavender. Yard wide, Our Price, Monday **29c**

12 1-2c DRESS GINGHAM 9 1-2c  
Amoskeag Dress Gingham, in light, medium and dark. A good value at 12 1/2c, our price **9 1/2c**

25 cent KHAKI 18 cents  
Standard weight full width Khaki cloth, the material for ladies' outing or knock-about skirts **18c**

### 17-cents WHITE GOODS 12 1-2 cents

Special values up to 17c will be found in this line, Monday, at a yard only **12 1/2c**

### 40-C. BELMONT DAMASK 25 CENTS

64-inches wide-Bleached Table Damask in neat patterns, a good value at 40c. Our Price, Yd. **25c**

### HEMMED NAPKINS 3 3/4 CENTS

17 doz Hemmed Dinner Napkins, Regular size and a good value at 6c. Our price for Monday, each only **3 3/4c**

### GAUZE VESTS SPECIAL

One case of Ladies' Gauze Vests just received, will go on sale Monday, at each **83c**

### 20 CENTS ALL LINEN 13 CENTS

"Warranted All Linen" in Natural Linen Colors, good 20c value, 27-in wide. On sale Monday at **13c**

### TALCUM POWDER SPECIAL

Only 288 cans of Air Float Talcum Powder will be placed on sale Monday at a can only **7c**

### 60 cent "UNCLE SAM" SHIRTS 43 cents

The "Uncle Sam" is a genuine "Blue Bell" Chambray Work Shirt—regular style, two pockets. Our price, each, only **43c**

### 50 cent ELASTIC SEAM DRAWERS 39 cents

Men's Elastic Seam Drawers, in all sizes, they sell for 50 cents everywhere. Our Monday price per pair only **39c**



HOSIERY  
FOR  
MEN  
AND  
CHILDREN

Complete line in all colors also blk. and white, in lisle, half silk and all silk special prices at 13c, 25c, 48c, 98c and **\$1.48**

SUIT UNDERWEAR 48c  
Ballbriggan Shirts and Drawers see this special line, suit only **48c**

SNOW'S SHOES  
"Union Made" Complete line Oxfords, all styles and widths. It is a pleasure to show these comfortable fitting shoes at our smashing low prices.

CHILDREN'S PUMPS  
Our large line of "Godman Pumps and Oxfords" are the wonder of all at our low prices for these all-leather shoes. See our line at **98c**

LADIES' HOSE SUPPORTERS  
Ladies' Military Pad Front Hose Supporters, in assorted colors, a 35c value, our Monday price **25c**

Selby's Pumps and Oxfords in Patent Leather, Tan, Vici Kid and White Kid



See our Large Line of Pumps and Oxfords, in high, medium, and low heel, all leather, \$1.09, \$1.59, \$1.98 and **\$3.39**

### FURNITURE

See our line of Furniture before buying. Lowest prices, also the easiest terms, a small payment down and a weekly pay-ment of **\$1.00**

### SOFT COLLAR AND TIE

Hot weather is now here and we have a strong line of men's soft collars, ties to match complete, only **25c**

### 65 cent NIGHT SHIRT 47 cents

This 65c value is a full-length and size Night Shirt. You should see them Monday at sale price only **47c**

### STOVES

See our large line of Cook Stoves & Ranges, special prices for cash or on the easiest terms, a small payment down and weekly payment of **\$1.00**

### MOSQUITO BARS

A new shipment of Mosquito Bars, covered with sand fly netting, complete, worth each \$1.75, our price is **\$1.29**

### FREE Only Three Weeks More to get Tickets on all of the following Handsome Prizes.—JUST THREE WEEKS.

THIS TICKET GIVEN WITH EVERY \$1.00 PURCHASE GOOD FOR A CHANCE ON THE FOLLOWING PRIZES:

1st \$30.00 9x12 Wilton Rug	7th \$8.00 Handsome 8-day Clock
2nd 12.00 Cathedral Gong Clock	8th 8.00 Handsome 8-day Clock
3rd 10.00 Cowhide Traveling Bag	9th 8.00 Handsome 8-day Clock
4th 8.00 Cowhide Traveling Bag	10th 8.00 Handsome 8-day Clock
5th 8.00 Handsome 8-day Clock	11th 6.00 Cowhide Traveling Bag
6th 8.00 Handsome 8-day Clock	12th 5.00 Silk Umbrella

### CREX RUGS?

27x54-in. Crex Rugs in Reds and Greens, a special value, see them in our Monday sale at each only **69c**

Beginning : May 2nd : We : Will : Close : Every

Thursday : at : 12 O'Clock : Through : the : Summer

# D. A. CALDWELL & SONS

## CASH DEPARTMENT STORE

### SANFORD : : : : FLORIDA



# THE SANFORD HERALD

IN SANFORD—Life is Worth Living

Number 68

SANFORD, FLORIDA, TUESDAY, APRIL 30, 1912

Volume IV

## NEWS OF THE WORLD

### Items of Interest Gleaned From Various Sources

### HAPPENINGS DURING THE WEEK

Here the Readers Will Find a Brief Historical Spring Flowing For Hurried Readers

Approximately forty lives were lost in the storm which Sunday swept northward from Childress, Texas over Oklahoma and into portions of Kansas, according to reports. There are other rumors of fatalities but these cannot be verified. The list of injured will number over one hundred.

Mrs. William H. Taft has given the first dollar to a woman's Titanic memorial, which it is proposed shall be erected in Washington to commemorate all who went down with the ship. A committee of one hundred women from all States has been named and no contribution will be accepted from men.

At the last session of the New Jersey legislature a bill was passed by unanimous vote in both houses authorizing the employment of prisoners in road maintenance work. This, we believe, constitutes the first attempt of a Northern State to try out on an extensive scale the system of utilizing its prison labor in public enterprises.

The largest cargo ever carried on one vessel is said to have left Seattle, Wash., on Puget Sound, the other day on the steamship Minnesota for Japan and China. The loading consisted of the following items: 594,389 sacks of flour weighing 14,262 tons, 8,109 bales of cotton, of 2,140 tons weight; 2,599 packages of miscellaneous merchandise, 199 tons, and besides the freight proper there were 1,270 pounds of letter mail, and 22,750 pounds of paper mail, making a total, not counting stores, fuel, etc., of 16,913 tons in weight.

A more searching inquiry into the wireless system employed aboard ocean going ships is planned for today by the senate committee investigating the Titanic disaster. The committee avowed its intention to go into the question at length with a view to framing legislation that will govern the wireless system on vessels leaving American ports.

Paris is quiet today after yesterday's excitement, which ended with the wiping out of the band of automobile bandits who had terrorized this city and section for months past, with murders and robberies. The end of the fight, which had lasted for several hours, came with the destruction by dynamite of the garage at Choussy-le-Roi, six miles south of Paris, by the gendarmes, who had unsuccessfully tried to dialogue Jules Bonnett, leader of the gang, and his lieutenant, Anton Dubois, an anarchist, who had taken refuge in the garage. Dubois was killed in the explosion, which blew out the front wall of the garage. Bonnett surviving his wounds long enough to die in a hospital after being taken.

The torpedo boat destroyers, Preble and Perry, which slipped out of San Diego harbor last night, are under orders to intercept the gun boat Yorktown by wireless and tell her not to stop at any Mexican port for coal or any other purpose, in view of the conditions prevailing in Mexico. It is deemed inadvisable to have any American gunboat stop at any of the coastal cities at this time, when popular feeling is so inflamed in Mexico against citizens of the United States.

### Large Alligator Shot

A picnic party, on the motor boat, Verona, owned by C. Kenniston of this city, sighted a large alligator, which was immediately shot by Capt. Allen, also of this city. The alligator measured eight and one-half feet long. The reptile was hoisted in the small boat, and towed to the city dock.

### Mr. J. N. Whitner Will Speak

A union service of all the churches is being arranged for at the Star Theatre next Sunday night. The principal address will be by Mr. J. N. Whitner. He will speak on "The Promise of the World in the Men's Movement," an echo of the Hippodrome Meeting in New York City. At the last meeting of the executive committee of the Men and Religion Forward Movement it was voted to be the sense of the committee that union meetings of the churches be held in the theatre as often as one Sunday night in each month. The first of these monthly union meetings is being arranged for next Sunday night. Mr. Whitner is full of his subject. Hear him.

## GOOD BUILDING RECORD

### Over Twenty-Five Thousand Dollars' Worth for Month of April

Sanford's building record for the month of April is worthy of more than a passing notice. The permits issued at the city clerk's office will be \$26,987.50 up to date and most of them have been started, and April is not a good month either. There will be more contracts given later on, as one building usually calls for another and several real estate deals are under way and it is predicted that quite a bit of Sanford property will change hands during the summer. Among those contemplated is a mammoth apartment house that will accommodate the tourists that want to come to Sanford next winter.

A brick road to Sanford Heights will accelerate the building of fine homes in that growing suburb and with the erection of a hospital the south side will take a new start. The Sanford-Building & Loan Association is constantly building and would do more if the business men of Sanford would take a deeper interest in the Association and invest their money where it will do the most good.

Indications for a substantial building boom for the summer is taking shape and Sanford ought to have no time to take a siesta.

## FINE PRICES ON POTATOES

### One Car Sells Over Thousand Dollar Mark Here

The Herald has always contended that in "Murphy's" there were good profits. If not a fortune at least good money every year. This season has been an exceptionally good one for potatoes, on account of the scarcity of tubers all over the land and while Florida has more planted to the acre than ever before, the price seems to get better each day. Some elegant returns have already been made by the M. O. Coggins Co. Messrs Pugh & Walker sold one car this week for \$1,104.00 f. o. b. Sanford.

The potatoes were the Bliss Triumph and averaged about 70 bushels to the acre. They were shipped to the Chicago market and the buyer states that never before has there been such a demand for potatoes with the chances good for high prices all season.

## Suwannee River On Rampage

Live Oak, April 29.—As a result of the great rise of the Suwannee river since Friday forenoon, Dowling Park, seven miles west of here, and the country for three miles surrounding is flooded with water from one to five feet in depth.

A boat house toppled over and floated down over the booms Friday, stripping the piers of the Live Oak, Perry and Gulf railroad bridge, jarring some of the timbers loose and lodging underneath the bridge. Since then several houses have left their foundations and are expected at any time to float away. The entire park is embedded in water five or six feet deep and the river is still rising.

## "Nothing in the Paper"

The above expression is called very forcibly to mind just now when unfortunately there is so much in the papers. The subject is taken from a lengthy explanation, read some time ago which gave the opposite side from the readers standpoint. The expression is often heard, and as the article in question stated it is good rather than otherwise, when "there is nothing in the paper, because, as a rule, when there is "something" in the paper it signifies that there has been either a fire, an explosion, an accidental killing, a flood, or some other disaster, which, while of course, it furnishes something to compel the attention of the reader, it must be admitted by those who will stop for a moment—that after all it is a blessing when there is "nothing in the paper." The statement certainly has not been applicable for some time, unfortunately, as there has been so much of late concerning this misfortune or that disaster that each issue of the papers all over the land have had "something" in them. And, to carry out the idea, let us be thankful when the time shall come—and God speed the day—when there will be "nothing in the paper."—Ft. Myers Press.

Mrs. Munson and her music pupils are making preparations for her annual "May Recital," which will take place this year, in the Auditorium of the Sanford High School, Monday evening, May 13th.

## BRYAN LECTURES HERE

### Great Commoner Attracted A Large Crowd To Theatre

### TOUCHED NOT ON POLITICS

### Came To Sanford To Deliver Lecture And Politics Had No Place In His Topics

The Star Theatre was comfortably filled last Friday night when Hon. W. J. Bryan delivered his famous lecture "The Signs of the Times." Many people did not understand that being a paid lecture Mr. Bryan could not consistently make it a political meeting and several were disappointed that those who really attended to imbibe knowledge were delighted for Mr. Bryan has lost none of his eloquence by age and his inimitable manner of giving statistics, facts, humor and pathos all in the same lecture was as charming as ever. Mr. Bryan made some allusions to politics but always in humorous vein and at no time did he give any hint of his position in present day affairs. Many present had never heard Mr. Bryan and the lecture was a treat especially to the ladies and if woman's suffrage prevailed Bryan would receive a large vote here if he ever becomes a nominee again.

The lecture had been arranged by the Commercial Club and President Lake called the meeting to order and introduced Mayor Spencer, who in a few well chosen words introduced Mr. Bryan. The speaker prefaced his lecture by referring to the fact that Sanford occupied a prominent place in his memory from the fact that when he was touring the present Mrs. Bryan she was living in Sanford and wrote him at least one letter a day that contained pages upon the lovely scenery.

Launching at once into his subject, he held the audience for almost two hours with a subject full of good ideas and fraught with messages of better things material and spiritual.

His lecture is taken on politics, religion and the affairs of present day people and proves that the world is growing better from first hand knowledge Mr. Bryan proves his points and his world travels are very interesting demonstrating that a patriotic citizen of America has been honored by the nations of the world. Mr. Bryan spent Saturday morning in the city and was taken over the celery delta and paid a visit to Villa Shorn now the home of C. R. Walker, where Mrs. Bryan was accustomed to spend the winter and from where she would write Mr. Bryan letters until as he expressed it he expected to see Father die on cattle.

Mr. Bryan is touring the state in the interests of Woodrow Wilson, Ex-President and made several speeches in his behalf in several cities. He expects to build a winter home at some point in Florida and will spend a portion of each winter here.

## Let Sanford Shippers Stand Pat

TO SANFORD SHIPPERS. We have been handed one of the letters being written to Sanford shippers, in connection with the transportation question from this point. We do not know the purpose of this letter or what it seeks to accomplish in reference to the question in hand. We do know that the shippers of Sanford have received some recognition in the way of improvements of shipping facilities, and if they will only stand "Pat" and together they will receive what they are asking for, ultimately.

The trend of the letter referred to gives the impression that other points along this line have the benefit of an express special on which to transport their products, but as a special favor to the Sanford people they have been given "Box car transportation" on freight trains. It is claimed in this letter that the "Box car transportation" has an advantage over the express special in that it makes connection with outgoing trains in Jacksonville while the express special does not. We do not happen to have first hand knowledge as to the correctness of this claim, which by the way is not made in direct terms, but by way of argument, but it seems incredible that Sanford shippers should believe other points receiving the benefits of the express special would be satisfied with it if their shipments were delayed or injured thereby, for lack of connections at Jacksonville. If connection were not made by this express special they would have a way of securing its making connection, and this would have been done, if necessary Sanford shippers can assist them in doing so.

Let Sanford shippers stand "Pat" and together on this question, and get what they are entitled to in transportation service. DICKINSON & DICKINSON.

## SANFORD TRUCK MOVING

### Five Cars Daily of Mixed Vegetables Are Going To The East

Sanford, Fla., April 28.—The movement of mixed cars of beans, cukes and squash will aggregate 25 or 30 cars this week. The M. O. Coggins Co. handled 15 cars of potatoes last week, the Florida Vegetable Growers' Association J. H. C. Miles & Co., New York, I. C. Wilkinson & Son, Philadelphia, 2. The potato movement will be about the same as last week quality much improved. Prices are holding firm, \$4.45 bbl. f. o. b. The Coggins Co. paid out \$12,500 last week for potatoes.

Chase & Co., W. C. Deyo & Bro., New York, represented by C. G. Perry, and H. Zuphler & Co., Chicago, represented by Geo. Hoy, are active in handling mixed cars. Mr. Hoy has recently bought a number of cars of green celery for storage in Chicago. The M. O. Coggins Co. will be a great factor in the tomato deal, commencing May 1. They will handle the Taft Association account, which is estimated at 50 acres. In and around Oviedo, the crop is promising and present indications point to carlots moving May 10. The Coggins people will operate two tomato packing houses at Sanford this season.—Produce News.

