

# THE SANFORD HERALD

IN THE HEART OF THE WORLD'S GREATEST VEGETABLE SECTION

VOLUME XI

SANFORD, FLORIDA, FRIDAY, OCTOBER 10, 1919

NUMBER 8

## LAST GAMES OF SERIES THIS WEEK

### BOX SCORES FOR THE WEEK OF THE PENNANT WINNERS.

The frost is not on the pumpkin as yet and although the calendar says that football should, by all the signs of the zodiac be taking the place of baseball, the warm sun of summer-time continues to warm the enthusiasm of the fans and they are just as eager to see the "Serious" as they were the opening games of the season. The warm weather may be responsible for some of the objectionable features pulled off here and in Orlando at two of the games and although Sanford won the game here Friday it was protested and declared forfeited because the umpire had reason to believe that the balls were being emoryed or doctored and asked for new balls. Sanford officials refused to accede to his request and the game was called just when Sanford was mopping up with Orlando and the fans were disappointed in coming some of them miles to see a good game and have their afternoon of pleasure spoiled. It is to be regretted that anyone should lose their head at a ball game and call any names. This happened here and was exploited in the Orlando papers and sent broadcast. The same thing happened the next day in Orlando and nothing was said about it, which is the difference in the opinion of the papers of Orlando and Sanford. We acknowledge that some of our fans and some of the officials were hasty in their actions and hot-headed and that they did things which cold judgment condemned, even in their own minds, and they are sorry for it. Orlando, however, needs to try the penitent's seat also and the seat in the head is not confined to Sanford alone. And neither town can be judged by the actions of a few and this paper does not judge them that way. Will Orlando be as fair in their criticism? And if Sanford is playing too many men above Class D why don't they move it and shut up. What we want just now is ball playing and not so much protesting. And since Orlando papers choose to pass up the criticism in the Tampa Tribune we give it below:

OF ALL THE SNEAKS THAT ARE abhorable none quite nauseates us as much as the fellow who sits behind a bleacher ticket to a ball game and heaps personal abuse on a ball player that he couldn't dare whisper outside of the park. We don't believe in a wady ball player and one has no place on the park but when any one thinks his pastebored is license to get personal it's time to take action. The police of Orlando should have invited that fan, who called Chapman 'yellow' Saturday, to leave the stand and if the police fail in time like that they should shut their eyes and let the ball player take care of himself. He will have trouble because once he gets the distance of the boob who pulls the stuff the aforesaid boob would disappear. CHAPPY MAY ALL KINDS OF A poor sport may be guilty of all the trouble Sanford, but we don't think he 'yellow' and even if he is, no or baseball club has the right to sell to any one the privilege of giving the epithet with impunity. A fellow believes that, he can plenty of time to tell it to the ppy outside of the ball park and he can back it up. But in the park the ball player, be it Chapman or Schuyler, is entitled every protection possible and Orlando club should see that gets it, even if Orlando fans have sportsmanship enough to throw such a guy out before club or the police can act. And again we ask all concerned endeavor to be gentlemen no matter how painful and let the "serious" close with harmony and good will between the two towns, two of the best ball teams in the United States, bar Let the band play.

Sanford Won Saturday  
Orlando, Oct. 4.—Cochro lost his game to the Sanford Feds today 6 to 1. It was the first win in the three games played for the

Sanfordites, changing the walkover confidence the Orlando fans had after the occurrence of Friday's Cocho was not hit hard through the game but yielded in the pinches, finally leaving the mound in the eighth when Haynes went in. Register twirled for Sanford and was hit rather freely in the early part of the game, but tightened down in the pinches.

In the opening stanza while Chapman was in for his turn at the bat he came to the bleachers and requested one of the fans to lay off kidding him about being yellow but the fan refused and Chapman took his swing but the police protection prevented any further disturbance.

Orlando brought first blood in the last half of the opener when Schuyler hit over second, advanced to the keystone on Martin's hit the last half of the opener when over first, to third when Moore fled to right, and scored on Blount's. In the third Sanford crossed the plate twice. Register singled through Corcho and scored when Stewart lined to the left foul line for the complete circuit.

Corcho Ascends  
In the seventh the balloon went up after one was down. Banville walked, Johnson fled out to left. Register poled his third single of the day over second. Stewart was hit by Corcho. Thompson hit one into Corcho who only knocked it down. Chapman walked and Walker was safe when Martin booted a roller, scoring the last two men. Crow ended the rally with ea fly to left. During the day Corcho let two balls go through him for hits.

Orlando threatened in the third with a hit and a walk with a runner on third and one down. The next two went out easy routes. The score:

Sanford	AB	R	H	PO	A	E
Stewart, 2b	4	2	1	0	3	0
Thompson, ss	5	1	2	5	0	0
Chapman, c	4	0	1	2	0	0
Walker, rf	4	0	0	2	0	0
Crow, 3b	4	0	0	1	5	0
Childs, rf	5	0	0	1	0	0
Johnson, cf	4	0	0	1	1	0
Register, p	4	2	3	0	3	0
Totals	36	6	8	27	16	0

Orlando	AB	R	H	PO	A	E
Williams, lf	4	0	0	5	0	0
Schuyler, cf	4	1	3	3	0	0
Martin, ss	3	0	1	2	0	2
Moore, rf	4	0	0	3	0	0
Blount, 1b	4	0	1	3	0	0
Quinn, c	4	0	1	3	1	0
Stephens, 3b	3	0	2	0	3	0
Leach, 2b	2	0	0	3	2	0
Corcho, p	3	0	1	0	1	0
Haynes, p	1	0	0	0	0	0
Totals	32	1	9	27	7	2

Score by innings:  
Orlando.....002 000 400—6  
Sanford.....100 000 000—1

Summary—Left on bases, Sanford 9, Orlando 8. Two base hits, Quinn; home runs, Stewart; hits, apportioned off, Corcho 7 in 7, of Hayes 1 in 2; first base on balls off Register 2, Corcho 2, Hayes 2; struck out by Register 1, Corcho 1, Hayes 1; sacrifice hits, Leach 2; stolen bases, Chapman 2, Stephens; batter hit, Crow and Stewart by Corcho; double plays, Crow to Thompson to Banville, Martin to Leach; time of game 2 hours; umpire Blackburn; attendance 672.

Sanford Takes Another 6-6  
Sanford snatched victory from the jaws of defeat Monday in a spectacular finish in the last half of the eighth frame when even the most ardent fan had concluded that things looked black for the Sanford team. With the score 5 to 3 in favor of Orlando and two men whiffed off the home plate Walker stroled, Crow singled and Childs double chased Walker and Crow home and when Quinn missed the throw to home Childs proved himself a good runner by making it a homer and the stuff was called off. And though the game was protested at the beginning the Orlando fans could not protest the fact that Sanford had put the kibosh on their aspirations and that at the end of the game already won by the bold boys from Orange Center. The score below demonstrates that protests make no difference in the actual figures:

Orlando	AB	R	H	PO	A	E
Williams, lf	5	1	1	2	0	0
Schuyler, cf	5	1	1	2	0	0
Martin, ss	3	0	0	1	0	0
Moore, rf	5	0	2	4	0	0
Blount, 1b	4	0	0	8	0	0
Quinn, c	4	1	0	4	2	1
Stephens, 3b	4	1	2	1	0	1
Leach, 2b	3	1	0	1	0	0
L'Homedieu, p	4	0	2	2	4	0
Totals	37	5	9	24	7	2

Sanford	AB	R	H	PO	A	E
Stewart, 2b	4	1	1	6	6	1
Thompson, ss	4	1	0	2	5	1
Chapman, c	3	1	2	3	1	1
Walker, lf	4	0	0	2	0	0
Crow, 3b	4	1	1	1	2	1
Childs, rf	4	0	1	0	0	0
Banville, 1b	4	0	0	9	0	0
Johnson, cf	4	0	0	2	0	0
Register, p	3	0	2	0	2	0
**Watts	1	0	0	0	0	0
Totals	34	3	8	23	13	3

Score by innings:  
Orlando.....010 001 010—3  
Sanford.....000 001 03x—6

## HUMPHREYS THE GREAT, IS DEAD

Orlando.....300 000 10x—4  
\*—Batted for Johnson in ninth.  
\*—Leach was hit by a batted ball in fourth inning by Schuyler.

Summary—Left on bases, Sanford 5, Orlando 11; three-base hits, Chapman; first base on balls, off Register 2; struck out, by Register 1, Humphreys 9; sacrifice hits, Chapman, Leach; stolen bases, Chapman, Williams, passed ball, Quinn; double plays, Register to Crow to Thompson. Time, 1:40. Umpire, Blackburn.

Skinny Watts Wallops Wranglers  
Skinny Watts had the stuff Wednesday and had the Orlando Wranglers eating out of his hand all the way through. After another protest President Rose decided that Walker and Thompson could not be played and they were let out, Little Chap taking the left field and Register the initial sack, and just to prove to Orlando that it made no difference, they walloped them to the tune of 3 to 1. Corcho, who took the mound for the visitors, was driven out of the game by the terrific pounding of the Sanford boys, who landed on him at will. He was replaced by Haynes who tightened up enough to hold Sanford down to one run, but the damage was done. And then the crowds went wild over Skinny Watts, who struck out 13 men, tying the record for the Florida League and had the great Humphreys been on the mound for the Orlando protesters, Mr. Humphreys would have been given a severe drubbing even had it been his first. The gentleman with the long and lean form who goes by the name of Watts could have put it all over Humphreys or any other pitcher in the league. And now that President Rose has protested against everything else let him protest against Skinny Watts pitching such games in the future, for this kind of pitching will drive the Orlando team back to the bushes and the pumpkifs. Just glance at the lovely box score and try it on your piano:

Orlando	AB	R	H	PO	A	E
Williams, lf	5	1	1	1	1	1
Schuyler, cf	5	0	1	1	1	0
L'Homedieu, 3b	4	2	1	1	2	1
Moore, rf	4	1	1	1	0	0
Blount, 1b	4	0	2	5	0	0
Quinn, c	3	0	2	12	2	0
Stephens, ss	4	0	2	8	0	0
Leach, 2b	3	0	1	2	0	1
Humphreys, p	4	0	2	1	2	1
Totals	36	4	13	27	8	4

Score by innings:  
Orlando.....010 001 010—3  
Sanford.....000 001 03x—6

(Continued on Page 16)

### SLAUGHTERED IN COLD BLOOD BY THE SANFORD SLUGGERS.

Honestly we hate to do it. Dear Readers, weep with Orlando. Be kind to a fallen hero. Flowers, slow music, curtains, good night. The idol of Orlando is dead, his feet are clay, his head is punk, away with the remains and bring on another hero. Dear old Humphreys was driven off the mound at Orlando yesterday. Can you beat it? Driven off the mound in his home town with a thousand yelling fans trying to encourage him to "emory" the ball, to pitch, to do something to stem the tide. But, alas, he was not there. What a fall my countrymen, mostly countrymen from Orlando. Bert took the mound with all the confidence and aplomb of Gen. Pershing taking a kiss from Kitty Dalton. He fixed himself, preened his feathers, flapped his wings, crowed long and loud and put them over and our boys with a "toyous" whoop immediately proceeded to put them where they "wasn't" and they raced around the bases until their tongues hung out. Humphreys, the idol, the man who has won every game, the Iron Man, the Tin Man, the Liberty Loan Man, the greatest pitcher that ever came to Orlando the Orlando papers admit it this great and grand and noble hero went over the top, was gassed and was carried to the rear for medical treatment and Corcho took his place and carried on the folorn hope. Corcho had no Liberty Loans in his pockets to pad his shoulders but he did the best he could and when the smoke cleared away and the Red Cross took the field with their stretchers the score was, Sanford 10, Orlando 1. What a slaughter what a come down, what an "emory" finish, what a sad, sad fate for the boys from Orange Center, Florida. And we are waiting for President Rose to "protest" the game because Humphreys could not used the ball.

