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5-24-1926

## This Week in Sanford, Vol. 01, No. 19, May 24, 1926

Arthur R. Curnick

J. Henry Wulbern

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# THIS WEEK IN SANFORD

Published in the Interest of Seminole County, Florida

AMUSEMENTS

Social and Fashion Notes

REAL ESTATE LETTER

CHAMBER OF COMMERCE NEWS

SPORTS

News of the Churches

DAILY CALENDAR

Three Thousand Guaranteed Circulation Every Week in Seminole County

Volume 1

FOR THE WEEK BEGINNING MAY 24

Number 19

## What's Going On

Reflections Caught on the Mirror of Sanford Life Today

(A weekly feature)

We are all fond of youth; it embodies most of what is worth living for. The other afternoon we chanced to see the parade of four hundred and forty members of the Knights of the Round Table, an organization of the school children of the district. They were marching to the high school under supervision of A. F. McAllister, commander, Miss Mary Graves, city nurse and Miss Abby Doudney, county nurse.

.....

Each boy and girl carried the emblem symbolic of the order, and many were in uniform. They marched single file, and it was a long line. We searched their faces; we saw vigor, happiness, ambition. We thought of the little folks in distant land where opportunities of education are unknown, where squalor and hunger roam. We saw the Sanford of tomorrow marching by,—and we are more than ever confident of the future. Credit to these leaders who work for the health of the children.



ONE OF SEMINOLE COUNTY'S  
BEAUTY SPOTS

News of the leasing of the Seminole Hotel by the Valdez interests is important. It means further betterment of the hotel situation here, for plans are prepared for improvements in the famous old Seminole. Mr. Herndon leaves his post with the

knowledge of a community's appreciation for long service rendered.

.....

Do you enjoy human interest stories? There's plenty of it in the local court rooms. In this issue you will find some of these tales, under a new heading, "What Saith Solomon?" a new regular feature of THIS WEEK IN SANFORD.

.....

The political atmosphere is getting considerably charged. We believe Seminole County citizens will go to the polls with one purpose only, the welfare of the section. This is a place where all else fades,—and be sure to vote.

.....

That canal project to the East Coast, so long considered a wild dream, is daily approaching the digging stage. So doth progress follow dreams and pessimism fall.

.....

Did you note that Florida is importing \$24,000,000 worth of milk products annually? And that with some of the very best dairy land in America all about us. Opportunity is fairly crying at us all over the state in this industry with demand at good prices positively assured.

.....

Sanford, the city clean.

## SAN LANTA

SANFORD'S RESIDENTIAL MASTERPIECE

CONSTRUCTION—All BUILDINGS constructed in SAN LANTA, must be of SPANISH architecture. Plans and specifications MUST be passed by the developers.

RESULTS—A HIGHLY RESTRICTED, DISTINCTIVE, MASTER DEVELOPMENT. A vacant lot or home under construction for you. CALL US.

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REALTORS

SALES AGENTS

First National Bank Building

Sanford, Florida



## This Week In Sanford

Published Weekly at 204 N. Park Ave., Sanford

Advertising Rates on Application

Arther R. Curnick, Editor and Publisher

Entered at Postoffice, Sanford, Florida, as third  
Class Matter

### THE EDITOR'S CORNER

*Hewing to the line, let the chips fall where  
they may*

### SHINE 'EM UP

Where thirty-second street New York City, joins sixth avenue, there's a little boothblack, not four feet in the most liberal dimensions. A red-headed Irish boy, by the urchins of the district named "Ratty", once presided there. He was one of the most popular boys in all the great metropolis. He sang forever and anon, "Shine 'em up boys, shine 'em up."

We stood there one windy, November day a few years back,—watching. Business men, tourists, spruce little shop and office girls,—on they came, in seemingly endless line;—and "Ratty" plied his brush to good effect. Then suddenly a "gutter-snipe," a loafer, a "bum", from somewhere. His clothes were ragged, his shoes were out at the heels; he was unshaven.

"Shine 'em up," called "Ratty." The "snipe" stopped. We watched his face closely. His face, hardened by God-alone-knows what experiences, relaxed a bit, then more,—and then he smiled. We venture it was his first smile in weeks. His hand came from his torn pocket a moment later, with a single dime. He had his shine.

Folks, there's something about cleanliness that makes happiness, whether it be a clean shoe or a clean city. The Lions Club of Sanford has done more than launch a movement to make Sanford more attractive to the stranger in our gates; it has set loose a movement of cheer that will effect every man, woman and child in the community.