## TODAY IS THE DAY

### First Primary Taking Place and Much Interest Manifested

Today is the day to show your preference for the men who are to save the country and early the automobiles started to deposit the voters at the polls. Any voter can ride today and he may have to walk tomorrow with the defeated candidate. At the two polling places a large but good natured crowd has stood all day looking after the interests of their candidates. The ticket this year is larger than it has ever been before, and the voter is obliged to roll up one end and stuff it in his pocket while he votes the other end. There is bound to be more or less confusion in balloting and many voters will go wrong on the ticket. Tonight the clerks will have their work cut out for them when it comes to counting the ballots and it will likely be early morning before the result is obtained.

## Tragedy at White Springs

White Springs, April 28.—Charles H. Hunter, early last night shot and killed R. B. Cates, later barricading himself in a warehouse where he was shot to death by a posse of citizens.

It is alleged that Hunter, kept to the rear door of Cates' front stand at about 8 o'clock where he shot four through the heart, killing him instantly. During the excitement which followed Hunter escaped to a warehouse in the rear of a grocery store and barricaded himself. From a window he shot at a small crowd of men, barely missing C. F. Cone, Jr. A posse headed by Marshal Scarborough quickly surrounded the building.

No one at that time was aware of the identity of the murderer. After several attempts to get him to surrender the posse commenced to fire shooting through the windows. At about 10 o'clock a rush was made and Hunter was found dead, he having been hit by a dozen or more bullets.

It is alleged that Hunter was demented. He leaves a wife and several small children. Cates is survived by a wife.

The tragedy caused much excitement throughout this section on account of the fact that both men were well known to a large circle of friends.

## Wrongly Interpreted

The good teacher was giving the boys a talk on the subject of the temptations surrounding college life. Warning up to the subject he exclaimed "Why, young men, hell is filled with champagne, cigarettes, chorus girls and midnight suppers." Right here the good man was interrupted by one of the older lads in the rear of the room, who threw up both arms, exclaiming fervently "Oh, death, where is thy sting?"

Carlos J. Monsalve and wife, of New York, have purchased the Adams place on the west side, and will make it their future home. Mr. Monsalve is a Peruvian but has resided in New York long enough to become a good American. He expects to engage in business in Sanford later in the season.

Hon. Braxton Beacham, of Orlando, candidate for Congress wound up his campaign last Saturday night by making a speech here at Newlin's corner, that was well received.

## ALL AROUND FLORIDA

### The General News of The Land of Flowers.

## CULLED FROM THE STATE PRESS

### An Epitome of the Week's Most Important Happenings in the State's Domain.

The Florida Citrus Exchange met in Tampa last week and decided to try and see what could be accomplished in getting support to keep it going. It must have promise of 40 per cent of the state to keep it alive. Another meeting will be held in June to settle the matter of its further existence.

It costs money to be a candidate in a state primary in Florida. Among expense lists filed with the Secretary of State, W. H. Milton for Governor says he has expended to April 23 the sum of \$8,943.27, a good deal more than the salary. For Congressman in this district, Frank Clark files \$1,109.57, S. J. Hillborn \$3,087.95, R. Hudson Burr \$2,905.50.

A Kansas editor has just gone home from Florida with a couple of young eligators. It is his purpose to train them to go out on the street and bite delinquent subscribers who refuse to come across.

Bolters from the Republican Convention held at Palatka, Feb. 6, met in Jacksonville, April 23, and elected delegates favorable to Roosevelt.

Fort Pierce has awarded contracts for water, sewerage and light plants and during the next few months there will be activity unusual and the work will afford employment for a great many people.

Apopka's new board of trade has been organized and good work is expected to be the result. Apopka already has a bank, many good business houses, a city park and dozens of new projects are in view.

The negroes, Baxter and White have been convicted of the murder of the Silverstein family in Jacksonville.

Orlando is to have a new Methodist church. The structure will be Doric in style of architecture and will be erected at a cost of \$18,000 including furniture and organ.

## For Charity Organization

The movement has at last been launched for the organization of the charitable work of the city of Sanford. The Executive Committee of the Men and Religion Forward Movement last week appointed a special committee consisting of Messrs Walker, Perkins and Waldron to issue a call to all the organizations and city authorities that are interested in charity work in the city. This call has been sent out as follows:

The Executive Committee of the Men and Religion Forward Movement of Sanford, invite you to be represented by delegates at a conference to be held at the Masonic Hall at four o'clock Sunday afternoon, May 12, 1912, to discuss and, if found advisable to formulate plans for the organization of the various charities of the city.

Among those invited are the civil authorities, the churches, the fraternal and industrial orders, the Sanford Hospital Association, the W. C. T. U., the Women's Clubs, and all other bodies interested in charity work of the city.

For the Executive Committee,

C. R. WALKER, President.  
W. J. PERKINS, Secretary.

It is to be hoped that every organization and individual thus invited will send a delegation and that a permanent Charity Organization Society will result from the deliberations of that gathering.

## Negro Girl Burned to Death

Mistaking gasoline for kerosene a negro girl in Goldsboro last Saturday poured some on the fire in the stove and the explosion that resulted set fire to her clothing and she was burned so badly that she died on Sunday. The house also caught fire, and was entirely destroyed.

## New Mail Boxes

Every corner of the city is now graced by a nice new green mail box that Postmaster Haskins and Uncle Sam have jointly been instrumental in having installed. The boxes are for the convenience of the people who wish to send letters and do not care to walk to the post office.



# BANKRUPT SALE

## OF THE BOSTON STORE STOCK

Starts Wednesday May 1st - Lasts 10 Days

### CURBSTONE GLEANINGS

#### A Budget of Opinion "Just Between You and Me"

#### EVEN THE GATE POST NOT IN IT

#### A Chief Is Among Ye Taking Notes and Faith, He'll Prent 'Em— So Says Saunterer

**Stop Kickin' The Town**  
In every town folks keep some houn' aroun'. An every time strangers come to town. Some folks go to kickin' the town aroun'. It's even worse n' kickin' a houn'.

**Stop your kickin', be hopeful an' profoun'.**  
It's a mighty poor way to build up a town. To keep kickin' public morals aroun'. Who wants to locate in a town that's down?

**This is the best town anywhere aroun'.**  
But, like others, we've a few of 'em. Who get at the stranger who's in town. Say the town's a houn' an' kick it aroun'.

**If a houn' is a houn' a town's a town.**  
And it can't build up if kicked aroun'. You have a right to be a post-own houn'. But it hurts us all if you kick the town.

**Let's pull together for the good of the town.**  
An' stop kickin' our houn' aroun'. Though the houn' if a myth will make a sou'n. A hounded town gets a stranger's frown. — Palm Beach County

She was the most tremendous thing ever put upon the seas. A city peopled her decks, it took a mine to feed her mighty engines, her walls were the walls of a fortress. She was vast without and abysmal within. She towered mightily, impregnable, resistless. She was the product of the wondrous human brain and the mighty human energies. To find a fitting name for such as her they went to the primordial deities, to the offspring of Uranus and Ge. She was the Titanic.

She fared upon the western ocean. She came upon a floating bit of ice. Dead and helpless it drifted aimlessly. No human brain devised it, no human energy set it adrift; no human hand guided it in the way it should go. It drifted before the monster's bows. The monster rushed on. There was impact.

Then, S O S—help—save us. The marvelous wireless reverted to the elemental and screamed for help. The gilded saloons, the barren steerage and even the black stoke holds, the very vitals of the giant, spewed up their city of people. Here's a ten million dollar ship going to the bottom and only the tiny cockboats—as small and as frail as the fishermen used on Galilee—to take up voyaging. We're afraid of the water and we are pitifully helpless in it. S O S! Save human lives!

So the greatest floating thing that humanity could create crumpled and failed, opposed to a floating fragment of congealed moisture. In spite of all the strength and the learning of the ages what is the power of man?

She was the Titanic.

**What do I know of Bryan?**  
This question was asked me by a friend as we were leaving the theatre last Friday night and for a time I paused before answering and then I took my friend down a dark alley and confidentially whispered in his ear the prophetic word that every other Democrat and leader in the country is saying at present: "Nothing."

He is as much an enigma to me as he ever has been and I have known him since he made the famous "Cross of Gold and Crown of Thorns" speech that won the convention and gave him the first nomination. Bryan is as much a national figure today as he was in 1896 and whether he is honest in his intentions or is a politician pure and simple will never be known and no exhaustive study of his career will ever reveal his true character. I have tried to hand him the Presidency for three straight times so that he could put his ideas into practice and yet as I look back over the vista of political events and sum it all up it seems that destiny has played a most important part in the game and while not allowing the principal player to take a leading part has allowed him to at least write the main parts of the play and have the leading man act according to copy and with but slight changes. At times I think that Bryan does not want any other man to be

elected as long as he occupies the center of the stage, and if the wires that work the mannikins are not left in Bryan's hand he usually tries to throw away the puppets. In other words if they refuse to play Willie's way Willie tries to fire them out of the convention play yard and destroy their usefulness. Bryan occupies the unique position of a man who having been thrice defeated maintains the same power of an undefeated leader and he destroys the well worn apborism that a has been can't come back. I don't know what Bryan is going to do. If I did I could make a fortune by wiring the advance information to the big daily papers and would have Arthur Brisbane tied to the post as a modern Journalist.

Bryan will be at the convention and Bryan will be heard from, whether it be from honest motives or the desire to further his own interests, but his fight on Underwood in this state has not helped him any with the people who have longed for a southern candidate to get the nomination. Bryan remarked to me that he desired nothing at the hands of the party and that he was out of the running and I just kept on talking about the weather and the price of celery.

The only thing I know about Bryan is that he is the Greatest American of any age, and if he will promise not to "butt in" at the convention and spoil the Democratic chances of success he can still claim the title after it is all over—providing, of course, that he does not get the nomination himself.

Before I talk with you again the election or rather the primary will be over and while the second may be interesting enough to call for special mention I will not inflict any more dope on the readers—at least not in large enough chunks to become tiresome. Politics can become a nuisance and yet we are obliged to have this little diversion at least twice in every four years and a city election thrown in just to keep our hand in the game. But with all the bitter feelings and the sore spots politics is a great game and it does me good to see the people taking an interest in the candidates. Whenever the public fails to be interested in the men who are to shape the future destinies of our country there is something lacking in our general make-up. I have no use for the fellow who stands aloof in politics and talks about how the result should have been, with the chances even that he never went near the polls to vote. It is the duty of every American citizen to exercise the right of franchise and endeavor as far as possible to put the best men in the positions of trust. I have even heard it said that the ministers of the gospel have no right to mix up in politics, when in truth the ministers should take an active part and do all in their power to elect clean men to office—not necessarily a member of their church, but the best man that offers for the position. We cannot always get the best men of a community to become candidates because the very name of politics seems muddy, but we shall never have purity unless good men take part and put the whole matter on a higher plane. Every man has the right to vote and every man has the right to his opinion, and if all of you will grant this right there will never be any bitterness engendered in the election. I always take my medicine gracefully, and the morning after have no dark brown taste of regret over anything that may have happened. The country always seems to get along somehow.

And so two or three of my fellow townsmen do not like some of the things in this newspaper? Neither do we. But they are at liberty to pick out what they do not like and leave the rest for some one who is less fastidious. Do they know what they call the man who sat down at a first class hotel dinner, and beginning at the first item on the bill of fare tried to eat every dish mentioned thereon? This newspaper presents a varied bill of fare every week, but there is no law to compel you to devour every portion of it. Just put aside what you don't relish and say nothing about it. And don't swear at the Saunterer. It's both wicked and

foolish, and it's a violation of the law to swear, anyhow.

You have all heard of the man who said he made it a point to take a bath once a year whether he needed it or not. We are reminded of him by the fuss some communities are making over the clean-up days. The well regulated community should be clean all the time.

A Sanford man who 'didn't' have anything else to do sent the following to me: My wife is my boss, I shall not deny.

She maketh me lie down behind the bed when the swell company comes, and she leadeth me behind her up First street. She restoreth my pocket book after she has spent all its contents on hobbie skirts and theater tickets, and she legdeth me up the main aisle for her new hat's sake. Yea, though I walk more than half the night through dark rooms with a crying baby, I will get no rest, for she is behind me, her broom stick and her hat pin, they do everything else but comfort me.

She prepareth a cold snack for me, then maketh a bee line for an aid society supper. She annotteth my head with a rolling pin occasionally. My arms runneth over with bundles before she is half done shopping.

Surely her dressmakers and millinery bills shall follow me all the days of my life, and I shall dwell in the house of my wife forever.

#### He Had a Past

"I can't, I can't, I can't," he groaned. "Can you not?" she said sympathetically. The girl loved him. "No," he cried. "I have a past, and it is only fair that you should know I would marry no girl on false pretences. She might find it out afterward 't have a past."

"Reveal it," she cried softly. "I could forgive you anything." For the girl loved him.

"I told you that I left my home town to seek my fortune," he said hoarsely. "That is not true. I had to flee it."

One day—about six o'clock. It was well I remember the time a fellow townsmen passed me with his little boy. Suddenly the child fell, slipped, stumbled, to the street.

"Ah, I see it is son down!" I remarked, gazing up at the sky.

"A number of citizens heard me, the news spread, and—well, to make a short story shorter, the town got too hot for me. Can you forgive me for that?"

Shuddering, the girl shrank away from him. Her lips moved, but the power of speech had deserted her. Sadly he reached for his hat.

#### Intrinsic Values

"Why do you select Charles instead of George?" asked Maude.

"Well," replied Maymie, "George said I had eyes like violets, cheeks like wild roses, shell-like ears and lips like cherries."

"Very pretty."

"Yes. But Charles said I had eyes like diamonds, teeth like pearls and lips like rubies. It seemed to me that his ideas were much more practical."

#### His Ten-Cent Romance

The panhandler was insistent. "Why, brother," he said to his victim, "I never got so low as to ask a man for a dime before. N-no, sir. But I just walked in from Chicago—look at me shoes—an' me old wound is botherin' me again. Ouch! I got it in th' Spanish-Mexican war swimmin' th' river out there in th' Philippines with old Gen'ral What's-His-Name, an' every time th' weather changes I get a twinge. A dime ain't much—but maybe you're English. If you are you ought to be glad to know that I served under Kitch'ner at Ladysmith an' got a Boer bullet through me shoulder. Ten cents won't break you."

"Hold on!" cried the victim. "I ain't English—I'm a Turk."

"Is that so?" said the panhandler. "Well, I can't say I ever served in th' Turkish army, but I got a brother who used to get up early every mornin' an' blow th' Golden Horn!"

Then his grimy fingers closed on the proffered dime.

### HAS A STEADY GRAFT

#### SMALL BOY TOOK PICTURE OF SISTER IN WORK RIG.

Now She Has to Pay Him 25 Cents for a Print Each Time Her Best Beau Is to Call, and Youth Rejoices.

Perhaps the cruelest, meanest small boy extant lives in New York. This boy's sister, who is of marriageable age, gave him a cheap camera for his birthday recently. The boy used his camera for legitimate purposes for a few days, but that way of using the machine finally palled upon him and he thought up a scheme.

He waited until his sister got herself rigged out for her share of the work in the weekly housecleaning. Then, unbeknownst to her, he took a full-length snapshot of her just as she was. The young woman is pretty and decidedly winsome looking, but this negative, taken of her by her small brother, shows her standing with a broom in her hand, clad in a loose, voluminous, ornate calico wrapper, with a towel tied around her head and with her curl-papered hair, giving her the appearance of a beetle.