### Birthday Party

In honor of the 7th birthday of her little daughter, Waunita, Mrs. W. A. McMullen, entertained with a charming party on Tuesday afternoon at her home on Palmetto avenue. Twenty-one youthful guests helped to celebrate the important event, and many lovely gifts were received by the young hostess. A profusion of pink and white flowers gracefully arranged in vases adorned the rooms while the table decoration was especially pretty. Festoons of pink crepe paper from the four corners of the dining-room to the chandelier and draped over windows and doors were caught with clusters of coral vine and the pink and white birthday cake graced the center of the table. All kinds of delightful games and a peanut hunt featured the afternoon's pleasures. The gilded peanut was found by Dorothy Lawson, who was presented the prize. Miss Bobbie Burns assisted Mrs. McMullen in amusing the young guests.

### Recent Hotel Arrivals

Carnes—Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Turner, Mrs. R. Turner, Miss Cecile Turner, Tampa; Edw. P. Pfaff, Augusta, Ga.; Mrs. J. H. Raglan, Miss Dorothy Raglan, Miss Martha Terry, Jacksonville; Miss Ada May Cable and Mrs. V. Grimes, Jacksonville.  
Lincoln House—G. W. Farlow and wife, Los Angeles, Cal.; Mr. and Mrs. P. A. Stephens, Tampa; M. R. Tomlinson, Orlando; P. W. Laurensen, Jacksonville; T. H. Mize, St. Louis, Mo.; N. G. Gee and wife, Tampa; M. C. DuPont, Kissimmee; C. O. Walker, South Bend, Ind.  
Seminole—Mr. and Mrs. R. E. Baker, Orlando; H. A. Regar, Tampa; J. R. Watrou, Gainesville; C. H. Knowlton, Jacksonville; W. E. Hathaway, Boston, Mass.; T. W. Long, Tampa.

Bond Election Tuesday  
The bond election for school bonds will be held next Tuesday. The bonds are for the purpose of building new buildings and making many needed improvements for the school in this district.

# THE NEW CITY CHARTER

was adopted by a majority of fifty-five. All the voters were not satisfied with this new charter, that's why seventy-five voted against the adoption.

There may be people in Sanford who didn't care whether or not we had a new hotel, but there were men who were NOT SATISFIED to stay in the rut and that's why WE ARE GOING TO HAVE THE NEW HOTEL.

Right now there are people who are NOT SATISFIED with the looks of our Lake Front, but just wait, it won't be long until you see plenty of grass, trees and flowers growing along a boulevard there.

But with all this satisfaction and dissatisfaction, OUR CUSTOMERS ARE SATISFIED. Ask any of them, they will tell you they are satisfied and stay satisfied. That's because we MAKE THEM SATISFIED, AND KEEP THEM SATISFIED. Let us show you some of the nice things we have for you.

Society Brand, Campus Togs and NU-Style Clothes from  
\$30.00 to \$50.00

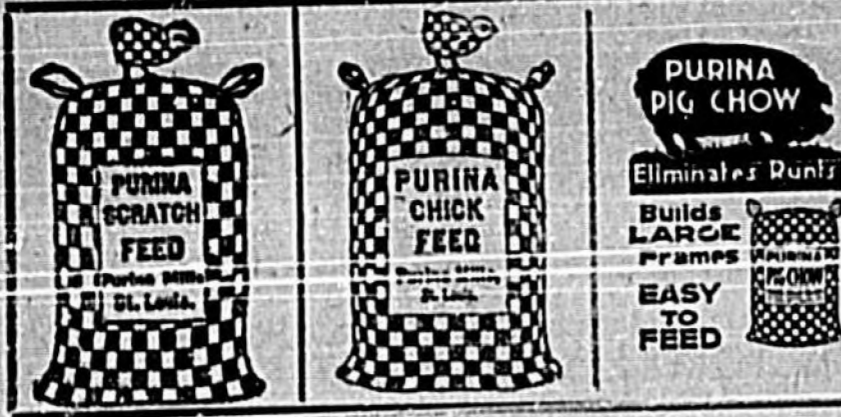
Jefferson and Berg Hats from  
\$4.00 to \$7.50

Dubblebilt Clothes for boys at  
\$14.75, \$16.75 and \$18.75

The very best line of Men and Boys furnishings, chuck full of quality at prices that are as low as possible. We don't try to make a fortune off one man. Plenty of sales at smaller profits is a whole lot better than few sales at bigger profits.

STYLE HEADQUARTERS

# PERKINS and BRITT



**PURINA PIG CHOW**  
Eliminates Punt  
Builds LARGE Frames  
EASY TO FEED

**PURINA CHICK FEED**

**PURINA SCRATCH FEED**

YES, "A Feed For Every Need." Phone 181

Groceries, - Black Strap Mollases in bulk, - Lime in barrels, - Blue Stone, - Sprays, - Hardwood Ashes, - Armours Fertilizers. See us for Carload Crates. Sole Agent for Dayton Airless Tires, that's what you need.



We have it, can get it, or it isn't made for less than you can buy it for elsewhere

CATES CRATE COMPANY

# Play the Game Safe!

INSURE YOUR HOME, AUTOMOBILE, FURNITURE, EVERYTHING you HAVE AGAINST FIRE

INSURE TODAY; Tomorrow may be too late

## E. F. Lane

Phone 95

206 First Street

### DADDY'S EVENING FAIRY TALE

By MARY GRAHAM BONNER

#### SPRING TURKEYS.

"Hello, my children," said Father Turkey, one bright spring day.

"Hello, dad," said the little turkeys.

"You're spring turkeys, aren't you?" asked their father.

"I suppose we are," said one of the turkeys. "It's fine to be any sort of a turkey in this nice world where we get such good things to eat."

"You must be careful not to get your feet wet, you know," said Father Turkey.

"Yes," said the little turkeys, "mother was telling us to be very careful not to get our feet wet for the first four weeks of our lives, for if we do we will never be strong or well turkeys, and if we're careful—well, we will be strong and well turkeys."

The little turkey drew a long breath, for he had said all that without stopping.

Father Turkey laughed and said: "Well, anyway, you know just what you should do. Your mother teaches you well."

"Why did you ask us if we were spring turkeys, dad?" asked the little turkeys. "Didn't you know whether we were or not?"

"Yes, I knew," said their father, "but I wondered if you had heard of the autumn and of Thanksgiving."

"No, mother hasn't told us about Thanksgiving," said the little turkeys.

"Is Thanksgiving something to eat, daddy?"

"No," gobbled Father Turkey. "Thanksgiving is something which eats us. That is we are supposed to be good food for Thanksgiving and for Christmas, too."

"We are going to be eaten?" asked the little turkeys, in frightened voices.

"Cheer up, little turkeys," said Father Turkey. "It sounds quite dreadful to you now, but it won't when I explain it to you. And it is best for me to explain it to you than for some one else who doesn't know and understand the whole thing."

"You see," said Father Turkey, "Thanksgiving day is a day when they give thanks for all the fine things they have in this world. When some people come over to this country years and years ago they set aside a day upon which to give thanks for their safe arrival in this land."

"Well, it's a day which is kept year after year after year, and in order to celebrate it in great style they have turkeys to eat. It's a great honor they pay us. And they also have turkeys for Christmas which is a day still greater than Thanksgiving day."

"And more than the compliment that they pay us is the fact that we're fed so well and given so much to eat before Thanksgiving day that we never have to hunt for our food; we are given all the goodies we want, and we are made fat in the most delightful fashion."

"To be sure, all of us aren't eaten, but it doesn't matter whether we are or not, for we don't know it when we are, and we do know all about the delightful days beforehand, when we eat and eat and eat and gobble and gobble and gobble."

"When your mother was looking after you I kept watch all the time to see that no harm came to you. I warned her whenever danger was near."

"I will teach you how to roost in the trees, and I will teach you how to put your heads under your wings."

"But probably your mother has already taught you these two things. So I will just have a good time with you and chat with you and gobble with you."

"You're a fine father," said the little turkeys.

"But you can still call yourselves spring turkeys," said their father, "because it is still spring, and it will be a long time before Thanksgiving day, and the following holiday, Christmas, and the snow and the cold weather."

"Yes, you're spring turkeys, you're father's own nice spring turkeys, and it will only be one more week before you can walk wherever you want, for you will be four weeks old, and after the first four weeks little turkeys don't have to be so careful."

And the spring turkeys gobbled and said that life sounded and seemed very pleasant.

"You're a Fine Father."

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"There was the time," she began, and then she told her story.

As his mother moved houseward, Dollie's blue eyes opened to twinkle at Douglas's perplexity.

"All she wanted was some one to plan and think for. You were too big and independent, Douglas."

She sprang lightly out of her chair. "Oh! I can see," said Dollie, that with reason on all sides, we three are going to "live happily ever after."

(Copyright, 1913, Western Newspaper Union)

**Getting Started.**

What school life does for us is to get us started. The girl who talks of "finishing" an education is heard from less frequently than she used to be. For even the young realize that the owner of a college diploma is little more than started on an education. If in school we learn to work sincerely and systematically, if we acquire logical habits of thinking, as well as methodical habits of work, we have made a good start. If, on the contrary, we shirk wherever we can, we are starting wrong.—Girl's Companion.

**Will You Be One Of A Million Workers To Secure Members For The American Red Cross**



**Volunteer Now At Your Chapter Headquarters Third Red Cross Roll Call November 2-11**

**For the Typist.**

Instead of adjusting the operator's chair to the height of the table on which a typewriter is placed, a typist may now have an adjustable table. The top of the new stand may be raised or lowered like the top of a piano stool.

**CLASSIFIED ADVERTISING**

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

In answering an advertisement where no name is mentioned in the ad, please do not ask The Herald for information as to the identity of the advertiser. Usually we do not know who the advertiser is and if we do we are not allowed to give out this information. Simply write a letter and address it as per instructions in the ad.

This Column is Free to Returned Soldiers and Sailors Who Seek Positions.