In this issue, we have a special section devoted to this campaign. In that section, without malice we report a survey made of conditions in the town. We believe that publicity will serve to arouse a new consciousness of the general public to the importance of trim lawns, of swept sidewalks, of clean homes.

Do you know what every English housewife does or has done the first thing each morning; she washes the stoop, the steps. She cleans the face of her house, almost as soon as she washes her own.

Sanford is on the whole a well-kept and pretty city, but the finest and most beautiful things are all the more blemished by spots that tarnish. Let everyone of us get down to business on this clean-up campaign, get the weeds out of the grass, get the lawn mower going regularly, get the windows bright and clear, and throw on a coat of paint where needed.

Look over your house, your yard,—tonight.

## First National Bank

Sanford, Florida



RESOURCES: \$3,600,000

WE SERVE



### The Seminole County Bank

FORREST LAKE

President

First Street, Corner Magnolia Avenue

## Sanford Bank & Trust Company

SANFORD, FLORIDA

W. H. Tunnicliffe, *President*

L. M. Marshall, *Cashier*

Dr. S. Puleston, *Vice-President*

H. M. Giles, *Ass't Cashier*

ALL DEPOSITS INSURED

## There's a Happy Home for Some One in Sanford Grove

The first house, a beautiful bungalow, erected from special architectural designs, is now nearly complete. Ride out and inspect it.

Paving on Geneva Avenue is Progressing Rapidly.

Remember:—Prices will leap shortly in

### Sanford Grove

E. C. MILLER, *President*

Phone 249

First National Bank Bldg.





# AMUSEMENT SECTION

THE WEEK IN LOCAL THEATRES—NOTES FROM STAGE AND FILM



A true Broadway sensation starts off the week at the Milane Theatre, "Sally, Irene and Mary" with Sally O'Neil, Joan Crawford and Constance Bennett. Sally was a bad girl, you remember, and Mary was the good girl,—Irene a victim of circumstance. There is plenty of lavish luxury, the old flame and the moth, and comic touches that relieve the pressure. This is a good picture.

On Tuesday comes a Paramount Picture, "It's the Old Army Game" featuring Louise Brooks and W. C. Fields. Most advance light on pictures assures of a series of striking features; this time they tell us that strictly speaking there are no highlights, just one long series of laughs which begin in a drug store,—and never cease. Somebody once said all life centers in a drug store, from the baby's bottle to the embalming fluid;—this sounds interesting.

Will Haines goes to college as Tom Brown in Thursday's picture, disgraces himself by causing the University to lose a crew race with Yale, and loses a sweetheart as well. Things work out satisfactorily by and by, but there is

a packed-full-plot of action and dramatic interest from end to end of this film. Jack Pickford, Mary Brian and Francis X. Bushman add contributions to the story,—a powerful cast indeed. The name of the picture is "Brown of Harvard."

You've heard about the "Rainmakers" that come along in dry spells and by certain occult procedure prevail on Old Jupiter Pluvius to start the clouds to rolling. A picture by that name sounds scientific, but it is far more than that. It is truly a love-drama of regeneration, coming Wednesday with William Collier, Jr., and popular Georgia Hale in the title roles. Thrills predominate, race track, dance halls, raging fires and floods.

The heart throbs come pounding along on Friday, with Corrine Griffith in "Infatuation," a glamorous love drama in which Corrine is truly "infatuating." The plot is laid in Egypt, the home country of Cleopatra and the shicks, and action of the fastest kind is promised. What would you do if your wife confessed love for another?—that's the question;—the play

gives the answer. You remember Corrine in "Black Oxen"—that's enough to bring us to the Milane on Friday.

The bing-bang-bing returns on Saturday, with a dashing, fighting picture, "My Old Pal." Tom Mix has a star role this time and you're going to need a good night's sleep to get over this one.

## NOTES OF THE SCREEN

Have you ever seen Warner Oland on the screen? It has recently been determined that he has played the part of a villain 83 times,—and for a real assignment we think that is it. In "Infatuation" this week he portrays a crafty Moslem whose actions are thoroughly despicable.

Jack Pickford has finally died,—on the screen. For the first time in his long career in moving pictures he plays a death bed scene in "Brown of Harvard" and declares it was one of the hardest jobs of his life.