The boy developed the negative and made a print of it. When he showed it to his sister she thought it was rather funny, not suspecting the "edge" which the negative gave the small boy over her.

"He's a comin' tonight, ain't he?" said the small boy after showing his sister the print.

"He? Who? Mind your own business, kid!" said the sister after the manner of sisters thus addressed by younger brothers in such connections.

"He's a comin' tonight," repeated the small boy. "How much do you give me for the picture of you?"

Then she saw the connection. "Why, you little incorrigible!" she said, "what do you want?"

"Gimme a quarter and I won't show it to him," said the boy in a business-like tone.

And he stood pat. Expostulations and pleadings didn't go. He held out for his terms, which were 25 cents, payable in advance, no more, no less.

She promptly tore it up and put it in the fire. But the boy still had the negative hidden away, and on the very next occasion when his sister's young man was due to call in the evening he

sprang another print from the negative upon her. He got another quarter for the surrender of this print, too. He knows a good thing when he has got it, does this extraordinarily mean, small boy, and he has been flashing one of the prints from the negative upon his sister every night upon which her may-be youth is due for a visit. She has offered him \$1 for the negative, but the boy prefers to draw interest instead of sacrificing his principal, and he retains possession of the negative up to the hour of going to press.

#### Cure That Failed

The story recently published in a southern newspaper, to the effect that an ignorant negress had given her little girl a mixture of dog's blood and powdered bone to cure her of a fever, recalls an Indian prescription contained in an old volume entitled "Primitive Superstitions."

An Indian had been desperately hurt in a fight with a grizzly bear and the medicine man prescribed a mixture of rattlesnake's head, with out moccasins and chewing tobacco seasoned with pepper and bear's grease, of which the patient was to drink a pint every half hour. "It was a brave man," says the story, "but he died with the utmost expedition." The members of the tribe agreed that the remedy was useless, and that death was due to the fact that the medicine man had failed to order that it should be administered to the accompaniment of a dance and a yell.

#### Strange

Mrs. Highup—How was the charity ball? Mrs. Blase—All right but it's a wonder they made anything when you consider the small amount they spent on it. Their expenses were actually less than their receipts. Puck.

#### Think Only of the Blessings

"Ever reflect on your present blessings, of which every man has many, not on your past misfortunes, of which all men have some." Dickens.

#### Time for Profit-Taking

This little conversation, quoted in the Chicago Tribune, shows how the man of theory can often come to the assistance of his purely practical brother: Stock Exchange Man (fanning himself)—Business? There isn't any! What can you do when the mercury is up among the nineties? The Professor—I should think that would be just the time to sell mercury.

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# The Glow of the Rubies

by FRANCIS PERRY ELLIOTT  
ILLUSTRATIONS BY RAY WALTERS

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### SYNOPSIS.

CHAPTER I.—Richard Lightnut, an American with an affected English accent, receives a present from a friend in China.

CHAPTER II.—The present proves to be a pair of pajamas. A letter hints of surprises to the wearers.

CHAPTER III.—Lightnut dons the pajamas late at night gets up for a smoke. His servant, Jenkins, comes in and, failing to recognize Lightnut, attempts to put him out. Thinking the servant crazy, Lightnut changes his clothes intending to summon help. When he returns, Jenkins has fallen on his neck with a sword, convincing Lightnut that he is crazy.

CHAPTER IV.—Jenkins tells Lightnut of the encounter he had with a hideous Chinaman dressed in pajamas.

CHAPTER V.—In a message from his friend, Jack Billings, Lightnut is asked to put up "the kid" for the night on his way home from college. Later Lightnut finds a beautiful girl in black pajamas in his room.

CHAPTER VI.—Lightnut is shocked by the girl's drinking, smoking and slangy talk.

CHAPTER VII.—She tells him her name is Francis and puzzles him with a story of her love for her sister's room-mate, named Francis. Next morning the girl is missing and Lightnut hurries to the boat to see her off. He is accosted by a husky college boy, who calls him "Dicky," but he does not see the girl.

CHAPTER VIII.—Jack Billings calls to see the night with Lightnut. They discover priceless rubies hidden in the buttons of the pajamas.

CHAPTER IX.—Billings dons the pajamas and retires.

CHAPTER X.—Lightnut later discovers in his apartment a beefy person in nut-top chop whiskers and wearing pajamas. Jenkins calls the police, who declare the intruder to be a criminal called "Foxy Grandpa."

CHAPTER XI.—The intruder declares he is Lightnut's guest and appeals to the latter in vain.

CHAPTER XII.—He is hustled off to jail.

CHAPTER XIII.—In the morning Lightnut is astonished to find Billings gone, and more astonished when he gets a message from the latter, demanding his clothes. Lightnut, bound for Tarrytown Billings's home, discovers "Francis," the girl of the pajamas, on the train.

CHAPTER XIV.—Lightnut speaks to her and alludes to the night before. She declares indignantly that Lightnut never saw her in black pajamas. At Tarrytown Francis is met by a husky college youth who calls Lightnut as "Dicky." The latter ignores the boy, who then threatens to thrash him for offending Francis. Lightnut takes the next train home.

CHAPTER XV.—Billings storms over the outrage of his arrest. He and Lightnut discover mysterious Chinese characters on the pajamas.

CHAPTER XVI.—Professor Dozenberry is called in to interpret the hieroglyphics.

CHAPTER XVII.—He raves over what he calls the lost silk of Si-Ling-Chi.

CHAPTER XVIII.—The writing declares that a person wearing the pajamas will take on the semblance of the previous wearer. The professor borrows the pajamas for experiment.

CHAPTER XIX.—"Billings" dressed in pajamas is found in the professor's room and is taken home in an automobile with Francis and a woman Lightnut calls "the tramp."

CHAPTER XX.—Lightnut is angered by "the tramp's" slanderous talk about "Francis."

CHAPTER XXI.—"Billings" is taken to his room. A servant tells Lightnut that a message has just been received stating that Billings was under arrest in New York for stealing a suit of black pajamas.

CHAPTER XXII.—Judge Billings astonishes Lightnut with a tale of Francis's escapades. Lightnut asks permission to speak to "Francis."

"That's just all right, Judge," I reassured him soothingly. "All I am holding out for is just to be sure we understand each other about Francis—that I may be sure I have your authority."

"So that's it!" He relaxed with a deep breath. Then quietly: "My dear boy, you make me ashamed of myself—I was rude!" And he shook my hand. "Yes, indeed—you just go right ahead; almost anything is preferable to the vicious life Francis is leading—anything!" He sighed and his voice dropped confidentially: "I'm afraid even you would be discouraged if I told you of one or two disgraceful episodes at Cambridge—I know Scoggins would be!"

Scoggins again—always Scoggins! Dash Scoggins! Of course he would be discouraged, but I should not. Day-illish simple reason, you know—wouldn't believe it, by Jove!

"Yes, I learned all about it from my daughter when she came home," he proceeded gloomily; "she feels that in a measure it has marred Miss Kirkland's visit with her."

Miss Kirkland! I recalled now that that was the name of the girl from China. By Jove, I preferred to think of her as the tramp!

"For Miss Kirkland heard the gossip at Cambridge—seems she has friends there, among the residents; and they were kind enough to tell her of these things of the year before as soon as they noticed how devoted Francis was to her. At least this is what my daughter suspects—Miss Kirkland is not the kind to talk, you know."

Oh, wasn't she! By Jove, I wondered what he would think if he had heard our conversation in the hall! But it wasn't for me to tell him he was warming a what's-its-name to his bosom, so I just mumbled a reply.

"Nevertheless," he shrugged, "it is easy to see that she can't stand the sight of Francis." He shook his head dismally. "Charming girl, Mr. Lightnut—a rare and perfect type of the English beauty at her best."

Oh, was she! Not if I knew anything about it, and I had seen three seasons in London. By Jove, I was so terribly shocked I could just feel it in my face!

He seemed surprised. "Don't you think so?" he insisted.

"Well, I rather don't, you know!" It just blurted out of itself. "Oh, I say—now, you're not really in earnest!" And I screwed my glass so hard in my embarrassment, I hurt my eye—"You know she's a freak! Why, dash it—" I pulled up, for after all, she was a fellow guest.

He stared, jammed his hands deep in his pockets and bent toward me. "Now, look here, my boy, do you mean to say you don't think Miss Kirkland a beautiful and winning girl?" I guess he did see I meant it, for he slowly emitted an expressive whistle—"Well, you are hopeless then—utterly hopeless!" and dash it, he just groaned!

"But now, my dear young friend," he went on, and with a glance at the littered table, "I want you to go out and get some fresh air before the bloom of the morning is past—if you go out this way, you will avoid encountering those girls—his hand gently but firmly urged me. "It has been just abominably selfish of me to have kept you stuffed in here, I know I have bored you to death with all this talk about the family black sheep—I feel that now I must let you escape."

"Oh, no—not at all!" I protested hastily and pulling back. Never would do to let him feel that way, you know.

Really, 'pon honor now, thing I want to do is just stay here and talk to you about Francis."

"Oh, damn Fran—h'm—I mean Francis will keep!" He caught him self hastily before the stare of my glass, fumbling with the papers to cover his confusion. Then he clapped me on the shoulder, pressing me again toward the door. "You just go ahead and do whatever you can with Francis, yourself—you are my only hope!" Or wait, and I'll prepare the way for you tonight—that's it, that's best!"—and he went to nodding. Then he halted my progress and eyed me intently. "There's another thing—his voice dropped. I think it's just as well Jack shouldn't know of your intentions about Francis; he would never approve—oh, never!"

He pursed his lips to just a thin curve as he shook his head positively. His eyes bored at me over his glasses. I moistened my lips.

"I know he feels you have already concerned yourself enough about Francis," he said deliberately. "The other night at your rooms, er, you know! Jack is so particular in those little things. Ah, there's a model for you!"

He looked upward and wagged his head as he laid his hand upon the door-knob. By Jove, how I wished, he would open it, for the room was getting devilish warm!

"And as for things I deplore in Francis—oh, no, never any of that with Jack!"—he stiffened proudly—"he may, as I have said, imbibe a little too much, now and then; but when it comes to scandal—well, I have yet to hear the slightest breath—"

A sharp knock cut in abruptly.

"Come in!" And he swung the door open.

It was Jenkins to say a person was waiting to see me on important business.

### CHAPTER XXIV.

#### I Recover the Pajamas.

Outside, swinging his club and kicking his heel in the macadam, I found a fat policeman—from New York, I knew by his helmet.

He turned and I saw—O'Keefe! "Oh, there you are, sir!" And with a careless duck and a wave, he ambled forward and placed in my hands a parcel.

"It's them, all right!" he said, with a fat wink. "The black silk pajamas—we got 'em, you see!"

"Jove!" I ejaculated, staring. Then suddenly I got the jolly idea full and strong, you know, and I was just so dashed relieved and delighted, I shook hands with him—fact!

"Oh, I say, Jenkins," I remarked, twisting my glass at him, "by Jove,

you know—oh?"

"Certainly, sir!" Jenkins admitted calmly. "I knew in a minute soon as he told me!"

And, by Jove, I believed him! Had to, you know; it was only just one instance of the devilish clever, intuitive way Jenkins had of boring in to things!

"Yes, sir," O'Keefe thoughtfully transferred a big wad to the other cheek—"the captain gave me a little lay off so's I could bring 'em up."—he studied with interest the top of one of the pillars of the porte-cochere and shrugged lightly—"of course it wasn't just because of the reward, though of course five hundred bucks is five hundred bucks, but we thought you might like to have 'em—thank you, sir!" For out of my folder I peeled five crisp centuries and laid them in his palm.

This done, Jenkins glanced at me and turned suggestively toward the entrance, but O'Keefe didn't make a move to go and no more did I. Fact was, I had a devilish keen notion that the old cat upstairs would be watching for the policeman's departure through the grounds, and it came to me that to play him a little longer wouldn't do any harm, but might seal her jolly mouth the tighter.

O'Keefe thanked me again. "You're sure sold with the force, sir," he assured, nodding earnestly. "Just remember my number and the name of Captain Clutchen if any time in town you get rounded up in any of our little er, you know!"—he dropped a cheerful wink at me and glanced again at the bills. "Expect maybe you're anxious to know if Tim gets a divy out of this," he proceeded, and I murmured some jolly something. Of course, I wasn't anxious, you know; fact is, I didn't care a dash—didn't even remember who Tim was. "Yes, sure, he'll get ten of this!" he finished impressively.

Meantime, he had been hunching himself up until now he succeeded in wrenching from somewhere behind, a faded and shiny old wallet, bulging with worn and greasy papers. Within this with a flourish he laid the bills. Then he faced us with an air of increased cheerfulness.

"So much all for the velvet!" he remarked with another wink.

Of course it was of no importance to set him right about the material, as for that, I didn't care a jolly hang if he thought they were made of fine linn! But it gave me the idea of just peeking into a corner of the parcel to satisfy myself that its contents were of bluff black silk and that were! I went no further, not for a the gold of what's-its-name would I have profaned the package with further investigation.

"Why, sir, I don't think you need be worrying, but what they're all right," and the big policeman nodded confidently. "In fact there don't seem to be no damage at all. He added meditatively: "Which is some wonder, considering how we had to roughhouse Foxy Grandpa before we softened him down in his cell the other night! Here his cheeks swelled and he sent a long sheet of brown liquid at a cross-hopper on the freshly whitened door-stones and got it, too, neatly missing the polished toe of Jenkins' boot. "No, sir"—emphatically—"I don't think you'll be hearing any holler from your lady friend when she goes to—eh, what?"—he stared at Jenkins blankly, for Jenkins had coughed—"Oh, excuse me!" and his big hand lifted apologetically to his mouth, while his eyes rolled upward. "What I just meant was that I know they're all to the good, I went all over 'em!"

"Oh!" I muttered, turning rather faint. I dropped the parcel and Jenkins picked it up. By Jove, for a moment, he came jolly near having to pick me up, too, I was that shocked and prostrated!

"The only thing—the only thing 'tall"—I had to wait through an agonizing moment while his tongue gathered his wad and peremptorily expelled it, this time enlivening the cold, dead monotony of the silver-gray macadam—"was her—I mean, was the pants!"

"Ah!" I put my hand to my side and looked at Jenkins appealingly, but he was looking upward, his eyes kind of cast over like a bird's, the lines of his mouth tightened to an arch—and I knew he was suffering too! But we must try to stand it a little longer—just a little!

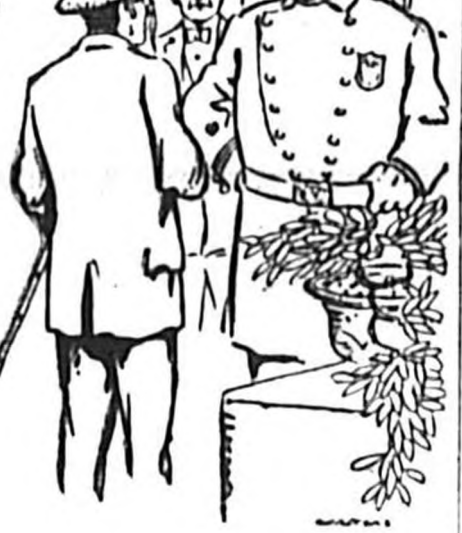
Through one instant's respite, Mr. O'Keefe's thick tongue was occupied in striving to glutinize the entire wrapper of a much crushed and awfully yellow cigar. Then he separated a mouthful from the end and proceeded.