- WANTED**
- Wanted—A boarding house. Address No. 26, care Herald. 8-otp
  - Wanted—From Tick immunity A 1 Registered Holstein Cow to give from 5-7 gallons milk daily. Box 444, Sanford. 8-2 tc.
  - Wanted—Second hand, 3 or 4 burner, short mat'n's, oil cook stove. Cheap and in good condition. City Box 117. 8-2 tp
  - Wanted—Good, reliable white women to stay with family and do general housework. Apply to Mrs. Geo. McGahagin, No. 613 Magnolia Ave. 8-tfc
  - Wanted—Several rooms or apartment for light housekeeping, Oct. to July. Government employee. Wm. N. Ankeney. 7-tf
  - WANTED—OLD CLEAN RAGS, ANY KIND EXCEPT OLD SOCKS, COATS, PANTS, OR BED SPREADS. AT THE HERALD OFFICE. 59-tf
  - Wanted—To buy small roll top desk. Pure Food Market. Phone 105. 7-2tp
  - Wanted—100 1-year old White

Leghorn Hens. State lowest price in first letter. Address M, care Herald. 7-2tp

Wanted—Dealer in your locality to sell CROW-ELKHART AUTOMOBILES. Six cylinders sells for \$1514.00 factory. Four cylinders sells for \$1295.00 factory. Equipment used in these cars is equal to other cars selling for more than \$2000.00 factory. Can make delivery to limited number of dealers. Don't delay application for your territory. Liberal commission to responsible dealer. Address Crow-Elkhart Motor Distributor, Box 217, Live Oak, Fla. 8-1tc

**FOR SALE**

- For Sale—Two good farm mules cheap. I. E. Estridge. 5-2 tc
- For Sale—Second hand furniture 214 Elm. 8-2tc
- For Sale—A fine bed of Celery Plants, ready for setting. J. D. Mann, Lake Monroe, Fla. 8-1 tp
- For Sale—Two Ford Touring Cars at Overland Garage. 8-1tc
- For Sale—"Over" or coal range with tank, practically new. Enquire 919 Oak Ave. 8-tf
- For Sale—Two commercial covered bodies with side and rear curtains to fit any Ford car. Cheap. P. O. Box 375 8-2t
- For Sale—Guavas in five crate lots or more at \$125 per bushel crate f. o. b. Leesburg. Box No. 281 Leesburg, Fla. 7-3tc
- For Sale—23 acres on lake front, 3 1/2 acres cleared, 6 room house in good condition and outbuildings. 4 miles from Sanford. Enquire Herald Office. 7-tf
- For Sale—Good milk cow. Also celery plants. M. Hanson, shoe repairer. 7-2tp

For Sale—Green Celery Plants. enough to plant 2 acres. A. Company, Beardall Ave. 7-2-tf

For Sale, Big Horse—For \$100, as I have no use for him. Mrs. W. E. Squires. 7-tc

For Sale—Mission furniture, table, sectional bookcases, desk and oak china cabinet. Dr. Puleston, 3rd and Park Ave. 6-tf

For Sale—My 5 acre farm in Beck Hammock, 3 acres cleared and tilled. Good well. Bargain. F. M. Lough, 112 S. Brevard Ave., Tampa, Fla. 6-4tp

For Sale—Speed launch 25 ft, 6 ft. beam, 4 cylinder, 30 H. P. motor, \$400.00. J. T. Friends, Geneva, Fla. 6-3tp

For Sale—Five acres land, orange and other fruit trees, land for cultivation. Four room house on place. Two miles from Sanford. Address P. O. care Herald. 5-5tp

For Sale—Prepare for cold weather NOW. Buy your winter's fire wood now and save money. Oak or pine! Either stove or fireplace wood. Phone 149-W. J. F. Smith, Wood Yard, corner 6th and Elm. 5-tf

For Sale or Rent—At a bargain. Nine acres choice celery farm, known as the W. P. Akers farm on R. R. Five acres tilled, with several flowing wells. Address S. A. Wood, or J. E. Alexander, DeLand, Fla. 5-tf

For Sale—Mule. Will trade for cattle. R. T. Thrasher. 4-tf

For Sale—Full blooded Duroc pigs, \$6.00 apiece or \$10.00 a pair. Also 2 sows and registered boar year and half old for 20 cents a pound. L. A. Renaud, Sanford Heights. 4-tf

For Sale—Moline Universal Tractor, with sand cleats. Two 14 inch

plows, rolling truck, complete man Brothers, Forest City.

For sale or exchange—door, good shape, 1 1/2 inches high, 1 small safe, high, 1 adding machine, quick. C. Care of Herald.

**FOR RENT**

- For Rent—Furnished Modern 719 Oak
- For Rent—Two bedroom house, excellent Magnolia. Phone 122
- ROOMS for Light Inquire Mrs. Grace E. 221 East First St.
- For Rent—Unfurnished Apply Phone 311.
- For Rent—Close-up, long, partly furnished rooms. Large garden. Box 117.

**LOST**

- Lost—A little Black notify R. L. Murr City.
- Lost—A black with gold cap, with silk cord. Return to and receive reward.
- Lost—Child's gold baseball park or 801 Magnolia. Return for reward.
- Lost—Somewhere week, child's gold gold dollar on it. P belongs to little P reward. Mrs. G. A.

**FOUND**

- Found—A child's may have same by aid Office and paid.

The House of Kuppenheimer Clothes

## Men's Fall Clothes of Merit and Why

There's merit in the fabric—because Kuppenheimer woolens are chosen for purity and distinctiveness. There's merit in the style—because Kuppenheimer designers are recognized as the masters of the craft. There's merit in the tailoring—because the utmost skill and care is exercised in providing garments that will meet every requirement of appearance, fit and wear.



### Every Detail Passes a Rigid Examination

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# THE YOVELL

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TWO LETTERS

By ELIZABETH I. SAUNDERS.

"Now, Dot, for goodness' sake pocket your pride and plan to go to that dance with us. Even if Wallie is there you won't be obliged to notice him, although I think you are just mean to treat him that way. Now, please, Dot, just this once," pleaded Helen.

"Well, maybe, but still I won't promise yet. I will tell you positively in the morning. It was now just four months since the two offensive letters had caused so many sleepless nights for two young people, and even four months would not wear away the pain and jealousy that was bound to get the best of both concerned.

Wallie had gone to France, leaving behind him a little girl who had promised to be true to him only. It had made the parting easier to know that she was all his as soon as his duty had been accomplished over there.

Some time later two letters crossed on their way to each of the lovers, both intended to bring happiness and comfort to the other, but instead brought unhappiness and even tears.

"Dear Wallie," one had started. "Helen has brought me the dearest little fellow. I call him Duke as he is so polite and gentle. He is a little mite and so cunning. I know you will love him when you see him."

At the same time a little, blond, frowns head tossed uneasily on the pillow and two nervous eyelids seemed to be having a hard fight to keep closed, then all at once she sat straight up in bed. The all-offensive paragraph of the letter ran through his mind.

"I am so lonesome tonight, dearest, for two people. You are one, of course, and the other is the dearest little lady in the world. She is another man's wife, so don't be jealous. I love her so much and I know you will, too, when you know her as I do. I got a letter from her today and how I long to see her."

"Another man's wife," indeed, so don't be jealous," I didn't think Wallie would love another man's wife. He never seemed like that kind. But she can have him, that is, if her husband doesn't object," and with an angry tug at the sheets, she flung herself back on the pillow for a restless sleep.

Saturday dawned bright and clear for all with the exception of Duke, who had discovered to his discomfort and misery that too much sweets were not good for little fellows like himself. Dot left Duke and started for the dance with Helen and her brother. Dot was prettier than ever and so radiant. Inwardly she was fighting two battles, trying to conceal her jealousy for Wallie, but outwardly she showed only the worry for Duke.

Apparently she hadn't noticed Wallie. But indeed she had, she had also noticed that he was alone. "Beg pardon, Dot, but would it be asking too much if I asked for just one dance?" attempted Wallie. "Not at all, or even two would be but a slight favor," coolly answered Dot, with a bit of sarcasm in her voice that Wallie did not notice, due to the fact that the thought of two dances with Dot overjoyed him. "Couldn't make it

three, could you?" he almost pleaded. "Possibly."

At the end of the eight dances they enjoyed together, Wallie ventured: "Dot, since Duke isn't here to protect you through the streets tonight to your home, would it be agreeable to you for me to escort you to your door?"

What could be the matter with Wallie? What was he talking about? "Why, Wallie, I don't understand what you are saying. Poor Duke couldn't protect me."

At the end of their journey homeward, which came too soon for both concerned, Dot in her excitement invited Wallie to call the next day. "I would sure love to, Dot, but how about Duke? Are you quite sure he won't be jealous?" "Duke—jealous—why, Wallie, I do believe you think Duke is a young man!" The telltale expression on Wallie's face confirmed her statement, so as soon as she could conceal the amusement the little misunderstanding had afforded she ventured: "Wallie, you are a jealous goose. Duke is just a dear little four-legged fellow; in other words, a little Boston terrier." "Good heavens, Dot, I have been an idiot. Can you ever forgive me?"

Dot was about to say "Yes," but the offending paragraph of Wallie's letter ran through her mind as it had a million times since that letter had arrived. "But, Wallie, what about the other man's wife?" "Who?" "You know the one you wrote about?" After a moment's contemplation Wallie recalled her reference and his face clouded. "Dot, dear, I never dreamed that you could misinterpret my letter that way. I still love that little lady more than anything else on earth, with the exception of your own dear little self, and she is married to another man, too. That man is my best pal—his my dad; so you see you were just jealous of my mother. Now, what have you to say?"

"Oh, Wallie, I'm so sorry. Can you forgive me?"

We don't know what he said, but a few weeks later at the wedding of this happy pair sat the other man's wife, fondly stroking the head of the cute and cunning Duke.

"Here's wishing Duke a long life, even if he is my cute rival," laughed Wallie. "And here's happiness and long life to the other man's wife—our mother," finished Dot.

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The KITCHEN CABINET

It is better to say, "This one thing I do," than to say, "These forty things I dabble in."—Washington Gladden.

SOME GOOD COMPANY DISHES.

It is a pleasure, when entertaining our friends, to give them something unusual and attractive.

**Ham with Cider.**—Have a thick slice of ham cut, lay it in the frying pan and quickly sear it over on both sides, then add a cupful of sweet cider, a tablespoonful of parsley and let it simmer for an hour on the back of the stove or in the oven. Serve with the sauce poured around the ham and garnish with parsley.

**Fried Chicken Southern Style.**—Joint a fat young chicken, dredge it with flour, salt and pepper and place on a platter. In a deep frying pan, fry out a half-pound of bacon, add one cupful of lard and when smoking hot lay in the pieces of chicken; turn when brown, giving the thicker pieces longer time to cook. Place on a hot platter and garnish with watercress.

**Rhubarb Baked with Figs.**—Cover well washed figs with water (boiling) and cook until the water is nearly evaporated. Cut a pound of unpeeled rhubarb into inch pieces, put a layer into a baking dish, sprinkle with sugar, then add a few figs; repeat until the dish is full. Add a few tablespoonfuls of water and bake covered in a slow oven until the fruit is tender.

**Frozen Boston Pudding.**—Grate a half-pound of brown bread a day-old, pour over it a pint of cream, boiling hot, and let it stand until cool. Prepare a rich boiled custard, using a pint of milk, three eggs and two tablespoonfuls of sugar. Cook until the custard coats the spoon. When frozen remove the cream to a chilled platter and cover with crumbs of macaroons. The cream may be packed in a mold dusted with the crumbs and let stand packed in ice for several hours to develop the flavor.

**Blueberry Cake.**—This is an old-fashioned dish which one never refuses. Cream a tablespoonful of butter, add a cupful of sugar, and when well mixed, two unbeaten eggs. Beat five minutes, add a teaspoonful of vanilla a few gratings of nutmeg, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder sifted with two cupfuls of flour; then add a pint of well-floured blueberries. Bake in a loaf and serve warm with butter.

**Unnatural Restraint.** "They can give them suffrage all they please, but there is one natural obstacle to the feminine vote's being a success." "What's that?" "The secret ballot."

**Its Use.** "I see where France has been importing a lot of sulphur from the United States." "I guess she wanted it to make the German peace delegates feel at home."

BLUE UMBRELLA

By LIZZIE M. PEABODY.

A tear slowly coursed its way down Eileen's smooth, round cheek and splashed upon the sewing machine as her Aunt Polly's voice shrilled monotonously on and on.

With a sudden change of mood the girl stopped the motion of the machine and faced about.

"This blue umbrella all day long, and I dream of it at night," she cried out impatiently. "I hated to carry the faded old thing anyway, and now there has been so much trouble about it I'll never carry it again, even if you find it."

Then she returned to her stitching with a sob in her throat, while Aunt Polly resumed her monologue.