That picture is going to thrill college students and all lovers of sport. The gridiron has its part in the story with the hardest kind of playing. Personally, we enjoy these sporting pictures among the very most.

Fields has a terrible time with his Ford in this picture, and who hasn't?

Are you watching those Princess Theatre programs? Some remarkable pictures are showing there. Full program on page 16 of this and the last page of every issue of THIS WEEK IN SANFORD.



Corrine Griffith in "Infatuation"

## The Milane Theatre

The Latest and Best in  
Photo Drama Attractions

WATCH THIS PAGE WEEKLY

For Announcement Reviews

TRADE AT—

Kanner's Department Store



Outfitters for the Home and  
Family

213-215 Sanford Ave. Phone 550





# THE SPORTING LIFE



## NEW MEMBERS TO TENNIS ASSOCIATION POURING IN

Sanford is ready for a quick and certain development in tennis; no question remains about that. For the past two weeks a steadily growing response has come to our announcement of a tennis club and tournament, and we are ready with most of the plans for the contest. In this column you folks who are going after the cup will find an entry blank ready to be filled out.

The tentative executive committee is made up as follows: Vance Douglass, R. Holler, Jr., the Rev. Dr. F. D. King, Rex Racoosin, John Hudgens and Arthur R. Curnick. This committee met on Thursday evening last and formulated plans for requesting the city government to improve the existant courts immediately.

Committees were appointed to supervise the tournament; to cooperate with the city on improvements of courts and grounds; to nominate permanent officers of the association, and to handle publicity for tennis interests.

Actual dates for the tournament are held up for one week in order that we may know the time when the courts will be in proper condition for tournament play. We hope to make these dates positive in our issue of May 31. It is probable that three days of preliminaries will precede the days of semi-finals and finals.

Meanwhile, SIGN THE ENTRY BLANKS AT ONCE. The tournament is open to any male resident of Sanford for six months, over fifteen years of age. You will provide your own rackets and flat soled tennis shoes; regulation balls will be provided.

The cup is still in Viele's window. Who wants it engraved with his name, with retention for one year? Let's go.

The Celery Feds returned from a hard trip, where things didn't break just right,—but with the spirit that goes with teams we like they settled down to business against Fort Myers, one of the most powerful aggregations in the league,—and won two out of three. That's the sort of thing that is bringing crowds to the ball park,—and a thrill of happiness to the whole community.

Date \_\_\_\_\_

Sanford Tennis Association  
Care "This Week in Sanford,"  
204 North Park Ave., Sanford, Fla.—

Gentlemen:

I hereby apply for entry into the first annual championship tennis tournament to be held in Sanford, June, 1926, and agree to abide by all rules as outlined by your association.

Signed \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

## HIGHLAND PARK

Sanfords, Most Exclusive Residential Development, Artistic, Unique.  
Distinctive, Different

IN A CLASS BY ITSELF

Highly Restricted, Close In and yet not High Priced

Very Attractive Inducements to Builders of High Class Homes

**W. M. YOUNG**  
OWNER AND DEVELOPER

208 North Park Avenue

## A CENTURY OLD MASTERPIECE

THE KIND OF A PLACE YOU WOULD LOVE TO CALL HOME

## WYNNEWOOD

VALUES ARE BOUND TO INCREASE

*The Sanford Realty Company*

H. S. LONG, Manager

## DIXIE COACH LINE

SOUTH BOUND—DELAND-SANFORD

Leave Daytona 8:00 A. M.—10:00 A. M.—2:00 P. M.—4:45 P. M.

NORTH BOUND—DELAND-DAYTONA

Leave Sanford 7:15 A. M.—10:00 A. M.—1:00 P. M.—4:00 P. M.

### FARES

|            |        |
|------------|--------|
| To DeLand  | \$ .90 |
| To Daytona | 2.00   |
| Round Trip | 3.65   |

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VALDEZ HOTEL  
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## Laney's Drug Store

Service and Courtesy

Whitman's and Nunnally's Candies

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*We Appreciate Your Business*

## Valdez Hotel

Strictly Modern  
European Plan

WURT W WARNER, Manager



# BAUMEL'S

EXCLUSIVE GOWNS AND  
MILLINERY

Full Department for the Children

SERVICE TO ALL

"The Post Office is next door to us."