"I did notice with the legs, that one of 'em was just a bit longer than th' other, and down at the station we was a wondering if—" the brown head of a crackling match drew a long, curving what-you-call-it on the smooth, creamy masonry, and he paused to pump madly, striving to coax a draft of smoke—"we wondered if 'twas intentional." His eyes sought mine inquiringly.

By Jove, I was so frozen with horror, I couldn't even look away; just stood there, helpless, you know, and my jolly monocle hanging limp—couldn't have lifted it to have saved

my life! Felt my senses just growing numb all the while with the tragedy of the thing, the thought of this coarse monster's touch defiling the dainty gossamer garment that had shrouded her sacred what-you-call-'em—Oh, it was awful!

"Um—ah, I see! It was, then!"—he was nodding with an air of understanding, pausing in the struggle with the refractory cigar. His strained and reddened face shaped sympathetically "Just what I thought and told 'em!" he bobbed with satisfaction. "I understand! You ain't got no need to make no explanations to me!" and he



"I Did Notice With the Legs."

lifted his fat hand to restrain them. "Why, my wife's own grandfather had a club foot, and to her last day if she got outer bed on the wrong side, the old lady went a header sure—oh, I know!"

A moment before, I had thought that so far as the mere matter of jolly misery was concerned, I had sounded the what you call 'em, but now my dashed brain was reeling before this new horror! To think that she was— but oh, it couldn't be! And yet I recalled ominously that most of the time I had known her, I had only seen her sitting!

"By y y the way, sir!" He closed one eye at me as he carved from the brown beauty a half inch of its waxy bud, using for the maltreatment a perfectly brutal knife. "That was a neat try on you made to copper the thief yourself a leetle irregular, you know," he shook his head at me, "but, as the captain said, we ain't making no point about that with a gent like you—sure not!" another Imperishable Mo line of beauty upon the receptive stone, and he puffed inhalations of joy. "But I knew you never could get him to the station—I could have told you!"

"Oh!" I remarked, puzzled. By Jove, I had a dashed awful thought for a moment that I must be losing my intelligence! I looked at Jenkins again, but he had not yet come back to the ground.

"Oh, I'm on, sir!" Another one of those awful winks as his cut scratched his helmet sideways. You know I saw everything, I was right there at the Kahoka, you know!

"Oh, that!" I said, understanding. For I knew then that he was talking about Foxy Grandpa in my rooms. I had almost forgotten the jolly old vagabond, but it occurred to me that perhaps I ought to show some interest as they must have recaptured him along with the pajamas. "I say!" I chirped up, "did you have much trouble about it—getting him again, you know?"

"Trouble?" O'Keefe's lip doubled contemptuously. "It was easy as butter!" His hand spread, palm downward, in an expressive gesture. "Why, he doubled right back to the Kahoka!"

"By Jove, you know!" I exclaimed, startled.

"Burest thing you know! I collared him right in front and with the goods!" Mr. O'Keefe expectorated eloquently. "My, but he did put up an awful holler—said the pajamas were his own and he had just had 'em made. And bluff—well!"—he fanned the air for a moment in the effort to find an appropriate gesture—"I'm used to these swell con men, but that gun was the limit—pulled out a card case, mind you, and letters, and wanted me to go with him to his club—his club—" the big fellow doubled over in a spasm of mirth that all but choked him. "I told him I'd give him the club if he didn't go quietly—for you see I recognized him in a minute, you can't lose them freak kind! Besides, he give himself away: told me he'd overlook my conduct on this occasion and the other, if I would release him. Well, that was enough! I beckoned Jimmy Dwyer across and we run him down the line to the station. Oh, we got him there, but it wasn't easy—for him! And there he'll stay a while!"

He had to pause and pump air, he was so winded.

"But it woulder tickled you," he resumed, using one of the vestas I extended and puffing the cigar until it almost flamed, "if you coulder seen the grand-stand play this guy put up

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Get the White Wing strain winners at Orange county fair. Single Comb White Leghorns, Single Comb Rhode Island Reds, Indian Runner Ducks. Eggs for hatching and stock for sale. Orders booked for baby chicks and ducklings.

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All Work Receives My Personal Attention and Best Efforts  
Opposite City Hall Phone 23

(Continued on page 6)



THE SANFORD HERALD

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Office in Herald Building Telephone No. 148

The Orlando Country Club opens today. Orlando is to be congratulated upon the enterprise demonstrated in organizing a playground of the soil.

If Sanford business men will make a concerted effort to get tourists here this winter the price of celery will be forgotten in the scramble after the dollars.

THAT CALLED FOR COMMITTEE STATEMENT

Two weeks ago the Citizen cited the demand made by the Oviedo Advance for a regular statement of county committee expenses in behalf of the county candidates who subscribed the fund.

The Secretary-Treasurer refers to the request of "the critics (i. e. the candidates) as a discourtesy," for of course the newspapers, being public vehicles have the right to be used by the candidates.

The Citizen does not know that the "general public asked for an accounting," but certainly the Secretary is mistaken in this, for the law compelling all candidates to give a bill of expenses is for the information of the public and these items are a part of the expenses.

Entirely, the Sentinel, organ of the Secretary-Treasurer, in defending the case says: "As in the past such account was rendered, so it will be this year."

If the account was rendered, then several committeemen and candidates have lapsed in point of memory and the three newspapers of the county that espoused their cause use the committee a treat for the account will be rendered this year goes without saying, since a formal accounting by the candidates will be presented to the County Committee requesting such an accounting.

The Sanford Herald has bought a monotype. It takes "mon" to buy a type of that sort. They say Holly sprouts it in his garden. Great land of garden sass!—Orlando Citizen.

You don't need money, Bro. Howard. All you need is a good hustling city to support your paper and then have nerve enough to put in a real newspaper plant.

Among the prominent Orlando people in the city to day were N. P. Yowell, B. Drew and Clark Robertson.

R. C. Davies, the man who writes ads and sells goods for the Yowell Stores, has been in the city this week engaged on the Boston sale. Mr. Davies' many Sanford friends are always glad to see him.

The Public is cordially invited to come into the Herald office at any time and see the wonderful Monotype caster at work. We want you to feel that this office is part of Sanford and the latch string is always out.

C. W. Rose and family removed to Orlando today, where they will make their future home. Mr. Rose has been proprietor of the Bye Lo hotel for several years, and their Sanford friends are sorry to lose these good people, but wish them well in their new home.

Politeness Little Thought Of.

In all ages the gentleman has been crucified or violently killed in some other way. This shows that we recognize a strength other than our own, but we are little disposed to tolerate it. Manners, too, have been brought into disrepute by the circumstance that they are the first cloak to which hypocrisy flies.

Youthful Reasoning.

A Maryland assemblyman says the boys up his way begin to learn politics as soon as they leave the cradle. "By ten," he states, "a boy knows the game pretty well. For instance, one day in school the teacher was asking the pupils about South America. 'Explain the government of ten of the countries down there,' she said to one of the little fellows. 'They're republics,' he quickly replied. 'What are the other three?' 'Democrats.'

Warned in Time.

A soft answer sometimes disarms. A story is told of a landlord on the North shore. A guest, seldom satisfied, came to him and said: "Mr. Smith,—that was not the landlord's name—'Mr. Smith, your coffee is rotten.' The landlord shook him by the hand. "Thank you, sir; thank you. I haven't had my breakfast yet, and I'll skip the coffee this time. Much obliged."—Boston Herald.

Scripture Comforted Her.

As to Scripture quotations, writes a correspondent, many years ago there was living at Briston Hill an old woman, whom I knew well, and in conversation with a friend on the benefits to be derived from a knowledge of the Bible she made this remark: "I have often been comforted with that blessed Scripture, 'Faint heart never won fair lady.'"

Missing.

Little Anna's mother was expecting a distinguished guest who was extremely bald and sensitive on the subject, so she cautioned Anna not to mention Mr. M's hair. As the visitor was ushered in the child's gaze wandered inquiringly to the shining head. "Mamma," she piped shrilly, "where be's his hair?"

Professor's Bad Break.

"Professor Blinker is getting more absentminded every day." "What's his latest break?" "Why, his oldest daughter is just out of cooking school, you know, and he's been showing his class a cruller she made. He told them it was proof of the fact that the men of the stone age played the game of ring toss."

Remedy for Mildew.

Articles that are mildewed should be boiled in buttermilk, this method being more satisfactory than soaking in cold buttermilk. The same process will effectively bleach materials that have grown yellow from lack of use. Rinse well in warm water afterward and hang in the sun.—Good Housekeeping.

Calf Bounded Fire Alarm.

A calf wandered into the fire station at Port Fairy, Victoria, Australia, lately, and becoming entangled in the bell rope, set the bell ringing wildly. Of course, all the firemen made a dash to the station, and they were much amused on finding the visitor who had given the false alarm.

His Need.

A Hiawatha, Kan., man told a young woman that he would marry if he could find a helpmate who would be willing to do all the washing and all the other hard work around the house. "What you want is a woman with a weak mind," said the girl.

Thankfulness.

Thankfulness is an exalted and difficult grace. It is an essential part of any worthy character. Of the minor virtues, if this may be classed with them no one is held more despicable than ingratitude.—Smiles

Cinematograph in China.

Of recent years the cinematograph shows have made great strides in public favor in China until now almost every port boasts of at least one theater and many of five or six.

Foundation of Permanent Fame.

No true and permanent fame can be founded, except in labors that promote the happiness of mankind.—Charles Sumner.

Natural Perversity.

Why is it that the people who don't know right from wrong seem to always be in the wrong?—Exchange.

Baptized in Irrigation Ditch. Probably for the first time in the history of irrigation a new member of the church was immersed in an irrigation ditch in a baptismal ceremony, just west of Irrican, in the Canadian Pacific railway's irrigation block, Alberta. J. S. Culp, a farmer, and also pastor of the Church of the Brethren, officiated at the ceremony, and Mrs. E. Studebaker was the member who embraced the faith and was immersed in the irrigation ditch.

Seems to Justify Superstition.

The opal associated with misfortune by Russians of both sexes, who should they chance to see an opal among the goods displayed for purchase will buy nothing more that day, and it is a curious fact that the Japanese, being under the sign that this stone belongs to, should be the nation to bring such ill luck to the Russians during the disastrous war between these two countries.

Thought It a Purchase.

Some good luck had come to him in business that day and he felt as if he wanted to share it with others. So when he reached her house and dismissed the station hack with its two sorry horses he joyously handed the driver two dollars. The driver looked at the money, then at the man, and then at his horses, and finally said: "All right, sir, which horse do you want?"

Magnificent Outdoor Theater.

Denmark has probably the finest natural outdoor theater in the world. It is situated in the royal deer park, about six miles out of the capital. There the avenues of mighty trees serve as wings and background to a stage fronted by a beach-encircled slope that forms a perfect auditorium. Eight thousand people can be accommodated at every performance.

Virtue of Skunk Oil.

Wonderful virtues are ascribed to skunk oil by those in the mountains. Trappers use it to conceal all odor of man from fox or lynx or other animal way of traps. In case of croup, or any bronchial or lung trouble, it rubs in quickly. With physicians at times many miles away, a bottle of skunk oil is always present in a mountaineer's family.

For the Invalid.

When additional bed covering may be required by an invalid during the night tie a long piece of cord to the edge of a blanket laid at the foot of the bed and attach the other end to the head of the bed. All that is necessary for the invalid to do is to pull lightly on the cord, when up will come the cover.

The Grateful Heart.

Cultivate the thankful spirit. It will be to thee a perpetual feast. There is, or ought to be, with us, no such thing as small mercies, all are great, because the least are undeserved. Indeed, a really thankful heart will extract motive for gratitude from everything, making the most even of scanty blessings.—Robertson.

Yes, We All Know That.

"After all," observes the thoughtful man, "there's always a lot of difference between expectation and realization." "You bet," answers the man with the chenille whiskers. "For instance, reading a seed catalogue in the spring and looking at your garden in the fall."—Life.

Daily Thought.

To live our lives, to get out what is in us, to do our share of the world's work and live brotherly with our fellows—that is what we are here for. If riches are an incident of that course of life, they are a good incident.—Edward B. Martin.

Gentle Hint.

"Now, Pat," inquired a tourist, "what does this stone commemorate? It is a handsome memorial!" "Shure, sorr," answered Pat, "'tis a stone I erected on the spot where a kind English gentleman gave me five shillings!"

The Merchants Grocery Co. have opened an original package store in the Stone-Gove block and will sell groceries in original packages that will be a surprise to the consumer. Free delivery. Phone 298 67-3tc

DISTRIBUTORS FOR

Steinway & Sons - Mehlin Behr Bros. - Mathushek "Crown" - Story & Clark Kohler & Campbell - Haines Bros. and Fischer

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JACKSONVILLE - FLORIDA



DON'T SINK

YOUR money in real estate of doubtful value. Invest in farms that are certain to advance in worth as years go by. We can put you on to some positive bargains in desirable farms and track lands that are sure to yield good profits to present purchasers.

HOWARD PACKARD LAND CO. Sanford, Florida



You Cannot Point Out

A single unworthy article in our complete display of staple groceries and table luxuries. We handle only the kinds that mean satisfaction to the customer as well as ourselves. And a trial order will convince you that our prices are as low as our qualities are high.

PAY CASH and SAVE MONEY

Peoples Cash Grocery

One Door East of Postoffice First Street : Sanford Florida

SPENCER'S BAKERY

Only exclusive Baker in the city. All mixing done with latest improved Sanitary machinery.

SPENCER'S BREAD HANDLED BY ALL FIRST CLASS GROCERS Special Orders Filled Promptly

We Make Everything Known to the Trade PHONE 106. NO. 111 PARK AVENUE.



THE NEW BLEND

FOR Coffee Lovers

THE latest and greatest achievement in the art of roasting and blending.

Nothing Like It Ever Before Offered.

DRINKS better and goes further than any 30 cent coffee on the market to-day. Cuts down the cost of living without sacrificing coffee enjoyment.

1 lb. cans, 20 cents. 1-2 lb. cans, 10 cents

ASK YOUR GROCER FOR IT

Packed Exclusively by

CHEEK-NEAL COFFEE CO.

PLANTS AT Nashville, Tenn. Houston, Texas Jacksonville, Fla.

PRACTICAL DRAUGHON'S Business College

Corner Main and Monroe, Jacksonville. Branch of the GREATEST system of Business Colleges in the World—22 years' success, 150,000 graduates. More than 100 high-grade instructors. Contracts given to secure graduates POSITIONS or REFUND MONEY. Indorsed by more Florida and Georgia Bankers and other business men than ALL OTHER Florida and Georgia business colleges combined. We also teach BY MAIL. Catalogue FREE. A. H. JAMES, Manager, Jacksonville, Fla.



# PURELY PERSONAL

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Clayton, of Atlanta, are the guests of Mr. Clayton's sister, Mrs. R. H. Marks. Mr. and Mrs. Clayton are on their bridal tour.

H. L. Gibson is home for a visit. He now has a position with the Santa Fe as station accountant at San Diego, California; and is very enthusiastic over the prospects of that city. San Diego will be the Panama Exposition City in 1915, and is putting on airs.

Among the visitors to the city last Friday were Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Igoe, Dr. Kennedy and Miss Golding, of Eustis, who were guests of Mrs. R. L. Jones.

Mr. and Mrs. E. L. Ferran, Ray Ferran and Harry Ferran, of Eustis, were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. D. L. Thrasher on Friday.

The Junior Epworth League of the Methodist church, held their regular meeting Friday afternoon in the church.

The Social Service department of the Missionary Society of the Methodist church are planning a social evening, for the members of the church and friends, at the parsonage, Thursday evening.