"If Annette returned the umbrella, where is it?" she asked with an air of triumph. The thin, trembling lips tightened as she continued: "Those Plumbs! They're such a careless, happy-go-lucky, shiftless lot. I have determined that neither Annette nor her brother, Stacy, shall come here again with my consent until that umbrella is found."

"Don't worry!" Eileen returned quietly. "I don't think they want to come."

When lending the umbrella to Annette Eileen had whispered: "Return it as soon as possible, dearie; Aunt Polly values it for the sake of bygone associations." And careless little Annette, their neighbor, had promised with a sweet little giggle to return it within 24 hours.

Ever since that time she had stoutly maintained that she brought back the umbrella the night of Eileen's candy party, and that she had set it in the corner of the little entry at the foot of the stairway.

That was three months ago, and Stacy and Annette had ceased to visit the Weyerlys; for Aunt Polly, although constantly forgetting things of greater importance, always remembered to ask each time she saw them if the umbrella had been found yet, and fair-minded Eileen could not blame them for remaining away, although she missed them terribly.

When spring came the mystery was as far from being solved as ever.

Eileen had grown pale and thin. Stacy had gone to a distant city to work. Annette now greeted Eileen very coldly, and Aunt Polly, tiresome, insistent, still asked daily: "If Annette brought back that umbrella, where is it?"

Then, one particularly bright and warm morning, Aunt Polly told Eileen that it would be a fine time to put things to rights in the attic, and Eileen gathered pails, brooms, brushes and soap, and sang at her work. She jerked up the cover of the large box in which they kept the extra bedding.

Her brown eyes widened in surprise as something went crashing to the floor, and with a little scream of joy she seized the old blue umbrella and hugged it closely. No one could complain of lack of color in Eileen's cheeks now as, clutching tightly the umbrella, she ran swiftly down the stairs to the sitting room, where her aunt rocked slowly back and forth by the window.

"See what I found in the bedding box," she shouted joyously, and Aunt Polly's face turned slowly to an ashy gray, while it in turn expressed surprise, pleasure and—yes—chagrin.

"Why, Eileen! You have found the umbrella," she cried faintly.

"But, Eileen, where did you find it?" she asked, breathlessly. And then, again, with a slight wrinkling of her forehead, "Who could have placed it in the box?" "I wonder," was all that Eileen said.

It happened that Stacy came home the next day for a short visit, and after Eileen had told her story he remained silent for a moment.

"Eileen!" he cried at last, "don't you remember that we cleared out the lower bedroom the night of the candy party to make room for playing games? And don't you remember that as I reached the entry I struck the pile of quilts I was carrying against the rail at the foot of the stairway? I dropped some of them and had to stoop to pick them up again."

"You called out to me to hurry and get the bedding in the box up to the attic, as the guests were beginning to come."

"I hurried and I must have first knocked down the umbrella, and then I must have picked it up among the quilts."

Then with a cheerful grin he remarked: "Your Aunt Polly'll say, 'I told you so! Just Plumb carelessness!'"

But Aunt Polly received the explanation very quietly and not at all as she was expected to. Afterward Eileen found her crying softly.

"Forgive me, Eily," she sobbed. "Oh, I have been so hateful. I remember now that I placed the umbrella among the folds of the comforters, and then I forgot all about it. And, Eily, I thought perhaps you knew where it was and wouldn't tell me. We'll give the umbrella to the junkman," she said, still sobbing.

"Don't cry, dear," Eileen said softly, as she gathered the little trembling old woman into her young, strong arms. "I, too, have been at fault and we'll keep the umbrella to remind me that it is now my turn to be kind, patient, loving and unselfish, even as you were to me all through the years when there was no one else to care for me."

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AROUND THE WORLD WITH THE AMERICAN RED CROSS. Junior Red Cross.



Early in the participation of the United States in the world war, the American Red Cross perceived the value of mobilizing the school children of the country and the Junior Red Cross was organized. Before the war ended nine million children were enrolled and helped in the war fund and membership campaigns, in chapter production of relief supplies and manufacturing furniture for the refugees whose homes and household goods were destroyed.

Children everywhere in the United States responded to the call to service sounded by President Wilson as head of the American Red Cross. This photograph is that of an enthusiastic young Japanese member of the Junior Red Cross of Spokane, Wash., starting out on the ambitious undertaking of collecting "a mile of pennies" for war relief. A comprehensive peace program is now being worked out for the Junior Red Cross, which is being held intact.

AROUND THE WORLD WITH THE AMERICAN RED CROSS. On German Soil.



In the City Square of Treves, Germany, headquarters of the allied military forces, an ancient cross surmounted monument marks the city's center of traffic. For this reason American Red Cross officials converted it, as shown by this picture, into a directory of all Red Cross activities in the city.

AROUND THE WORLD WITH THE AMERICAN RED CROSS. At Saloniki.



The veritable mountains of relief supplies turned out by the millions of chapter workers during the war made the American Red Cross one of the biggest "manufacturing concerns" in the world, with great warehouse space at scores of strategic points all around the globe.

One of the biggest distribution centers was at Saloniki, Greece, and in this picture Bulgarian prisoners of war are seen there unloading a Red Cross cargo of 2,300 boxes from a French transport. At the right is seen one of the American Red Cross camions, fleets of which were used in rushing relief to points where the suffering was greatest.

That's True. The teacher had been telling her class about the rhinoceros family. "Now, name some things," she said, "that are very dangerous to get near to and that have horns." "Motor cars!" promptly answered Johnny.

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- 12-inch Dance Records
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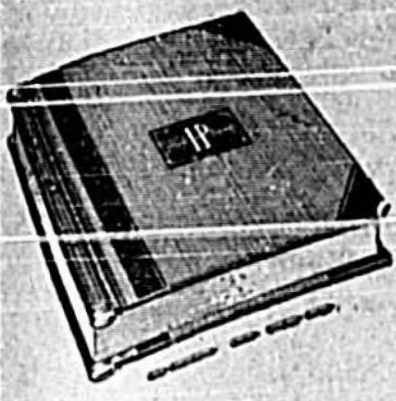


The Pirate-

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### HIS DISCOVERY

By JACK LAWTON.

Torrents of rain caught Brant in his car at the loneliest point of the road. He had hoped to reach his hotel before the clouds burst. Now, he decided to abandon the rain-soaked runabout and seek shelter in the old deserted house glimpsed through surrounding trees. He made a dash for it and was rewarded by dry space on the veranda. Through a French window he could see a low-ceilinged room. He put his hand to the window sash and it slipped upward at his touch. Enticed in the reclining chair, he lit a cigar, drew a newspaper from his pocket, and proceeded to make the best of the situation. The storm not relenting in force, the busy man of affairs lay and dreamed as he was not permitted to dream in the life which hurried. And the dream carried him back to boyhood days to a low-ceilinged room with firelight flickering against its panels, a room peopled with those who were gone.

He remembered, too, a youthful dream of a woman to be, who should fill his mother's place and make for him the sort of home his father knew. Hotel apartments satisfied his home need, or he had thought the want satisfied, until storm clouds had driven him to this haven, and the enforced inaction in the silent room brought back to him strangely his memories. He decided to remain longer. Time would not make the situation worse, it might make it better. So he folded his paper and lighted a second cigar, glancing over a brief article he had read concerning a set of desperate poachers who were supposed to be located somewhere in this vicinity. Their secret place of residence was said to be a place of stolen spoils. Sheriff and papers had been unsuccessful in their capture, and the amazing thing about it all was the fact that their reconnoitering scout was a woman, an innocent appearing girl, the article said, "entirely allaying suspicion."

Brant thought he would like to meet this girl; he thought that he would enjoy a part in bringing the creature to justice. And as he reflected, a warning panel in the wall slipped back before his eyes and in the reflected light from a further room he saw a girl framed in the opening. The first thing that he noticed about the girl was that she deliberately held a revolver in his direction, and the second thing was her rare beauty. The last part of the adventure to

him was the fact that the girl was remarkably like the woman of his dreams, like the ideal woman in his picture of home. The woman pointed a revolver now at his heart.

"I had made up my mind to ask you to go quickly," she said, "but it may be safer to keep you here, you might come back again at a time when I am not prepared. There is a windowless closet at your right; step in there directly, please, so that I may lock the door."

He was, in her eyes, of course, an agent to bring her companions to justice. As he looked again into the girl's purposeful eyes, Brant considered it best to pretend prompt obedience to her command. If, in some way he might outwit her, he would be able to find the solution of the difficulty.

After that one glance he was, strangely enough, not eager to bring the girl to punishment. She was, he reflected, savagely, but a tool in the hands of the desperadoes who dominated her. Then with sudden daring Brant rushed across the floor in the darkness and caught the girl off guard, dashing the pistol from her nerveless hand. Firmly he held her in his arms, until in the flickering light from the farther room he saw terror gather and grow in her eyes, then with a low, sobbing breath, the girl fainted against his own fast throbbing heart.

When he carried her through the door panel into the lighted room he found there a sort of compact living apartment, kitchen utensils, an oil stove, a dresser, a cot bed. And near the widest window some half finished sketches, paint brushes close by. The lovely girl at last opened her trembling eyelids.

"I know," she breathed, "you are one of those horrible poachers—hidden near here. I read it in the paper. I got out my revolver when I saw you come through the window. Then I thought I'd better try the advantage. But I've never fired a revolver—and I was afraid. I'm not as brave as I thought—if you will go away—quickly, I'll promise—not to give information." "Great Scott!" cried Brant. "I'm not a poacher—girl. I'm the man who owns this house—used to live here, when I was a kid. Can't bear to sell the old place, always hoping to have it fixed up some day—for my home. But how did you happen to be here—"

he mused perplexedly. "Why," murmured the lovely girl, the color came flooding back to her face. "I am the poacher, I guess, after all. You see, I had put a little tent near by so that I might sketch the garden. The vacant house seemed so much more secure I thought it wouldn't matter if I moved in for a few days. My sister drives out to spend the nights with me. She smiled up at him timidly. "I can fancy home pictures of that big room of yours," she said.

And Brant's eyes looking down upon her softened with the light of his discovery.

"So can I," he said gently; "so can I."

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#### Russia Limits Marriage Age.

Some bygone lawmakers would have been in sympathy with the Brooklyn millionaire who maintains that at eighty-six he was too old to be legally married. In Rome, under Emperor Augustus, a law was passed forbidding men to marry when they were over sixty, and women when over fifty. Peter the Great also disapproved of senile marriage and enacted that no marriage contract should hold good if either of the contracting parties was over eighty at the time it was entered upon. This law is still enforced in Russia, or, at all events, was enforced until the bolsheviks came into power, says the Detroit News.

#### Land Women Still Needed.

Women's land work in Britain has not been made unnecessary by demobilization. The women's land army is calling for 51,000 recruits there, as it is said to be impossible to obtain sufficient male labor for the crop work.

#### Building Workers' Dwellings.

As many workers in Galt, Ont., are compelled, owing to the dearth of houses, to have their homes in surrounding towns and villages, the city council is applying to the government for a loan of \$250,000 under the conditions named in the provincial housing act. The appropriation will be used to build a hundred dwellings.

### JIMMY'S BOSS

By GLADYS PLUMMER.

Jimmy Murphy's freckled forehead assumed perplexed lines as he opened his blue eyes and beheld a long room bordered by numerous small white beds similar to the one he occupied, but was immediately smoothed by remembrance as a sharp pain shot through his left leg.

"A hospital," came from the thin, expressive lips.

"Yes, dear, a hospital."