## THE SNAPSHOT COLUMN

Little Pictures From Society and the Fashions

It seemed delightful to see the United States government flag flying in Lake Monroe last week. Did you notice it? The United States Navigation Launch "Tarragon," commanded by Capt. Packard, stopped with us for two days during a tour of survey in the St. Johns river. We wish she had flown a little neater flag, but economies at Washington are necessary, too, we suppose.

Mrs. Frank Miller entertained the Fortnightly Bridge Club at her home on Magnolia avenue on Wednesday afternoon, and we understand it was one of the best played tournaments—is that a fair word for a bridge party?—in town for a long time. Sanford women are playing a lively game of bridge these days, sure 'nough.

A good representation of music lovers of the city turned out to the recital by Miss Margaret Davis at her studio on West First street. The pupils of Miss Davis played excellently, and were rewarded by the appreciation of the audience and by a luncheon served by their instructor, assisted by Mrs. Claude Herndon and Mrs. A. M. Phillips.

The women of the city are pretty well through with the proverbial house cleaning season, but the yard cleaning season is on now. This Clean Up idea of the Lions Club is attracting wide interest; they've put it over in a publicity way, and that is what counts. Sanford is a pretty town anyway, but a pretty town is a lot prettier when it is as near spotless as can be.

Somebody said the other day that there are more beautiful girls in Sanford than in any city in Florida;—this particular somebody was a travelling salesman, and who would know better? We rush this information to print for your edification and encouragement. Let's do even better than that, girls.

The high-school parent teachers association has done a splendid work of service this year. High praise has been given them by the executives of the educational department of the city. A larger organization is planned for next season.

Hotel arrivals continue to hold up remarkably for the season of the year. And have you noticed the number of out-of-state cars that are reaching Sanford from the north; that's the best feature of it.

The trips on the "Welaka" on Lake Monroe are certainly gaining in popularity. If you are not enjoying the delightful breezes, it's just too bad.

The girls who play tennis are almost ready to start an insurrection because they are not included in the tennis tournament this year. We have heard a little story going round however that they are to have their innings a little later. Better stroke the ball a little and get ready for whatever happens. There are some mighty good women players of the net game in town. Wonder who really is best?

The girls are joining the tennis association, too. They can get in that to stay, and that means to play.

### FLORIDA NUGGETS

It is not an uncommon thing to grow \$1,000 worth of produce on a Florida acre.

There have been 10,000 quarts of strawberries grown on an acre of land in Florida.

Florida trees supply fruits, nuts, oils, sweets, dyes, drugs, chemicals, tar, pitch, rosin, turpentine, gum, lumber, creosote and moss, all marketable and of use to man.

A Complete Line  
of  
Women's  
Ready-to-Wear  
Clothing

NOVELTY SHOES  
SPECIAL SPRING SHOWING

## THE OUTLET

Opposite the Post Office

## The Quality Shop

Exclusive Representative For

GAGE, KNOX AND FISK  
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Phone 597-J 108 Park Avenue

## Mi-Lady's Shoppe

110 Magnolia Avenue

EXCLUSIVE MILLINERY  
GIFTS

DRY GOODS SHOES

Mens Furnishings  
Ladies Ready-to-Wear  
Millinery

## Sanford Dry Goods Co.

S. A. Irwin  
2nd Street at Sanford Ave.

## KRONEN'S

Ladies' Apparel Shop

309 East 1st. Phone 164-J

Coats - Frocks  
Millinery

"We Say It With Values"

To the first person who brings this advertisement to 204 North Park avenue after 8:30 A. M. Monday, May 24, four free tickets will be given to the Milane Theatre.

CALL US, WE CALL

## Laney Dry Cleaning Co.

FRENCH DRY CLEANING  
PRESSING AND DYEING

110 East Second St. Phone 465

## See Us If You Want

Baseball Gloves Bats

Footballs

Golf and Tennis Supplies

Air Rifles, Wagons, Autos

Velocipedes. Tot Bikes

## HILL HARDWARE CO.



## WHAT THE CLUBS ARE DOING

A column devoted to the activities of the Kiwanis, Lions, Rotary and Women's Clubs.

### WOMAN'S CLUB

The last meeting of the Music Department for the year was held on Tuesday and the program given was complimentary to the Cecilian Music Club.

After the short business meeting Mrs. D. P. Drummond congratulated the members of the Cecilian Club on their work and spoke of how much Mrs. Fannie Munson and her music have meant to the city.