Some very great improvements, repairs and renovations have recently been made at the Methodist parsonage, by the local department of the Woman's Missionary Society, of the Methodist church, who have charge of the care of the parsonage; which will add to the comfort as well as to the interior appearance of the parsonage.

Mr. and Mrs. T. F. Williams and party of Daytona motored over to Sanford Thursday and spent the day with Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Miller.

Mr. and Mrs. H. C. McMullin of Port Tampa are visiting Mrs. McMullin's mother, Mrs. F. Z. Graves.

Mrs. Mabry and little Harton Washburn, wife and son of Judge M. H. Mabry of Tallahassee, arrived in the city Thursday evening and are guests of Mrs. G. E. Smith, Mrs. Mabry's sister.

The Wednesday Club will meet at the residence of Mrs. J. N. Whitner Wednesday afternoon, May 1st, at 3 o'clock.

Every member of the Sanford Music Club is requested to meet at Gairford Cottage Saturday afternoon at 2:30 o'clock sharp. Besides the regular program in charge of Mrs. Claude Herndon there will be the election of officers for the new year, and it is imperative that all members of the club should be present.

Mrs. John F. Seigh returned yesterday to her home in Johnstown, Pa., after spending the winter with her son, Albert Seigh. Mrs. Albert Seigh accompanied her as far as St. Augustine, where they will spend several days.

Mrs. H. F. Philips of Starks left today for her home after a few weeks' visit to relatives in this city.

Mrs. Anna Ludlum, Roy Ludlum and wife left Saturday for Spokane, Washington, where they will engage in general farming.

Hon. W. A. Bankhead, son of Senator Bankhead of Alabama made an address to the people here yesterday in behalf of Oscar Underwood, the next President of the United States.

Hon. Braxton Beacham of Orlando made the last lap in his campaign by calling on Sanford voters yesterday.

Ground was broken yesterday for the new Miller building on Magnolia avenue and also for the new buildings on Sanford avenue.

Hon. W. A. Bankhead, of Alabama, spoke here Monday afternoon in the interests of Oscar Underwood candidate for President.

Quite a number of prominent Orlando people heard Bryan at the Star Theatre last Friday night.

John Keane, the veteran traveling salesman, called on the local trade last Saturday. John is a candidate for Delegate to the Big Convention and wears Wilson colors.

Twenty-eight pages of Herald were given to the readers last week, much of it political and now that the worst is over, the readers can settle down to base ball and the weather.

That R. R. crossing to Woodland Park is in at last. Go west on First street; road to Monroe avenue, then turn north and follow the signs. Open Sundays and Thursday. To let other days. 68-21

### McIntire-Kraus

Married at the home of the bride's parents last Wednesday in Jacksonville, Mr. Samuel Kraus, of this city, and Miss McIntire, of Jacksonville; Rev. R. C. Campbell of St. Andrews Episcopal church officiating.

Miss McIntire is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. L. M. McIntire, of Jacksonville, and

has a large circle of friends in that city, many of whom were present at the ceremony.

The groom is a well-known business man of this city, being the proprietor of the Kraus Studio. He has been a resident of this city for the past twelve months, coming here from Jacksonville, where he was in business and met the young lady who now bears his name.

The wedding was a home affair, but the residence was crowded by both friends of the bride and groom, and they were showered by good wishes, rice and other attentions.

The young couple will make this city their future home and for a time will live in the Garner Woodruff block.

The Herald joins in congratulations and best wishes to the happy couple.

The Half-price Sale is "not in it" with the Boston Bankrupt Sale. May 1st. Lasts Ten days.

### Missionary Meeting

The Woman's Missionary Society of the Presbyterian church held their regular meeting at the home of Mrs. C. C. Woodruff, president of the society, Friday evening.

The devotional exercises were led by Mrs. R. L. Peck. The topic for consideration was the "Mountaineers." Two very interesting papers on the subject were read by Mrs. A. T. Rosseter and Mrs. H. McLaughlin. As this was the first meeting of the new missionary year plans were made under the direction of the president for the year's work. After all the business of the meeting had been attended to a delicious fruit salad with saltines was served by the hostess and a short social time was enjoyed by the members of the society.

The Boston Bankrupt Sale. Goods at your own price. Begins May 1st.

### Death of Mrs. Schumpert

The community received a shock this morning when the news of the death of Mrs. F. A. Schumpert was announced.

She had only been ill for the past few days and was in apparent good spirits last Saturday when Mr. Schumpert received a wire that his brother in Louisiana was seriously ill and he left immediately for that place.

During his absence Mrs. Schumpert seemed to grow worse and before the physician hurriedly summoned could reach her side she expired about five o'clock this morning.

Mrs. Schumpert had resided in Sanford for the past four years and had endeavored herself to everyone with whom she came in contact. Although a sufferer for several years with dyspepsia the malady did not blight her cheerful nature and she was always the same genial lady at all times.

She leaves a devoted husband and two daughters to mourn her loss, Miss Bessie Schumpert of this city and Mrs. Chas. Bell of Atlanta.

Funeral arrangements will be made later upon arrival of Mr. Schumpert.

The sympathy of their large circle of friends goes out to the grief stricken husband and family.

The Greatest of all Money Saving Sales. The Boston Bankrupt Sale. May 1st. Lasts Ten days.

### In Honor of Mrs. Mabry

Mrs. G. E. Smith was the gracious hostess of a delightful auction bridge party Monday afternoon, complimentary to her sister, Mrs. Milton Harvey Mabry of Tallahassee, her charming house guest. The pretty rooms were doubly attractive by the presence and sweet fragrance of lovely flowers. Six tables of bridge were played. Mrs. T. A. Neal made the highest score and won the first prize, a set of silver chased salt and pepper shakers. The booby prize, an orange wood pen blunter was received by Mrs. W. D. Holden.

Mrs. Robt. Newman drew the consolation prize, a silver thimble.

The guest of honor was presented with a set of silver chased individual salts and spoons.

After the pleasant games of cards were concluded, delicious ice cream and cake were served. Mrs. Smith's invited guests were Mesdames Mabry, Chase, Newman, Whitner, Lake, Miller, King, Keelor, McLaughlin, Driver, Brady, Dickins, Hughes, Gonzales, Holden, Papworth, Vorce, Holly, Keely, Hurt, Puleston, Fox, Turner, Neal, Brown, Schumpert, Wight, Thrasher, Woodruff, Miss Hickey.

The Boston Bankrupt Sale Lasts Ten days, begins May 1st.

### How the Dirt "Flew" at Suez.

Many of the workers on the Suez canal were girls, digging up the sand with their bare fingers, scooping it into the hollows of their hands, throwing it into a rush basket each had woven for herself, lifting the baskets to their heads and carrying the load of twenty to thirty pounds one hundred feet up the bank and dumping it.—Engineering Magazine.

Come to the auction Saturday in Stone Gove building, 2 p. m. 68 1/2c

### Crucible of Criticism.

The alchemy of public opinion in a country where thought and speech are free and untrammelled transmutes many a baser metal into pure gold. The crucible of criticism is the final process through which everything and everybody that comes before our public must pass. The least of us is jealous in his right in that regard. We are all from Missouri when it comes to the matter of being shown! And up to the degree of ardiness this is a saving element in our life, but, of course, beyond that it would not be.

It is not only right, but necessary, that we subject untried theories, or unknown persons to this refining crucible. We do not give heed to anyone who fears to submit his proposition to the test, either. Such as these get small hearing. The people suspect them immediately of spuriousness, of having a scheme which they, themselves, do not believe in or they would not seek to evade the common judgment.—Omaha Bee.

Do YOU Know About OUR Prices ?

We are anxious to have you find out about them

They will interest you when you're in need of printing

The Bankrupt Sale of The Boston Shoe Stock sold regardless of price May 1st. Lasts Ten days.

## WANTS

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

For Sale—A litter of pigs (9), bred by registered Berkshire Boar and out of Dutch Jersey Sow 3 weeks old May 20th Address Leonard Vichler R. F. D. 1 Sanford, Fla. 68-21-c

First class board at 306 Palmetto Ave. one door south from 3d street. Close in and convenient. Mrs. Mills. 68-91-p

Lodge board at Mrs. R. L. Jones, one block from First street on Park Avenue. 68-35

Married man wanted at Saint Augustine to work on small farm, inside city limits. Furnished cottage on premises, ten minute walk from plaza and seawall. References required. Address R. S. Baldwin 298 St. George Street. 68-31-p

For Sale—Hogs Duroc Jersey Ohio Thoroughbred stock. Florida raised. Correspondence solicited. F. Muller Box 102 New Smyrna, Fla. 68-21-p

For Sale—Four leaf extension dining table in good condition. Will sell cheap. Enquire at Mettinger's store. 68-41-p

For Sale—100 pullets, 75 cts each. J. W. Spivey R. F. D. No. 3. 66-41-p

Gas, electric lights and artesian water and rooms \$1.25 and up. 415 E. Fourth Street. 61-11

For Rent—3 room cottage, 1212 Park Ave. \$12.50 including water. G. W. Spencer. 60-11

For Sale—Sweet Potato, plants Red Providence best kind \$1.50 per thousand. Rex Packard, Route 2, or phone 102-3. 60-11c

For Sale—A bedroom suite, bedstead, bureau, wash stand and table, very cheap. What offers. 116 French Ave. 66-11

For Sale—Stevens-Duryea touring car, model U, 1910, six cylinder. In fine condition, tires entirely new. Bosch magnet, Stromberg carburetor, etc. Price reasonable. Inquire at Herald office. 66-21-p

For Sale—Two of my fine truck farms. Levi Binford. 57-11

Ten acres of good land for sale at a bargain. Three acres cleared and cropped last season. All under fence. Near loading station on traction line. Almost given away. Particulars at Herald Office.

Furnished house to rent for four months on very reasonable terms. No 613 Magnolia avenue. 67-11

Four Room Cottage for Rent—No. 914 Park avenue. Inquire at No. 918 or P. O. Box 843. 67-11

For Rent—Eight room house and bath. Bearing orange trees, artesian well, modern improvements. Address Mrs. Blaine, Sanford, Fla. 67-21-p

W. H. Underwood now has a first class horse shoer and blacksmith and can guarantee all work of this nature. Your horses can be assured of the best kind of work in this line. See Underwood when your horse needs shoes. 45-11

Cottage for Rent—914 Park avenue. Address Box 843, City. 44-11

For Sale—Show case, lock drawer, mission style, fine condition. Particulars at Herald office. 54-11

Wanted—To buy good general purpose horse. Write or telephone Edgar E. Brown R. F. D. No. 3. 68-3c

## A Meat Market of Quality

Where you can get the best of everything delivered to your door by special messenger and on Time

WE CARRY A COMPLETE LINE OF

Florida and Western Beef and Pork, Lamb, Dry and Salt Meats, Fish, Poultry and Home Made Pork Sausage.

We are now prepared to give to the trade our special HOME-MADE CORN BEEF. Try it—you will be pleased.

### T. W. BRIGGS

110 Park Avenue

Phone No 1

## For Engraved Cards See The Herald FIRST NATIONAL BANK OF SANFORD, FLA.

F. H. RAND, President  
F. P. FORSTER, Cashier

GEO. FERNALD, Vice-Pres.  
B. F. WHITNER, Asst. Cashier

Only National Bank in Orange County. Funds Protected by Burglary Insurance. Safety Deposit Boxes for Rent. ORGANIZED 1887.

## A. P. CONNELLY

### GENERAL FIRE INSURANCE AGENT

Office Above First National Bank

SANFORD, FLORIDA

Drink a Bottle of

# Coca-Cola

### GINGER ALE OR SODAWATER

Manufactured with pure distilled water—they will prevent illness, aid digestion and give you health.

The Sanford Coca Cola Bottling Co., Sanford, Fla

## M. HANSON

### MODERN SHOE REPAIR SHOP

ALL WORK DONE BY

### ELECTRIC MACHINERY

No. 403 West First Street

Near Door to City Restaurant

## HAND BROTHERS

### LIVERY, FEED and SALES STABLE

Harness and Wagons

Blacksmithing and Horseshoeing

### Horses and Mules Bought and Exchanged

### HEAVY HAULING AND CONTRACTING

## Chase & Co.

SHIPPERS OF

### Florida Fruits and Vegetables

### General Insurance Agents

SANFORD, FLORIDA



# The GLOW of the RUBIES

By FRANCIS PERRY ELLIOTT

Illustrations by RAY WALTERS

(Copyright, 1911, by Bobbs-Merrill Company)  
(Continued from page 3)

before the sergeant! But the old man just let him blow it all off; just sat there calm behind the desk, chewing away and jabbing a pen through the blotter, while this stiff fumed and spouted—oh, something scandalous—bringing in the names of mighty near all the important people in New York; his friends, he said! Oh, yes, he mentioned you in particular, sir!—and his face expanded in a relishing grin.

"Dashed impudence!" I murmured feebly.

"Oh, yes," carelessly, "but the sarge quieted him—just purty near soothed him to sleep before he got through, you know—it's one of his ways!"—his glance lifted solemnly.

"Fine, you know!" I murmured admiringly. I reflected approvingly upon what a dashed good thing it was to have a man in that position—whatever it was—who was of such a devilish mild and gentle temperament; the quiet word—the soft answer—the kindly remonstrance—all that sort of thing, you know.

"But, if no offense, there's just one question I'd like to ask you, sir." He swung his club with a smiling, genial air.

"Oh, dash it, no!" I responded absently.

My eye had been suddenly attracted by a feathery gleam of white through the trees. It was slowly moving up the slope to a pavilion overlooking the Tappan Zee.

He drew nearer with a confidential air. "Just a little argument I had with the old woman, you know, about them pajamas. Would you mind telling me—a man to man, understand—if they garments is—his voice dropped—"is like her real shape—finger, I mean—h'm?" And he tapped the parcel lightly with his stick.

Jenkins cleared his throat loudly and shifted the pajamas to his other side. As for myself, I just winced as under the stroke of a what you call it, but one end of my dashed brain was being pulled by the flashing play of the dappling sunlight there upon—

"By Jove, her figure exactly!" I ejaculated, staring.

For it was her—no, dash it, she, I mean! I had a perfectly clear view of her now as she paused on a little point and hung there looking out over the Hudson. In her hand was a full-blown, ripened rose, and her lips were shaping in ravishing little pouts, as musically she blew the petals from her. But go they would not, but bugged back in the arms of the light breeze, circling and fluttering about her glorious sunny head like a swarm of rosy butterflies. It made a pretty picture!

"And what's more, they're just her color, too!" I murmured tenderly, forgetful of everything but her, unmindful that I was not alone. For under my hand I could feel my jolly heart quivering like a champagne cork, freshly unfettered and thrilling eagerly under the impulse of the mad, dancing, joyous spirit within.

"The one lovely woman in all the world!" I breathed aloud, and I felt my eyes grow oddly moist.

And for a minute I went off in a jolly trance.

"Good-by, sir!" It was O'Keefe's voice—oddly constrained.

"Eh?" I ejaculated, blinking at him as I came back. Then I remembered—but what was it he had been asking? Something—

"Just, good-by!" he repeated with elaborate gentleness. Then, straight-



## "I Trust You've Not Been Getting into Trouble, Mr. Lightnut!"

ening: "No offense, I hope, if we let it go at that—I mean, I guess you won't miss it if we don't shake hands?"

I glanced at the gloves he was drawing on.

"Oh, dash it, no!" I responded absently, and my eyes coasted up the slope again—then dropped back disappointedly, for she had disappeared within the pavilion.

His helmet tossed as he looked back. "I guess we all've got our little prejudices," he remarked sententiously; "I know I have! I'm from the south!"