Jimmy's head turned quickly to the pretty nurse sitting at his bedside. "You ran in front of an automobile and your left leg is broken. Keep up good courage, and in a few weeks you will be about again. I will tell the house doctor you are conscious," she continued, "and he will send word to your home."

"He'll have a job to find it, I guess," said the boy, then adding suddenly: "I must let my boss know, though."

"The head nurse will be here soon to fill out your bedside card. You give her your employer's telephone number, and she will deliver any message you wish," said Miss Ashby kindly. "I go off duty now and will see you again in the evening."

The boy's intelligent eyes watched the slim little figure of the nurse as she passed between the rows of beds and out through the large swinging doors.

Jimmy's head dropped back on the cool pillow, and a sigh of momentary, physical peace escaped him.

"She's just like the girl my boss always tells me about, and the tears are always hanging 'round the corners of his eyes when he talks about her," he mused.

"Better today, Jimmy?" asked Miss Ashby next morning, as she placed the thermometer in his mouth.

"I'm not going to whine, nurse," but his slight movement caused a barely perceptible twitching of the mouth.

The nurse bent over him, her cool hands bringing a wonderful peace.

"Say, nurse, you've got hair that looks like gold in the sunlight, too, haven't you?"

Jimmy's eyes glistened with the recollections of the man's description of the girl in his stories. "And eyes that look like violets growing in the fields," he continued.

"Oh, Jimmy, I do hope you are not getting worse."

The boy became serious at once. "Sure not," he said reassuringly. "I'm lots better. I was only thinking about a girl somebody told me about once. I'm thinking about something else, too, Miss Ashby. If I don't get to work by Monday I lose my job. The boss he—sent word—and it's Saturday now."

"That's ridiculous, Jimmy. Don't worry about that."

"But you know, nurse, it's an awful hard beginning to a business career to lose your job. I wouldn't lose mine for anything."

"You cannot possibly go to work by that time, Jimmy. What is his address? I will go and see him myself."

Jimmy's eyes brightened. "It's the Cumberland building, room 24. He's alone about four o'clock in the afternoon, and that's the time I always ask favors."

"All right, Jimmy; don't worry about it any more. Good-by, and I will tell you 'all about it tomorrow."

His blue eyes never left the graceful figure as she left the ward.

"She's just sunshine and violets," he said to himself, and his contented brain was quiet.

The next morning as Miss Ashby was making Jimmy's bed he thought the violets shone brighter than ever in her eyes.

"It's all right, dear," she said. "The boss says you may stay until you are absolutely well. And, Jimmy—" she was not looking at the boy now—"you did not tell me his name, but I found that—that I knew him very well. He did not understand about your fear of losing your place. What did you mean, dear?"

Jimmy hesitated a moment, then said: "I wanted to do something for him, nurse. You see, he used to tell me a story every day when he came to bring me things, and every story had a girl in it. And one day I said to him: 'That's just like Miss Ashby.'"

"What do you know about Miss Ashby?" he asked; and then I told him you was my morning nurse.

"I used to see her real often once, Jimmy," he said to me after a while.

"Not now?" I said. "If you'd seen her once, I shouldn't think you'd ever want to stop."

"I didn't," he said; "she won't see me."

"And then, Miss Ashby, I lied to you. He never told me I'd lose my job. If I wasn't there Monday, I kept thinking about all he had done for me, and I knew he wanted to see you badly; so I lied to get you to see him again."

The blue eyes closed; gentle lips pressed the brow. In her voice was the sweet tones of old.

"He's going to be my boss, too, Jimmy," she whispered softly in his ear, "and you are going to live with us."

Jimmy did not answer, but he knew how violets glowed when life was in them.

Not on the Casualty List. Father—Well, son, I see you're back from the front and not a scratch. Son—No, I quit scratchin' as soon as we got out of the trenches.

### AROUND THE WORLD WITH THE AMERICAN RED CROSS. In Serbia.



As far back as the first winter of the war, the Red Cross sent to Serbia a sanitary commission that effectively checked the scourge of typhus, but after the United States entered the conflict, the Red Cross was able, in August, 1917, to send a full commission that carried on extensive relief operations among the suffering refugees of the tortured nation. Hospitals were established, the refugees fed, clothed and given medical attention, the army supplied with much needed dental treatment, farm machinery, and seeds provided to help the Serbs redeem their land to productivity, and, not least, measures undertaken for the succor of the children. The terrible condition into which these helpless victims of the war had fallen is well portrayed by this photograph of a little Serbian girl wearing the rags and expression of hopeless dismay that were all she possessed when the Red Cross came.

#### What Suez Canal Does.

Although the Suez canal is only 60 miles long, it reduces the distance from England to India by sea nearly 7,000 miles.

Western Beef  
Western Pork  
Spring Lamb  
Florida Beef  
Florida Pork  
Swift & Armours  
Hams and Bacon

SAUSAGE OF ALL KINDS. QUICK DELIVERY

### PURE FOOD MARKET

J. H. TILLIS, Prop.  
402 Sanford Ave. Phone 105

### IT'S NOT YOUR HEART IT'S YOUR KIDNEYS

Kidney disease is no respecter of persons. A majority of the ill-afflicted people today can be traced back to kidney trouble. The kidneys are the most important organs of the body. They are the filters, the purifiers, of your blood. Kidney disease is usually indicated by weariness, sleeplessness, nervousness, depondency, backache, stomach trouble, pain in loins and lower abdomen, call stones, gravel, rheumatism, sciatica, and lumbago. All these derangements are nature's signals to warn you that the kidneys need help. You should use GOLD MEDAL Haarlem Oil Capsules immediately. The soothing, healing oil stimulates the kidneys, relieves inflammations and destroys the germs which have caused it. Do not wait until tomorrow. Go to your druggist today and insist on GOLD MEDAL Haarlem Oil Capsules. In twenty-four hours you should feel health and vigor returning and will bless the day you first heard of GOLD MEDAL Haarlem Oil. After you feel that you have cured yourself, continue to take one or two capsules each day, so as to keep in first-class condition and ward off the danger of other attacks. Ask for the original imported GOLD MEDAL brand. Three sizes. Money refunded if they do not help you.



### For every use.

On buildings with broad roof areas, on soaring sky-scrapers, and all kinds of farm buildings, Certain-teed Roofing is giving lasting and complete weather protection.

On every sort of building it is turning back rain and snow, heat and cold, year after year, with almost no up-keep cost. Severest weather cannot affect it.

Certain-teed Roofing is easily and quickly laid by anyone who will follow the directions that come with the roll. It costs less than the ordinary kind of roofing—and lasts much longer. It sturdily stands against sparks—a real fire protection. It cannot corrode or rust.

For your buildings new or old—large or small—in the city or country—Certain-teed is the logical roofing investment.

Certain-teed is made in rolls, both smooth and rough surfaced (red or green)—also in handsome red or green asphalt shingles for residences. Certain-teed is extra quality—the name means certainty of quality and satisfaction guaranteed. It will pay you to get Certain-teed—most dealers sell it. Ask for Certain-teed and be sure to get it.

Certain-teed Products Corporation  
Offices and Warehouses in Principal Cities

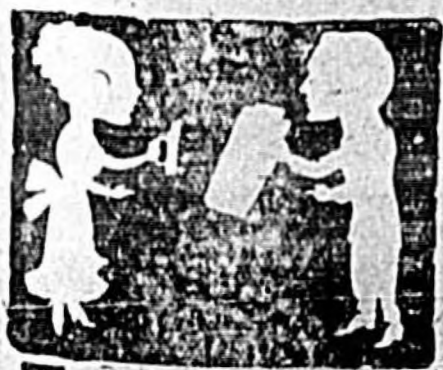
Certain-teed Paints and Varnishes are the highest quality and will give you the best results and most economical results.



### Certain-teed ROOFING & SHINGLES

For Sale by HILL HARDWARE CO. WIGHT GROCERY CO.

### DAINTY LAUNDRY WORK

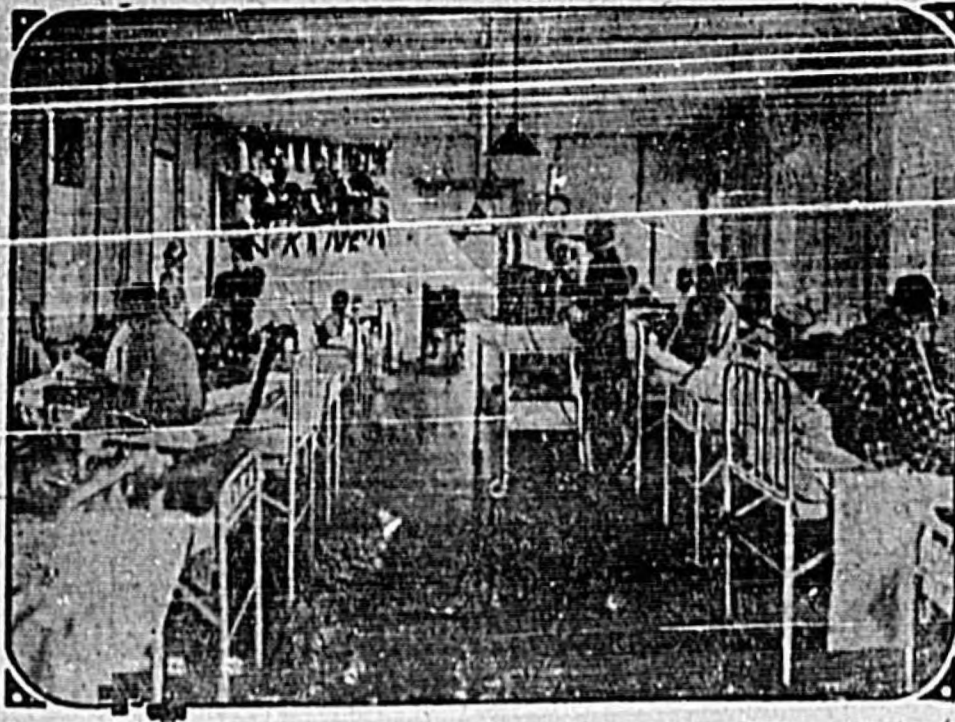


can be depended upon if the work is entrusted to us. We have a perfect system of washing and laundering linen and we never injure a garment in the process. We solicit laundry work from particular people, and we know we can give them every satisfaction with the work and with our prices. Work called for and delivered promptly when promised.

### Dixie Steam Laundry

LEESBURG, FLORIDA  
Robert Glenn Igou, Sanford, Agt. Phone 299

AROUND THE WORLD WITH THE AMERICAN RED CROSS. Recreation in Hospitals.



The American Red Cross conducts its recreational work in hospitals through trained men and women, introducing a multitude of recreations suited to the handicaps of the men. The accompanying view of a hospital ward shows in operation a moving picture projecting machine, developed by a Red Cross recreational director, which throws the pictures on the wall so that the men do not have to stir from their cots.

DADDY'S EVENING FAIRY TALE By Mary Graham Bonner

RED-WINGED BLACKBIRD.

Mr. Red-Winged Blackbird was sitting upon a stump in a marshy little bay. He was thinking. And it was nice to sit there thinking such pleasant thoughts on such a pleasant day.

He was wondering if Miss Red-Winged Blackbird would—he hoped she would and she had almost told him she would. At least she hadn't told him so for she was too shy and too well-behaved a Miss Red-Winged Blackbird to be quite so bold.

But somehow he did feel that she liked him and he knew that she liked her. So his thoughts were very pleasant and he felt sure that his own special little love story would turn out just right.

He wasn't going to hurry about asking her this very minute because he was enjoying thinking about how he would do it.

He stood up on the stump several times in several different ways, first with his head cocked to the right, then with his head cocked to the left, and then with his head very straight indeed.