Mrs. Drummond introduced Mrs. W. S. Leak, the new Chairman of the department for the coming year, and Mrs. Leak then took charge of the program. Mrs. Leak gave an excellent talk explaining the different parts of the "Nonsense Song Cycle" by Lisa Leyman. The Cycle was beautifully given by a quartette composed of Mrs. A. M. Phillips, Mrs. T. C. Loveless, Mr. Joseph Graham, and Mr. Paul Emge, accompanied by Mrs. R. R. Deas.

The club house was beautifully decorated and the guests were seated at small tables. During the social hour which followed the program Mrs. W. L. Henley presented the retiring Chairman, Mrs. Drummond, with a lovely string of pearls, gift of the department. Delicious refreshments were served by the hostesses Mrs. Kent Rossiter, Miss Jimmie Laing, and Mrs. J. E. Wathen.

### KIWANIS

The regular meeting of the Kiwanis was held at the Indian Mound Village, on Wednesday. Indian Mound Village, to those who do not know, is situated near the beautiful "Gitchigumme"—meaning St. John's, the big water.

This was the original "Back to America" meeting and the committee in charge consisted of K. B. McCracken, Ralph Chapman and Frank Miller, with Ed Lane—otherwise known as Chief Kickapoo—presiding.

Sixty-five palefaces were provided with a fine chicken pillau dinner by old chief "Ham Bone," and all the palefaces rode into the village on their mustangs (bivers). The council-fire was started at 12:15 and Pocahontas, a fair Indian maiden, executed a toe-dance with variations which was greatly enjoyed by all.

### ROTARY

Plans have been completed for the Rotarian trip to Denver. Leon LeRoy, Gene Roumillat and Walter Haynes are planning to attend, as well as several others from Sanford.

At the regular meeting on Tuesday the program was under the auspices of Arthur Yowell. Mr. Yowell introduced Judge Housholder, who gave a splendid talk on "Reputation."

S. O. Shinholser will have charge of the program next week.

### WEEKLY NEWS LETTER FROM SANFORD'S CHURCHES

It is a part of the policy of this magazine to further in all possible ways the church interests of the city. This column aims to act as a clearing house for information on the church life of the community and for interchange of thought between all denominations and the public. Contributions to this column must be in the office of THIS WEEK IN SANFORD by Wednesday before the Monday of publication. We reserve all rights of publication and editorial attention.

### FIRST PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH

"The Good Fellowship Group" of the Men of the Presbyterian Church met Monday night for a long discussion of plans for developing

cordiality among the men of the Church, and for making that Church known as a friendly church. Mr. R. E. Baldwin is chairman of this group and Mr. J. D. Brown is secretary. It is composed of 20 men.

A South Florida Presbyterian layman's convention was held in Lakeland Tuesday, the 18th. The men spent the day in discussing ways and means whereby men could serve the Sunday school. The following men from Sanford Presbyterian Church attended the meeting: Messrs. R. E. Baldwin, C. A. Byrd, H. C. DuBose, C. E. Henry, R. H. Muirhead, P. B. Smith, D. L. Thrasher, and E. D. Brownlee.

The women of the Presbyterian Church are preparing an elaborate and attractive pageant on Indian life, which will be presented to the women of the church Monday, May 24, at 4 P. M. in the social rooms of the church.

### FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH

The services yesterday were especially interesting in that they marked the fourth anniversary of the pastorate of Dr. F. D. King. His sermon "looked forward and not back" pointing to an even greater service to the membership and the community. Remarkable progress has been made in membership and all church activities during the four years.

### THE METHODIST CHURCH

A large crowd of Epworth League members attended the regular monthly meeting of the Central Florida Union Friday night at Orlando and reported a splendid time.

The Truth Seekers Class will hold their regular monthly business and social meeting on Monday afternoon at the home of Mrs. W. H. Hollinhan on West First Street at 3:30 o'clock.

Mrs. Castles gave a delightful picnic and swimming party to the members of her Sunday

Political Advertisement

School class on Tuesday afternoon at Silver Lake.

With the addition of new chairs on Sunday morning the church was able to make the Sunday school scholars more comfortable and seat more members. The Sunday school has been constantly growing since the advent of spring and it had been a little hard to find seats for all, but it is now felt that all who may come can be accommodated.

A meeting of the men of the church has been called for Friday night to talk over the organization of the Wesley Brotherhood in Sanford. This organization will be perfected within the near future and will be a great help to the men of the church.