And without another word, Mr. O'Keefe presented his broad back to us, and swinging his stick carelessly, sauntered down the drive.

"What the deuce!" I exclaimed, looking after him. "I say, Jenkins, what did he mean?"

Jenkins' face expressed mild reproach and surprise.

"Can it possibly matter, sir?" he questioned wearily. "Persons of—er—that sort, you know, sir?"

"Jove!" I uttered, relieved.

Jenkins' coldly elevated brows dismissed the matter from further consideration. He lifted the parcel with a slight gesture of inquiry.

I had already come to a decision about it: I would send it to Billings! Perhaps the retrieving of the pajamas would have a soothing effect upon his poor mind!

I gave Jenkins instructions. "If I, of course, manage to speak with him alone," I cautioned, having thought of Judge Billings; "and don't forget the message."

"Certainly, sir," said Jenkins attentively. "I'm just to say: 'Mr. Lightnut's compliments, sir, and he says you'll know what to do with these.'"

I nodded. "Exactly, and I'll wait here—but, oh, hurry, dash it!" And I looked longingly at the pavilion and tried to feel if my part was right.

He did hurry! By Jove, he was back almost immediately and looking a bit rattled.

"Yes, sir!"—he coughed as I screwed my glasses inquiringly—"I got there just as the judge went into his room across the corridor, and Mr. Billings opened the door the minute I said I was from you. I gave him the package and the message and he took it over in a corner; and then in about a minute I heard him chuck it somewhere and say some long word. It came back to me, looking kinder irritated and with his eyes snapping—

"Oh!" I uttered nervously. "Er, what did he say, Jenkins?"

Jenkins sighed. "Oh, well, sir, nothing as you might say was anything, really. He jerks out kinder crossly. 'Tell Mr. Lightnut, I say one thing at a time, and give him this!'"

On the scrap of paper I clutched out of Jenkins' hand was a crazy scrawl of just a half-dozen words: I'm a biped, not a centipede!

I squinted through the dashed thing twice, but could make nothing of it—I even tried it backward!

"Jove!" I muttered perplexedly. "It's rum, Jenkins!"

Jenkins' mouth tightened and relaxed. "H'm, what I thought, sir," he responded soberly. "The demon rum, sir!"

### CHAPTER XXV.

#### "If Ever I Find a Man!"

"I trust you've not been getting into trouble, Mr. Lightnut!"

Her lovely eyes were dancing with mischief as they hung there below mine—eyes, bluer than the Hudson at our feet; yet between the jolly ripples that played across those pools of truth I could glimpse far down into depths that were the most devilishly entrancing, darkly, deeply, beautifully—oh, you know!

Why, by Jove, I almost took a cropper right into them! Only caught just in time, you know; straightened right on the verge, as it were—and came up with a gasp, monocle dangling.

Had almost forgotten the dashed windows—and the two cats that might be looking out!

I murmured some jolly apology, adding:

"Oh, yes—quite so; certainly! I mean—eh, what?"

She was smiling, her rose-petal lip dragging through her teeth.

"The 'bobby,' you know, just now"—she nodded toward the porte-cochere—"I was positive he had come to drag you away to your loathsome dungeon. And when he retired, I was—oh, so relieved!" And she clasped her hands, her eyes lifting upward.

"Oh, I say now—were you, though?" I grinned delightedly and slipping to a rustic chair beside her, looked her affectionately in the eye. For all her air of chaffing, I knew that under it was a current of anxiety for me—the darling!

I screwed my glass at her tenderly. "What would you have done?" I said softly, "if he had—er—lugged me off, you know?"

"Can you ask?" What a reproachful side-glance she shot me through the meshes of her sliken what-you-call-'em! "Why, of course, I should have drawn my good excalibar and run him through and through!"

By Jove, how she said it! And she illustrated with the stemless rose—dash it, no; the roseless stem! She was superb—looked like the jolly fencing girl; only a dashed sight more stunning, don't you know! And her excalibar, too! Didn't know what a jolly excalibar was, but guessed it was some delightfully mysterious but deadly feminine thing—some kind of submerged hat-pin-sort-of-thing, you know—that sort, dash it! Yet she would have drawn it—and her good one, too, she said!

"Jove!" I said feelingly. "Would you, really?" And I almost took her hand—and again remembered the windows! So I just shot her a look.

Her glorious eyes sparkled. "That is, I would if I had one," she said smiling; "but I'm afraid poor Arthur lost the last and only one. Sad, isn't it?"

"Oh!"

I just felt my jolly heart sink like what's-its-name. Who the deuce was "poor Arthur?" This must be another—some other thundering chap who had been engaged to her. And what a rotten, careless beggar, too, to have lost it—that is, if he really had! Of course, he would say so, anyhow. And how the deuce did he get it, in the first place—did she give it to him, or did he—

By Jove, how I should have liked to punch Arthur's head! Always did hate a chap with that name! I flushed guiltily, but she did not see. For the moment, she was looking off dreamily across the valley.

"I wonder," she said pensively, "why it is one can never find another man like Arthur. Do you suppose it is because he was the ideal?"

For an instant, I swallowed hard—then I plucked up bravely, or tried to, don't you know.

"Jolly likely!" I chirped. Then gloomily: "Oh, I say, you know, was he your ideal?"

"Always!"—the blue eyes lighted wistfully—"I suppose it's because he was my first love. I found him so brave, so noble-mannered, you know—so simple!"

Simple! Dash simple people—never could stand them! Thing I admired was brains! Aloud I said gently—almost humbly:

"So glad you like him, don't you know—did like, I mean!"

"Did like? I do still!"—her tone lifted in earnest protest—"I love to think of brave, dear Arthur and his knights—so few, and yet so full of love, of gallantry and daring!"

So his nights were like that! By Jove, I was devilish glad then that they had been so few—that was some comfort, dash it! I wondered if the beggar was dead. But what difference did it make now, after all? She was mine now and she knew I knew it; that was why this sweet, ingenious child was laying bare to me her past—the darling!

Really, I ought not to let her go on.

"Never mind them now," I urged soothingly. And heedless of the windows, I hitched a wee bit closer.

"That's all past and gone and you and I will yet see as good nights as they ever were." I spoke with assurance.

"Don't you think so?" I added, softly.

She sighed. "I don't know—I hope so!"—she lingered dubiously over it, looking away again, the while her hand put back the feecy, golden what-you-call-it that was smuggling to her eyes. I looked at the goddess-like forearm, bared to above the elbow, where it slipped from sight under the roll of sleeve, and thought of that night in my apartment when she had made me feel of her biceps, don't you know.

"You don't know?" I repeated with gentle reproach. "Oh, I say, you know! You know you know you know!" By Jove, that sounded rather rum, but I knew she knew I knew she knew—see?

She looked at me sideways, her slender forefinger pressing the half-parted lips slowly shaping in a curve. Then her little teeth flashed, jewel-like—regular jolly pearl setting in the frankest, sweetest smile!—and then her glorious arm and wrist arched suddenly toward me.

"Yes!" she said contritely, and with the most delightful, kindest inflection and laugh—such a laugh—a laugh gurgling, melodious—oh, dash it, yes; I mean just that!—like the flute notes in the overture to what's-its-name—that sort!

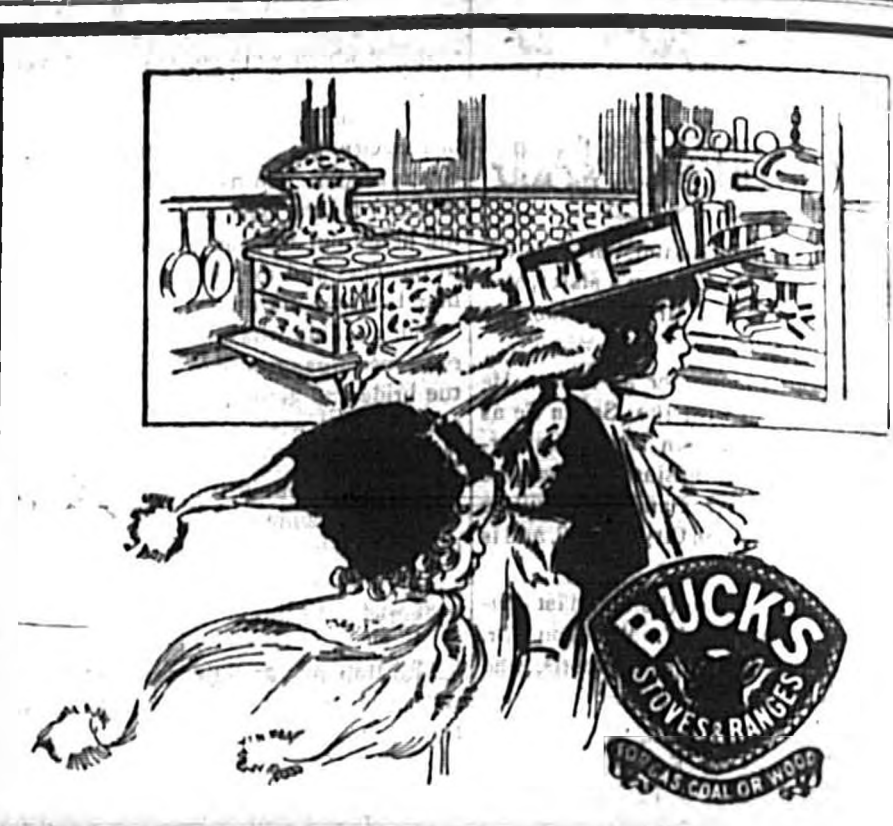
"That's the way I love to hear a man talk!" she said warmly. "I think it takes an American to stand up for his own place, his own times—please!"

And gently, but with a lovely smile, she withdrew her hand that I had folded close in mine. I let it go, for I saw her look toward the house, and, of course, I understood—jolly careless of me not to have remembered—but she would know from my nod and shrug that I comprehended.

I sighed, and my deep breath brought her gaze back to me and her flashing smile as well.

"And so," she said, lifting her little chin, "you think there are just as many knights now as there used to be?"

I almost laughed at the child-like question—but I didn't! Dash it, no, I wouldn't have done so for the world. Just looked at her seriously and answered her in kind!



# Free!

## To All Little Girls Under 14 years of Age, a Picture to Color and the Crayons to Color it With

And to the little girl (under 14 years of age) who returns to us the neatest, most artistically colored picture and the most interesting short story asked for in the instructions, we will give, absolutely free, the "Buck's" Little Range now shown in our window. A real little Range girls—mamma's in miniature.

We want all the girls to try.

# HILL HARDWARE CO.

"Perfectly sure of it, don't you know!"

And, by Jove, I was! Knew if there had been any change, some newspaper-reading chap at the club would have mentioned it—that was safe; especially one silly ass who was always reading of some jolly comet that was coming. He would know about the nights.

"Yes—Oh, yes, there are just as many!" I affirmed positively, and added quickly: "More, you know!" For suddenly I remembered it was leap-year, and I knew there was some jolly rhyme about leap-year gives us one day more—so, of course, there'd be another night!

"You don't know how glad I am to hear you say that," she said musingly. "There are just as many knights, you mean, but the conditions have changed—the man is changed—is that it?"

I should say the man was changed! "Oh, dash it, yes!" I blurted. By Jove, I hoped there wouldn't be another change.

"You mean"—with a little, challenging, puzzled smile, she leaned forward, her elbow resting upon her knee like a sculptured, Grecian pillar; her flower-like curving fingers supporting her chin like a Corinthian what's-its-name, you know, the sort of thing the ancient what-you-call-'ems always added to top off their stunning marble columns—you know!—well, like that—"you mean we may find knights, not only in the field, but in the shops, upon the streets—even in the slums; or in the hospitals, in the church or upon the bench—that is your idea?"

It wasn't my idea at all—I should say not! Who wanted to spend nights prowling around that way? Why—why, it wasn't respectable, dash it! Besides, that sort of thing—excursioning about seeing things—was devilish tiresome, if you asked me. I never did do it, even abroad, where you meet Americans, jolly bored and tired, doing all sorts of rum places no one else ever thinks of, don't you know.

And as for a bench! Well, it was like her, in her innocence of the world, not to know how downright vulgar that would be. I had seen couples sitting evenings in the park—and I knew!

But I answered tactfully. "I don't mean those girls who don't you know—I think so, but the lots jollier and better than where." And I closed my eyes and beamed at her through my glass. "Don't have to go so far, you know; under one's own roof, or—er—some one else's roof, for instance, why not here?" I jerked my head toward the old stone pile behind us.

"Oh!"—her eyebrows lifted at me—"so you've thought of that, too?"



"Poor Fellow!"

she nodded gravely—"you mean in the library there?"

I winked assent. The library suited me all right! "Just now," she said in an oddly sobered voice, "I looked in as I passed through, and he was looking so crushed, so worn and tired, you know—he had just come from up stairs; and yet he faced me so bravely and smilingly"—she shook her head—"poor fellow!"

I stared—puzzled, don't you know. Ofhand, dash me if I could see what the judge had to do with our evenings together—why, I had his own approval of my suit. Then I remembered that she, of course, didn't know that—yet

(To Be Continued)



### PRESIDENTS ON TOUR

#### ARTHUR AND CLEVELAND WERE NOT GOOD TRAVELERS.

#### Arthur Did Not Like Crowds—Harrison Was Impatient—Once Had Train Sidetracked in Woods So He Could Rest.

"If anybody traveling needs rest over Sunday it is a president on a jaunt," said a man who has been out with several presidents. "Fortunately for Mr. Taft, he likes this sort of thing, but I notice that he has ordered rests over Sunday in his itinerary. I have traveled with Arthur, McKinley, Cleveland and Harrison on their jaunts. Arthur, in spite of his talent for mixing with a New York crowd, was never equal to the job in the country. If any town in this country is up on the art of catering to any exclusive taste it is Louisville, Ky. Arthur was the first Republican president to go south, and Louisville spread herself to make him feel at home. Political lines were obliterated on the occasion of his visit when he went there to open the cotton exposition. The Pendergits club gave him a banquet fit for a king, but he was glad when it was over.

"When he left Chicago for his hunt in Yellowstone he told Phil Sheridan, who had charge of the party, that he was glad he was going where he could have uninterrupted rest.

"McKinley was not as good a traveler as Taft, but he never showed that he was tired. I heard him say once that he wished railroad companies would make some arrangement by which a log cabin could be attached to a train instead of a Pullman sleeper.

Cleveland never liked a crowd. He fretted under handshaking and always grunted when he had to make a platform speech. When he visited Chicago with his bride he got the greatest reception ever seen in that city. The fact that Mrs. Cleveland broke down under the strain of the excitement may have had something to do with making Cleveland impatient, but the way he raved over the jam and mismanagement of the affair would have melted the type of any newspaper that tried to quote him. When he left the city for Madison, where he was a guest of Colonel Vilas he expressed himself as delighted over the rest to which he was bound. I saw him at an inaugural ball in Washington. I wouldn't like to repeat what I heard him say about the mob on the floor.

Harrison was the most impatient presidential traveler of all I ever jaunted with. One night the crowd in Burlington became unmanageable. It was the worst I ever saw. The police were as useless as a lot of wood or soldiers. When the meeting was over and Harrison and his party went to the presidential train, Harrison asked when the train was due at the next stop, Oskaloosa, Ia., where he was to open the Corn Palace the next day. When he was told that the schedule was for noon the following day he requested that the train be sidetracked somewhere for the remainder of the night in order that he might get rest.

"It was so ordered, and the train was run out of Burlington about 40 miles and placed on a siding in the woods. There it remained until after breakfast. For the first time in any presidential jaunt that I ever heard of the president was lost to the people of the country for ten hours. There was no wireless apparatus then.