And he said over to himself, "Miss Red-Winged Blackbird, I love you. Will you be my mate?"

And then he practiced saying it this way, "I love you Miss Red-Winged Blackbird, and I would be glad to get bugs and worms for you through life."

And then he tried how it would sound to say, "Let us share a home of rushes from this bay, and let us live here on a bush, near the marshy bay. It is going to be a fashionable bay with many blackbirds living here and I would like to give you a fashionable home."

Then, in the distance he saw Miss Red-Winged Blackbird flying over, and suddenly he thought what a silly bird he had been.

He became quite worried for he wondered if by any chance any other Mr. Red-Winged Blackbird could have asked her first and perhaps she was

going off to the dressmaker's or the wingmaker's to have her feathers smoothed for the wedding.

And his thoughts became very sad instead of joyful and he hurriedly left his stump and quickly arose in the air flying after Miss Red-Winged Blackbird.

He called a shrill call, but she didn't turn around. She didn't want to appear too anxious to see Mr. Red-Winged Blackbird.

At last he had caught up with her. He was out of breath, so fast had he hurried, but he sang a beautiful love-song, and sang it with a great deal of manner, bowing and spreading his black tail and his handsome black wings touched with scarlet.

"I love you, I love you, I love you," he said over and over again. He com-



He Sang a Most Beautiful Song.

pletely forgot how he was tilting his head, he completely forgot what speeches he had planned to make.

He completely forgot everything except Miss Red-Winged Blackbird, and that she was beautiful in her brownish dress with its speckled front.

And Miss Red-Winged Blackbird didn't care what sort of a speech he made, for she had been dreadfully worried when he hadn't come to see her, but had been sitting on the stump so long and so quietly.

"I love you, I love you, I love you," he said again.

Then he sang again, a most beautiful song full of melody and tune, and Miss Red-Winged Blackbird sang softly in the chorus.

He made a low bow when he had finished and said: "I would love to always sing for you. I would love to al-

ways catch bugs and worms for you. I would love to always guard the little bluish white eggs—that is when there are little eggs to watch.

"And I would love to always care for the birdlings when there are little birdlings to care for, but most of all I would love to always care for thee, dear Miss Red-Winged Blackbird, the loveliest bird ever seen."

For now he was brave, he knew Miss Red-Winged Blackbird loved him and he could make his speeches. And she looked at him and said: "Dear Mr. Red-Winged Blackbird, I will come with thee at once."

Her Pa Pays Cash.

Hostess (to small guest)—Does your father say grace before dinner, Edward?

Edward—I don't know. What's grace?

Hostess—Why, saying grace is returning thanks for what we have to eat.

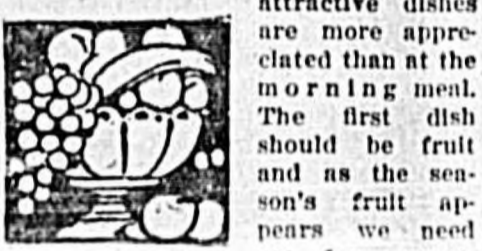
Edward—My pa doesn't have to. He always pay cash for everything we get.



The best natural disinfectant is sunshine; the best germ disinfectant is formaldehyde; the best physical disinfectant is soap; the best moral disinfectant is publicity.

FOR THE FIRST MEAL.

There is probably no meal of the day where dainty service and pretty attractive dishes are more appreciated than at the morning meal.



The first dish should be fruit and as the season's fruit appears we need not fear monotony. Whenever possible a most graceful and pleasing garnish for the fruit of the breakfast table is the foliage of the fruit itself or any which resembles it.

After the fruit is the morning cereal. If one has never tried the whole wheat as it comes from the threshing or granary there is still a treat in store. In many homes a small mill is used to grind these grains of various kinds. They will cook much quicker if ground, but wheat well washed and soaked over night then cooked slowly on the back of the stove until it is soft, has yet to find its equal as wholesome food, especially for the little people. Serve it with top milk and cook enough to last several days. It will keep and not a grain should be wasted. Such food is especially good for the youngsters' supper, too.

Bananas when well ripened are good to serve with the breakfast food if they are liked that way.

Eggs as omelets or in a hundred ways, are a most satisfying breakfast dish. A well-made and nicely-seasoned hash is another good dish for breakfast. For the grownups the boiled dinner hash is a great favorite, but one must have a good digestion for such food.

Toast dry, buttered, French fried, or as milk toast is another good morning dish. Toast should be well browned and crisp to be palatable, when served. Bacon, ham and chops are good breakfast meats, but it is better to err in not having meat than in serving it too often.

Breakfast Muffin.—Beat one egg, add a half cupful of milk, flour (with two teaspoonfuls of baking powder) to make a soft drop batter, then add two tablespoonfuls of melted butter and pour into well-greased muffin pans to bake in a moderate oven.

How They Breathe Under Ice. The ability of a beaver to remain under water for a long time is really not so strange a problem as it looks. When a lake or pond is frozen over a beaver will come to the under surface of the ice to expel breath, so that it forms a wide flat bubble. The air coming in contact with the ice and water is purified, and the beaver breathes it again. This operation he can repeat several times. The otter and muskrat do the same thing.

How to Capture Beaver. As compared with the otter or mink, the beaver is a very slow swimmer. His front legs hang by his side, and he uses only his webbed hind feet for purposes of swimming. It is easy to capture one in a canoe if you can find him in shallow water. He is a most determined fighter, but clumsy and easy to handle. If he could get hold of you with his teeth he would almost take a leg off, so you need to watch him sharply. The way to seize him is by the tail.

As seasoning is one of the fine arts of cookery it is wise to have on hand a variety to use in varying the flavor of the ordinary dishes. Keep a package of bay leaves to season meats and sauces; often a mere speck will be all that is needed to flavor a dish. Bay leaves like garlic should be used with miserly care. Both are most delightful flavors if not overdone.

A bottle of kitchen bouquet, catsups of various kinds, chili powder, curry powder, tabasco and Worcestershire sauce, paprika, celery salt with the dozens of flavor herbs, may all be a part of one's equipment at small expense, for nearly all will last for years in a small family.

Scald a dish in which fish has been cooked with a little vinegar and water, then wash with soap soda.

Shine up the old rubbers by using a wash of ammonia.

A fresh blood stain may be removed from a garment if rubbed with dry starch and let it dry; then brush and the stain will come out with the starch.

A fine way to clean gloves is to moisten flour with gasoline and wash the gloves on the hands, rubbing as if with soap and water.

Always keep a few wooden skewers to use wrapped in a cleaning cloth to reach corners of window sash and other places too small for the finger to reach, when cleaning.

Coat collars of velvet and velvet suits may be cleaned by using cornmeal and gasoline, rubbing the soaked meal well into the pile of the velvet then brushing briskly to raise the

FARM PRODUCTS SHOW HIS GOAL



The best of this man's crop is being prepared for entry at the coming fair. From his looks it will be seen that his vegetables have

been given a most prominent place in the premium list of the coming Florida State Fair, Jacksonville, November 22 to 29.

For the Convenience Of the Grower

There's a whole lot of satisfaction in being able to get quick delivery of Armour's standardized fertilizers right in Sanford. We have put in two complete stocks for your convenience—one in the old Sanford passenger station and one in the Ben Monroe Warehouse at Beardall Siding. Are you taking advantage of this service?

The time for planting fall crops is close at hand. Better see our local representative, Mr. Chas. H. Whitner, today about your needs. He can furnish what you want.

Armour Fertilizer Works Jacksonville, Florida

Armour Fertilizers



Give clear, permanent copies. Will not smut, dry out, or fill the type.

Star Brand Non-Filling Typewriter Ribbons are guaranteed to give 75,000 impressions of the letters "a" or "e" without clogging so as to show on the paper.

THE HERALD PRINTING COMPANY PHONE 148 SANFORD, FLORIDA

A 25c Want Ad. in The Herald will Rent Your House For You

The Square Deal is Born and Bred Into Fisk Tires

Back of Fisk Tires there's a concern whose one ideal is:

"To be the Best Concern in the World to Work for and the Squarest Concern in Existence to do Business with."

It is that backing — that spirit of doing the square thing — that puts into Fisk Tires the extra miles and the complete satisfaction in using them.

Next Time— BUY FISK

Kent Vulcanizing Works SANFORD, FLA.



FISK TIRES



What you pay out your good money for is cigarette satisfaction—and, my, how you do get it in every puff of Camels!

18 cents a package

**E**XPERTLY blended choice Turkish and choice Domestic tobaccos in Camel cigarettes eliminate bite and free them from any unpleasant cigarette aftertaste or unpleasant cigarette odor.

Camels win instant and permanent success with smokers because the blend brings out to the limit the refreshing flavor and delightful mel-

low-mildness of the tobaccos yet retaining the desirable "body." Camels are simply a revelation! You may smoke them without tiring your taste!

For your own satisfaction you must compare Camels with any cigarette in the world at any price. Then, you'll best realize their superior quality and the rare enjoyment they provide.

R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO COMPANY, Winston-Salem, N. C.

shade than Pinky's eyes. "Pinky thought they were very fair names, for, of course, Clover should have the better name of the two, because Clover was Mrs. Rabbit and it was polite and nice to give the lady the nicer name. "Both the rabbits were white with- out a touch of black. They were very fond of each other, they were very tame and fond of children and they were extremely fond of all the nice green things they were given to eat. "Now the children who owned these rabbits didn't know that Daddy Rabbits were all right when the children were big but that when they were small they weren't so nice because they were very apt to kill or eat their children. "The daddies didn't care for the children when they were only little bits of fluff. They didn't see that they would grow up into nice rabbits later on.

"So these two rabbits, Pinky and Clover, were not separated, and Clover, somehow, wasn't as afraid of Pinky as sometimes a mother rabbit is.

"That is, a mother rabbit is never afraid of a daddy rabbit for herself, for she knows he will never hurt her, but she is afraid for her little ones.

"So when she knows that the little ones are soon to come she hides away from the daddy rabbit.

"Clover wasn't at all nervous. She saw that the children didn't know that they should be separated. And she somehow thought Pinky would act very nicely about the little ones.

"She made a little hole in the ground and soon there came seven of the sweetest, most cunning little bits of white fluff you ever did see!

"She had quite a hard time naming so many little babies but at last she named them and these were the names she decided upon.

"Her oldest son was named Bun. Her oldest daughter was named Bunn- ny. Her second son was named Pink-

self. The third son was named Spot, because of a little black spot which he had on his nose, and the third daughter was named Babbitly, while the fourth son was named Baby Bun. "And do you know that Pinky never touched one of those children so as to hurt them? He didn't kill them, he didn't bite them.

"But instead he watched Mother Rabbit taking care of them, he saw her giving them their meals. He watched her as she taught them the lessons all rabbits must know.

"And he saw the children pick them up and handle them very gently and kiss them and say how precious they were.

"After they grew up into bigger rabbits some of them were given away and became the pets of other children and Clover and Pinky were together again once more without the young ones.

"I miss them," said Clover, "but I know that children will be good to their rabbit pets, for I have always been treated so kindly and nicely by children."

"So have I," said Pinky.

"And the rabbits sniffed and their little noses wiggled and trembled as they told each other what a nice world it was with children and clover both in it!"

**Chewing Gum for Cows.**

Little five-year-old Vivian, visiting in the country for the first time, happened to notice the cattle enjoying their cud.

"Say, grandpa!" she exclaimed, "does you have to buy gum for all them cows to chew?"