The members of Circle No. Three will meet at Mrs. J. E. Courier's, 1209 Palmetto Avenue, on Wednesday, May 26 at 3 o'clock. Mrs. Courier will be assisted by Mrs. J. M. Moye.

### CHURCH OF THE HOLY CROSS

CALENDAR

#### Sunday

9:45—Church School  
11:00—Holy Communion and sermon  
8:00—Evening prayer and sermon

#### Wednesday

8:00—Rector's Bible Class

The general public is cordially invited to all services.

One notable event in Holy Cross Church work this past week was the meeting held at the Seminole Cafe on Friday. There were 75 men present to plan and to assist in the work of the church.

On Monday afternoon a joint meeting of the women of the parish was held at the home of Mrs. B. F. Whitner. The yearly united offering which was turned in was almost double any sum collected before, showing the interest in the live work of the church is increasing.

## TO THE LADIES

Senator Fletcher voted against Woman Suffrage. Mr. Carter believes it was just and proper to give women the right to vote and that they should be accorded equal rights and opportunities in the affairs of government.

Vote for  
**JERRY W. CARTER**

for  
United States Senator



# THE CITY of SANFORD'S CLEAN UP and PAINT UP CAMPAIGN

## CLEANING UP SANFORD

LION'S CRUSADE ENLISTS ALL CITIZENS  
IN DETERMINATION TO FURBISH  
THE CITY

With brooms and dustraps, shovels and rakes and hoes, with soap and water and paint-brush and "ads" and editorials and news items and cartoons, the citizens of Sanford are toiling away under the banner of the Lions Club in the campaign to make this the City Spotless, the City Beautiful, the City Healthful, of Inland Florida.

The clean-up, paint-up crusade which was begun Tuesday the 18th and will be ended Monday the 31st, promises to be one of the most substantial and profitable undertakings in the municipal annals. THIS WEEK IN SANFORD as a public instrument for the success of Seminole County, congratulates the Lions Club for bringing forward the plan and the community for so promptly and earnestly putting it into effect.

The practical advantages of such a campaign cannot be measured in dollars and cents, for the city today is judged more than ever before by first impressions. With the accession of the automobile people pass from community to community so rapidly that judgment of necessity must be hurried. A city that is clean is just that much more attractive.

At the time of this writing there appears no reason to doubt that the labor of the owners and occupiers of properties, the cooperation of city officials, and the supervisory efforts of the campaign inspection committees will have made Sanford an even brighter and cleaner place to live, when the campaign is over.

The fair name of any city is in the hands of its citizens.



Exclusive Picture Especially Secured of the Lions Club Parade on the  
Opening Day of the Clean Up Campaign

## CELERY CITY LUMBER & SUPPLY CO.

HEADQUARTERS FOR

|                  |                        |
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| Lumber           | Plaster                |
| Sash and Doors   | Roofing                |
| Builder Hardware | Screens                |
| Lime             | Window and Door Frames |
| Cement           | Mill Work              |

COURTESY—QUALITY—SERVICE

H. T. LIPSCOMB, Manager

W. P. CARTER, Asst. Manager

Address West Third Street—Telephone 565



# - GETTING DOWN TO THIS CLEAN UP BUSINESS -

## AN INDEPENDENT SURVEY OF UN-CLEANED-UP SPOTS TO ENGAGE CAMPAIGN ATTENTION

Rather in a spirit of helpful suggestion than from any desire to criticize, THIS WEEK IN SANFORD made a brief independent survey a few days ago of business and residential sections of the city as a right thing to do in connection with the Clean-up, Paint-up Campaign now in progress.

Here are some points noted in the observation:

Particularly in the south and west sections, and to some extent in the north section, attractive and valuable properties are hurt, and a sense of good civics is offended, by the condition of many unimproved lots. A litter of ragged vegetation is little less displeasing than a litter of man-made rubbish. In this connection, owners of development property could greatly increase the demand for that property, and thereby raise its market value, by leveling and seeding unsold lots, and keeping them trimly lawned, instead of waiting for purchasers to come along and do that natural work. The merchant who would display dusty, unkempt, or rusty goods in his window would be considered a fool; the more valuable the goods the bigger the fool. The outdoors is the real-estate owner's or developer's show-window.

One of the most untidy spots in town is the alley off Commercial Street, between Park and Magnolia avenue. A part of the public, at least, does pass in automobiles through alleys. It is a far cry from the painted neatness of the Valdez hotel to the condition of this way.

The alley in the rear of the Piggly Wiggly

and adjacent stores presents a condition calling for prompt and permanent improvement.