The next day, when Harrison and his party reached St. Joseph, Mo., he was routed out of bed at sunrise to take breakfast at the railroad station and talk to the people. I think Harrison came nearer forgetting his Presbyterian pledge than he ever did before."—New York Sun

#### Belgawyak's Comet.

There is timeliness in the appearance of that newest heavenly visitor, Belgawyak's comet. It appeared with the war a conflict that seems to mark the serious wounding of Turkish pride, if not the appearance of a great Turkish misfortune. When the Turks took Constantinople a great comet blazed in the sky, and the terrified Christian world added to the Ave Maria the supplication, "Deliver us, O Lord, from the devil, the Turk and the comet." The superstitious may readily perceive in the relative unimportance and dimness of the latest star of this description a portion of Mahometan woe. The scientific aspect of the star is not particularly notable. It appears to be one whose return need hardly be looked for, and which in all probability was never spied by our grandfathers. Consequently Professor Upton was unable to predict its appearance and neither he nor Mr. Seagrave has felt the need of translating evil anticipations of its meaning, caused by extravagant popularizations of astronomy, into terms of astronomical science.

### HOW INDIANS MADE HISTORY

#### Truth of Their Traditions Instanced by One Story From Annals of the Beavers.

If we could only get at the facts of the history of our Indian tribes it would be of interest to compare those with what is related as the fortune of most civilized nations. It is only in tradition that the history of the Indian lives, and only one version of the story is ever heard. Sometimes this is so true to nature that no room for doubt can be found. Such is the following chapter, from the annals of the Beavers, a Canadian tribe.

One day a young chief shot his arrow through a dog belonging to another brave. The brave revenged the death of his dog and instantly a hundred bows were drawn. Ere night had fallen some eighty warriors lay dead around the camp, the pine woods rang with the lamentations of the women, the tribe had lost its bravest men.

There was a temporary truce. The friends of the chief whose arrow had killed the dog yet numbered some sixty people, and it was agreed that they should separate from the tribe and seek their fortune in the vast wilderness lying to the south.

In the night they began their march, sullenly their brethren saw them depart never to return. They went their way to the shores of the Lesser Slave Lake toward the great plains which were said to be far southward by the banks of the swift-tolling Saskatchewan.

The tribe of the Beavers never saw this exiled band again, but a hundred years later a Beaver Indian, who followed the fortunes of a white fur hunter, found himself in one of the forts of the Saskatchewan. Strange Indians were camped about the palisades, they were members of the great Blackfoot tribe whose hunting grounds lay south of the Saskatchewan. Among them were a few Beavers who, when they conversed, spoke a language different from that of the others. In this language the Beaver Indian recognized his own tongue. (Harper's Weekly)

#### Jury Duty a Godsend

While many men seek to escape jury duty there are others who are anxious to serve, says the New York Evening Sun. Recently Commissioner Allison received the following letter:

I most earnestly beg you to place my name on the jury every year in stead of every second year as here before and to let me serve as often as permissible by law and compatible with the requirements of your department. Strange as this request may seem, I will regard it as an act of charity to have it granted. Having had to retire from business and from all accustomed busy and active life by order of doctors, my days have degenerated into a dreary series of walks and readings, so that the least break in it, even that of jury duty that I formerly regarded as a hard ship, would be welcomed. I will hail it as a godsend as a temporary break in the unheatable monotony.

Another man, anxious to serve wrote to the commissioner:

"Some people hate to do jury duty, but I love it. I have not served in this city, and as I am not over busy at this time of the year it would please me greatly if you would be kind enough to have me on a jury. I am qualified to serve."

#### Snug Bed for a Queen

Instances of something strangely like humor sometimes creep into the British periodicals, in spite of every thing. Among the stories told by the London papers of the late Dr. Robinson Duckworth, canon of Westminster, is one of a somewhat uncourtly remark which he made once when showing Queen Victoria over Westminster abbey. When they came to the spot where kings and queens lie, Queen Victoria shivered a little and said "I should not care to be buried here—it seems so cold and damp." "Madam," replied Duckworth, "I assure you it is perfectly dry. You would be quite nice and snug."

It strikes a mere American that the queen's part of this interview shows more humor than the reverend canon's. But Victoria's sense of humor was Teutonic.

#### A Strike on Babel

The confusion of tongues had done its destined part, work on the tower of Babel being pretty much suspended, when all at once Welsh emerged from the racket.

The sound of consonants being pronounced without the help of vowels was at once seen to cause no small uneasiness in high quarters.

"No use overdoing the business!" these hastily exclaimed, and forthwith called a halt.

As for Welsh, what was done could not, of course, be undone, but the ensuing distribution of languages happily relegated it to the remote corner of a remote island of the sea, so that the embarrassment was by no means what it might have been.—Puck.

### HIS NICKEL WELL INVESTED

#### Yonkers Bachelor Once Helped a Newsboy and Reaped His Reward Nine Years Later

"Excuse me mister," said a boy of about fifteen years to a man at a Yonkers street corner, but I've lost my money and I can't buy my papers. If I had a nickel I could get a start and make 50 cents before bedtime."

Although the boy's clothing was soiled and tattered, his bright eyes and regular features made a good impression on the observant middle-aged bachelor. But he was skeptical.

"If I give you a nickel," said he, "you'd only spend it probably in a foolish way. I've had experience with boys."

"I'll spend it all right mister, but the money would go for papers."

The man gave the boy a nickel.

"Now I'm only lending you five cents," was his warning as the boy hurried away.

All right boss," cried the boy, "I'll give it back to you tomorrow on this corner at six o'clock."

"I'll be here," said the man.

So they separated. Both kept their promises. The nickel was returned. That was nine years ago. Now the boy is a married man of twenty-four and he has a good position in Yonkers. Their conditions are reversed. Owing to illness and injury the bachelor has been out of employment for six months. Long ago his savings were exhausted. Long ago he would have been in want if a friend had not found where he lived. This friend also found that the bachelor was in debt and provided medical assistance. More than that, he paid the bachelor's board for 15 consecutive weeks and he had not stopped yet.

"What are you doing that for?" his wife inquired.

Reason enough," he replied. "When I was a newsboy that man helped me when I was broke. Now it's my turn. I can't break it to him."

The friend was the former newsboy.

#### The Treacherous Men

A story which was doubtless related to illustrate the thoroughness of Prussian rule wherever the Prussian black and white has been established is repeated in E. A. Mott's History of Prussia. The House of Hohenzollern.

The strict devotion to duty of the Prussian disciplinarian has not always contributed to his popularity. The estimation in which he is generally held has been by comparison with the illustration in the famous case about the Hanoverian farmer's wife after the annexation and the Imperial Prussian gentleman.

Well, the gentleman is made to say in truly terrible admiring accents, "are you all good Prussians here? No Hanoverian nonsense, eh?" Oh, the trembling old woman replies, we are all good Prussians now, all except the hens.

The hens? "What do you mean?" asks the gentleman, shifting hidden to his back.

All hens, you see, and you know they all prefer an laying Hen over an egg always white and yellow. I cannot get them to lay black and white Prussian eggs. Youth's Companion.



DO YOU know of anyone who is old enough to read, who has not seen that sign at a railroad crossing?

If everyone has seen it at some time or other, then why doesn't the railroad let the sign rot away? Why does the railroad company continue to keep those signs at every crossing?

Maybe you think, Mr. Merchant, "Most everybody knows my store, I don't have to advertise."

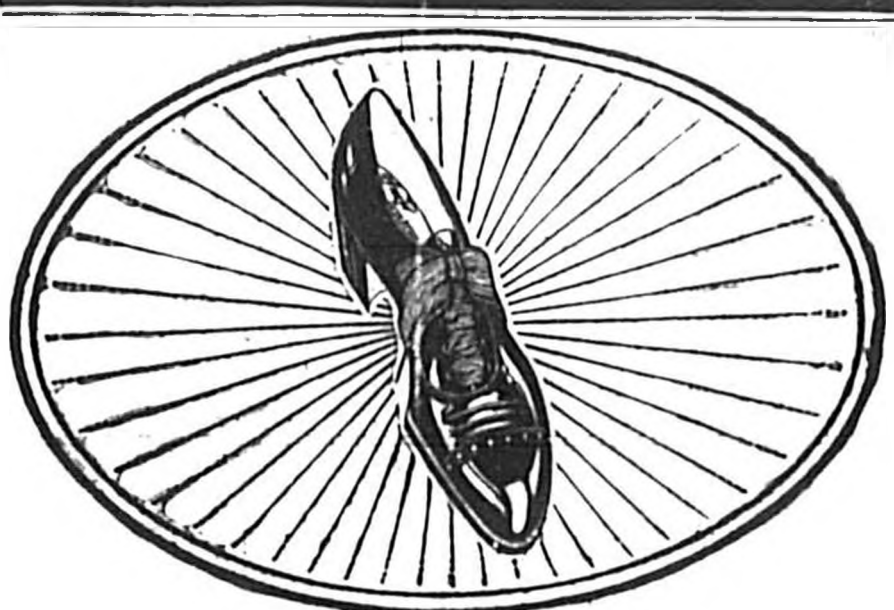
Your store and your goods need more advertising than the railroads need to warn people to "Look Out for the Cars."

Nothing is ever completed in the advertising world.

The Department Store are a very good example—they are continually advertising—and they are continually doing a good business.

If it pays to run a few ads round about Christmas time, it certainly will pay you to run advertisements about all the time.

It's just business, that's all, to ADVERTISE in THIS PAPER



ASK FOR STYLE NO. 2922 "HARLEM"

The "Snow" Oxford is faultless. The things that manufacturers have for years tried to overcome, we have succeeded in eliminating in the "Snow" low shoes. They are close-fitting at the heel and fit perfectly.

The "Snow" Harlem model we show is made of the finest quality of Patent Colt throughout, with semi-military heel, and made with invisible eyelets. Wanted by every good dresser. We ask your inspection of this splendid model.

This is also fitted with the famous "Snow" patented arch supporting inner sole, absolutely guaranteed to support the arch of the foot and prevent fallen arches. Never before put into a shoe at this price. An exclusive "Snow" feature. This, combined with our special flexible forepart, makes a shoe that is absolutely the acme of comfort and health in footwear.

\$4.50

We have other splendid "Snow" Styles for Spring. Why not come in and look?

FOR SALE BY

D. A. Caldwell & Sons

### Seeds and Poultry Supplies

We can supply you for immediate shipment. BEGGAR WHEAT, SORGHUM, MILLET, PEANUTS. Most complete line of Poultry Supplies, Garden and Field Seeds in Florida. POTATOES, BEANS, GARDEN AND FIELD PEAS, AND FIELD CORN. Write For Illustrated Catalog. E. A. MARTIN & COMPANY. Write For Illustrated Catalog. 206 E. Bay St., Jacksonville, Fla.

W. J. THIGPEN & COMPANY

AGENTS

### General Fire Insurance

Office with HOLDEN REAL ESTATE CO.

Sanford, Florida

### THE CITY RESTAURANT

(First Street one block from Depot opposite Postoffice)

H. E. WISE, Proprietor

Formerly Manager of Central Cafe

Steaks, Chops, Oysters and Fish a Specialty

A Place For Ladies and Gentlemen

Short Orders At All Hours Everything First Class

Prompt, Clean Service Meal Tickets are Sold at Reduced Rates

The Crippen Music Store High-grade Pianos, Organs, and Graphophones.

Low Prices Easy Payments. Pico Block



# BANKRUPT SALE

## The Boston Stock - Sanford, Fla.

### Begins Wednesday, May 1st - Lasts 10 Days

The Entire Stock of the Boston Store, consisting of Dry Goods, Notions, Ladies' Suits, Men's Furnishings and Shoes; Bought at Our Own Price, and will be, beginning May 1st, thrown on the market for what it will bring. Sale includes Everything in the Store, Display Cases, Fixtures.

REMEMBER, WE DID NOT BUY THIS STOCK TO KEEP IT MUST BE SOLD REGARDLESS OF COST OR VALUE

**A BANKRUPT SALE** Does not happen every week nor every year. It therefore is a golden opportunity to buy goods at your own price. Be on hand the very first day, as when a lot is sold it cannot be replenished. All the available help that can be secured to wait on you is here. Every preparation to handle the vast crowd has been made. Remember the date and be among the first to arrive.

# THE BOSTON STORE STOCK

**Delightful Entertainment**

Dr. W. F. Blackman, president of Rollins College, who was to have given a reading at the Auditorium of the Sanford High School, Monday evening, for the benefit of the High School Library, was ill and unable to be present.

He kindly sent, in his stead, the College Quartet, who need no introduction to a Sanford audience, as they recently gave a delightful concert at the High School; and Miss Reed, a most accomplished Reader, also a fine accompanist. While it was a disappointment, not to have had the pleasure of hearing Dr. Blackman give the expected reading from "Pickwick Papers," the kind substitutes were perfectly acceptable, and delightfully entertaining, as the following program will convince all those who were not present.

**PROGRAM**

Glory to the Caliph (Oberon)	Walter
Quartet	
The First Call on the Butcher	May Isabelle Flisk
Nothing at the Concert	Charlotte Sperry
Miss Reed	
Three for Jack	Nekidinger
Quartet	
Christmas at the Trimble's	Ruth McEnery Stewart
Me and Jenny	Julia B Reed
In the Ordinary's Office	Julia B Reed
Miss Reed	
Creole Lovers' Song	Dudley Buck
Mr. Pope	
Southern Medley	an by H. H. Pike
Quartet	
Brave Love	Anonymous
An Old Fashioned Girl	Tom Hall
In Florida	Julia B Reed
Evelyn Hope	Browning
Miss Reed	
The Fields o' Bally Clare (M. S. S.)	H. L. Pope
Mr. Pope	
Bedouin Song	Foote
Quartet	
Jim Ike and John Tom	Julia B Reed
Miss Reed	
De Sandman	Protheroe
Quartet	
Miss Julia B Reed	Impersonator
Miss Mabelle O'Neal	Accompanist
Homer Stanley Pope	1st. Tenor
Dyke D. Mitchell	2nd. Tenor
W. Clay Inman	1st. Bass
Berkeley Blackman	2nd Bass

**Every Customer is the Lucky one at The Boston's Bankrupt Sale. Goods at less than Half Cost. May 1st., Lasts Ten days.**

**Weather Report**

Generally fair weather except showers in Southeast portion tonight or Wednesday.

**Remember the Date: (May 1st.) Lasts 10 days—the Boston Bankrupt Sale.**

**Don't Cuff a Child.**

"Don't box a naughty child's ears. Don't allow any provocation to tempt you to strike a child on the head," is the injunction contained in an article on skulls issued by the International Hygiene Exposition at Dresden. Corporal punishment of any kind, says the writer is wrong, but when the head is the point of contact between the angry parent and the child the former may easily become a murderer. In a collection of skulls at the exposition, lent by the Wurzburg university, there are many of children as well as adults which show that the abnormally thin skull is not unusually found, even in otherwise normal human beings, and the causes of death, which are stated on cards attached to the skulls, are intended to serve as warnings to parents, teachers and guardians.

**A Motoring Trip.**

"Well, Hinks, I see you've returned from your thousand-mile tour in New England," said HJones.

"Yep," said Hinks.

"How did you find the hotels en route?" asked HJones.

"Hotels?" retorted Hinks. "We didn't stop at any hotels. We passed all our nights in the county jails."—Harper's Weekly.

**Small Light.**

"De man that tries to hide his light under a bushel," said Uncle Eben, "generally ain't got light enough to take chances on in a awdinary draft."