A piece of macaroni placed in a berry pie when put in the oven will save the loss of the good juice, as the macaroni will serve as a chimney for the juice to boil up in.

Grease the cork of the glue bottle, so that it will not be glued in when it is wanted.

A piece of ice held in the mouth a moment before disagreeable medicine is to be taken, will dull the sense of taste.

Keep on your desk a list of things to do—calls, letter-writing and household tasks; as they are done, cross off. It is a most satisfactory way of knowing what is accomplished during the week or month. The same method is a good one to use in the kitchen; various things are forgotten that, with the list before one, will spur on the worker.

A camp chair that will slip under the table, out of the way or can be hung from a hook, is a great convenience in a kitchen with small space.

A roomy market basket with a strong, well-fastened handle, makes a fine bed for the small child when traveling, and one in which it may be carried with its belongings. The basket is picked up and carried without disturbing the baby or exposing him to the weather.

Carry a package of courtplaster of different colors. This may be used when traveling to mend a garment or stocking in an emergency.

Transplant a few asters and other favorite flowers in the garden after the vegetables are gone. In the fall they will be pleasant to look at.

Kitchen aprons of unbleached cotton made with a good fitting style are most desirable, as they may be boiled and kept white.

*Nellie Maxwell*

**No Rabbits in Palestine.**

Among the useful animals found in Palestine are the fallow deer, a European type, gazelles and other antelopes, characteristic of Africa. The wild boar, still common, seems to have had for its Biblical companion Behemoth the hippopotamus, though this became extinct ages ago. His pigmy relative of the rocks, the little hyrax, is a well-known beast of Palestine, and is also of African type, Africa being the home of the family. This is the "coney" of Scripture, but there is no rabbit in Palestine.

**Introduced Chrysanthemums.**

It was in the autumn of 1808, that the first bunch of chrysanthemums was seen in Paris, brought by a Frenchman from far-off Japan. His first care was to present them to the Empress Josephine, who was delighted with the flowers and introduced their cultivation in French gardens.—Christian Science Monitor.

**The KITCHEN CABINET**

well done.

**Sour Cream Salad Dressing.**—Let a cupful of cream stand until sour, then whip until thick; add one tablespoonful of sugar and one of lemon juice. Beat well into the cream and add a dash of cayenne, if liked.

**Cream Pie.**—Cook in a double boiler one cupful of top milk, two tablespoonfuls of flour mixed with a cupful of sugar, then added to the milk, two beaten egg yolks, a pinch of salt; cook until thick. Set aside to cool, then add flavoring and fill a baked shell. Cover with a meringue made from the whites beaten stiff and mixed with two tablespoonfuls of sugar. Set in the oven to brown.

**Minced Chicken With Peppers.**—Cover a green pepper with boiling water and parboil for ten minutes. Cut the pepper in strips with scissors, removing the seeds. Melt two tablespoonfuls of butter, add one and one-half tablespoonfuls of flour; cook until well blended with two-thirds of a cupful of chicken stock. Add one cupful of diced chicken and the peppers and serve on buttered toast.

*Nellie Maxwell*



The highest duty of the state is to legislate and minister as to make

good homes, for it is only a larger home, and for the same uses that the state exists.—Ellen Richards.

**SUMMER FOODS.**

Now is the time to enjoy the luscious field mushroom. With plenty of rain there should be an abundant crop. Look for them in the fields used for pasture or where fertilizer has been placed the year before. Mushrooms will also be found around the roots of decaying trees and stumps. Learn a few of the common varieties and add a most delicious vegetable, with no cost but the effort of gathering, to your table.

**Deviled Mushrooms.**—Mix a teaspoonful of mustard, a dash of cayenne, a teaspoonful of Worcestershire sauce, and half a teaspoonful of paprika, cover broiled mushrooms with this mixture and serve hot on toast.

Put a layer of finely chopped pecans or walnuts over the top of a custard pie. The nuts will form a crust over the top which will, when baked, be especially delicious.

**Grape Surprise.**—Take four tablespoonfuls of granulated gelatin, soften with two tablespoonfuls of cold water, then add the juice and rind of a lemon, two and one-half cupfuls of grape juice and one-half cupful of sugar. Stir until well dissolved and the gelatin has begun to thicken, then add a half-pound of skinned and seeded grapes. Pour into a wet mold and set away on ice to harden.

**Date, Nut and Pineapple Salad.**—Chop a cupful of dates and three good sized apples, add a cupful of chopped celery and a cupful of broken nut meats, half a pound of seeded skinned grapes. Mix all together and heap on a slice of pineapple placed on a lettuce leaf. Serve with mayonnaise dressing. Marshmallows cut in bits may be added in place of the nutmeats, making a more dainty salad.

**Peach d'Armour.**—Fill tall glasses with peach ice cream and sufficient raspberry juice to run down through the cream to color it. On top place a spoonful of plain vanilla ice cream. Garnish with a fresh raspberry or two, or a marischino cherry.

*Nellie Maxwell*

"There were two rabbits," said Daddy, "which I want to tell you about. Their names were Clover and Pinky. Now Clover loved the very sound of her name. For, as you know, all rabbits love clover.

"They like clover as much as children like ice cream, and that is saying a good deal, as you know."

"It most certainly is," said Nancy. "I agree," said Nick.

"Clover loved to hear her name. She loved to be called by it very often and she liked it best of all when her name was made very real by getting a lot of clover to eat.

"The other rabbit's name was Pinky. Pinky was so named because of his very bright pink eyes. They were really beautiful pink eyes. Clover had pink eyes, too, but they were not so bright, they were a little bit paler in



And Say How Precious They Were, after his dad, and the second daughter was named Cloverine after her-

**The KITCHEN CABINET**

Nothing is given for nothing in this world; there can be no true love even on your own side without devotion; devotion is the exercise of love, by which it grows.—H. L. Stevenson.

**HELPFUL SUGGESTIONS.**

When replacing papers in drawers to keep them firm, put a small sticker half on the paper and the other half on the drawer.

When setting dishes on ice, use old can rubbers to keep them from slipping.

A little sand in a small top-heavy vase will make it quite stable.

Fill salt and pepper shakers with an orange spoon or make a paper funnel, which may be used more quickly.



Look! Here is the globe spread out flat before your eyes. See those stars? Every star shows where a U. S. Navy ship was on September 2nd, 1919. The Navy travels the Seven Seas.

**Don't you want to see the World?**

**R**OMANCE is calling to you! Strange and smiling foreign lands are beckoning to you. Shove off and see the world!

the red-blooded, hard-working, hard-playing men of the U. S. Navy.

Learn to "parley-vo" in gay Pares. See the bull-fights in Panama. See surf-riding on the beach of Waikiki.

Pay begins the day you join. On board ship a man is always learning. Trade schools develop skill, industry and business ability. Thirty days care-free holiday each year with full pay. The food is good. First uniform outfit is furnished free. Promotion is unlimited for men of brains. You can enlist for two years and come out broader, stronger and abler.

Learn the lure that comes with the swish and swirl of the good salt sea. Eat well—free; dress well—free; sleep clean—free; and look 'em all straight in the eye—British, French, Chinese, Japanese, Spaniards, Egyptians, Algerians and all manner of people.

Shove off—Join the U. S. Navy. If you're between 17 and 35 go to the nearest recruiting station for all the details. If you don't know where it is ask your postmaster.

Come! Be a real man of the world. See the world. See it with

**Shove off!—Join the U. S. Navy**

**AROUND THE WORLD WITH THE AMERICAN RED CROSS.**

Home Service.



One of the finest constructive activities of the American Red Cross in the war was Home Service in the United States, the friendly connecting link between the soldier far from home and his loved ones. This branch of the work which under the peace program of the Red Cross will be expanded to include all who need the assistance it can provide, is directed by scientifically trained social workers. Since instituted Home Service has assisted 800,000 soldiers and sailors' families. This photograph shows one of the innumerable Home Service information bureaus where service men and their families could bring their problems for solution.

*Nellie Maxwell*



Anita Stewart in 'Virtuous Wives'

At the Princess Theater Monday

DOLLIE'S CURE

By MILDRED WHITE.

"And so," finished Aunt Abigail, "Douglas can never hope to marry while his mother is alive. There are no bonds so strong as the weakness with which an invalid holds her subject."

"Douglas has tried one nurse after another; capable, charming women, too, but not one could bring his mother to any degree of helpfulness to herself. Mrs. Cameron relies upon others for her slightest need, and all are in terror of her hysterical outbursts. Not that Celia Cameron is noisy in her attacks, but her silent and prolonged weeping wears more I think upon one's nerves. Her husband spoiled her by his unreasoning devotion, and Douglas was forced to continue the slavery. Pardon me, my dear, much as I love Celia Cameron, slavery is the word which expresses her exactions. And

HANDS, ARMS, LIMBS ASLEEP

And Was Run-Down, Weak and Nervous, Says Florida Lady. Five Bottles of Cardui Made Her Well.

Kathleen, Fla.—Mrs. Dallas Prine, of this place, says: "After the birth of my last child... I got very much run-down and weakened, so much that I could hardly do anything at all. I was so awfully nervous that I could scarcely endure the least noise. My condition was getting worse all the time..."

"I knew I must have some relief or I would soon be in the bed and in a serious condition for I felt so badly and was so nervous and weak I could hardly live. My husband asked Dr. — about my taking Cardui. He said, 'It's a good medicine, and good for that trouble,' so he got me five bottles... After about the second bottle I felt greatly improved... before taking it my limbs and hands and arms would go to sleep. After taking it, however, this poor circulation disappeared. My strength came back to me and I was soon on the road to health. After the use of about 5 bottles, I could do all my house-work and attend to my six children besides."

"You can feel safe in giving Cardui a thorough trial for your troubles. It contains no harmful or habit-forming drugs, but is composed of mild, vegetable, medicinal ingredients with no lead after-effects. Thousands of women have voluntarily written, telling of the good Cardui has done them. It should help you, too. Try it."

Hemstitching and Picot work done at the French Shop. Bring your dresses and linens to be beautified by this work.

Mrs. Maude Philmore

CASH PAID FOR used household furniture Must be in fair condition. Beds, Springs, Chairs, Dressers, Rockers, etc. Call or Address: DIXIE FURNITURE CO. 321 Sanford Avenue

DADDY'S EVENING FAIRY TALE BY MARY GRAHAM BONNER

THE JAPANESE NIGHTINGALE.

"Well, Mr. Japanese Nightingale, I think you are very rude indeed." "My dear Mrs. Japanese Nightingale, I don't care in the least what you think. Your opinion means nothing to me. I care not for it; I care not whether you tell it to me or not, and I care not even whether you have an opinion or not."

"You are only adding to your rudeness all the time," said Mrs. Japanese Nightingale.

"My dear Mrs. Japanese Nightingale, I do not wish you to talk about arithmetic to me. I never went to school. I never shall go to school. And I don't care to hear about school."

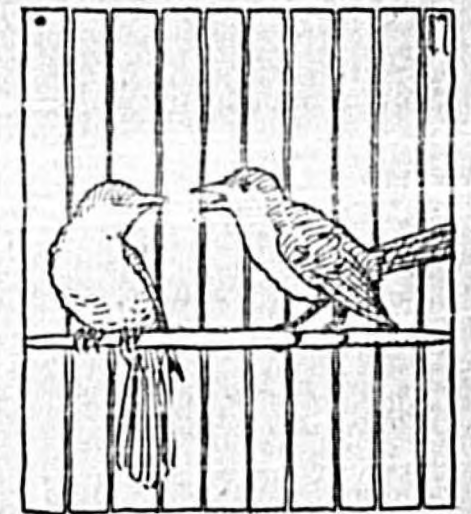
"I never mentioned school, and I never mentioned arithmetic," said Mrs. Japanese Nightingale.