The delightfully shaded plot in the rear of the Post Office property could be transformed, with a little work and expenditure, into one of the most charming bits of close-in ground. The one green bench there should have companions, and the rank verdure a hair-cut; this much at least.

Speaking of shade is speaking of trees, and in their connection a suggestion: The whole aspect of the city could be improved if property-owners and lessors would trim off dead branches and the lower dreary fronds of palm and palmetto trees, fronds that are beautiful when greenly alive and abominable when yellowly deceased.

Do some First-street sidewalks between Sanford avenue and the railroad tracks have to be quite so dirty? Does the whole business district have to be quite so dusty? or would it be wise further still to advertise the downtown thoroughfares of The City Substantial by sprinkling the hot asphalt frequently? Better yet, could the Fire Department sluice down the heated pavements daily, as is done in so many cities?

The unpaved parking space in the rear of the bakery and the cafe at the southeast corner of First and Oak is deep in oil-impregnated dust and contains an unsightly litter of business trash.

The considerable siding-space along the east of the Sanford Machine Shop and in front of and along the west of the Chase & Company warehouse is rank with weeds and tall wild grass that all but bury the railroad tracks. Some facetious visitor might be forgiven if he looked askance at this mid-town blot and in-

quired if it was meant as a memento of the Great Embargo.

Waste-cans on First street (or anywhere, for that matter) do not need to stand uncovered to a hard-working sun. And a litter of peanut-shells and torn soiled newspapers does not improve the trade of booth-lack-stands and open store-fronts.

There is a huddle of shacks and cottages on Union avenue about two blocks east of Sanford avenue where Negro families inhabit. This spot, by reason of throw-out refuse, unclean living, and general delapidation, is an eyesore and a menace to health in the community.

No doubt many if not all of these scattering nuisances will have been attended to before the close of the Clean-up Campaign. Sanford has so much to be proud of that it cannot afford to be made ashamed in "small" things—if the matters here referred to can be considered small.

In fine contradistinction are the excellent keep-up of Central Park, the improvement in Ninth Street Park, and the charming effect achieved on the grounds at the East Coast Railroad station. And the liveliest appreciation should go out to the hundreds of Sanford families who, without urging, keep the grounds about their attractive homes fresh with trimmed lawns and lovely with flowering plants. That is good citizenship.

### FLORIDA NUGGETS

Florida has 2,218 common schools, 220 high schools, 4 state schools for higher education, 16 denominational colleges, three industrial schools, one for boys, one for girls, and one for the deaf and blind.

## *Values Will Never be Lower in "Properties of Merit"*

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# Attention!

Make Sanford as Clean as it is Substantial!

## Citizens

We are now in the midst of a CLEAN UP and PAINT UP CAMPAIGN.

## Do Your Part

To make every section, every street, and every property in Sanford spotless and attractive. You have made Sanford The City Substantial, now make it The City Beautiful.

## Congratulations

To the Lions Club as Originator of the Campaign.

---

### THE CITY COMMISSIONERS

FORREST LAKE, *Mayor*

S. O. CHASE

E. F. HOUSHOLDER





# WHY WE LOVE SANFORD



*You Can Almost Hear the Heart-Beats of Nature in Lovely Places Like These,—Seminole County*

---

## Bond-Hill Lumber Company

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*Bond Grade*

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*Zip Service*

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### WHAT SAITH SOLOMON?

It was a black day in Judge White's Court. Every Monday, Wednesday, and Friday morning at 10 is more or less a black day in the White Court at Police Headquarters, but this particular day the chromatic tone which the text-books so strangely define as "absence of all color" was comparable to the night described by Henley as "black as the pit from pole to pole." The courtroom ached with blackness.

A tallish Negro stood slouched to middle height before the pipe-railed bar, the bar where Accusation, brightly brave in brass and blue brings bound its human sacrifices to the Law. (This pipe-railing which halts the march of captives at the brink of their impatient fate is a dull battleship gray. All galvanized-pipe railings are a dull battleship gray before being painted. When they remain unpainted, they retain the shade. It is not a cheerful shade. It is not meant to be a cheerful rail.)

"You!" spoke crisply yet casually the excellent, youthful Judge. "How many times have you been up here before? Two-three?"

The slouching Negro lifted one shoulder, and let it sag. "Lawd, Judge, I done been up heah a *hunderd* times. Ev' time I strai'tens out they bring me up heah. What I get this time, Judge?" He heaved himself to full height—"straitened out."