**Proof Positive.**

"The people next door seem anxious to be friendly. 'How did you get that idea?' 'They have busted their phonograph.'—Houston Post.

**Editor Evidently Not Musician.**

Cristofall, a native of Padua, produced the first piano in 1710. Now that we know the miscreant's name we feel easier.—Exchange.

**All He Had to Do With It.**

"And you actually consented to let your wife run for office?" "Consented? Certainly not. I acquiesced."

**Cultivate Prudence.**

A man who is not prudent in borrowing his pleasure today at the expense of his brother tomorrow.

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**Fashions in Smiles.**

Let me see. Is there anything more worth setting down about this expiring season? Oh, yes; expression of face. A slightly puzzled look, with the lips parted in a half smile, has been quite popular. The baby stare is out, and wide smiles are distinctly demodes. A small, tired smile is always correct as the season wanes. Of course, I'm speaking of those who dare to have any expression at all. There are lots of women (not so young as they would like to be) who simply banish both joy and sorrow, for fear of what a poet would call "Lines on a fair face." It's no use bestowing any of one's little funniments on these people.—Ina Gagey in "A Comedy of Mammon."

**First Users of Topacco.**

The tendency now is to rob the North American Indian of the credit of having given to civilization the boon of tobacco. Some ascribe its origin to the Medes and Persians, others to the inhabitants of the Malay archipelago, and still others to the Arabs in general. There appears to be an Arabian word "sakara," meaning to smoke, from which our words cigar and cigarette may have been derived.



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# THE SANFORD HERALD

IN SANFORD—Life is Worth Living

Number 69 SANFORD, FLORIDA, FRIDAY, MAY 3, 1912 Volume IV

## NEWS OF THE WORLD

Items of Interest Gleaned From Various Sources

### HAPPENINGS DURING THE WEEK

Here the Readers Will Find a Brief Historical Spring Flowing For Hurried Readers

The Stars and Stripes were torn down and trampled under foot and a red flag substituted during a fierce fight at a May Day meeting of the Socialist party and affiliated unions in Union Square Park, New York. That a serious panic did not ensue is believed to have been due to the fact that thousands of persons on the outskirts of the crowd did not know what the trouble was. Responsibility for the tearing down of the flag is disclaimed by the Socialists, who assert that members of the Industrial Workers of the World committed the act.

The work of identifying the Titanic and identified dead is almost as difficult as their recovery from the Atlantic. To date, not a single passenger who perished has been added to the list of unidentified, and the number of nameless is as much an enigma as when brought to shore. Trinkets and belts give suggestions for names of others, most of whom were of the ship's company.

Oscar Underwood of Alabama is Georgia's choice for President as expressed in the presidential preference primary held in Georgia. Practically complete, but unofficial returns compiled up to midnight show that he carried about the 100 of the 146 counties in the state and that his majority over Wilson will be between 7,000 and 8,000.

The Republican State Convention in Pennsylvania, under the leadership of former State Senator William Flynn of Pittsburg, today wrested control of the party from United States Senator Penrose, who has led the regular organization in the state since the day of Matthew Stanley Quay. The convention named twelve delegates at large and twelve alternates, instructed to vote for Theodore Roosevelt for the presidential nomination.

### Weather Report

Showers tonight or Saturday—Unsettled weather until after the second primary.

### Mothers' Day

Mothers' Day will be observed at the Peoples Church next Sunday morning. You are requested to bring a white flower as an emblem of the day. Mr. Waldron will give a sermon appropriate to the day. At night the church is closed for the union mass meeting at the Star Theatre.

### Raising Oats in Florida

The following article from the Tallahassee Democrat will be interesting reading to northern investors who are anxious to obtain knowledge of diversified crops in Florida:

John Henry Boatwright, the eighteen-year old son of P. L. Boatwright has thirty acres in oats just south of the city, which he expects will harvest forty bushels per acre, and not a pound of fertilizer was used on them.

The entire expense of the young man for extra labor will not exceed \$5 and his seed, harvesting and hired labor will not cost more than \$150. Oats are easily worth \$1.00 per bushel for seed, and the straw sells for \$10 per ton. One ton of straw is a safe estimate per acre. So the net financial return to the young man will be in the neighborhood of \$1,350.

The oats were sown in November, and will be harvested in a couple of weeks, or within less than six months of planting.

There is certainly a big lesson in this for the hundreds of young men who hang around towns and villages seeking employment for which the wages will be, if a job is secured, from \$30 to \$60.00 per month. This young man with agricultural experience gained from a practical father, has earned \$200 per month from a crop which has required but little labor.

The land can now be planted in corn, and from forty to sixty bushel per acre can be expected, which will bring a big financial return.

### Herald in Orlando

For the benefit of the tax-payers who do not subscribe for the Herald and who want a copy of it during the present month, the paper will be on sale at the newsstands in Orlando and other places throughout the county.

## Result Of The Primary In Sanford Precinct

Election day passed off quietly enough in Sanford although there was plenty of interest shown from the time the polls opened until the close at sundown. All the candidates had their supporters, and workers on the ground and a small army stood around the polls handing out tickets, cards and platforms for their favorites. The polling places looked like small printing offices at the close of a days business and the voter who had any doubts about the names of the various candidates could easily inform himself on the subject by asking for a card. The Wilson and Underwood men were active and gave the voter information about this vexed subject—a point that did not seem clear to most of them. Wilson carried the day here by about 60 votes while Underwood seems to have a majority in the county.

The ticket was the longest that has ever been voted and a man had to have the candidates pretty firmly established in his mind to be able to vote the ticket in less than five minutes. No authentic returns from either Sanford or Orlando could be obtained until Wednesday at four o'clock and only the official canvass next Saturday will determine the result to the entire satisfaction of those who want to know.

The Herald gives as much of the county vote as can be obtained at this time and if there are any errors the readers are requested to wait for the official returns which will appear in a later issue of this paper.

Below is given the two precincts of Sanford of the principal candidates in which the most people are interested. Elsewhere is given unofficial returns from the state.

	PRECINCT 25	PRECINCT 3	TOTAL
<b>For President</b>			
Underwood	100	114	214
Wilson	125	147	272
<b>Congress At Large:</b>			
Beacham	143	160	303
L'Engle	47	33	80
Martin	24	19	43
Toomer	35	26	61
Williamson	12	23	35
<b>State Treasurer</b>			
Griner	40	41	81
Jones	107	133	240
Luning	78	90	168
<b>For Congress</b>			
Burr	29	32	61
Clark	178	214	392
Hilburn	60	56	116
<b>State Attorney</b>			
Jones	91	81	172
Landis	187	214	401
<b>State Senator:</b>			
Donegan	193	217	410
Mussey	57	77	134
<b>For Legislators</b>			
Fox	196	177	373
Lake	195	254	449
Newton	96	14	110
Robinson	62	90	152
<b>For Sheriff</b>			
Haul	291	313	604
Kirkwood	16	20	36
Karel	14	11	25
<b>For County Treasurer</b>			
Slemmons	175	133	308
Tucker	154	192	346
<b>For County Solicitor</b>			
DeCottes	214	281	495
Shine	66	63	129
<b>For Justice of the Peace</b>			
Anderson	74	86	160
Ivey	34	38	72
Stringfellow	189	261	450
<b>For Constable</b>			
Smith	206	183	389
Whitten	99	148	247
<b>For Governor</b>			
Gibbons	59	54	113
Milton	26	41	67
Semple	4	4	8
Frammell	149	156	305

### RETURNS IN THE COUNTY

#### Four Precincts That Have Not Been Heard From

Every precinct in Orange county has been heard from but four, Lockhart, Winter Garden, Ocoee and Oakland. The results of the count exclusive of these gives Shine a majority of 316 votes over DeCottes. Mr. Braxton Beacham carried the county over the five other candidates in the race by a majority of 51. Tucker's majority over Slemmons was 166. Lake received the heaviest vote for representative, polling 1,009. Robinson was next highest with 885. Fox was third with 784, and Newton polled 600. Hand's majority over Kirkwood is 118, but Karel received 280, which insures a second primary. Senator Mussey's majority over Donegan was 89, and Landis' majority over Jones was 39. The vote between Underwood and Wilson is very close in this county, the difference now being six votes in favor of Wilson. Frank Clark led his nearest competitor, Hilburn, by 154 votes.

The total vote in the county, excepting the four precincts mentioned, is as follows:

Underwood	684
Wilson	690
Beacham	860
(All other candidates)	809
Burr	342
Clark	925
Hilburn	471
Jones	879
Landis	918
Donegan	832
Mussey	921
Fox	784
Lake	1,009
Newton	600
Robinson	885
Hand	925
Kirkwood	897
Karel	280
Slemmons	885
Tucker	1,949
DeCottes	807
Shine	1,123

### West Side Improvement Society

Regardless of the inclement weather, held a very interesting meeting Thursday afternoon at Robins Nest Hotel.

All officers were present and plans of improvements were suggested, and discussed with members; as to the best method of improvements. One new member was added to our list. Dues were collected which amounted to \$2.90.

Several visitors were present which added greatly to the pleasure of the afternoon. After the business was transacted, president turned meeting over to the committee consisting of Mesdames Robins and Gerraw, who served delicious strawberry punch with fruit and pound cake. All bade Good-bye to our hostess, and declared we had not spent a more pleasant afternoon for a long time and wished for many more such meetings.

### Thanks from Slemmons

Philip T. Slemmons wishes to thank the voters of Orange Co. for their support in the last primary, and very highly appreciates the vote he received.

Very respt., PHIL T. SLEMMONS.

### From Frank Clark

Frank Clark wires that he is leading Hilburn, his nearest competitor, by 3,000 votes. He thanks his Sanford friends for their support, and asks that Sanford stand by him in the second when he will be sure to win.

### RESULTS IN THE STATE

#### Many Precincts Have Not Been Heard From Up to Present Time

Although less than fifty per cent. of the vote cast Tuesday has been reported in the State thus far, the result in nearly every instance can be almost certainly forecasted from figures already available.

For presidential preference Underwood has a decided lead over Wilson, his majority probably being between 3,000 and 4,000. Returns also indicate that all of the delegates elected will be Underwood men.

For Congressman at large, Claude L'Engle ran a wonderful race, and is easily high man. The runner up is still in doubt, but Toomer is slightly in the lead, counting figures already received.

For Governor, Park Frammell leads Cromwell Gibbons by a safe majority, and these two will be in the second primary.

For treasurer it looks very much as if J. C. Luning will go out in the first primary, with Griner and Jones close together for second place in the event a second primary is necessary.

For State Superintendent of Public Instruction, W. M. Holloway is easily high man, with W. N. Shivers second. For Secretary of Agriculture, Dorman and McRae are running pretty close together, with early figures slightly favoring the former.

Royal C. Dunn has easily defeated John L. Neely for Railroad Commissioner.

For Adjutant General, J. Clifford R. Foster has a splendid chance of going out in the first primary. Driscoll is next high man.

The race made by Congressman S. M. Sparkman in the first district was a pleasant surprise to his friends. He carried every county in the district, except Lafayette, and his supporters are now figuring on a majority of 1,000 or more. Polk county, which was almost conceded to be a Phillips stronghold, goes into the Sparkman column by a majority of about forty votes.

### NOTICE OF BUSINESS MEETING

All members of the Welaka Club are urged to be present at the regular business meeting on next Tuesday, May 7th. The meeting to begin promptly at 3 o'clock. This is of particular importance as the programme for next year's work is to be discussed and planned. All chairmen and members of the programme committee are especially urged to be present.

The Executive Board are asked to meet promptly at 2 o'clock Tuesday, in the Club Rooms.

By order of the President,  
Press Reporter

### Launch Party

The young men of the Helping Hand Society entertained the young lady members very royally on Tuesday evening with a launch ride. The party, numbering twenty-five, left the City dock at 8 o'clock on the launch "Mamie", landing at Fort Florida. Here a dainty lunch was served, and, after spending a jolly hour, all embarked for home. The evening was ideal in every way. Old Mother Moon doing her best and the trip home was made all too quickly. All the members participating in this most enjoyable affair wish to thank the young men for the pleasant evening, spent on the Dear, Old St. Johns river.

The following were present to enjoy the occasion: Misses Whitehead, Edith Stewart, Ruby Betts, Sinahy Millen, Carrie Lovell, Martha Fox, Ruth Stewart, Daisy Betts, Clara Millen, Marie Stewart, Laura Davis, Linda Connally, Mary Gatchell, Merara Betts, Gatchell, Wright, Pler, Spear, Davis, Douglass, Redding, Randall, Brewton, Mrs. E. E. Cox and Mrs. J. W. Wildman chaperoned the party.

## ALL AROUND FLORIDA

The General News of The Land of Flowers.

### CULLED FROM THE STATE PRESS

An Epitome of the Week's Most Important Happenings in the State's Domain.

A number of improvements are to be made to the Clarendon Hotel at Seabreeze during the coming summer months. It is understood that 150 new rooms, each with private bath will be added. A fine golf course will also be laid out.

Many improvements are soon to be made on the city parks in Tampa. New walks will be laid and the place will otherwise be beautified in many ways.

Miami is to have an incinerator plant to dispose of garbage and all forms of refuse. The plant will cost \$2,500.

Lake Helen is to have a bank which will be organized with a capital stock of \$25,000.

Green Cove Springs is now making its claims as a summer resort, the winter season having been one of the most successful in its history and now the cottages and houses vacated by Northern guests are being taken up by Florida folks who know how pleasant is this pretty place during the summer.

The beach improvement Company, which is applying for letters patent at Miami, is planning great things for the ocean beach near the Magic City.

It is understood that a golf club has been organized in Tarpon Springs and a clubhouse will be erected and a fine golf course laid out.

L. H. Ingraham has a field of about ten acres of very fine cucumbers in Kissimmee, from which he expects to get between four and five thousand baskets of cucumbers.

S. L. Peck, junior of the government building at Gainesville, committed suicide in that city on Wednesday. There was no apparent reason other than being tired of living in such a dull town.

In Tampa the people are pleased over a trip recently made by Manager Stanford of the Tampa Bay hotel from that city to Jacksonville and return by automobile. It had been claimed that such a trip was not feasible and for some time people have thought that to attempt it would mean trouble and delay and disappointment. Mr. Stanford made the round trip in good time, the 614 miles being covered in thirty hours actual running time, and without any real accident or serious inconvenience.

Lakeland is entering the class of modern cities. On Wednesday last the free delivery of mail was instituted by the United States government in that place and the two carriers began their rounds handing out the mails and collecting letters from boxes at various points in the city.

### Cannot Get Official Count

There is a misconception of the reason why the four precincts of Orange county—namely, Lockhart, Winter Garden, Ocoee and Oakland have not been officially heard from.

The tally sheets and the count are supposed to be locked in the ballot boxes by the election inspectors, but a copy of the returns is supposed to be sent to the chairman of the County Democratic Executive Committee, Mr. Abernethy.

In the cases cited, where no information has been received by Mr. Abernethy, it is evident that the clerks inclosed the count intended for the chairman also in the ballot box. These boxes will be opened today and the official count made.

### Hear Hon. J. N. Whitner Sunday Night

Preparations are going forward for the union meeting of Sanford churches in the Star Theatre next Sunday night. Those who have attended the meetings held under the Men and Religion Forward Movement will understand that a treat is in store for this coming Sunday.

Hon. J. N. Whitner has recently come from New York, where he heard some of the best speakers of the nation on this same movement and he comes back with something to say and will say it in his usual vigorous fashion. His subject is "The Promise of the World in the Men's Movement."

All five Protestant churches of Sanford unite in this union meeting which opens at the Star Theatre at 7:30 p. m. next Sunday night. Men, women and children are cordially invited to be present.