"You might just as well have mentioned them," said Mr. Japanese Nightingale.

"But I didn't, and so why should I be blamed for something I didn't do? I am sure I never mentioned either of them, and, in fact, you didn't say that I did."

"I didn't say that you did," said Mr. Japanese Nightingale. "I said that you might just as well have talked about both arithmetic and school as to talk about adding."

"You said that I was adding to my rudeness all the time. Now, I care



"I Object When You Pull My Tail Feathers."

not about adding. I care less for subtracting and as for multiplying—well, I hate it!"

"I didn't mean you were adding numbers like they do in arithmetic," said Mrs. Japanese Nightingale. "I simply meant that you were adding bad manners."

"All the same," said Mr. Japanese Nightingale. "In arithmetic they add so many numbers of this and so many numbers of that. For instance they say two nightingales added to two other nightingales make in all four nightingales."

"So you were trying to make out that instead of one rudeness I had several rudenesses added to the one, making, I suppose, four in all."

Mrs. Japanese Nightingale gave a funny little chuckle and made a funny little sound in her throat which sounded like a grunt.

"You're very fond of adding everything up so it will make four," she said. "Is that the number you always add to?"

"It is not," said Mr. Japanese Nightingale, proudly.

"Well, anyway, you're wrong," said Mrs. Japanese Nightingale.

"I don't see why," said Mr. Japanese Nightingale. "Why can't one add rudenesses together? Can't one add good manners as well as bad manners?"

"You don't seem to be able to," Mrs. Japanese Nightingale said, cocking her head on one side. "But the fact remains that you can't add rudenesses as you think you can, like you can add two and two to make your beloved four."

"Not my beloved four at all," said Mr. Japanese Nightingale. "I think you're far from nice to me when I'm such a handsome mate with beautiful red and orange touches to my feathers, beautiful yellow circles around my eyes, a yellow-green overcoat, yellowish in front, brownish in back. I'm a choice selection of shades and colorings. I am."

"And the cousins who were given to some friends of our mistress whistle most beautifully."

"But you don't whistle," said Mrs. Japanese Nightingale. "It doesn't do me any good to hear that your cousins whistle. So do mine, for that matter, but I'm too lazy myself. I like to be let out of my cage every morning to fly about and I like to cock my head on one side when I speak to my mistress, but I can't be bothered to whistle."

"I don't object to it though if you don't whistle, but I do object to it when you pull my tail feathers, for I consider that very rude."

"I care not for your opinion," said Mr. Japanese Nightingale, "and I have already told you that, but I will add that I am sorry I did it and never will again. I hope I am forgiven." And Mrs. Japanese Nightingale drew close to him and said that he was surely forgiven!

He Liked One. Parson—Do you know the parable, my child? Jimmy—Yes, Sir.

Parson—And which of the parables do you like best? Jimmy—I like the one where somebody loafs and fishes.

New Source of Wealth. Processes have been perfected whereby matting, binder twine and other coarse textiles are being made of the leaf fibre of the scrub palmetto and cabbage palm, which grow profusely in several of the southern states.

Use Time to Advantage.

Time, which never stands still itself, will not allow any one of us to stand still. It delivers into our hands sixty minutes every hour and compels us to dispose of them in some way. Whether we will or not, a constant accounting has to be rendered. One who falls into the habit of dissipating time dissipates not only opportunity but happiness, for the spendthrift of time becomes a spendthrift of the other things which make life worth while.—Forbes Magazine.

LEGAL ADVERTISING

NOTICE OF SPECIAL MASTER'S SALE Notice is hereby given that under and by virtue of that final decree of foreclosure and sale made and entered by the Hon. James W. Perkins, Judge of the 7th Judicial Circuit in and for Seminole County, Florida, dated the 27th day of September, A. D. 1919, in a certain cause pending in said circuit in and for Seminole County, Florida, to-wit: The N.W. 1/4, S.E. 1/4, less 10 acres or thereabouts, of Section 19, all in Township 29 South of Range 32 East. To satisfy final decree and the sums thereon: E. A. DOUGLASS, Special Master in Chancery. Mansey & Warlow, Solicitors. 7-5tc

In Circuit Court, Seminole County, State of Florida, In Chancery. Appeal by Locklare, vs. Divorce—Clyton, James Locklare, TO JAMES LOCKLARE, RED SPRINGS You are hereby ordered to appear to the bill of Complaint herein filed against you under said certified cause on the 10th day of October, 1919, at the Sanford Herald, a weekly newspaper published in Seminole County, Florida, is hereby designated as the newspaper in which this order shall appear once a week for four successive weeks, to-wit: E. A. DOUGLASS, Clerk Circuit Court. 7-5tc

Notice of Application for Tax Deed Under Section 4 of Chapter 4888, Laws of Florida. Notice is hereby given that H. M. Papworth, purchaser of Tax Certificate No. 19, dated the 4th day of June, A. D. 1917, has filed said certificate in my office, and has made application for tax deed to issue in accordance with law. Said certificate embraces the following described property situated in Seminole County, Florida, to-wit: Lot 7, New Upstate, The said land being assessed at the date of the issuance of such certificate in the name of E. Laran. Unless said certificate be redeemed according to law tax deed will issue thereon on the 3rd day of November, A. D. 1919. Witness my official signature and seal this 3rd day of October, A. D. 1919. (SEAL) E. A. DOUGLASS, Clerk Circuit Court Seminole County, Florida. 7-5tc By V. M. DOUGLASS, D. C.

Notice of Application for Tax Deed Under Section 4 of Chapter 4888, Laws of Florida. Notice is hereby given that A. L. Taveau, purchaser of Tax Certificate No. 361, dated the 4th day of June, A. D. 1917, has filed said certificate in my office, and has made application for tax deed to issue in accordance with law. Said certificate embraces the following described property situated in Seminole County, Florida, to-wit: Lot 364 Plan of Sub Division of Land Belonging to Altamonte L. H. & N. Co. The said land being assessed at the date of the issuance of such certificate in the name of Unknown. Unless said certificate be redeemed according to law tax deed will issue thereon on the 3rd day of November, A. D. 1919. Witness my official signature and seal this 3rd day of October, A. D. 1919. (SEAL) E. A. DOUGLASS, Clerk Circuit Court Seminole County, Florida. 7-5tc By V. M. Douglas, D. C.

In Circuit Court Seventh Judicial Circuit Seminole County Bank, a corporation Complainant vs. W. W. Fry, W. R. Pell and S. Sherman as Trustees of Celery City Aerie No. 1853 of Fraternal Order of Eagles, a corporation for profit, and the Celery City Aerie No. 1853 of the Fraternal Order of Eagles, a corporation not for profit, vs. W. L. Bell, W. W. R. Pell and S. Sherman, as Trustees of Celery City Aerie No. 1853 of Fraternal Order of Eagles as successors in and to the name of W. W. R. Pell, E. L. Brown, C. A. Betts, F. B. Bradley, O. C. Bryant, J. H. Cowan, G. R. Calhoun, E. A. Douglas, V. E. Douglas, E. L. Dinkie, Joe Fernandez, T. O. Gillis, M. J. Gallagher, J. P. Hoolehan, J. E. Hunt, E. A. Hart, James A. Johnson, C. A. Kentner, J. F. Mahar, J. F. Mitchell, Louis Palm, W. L. Pell, S. Ruff, G. W. Smith, James Sawyer, Alex Vaughan, John Vanderhook, G. W. Venable, C. C. Walker, C. H. Woodruff, Elmer de Camp, Geo. A. DeCottet, S. P. Doudney in his own right and as trustee for the following named estate qui trusts, O. F. Allen, E. L. Brown, C. A. Betts, F. B. Bradley, O. C. Bryant, J. H. Cowan, G. R. Calhoun, E. A. Douglas, V. E. Douglas, E. L. Dinkie, Joe Fernandez, T. O. Gillis, M. J. Gallagher, J. P. Hoolehan, J. E. Hunt, E. A. Hart, James A. Johnson, C. A. Kentner, J. F. Mahar, J. F. Mitchell, Louis Palm, W. L. Pell, S. Ruff, G. W. Smith, James Sawyer, Alex Vaughan, John Vanderhook, G. W. Venable, C. C. Walker, C. H. Woodruff, Elmer de Camp, Geo. A. DeCottet, S. P. Doudney in his own right and as trustee for the following named estate qui trusts, namely G. W. Smith, J. H. Cowan, C. A. Betts, E. L. Brown, James A. Johnson, James Sawyer, J. F. Mahar, C. C. Woodruff, T. O. Gillis, C. H. Walsh, Joe Fernandez, O. C. Bryant, V. E. Douglas, F. B. Bradley, P. E. Hogan, J. E. Hoolehan, W. R. Pell, S. Ruff, E. L. Dinkie, S. C. Walker, Defendants. To the defendants, G. R. Calhoun, T. O. Gillis, J. M. Hunt, F. A. Hart, J. P. Mitchell, Louis Palm, C. H. Walsh: It appearing from the aforesaid bill herein that you are non-residents of the state of Florida and that all of you are over the age of twenty-one years and that your places of residence are as follows: G. R. Calhoun, Pitkin, Colorado; T. O. Gillis, 26 Tifton St., Atlanta, Ga.; J. M.

Cont. Route 2, Marion, Virginia, F. A. Hart, Savannah, Georgia; J. P. Mitchell, 1219 North Grand Avenue, Sherman, Texas; Louis Palm, Catawba Sanitarium, Virginia; C. H. Walsh, Wilmington, North Carolina. It is hereby ordered that you do appear in this court to the bill filed herein on the third day of November, A. D. 1919. It is further ordered that this order be published once a week for four consecutive weeks in the Sanford Herald, a newspaper published in said Seminole county, Florida. Witness my hand and the seal of said Circuit Court this 24th day of September, A. D. 1919. (seal) E. A. DOUGLASS, Clerk of Circuit Court. A. K. Powers, Solicitor for Complainant. 6-4tc

In Circuit Court, Seventh Judicial Circuit, In and for Seminole County, Florida, In Chancery. O. P. Swope, Complainant, vs. E. S. Seavey et al, Defendants. State of Florida, county of Seminole. Order of Publication. To: E. S. Seavey, William P. Rogers, Thomas H. Seavey, Thomas H. Levy, E. S. Brock and Martha Bro L. his wife, E. S. Seavey and Cynthia Seavey, his wife, J. C. Melville, Cooper Grocery Company, a corporation, John L. Brand, Wesley L. Branch, T. W. Moran, Hillsborough Grocery Company, a corporation, E. M. McNatt, J. H. Melville, E. M. Putnam, James A. Levey, James Sevey, J. D. Thompson, Wm. E. Alexander, Alexander and Russel, and W. E. Alexander. It appearing from the affidavit of O. P. Swope, the complainant, in the above suit herein filed, that it is the belief of the affiant that the places of residence of the above named defendants are unknown; that there is no person in the state the service of a subpoena upon whom would bind said defendants, and that it is his belief that said defendants are over the age of twenty-one (21) years of age. You are hereby ordered to appear to this bill on Monday, the 1st day of December, A. D. 1919, the same being a Rule Day of this Court. It is further ordered that this notice be published for eight consecutive weeks in the Sanford Herald, a newspaper published in Sanford, Seminole County, Florida. Witness L. A. Douglas, Clerk of said Circuit Court and the seal thereof this 17th day of September, A. D. 1919. (seal) E. A. DOUGLASS, Clerk. Davis Giles, Solicitors for Complainant. 5-9tc



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