The exceedingly human young Judge made no signal to stop the laughter in the crowded court; gave it his consent by smiling whimsically. "Thirty-five dollars or thirty days," he sentenced. Smiling can mean such a number of things. What saith Solomon? He that being often reproved hardeneth the neck, shall suddenly be destroyed, and that without remedy.

If black sure enough is "the absence of all color," tell me where the next case on the docket got its complexion. And out of what Golconda, Ophir, Nome, or Tonopah emerged the glittering battery of gold that was its teeth? How they could smile!

Two officers—one wore a pink, pink rose in his uniform coat—handed up to the bench a two-quart jug, a pint milk-bottle, and one new tin funnel. The jug was corked and as empty as the funnel; the milk-bottle was full, and coverless. Which is quite like the police. It contained a water-clear substance that might have been gin, might have been the best mountain dew, and was neither.

The Judge's nose, when he casually applied the member, said it was neither. His complete countenance, personal and judicial, said it was not either. If the florists could say it with flowers as eloquently as the Judge said it with his speechless face, the wide world would be one clamorous bloom.

The Judge set the bottle down on his bar (of Justice) and motioned that it be taken away. He bent his round brown eyes upon the human goldmine at the rail. Such an earnest gaze I do not often see. Such frank curiosity, unguarded and unashamed, is not common upon the physiognomies of the Courts.

A long time the Judge gazed down thus,

### BOND-HILL BEAUTIFIES

The Bond-Hill Lumber Company, Holly avenue at Eleventh, Twelfth, and Thirteenth streets, is entering into the spirit of the City Beautiful Campaign earnestly. Those buildings of the extensive lumber-yards—yards covering three full city blocks—which are of frame construction are being dressed in a coat of ivory-tone paint with clear green trimming, an outstanding and attractive effect.

And in a yard-space on the east side of the office building, at Holly avenue, an aged Negro, Bill Thomas, is proudly at work on a formal garden. Bill was 20 years a retainer of the elder (the late W. J. Hill,) founder 40 or more years ago of the present company; he is putting an old loyalty as well as hard work and no small skill into the Bond-Hill garden plot.

The officers of the company say there will be no cleaner, neater business grounds in Sanford than the Bond-Hill yards when the work of the City Beautiful Campaign is finished.

round eyes never winking, delicate uplifted eyebrows never lowering; and I watched, fascinated, the slowly forming question frame the lips, until, breaking in tones of gentle awe the perfect silence, it came at last:

"What—is—it?"

It does not matter what the Teeth answered there at the rail, because I don't remember; I knew, everybody present knew, what "it" was; knew that "it" was bottled murder, arson, assault, battery, insanity, scandal, and sudden death. We had looked at the Judge, and we knew.

"Well then," the young Judge assembled himself at length to say, "you're guilty and you know it and I know it—we all know it; and you plead guilty, don't you? Yes, of course; certainly." The Court stroked thoughtfully its young chin; a good chin. "I—don't know just what to do with you." He knew exactly what to do with him; he was merely reflecting, as did Solomon his brother on the bench, that the way of him that is laden with guilt is so exceedingly crooked. "Two hundred dollars AND sixty days," murmured the young Judge.

\*\*\*\*\*

A Judge, a very nice and excellent Judge indeed, once said something confidential to me, leaning smilingly and speaking privately over his bar (of Justice) a moment after adjournment—this was long, long ago in the year One of the Volstead Calendar. The Judge said:

"I have learned to mind my tongue when I'm up here on the bench and dealing with boot-leggers. In sentencing one the other day I let myself talk. I said to him:

"You are guilty by your own plea and the evidence. But I am going to be easy on you, and the reason is this, that I am informed you never have sold any poison, but only good liquor, only genuine red liquor. They tell me that a man could drink your stuff and go on to his work next day."

"What do you think the villain answered me back? He said, 'Well, you're workin' today, sint you, Judge?'"

What saith Solomon? He that goeth about as a tale-bearer revealeth secrets; but he that is of a faithful spirit concealeth a matter. The words of a man's mouth are as deep waters. In the revenues of the wicked is trouble.

—ORADIAH OD.

### SEMINOLE PRIMER

Questions to be answered in next week's issue of THIS WEEK IN SANFORD. How many answers can you give?

- 1 What historical incident took place at Lake Harney?
- 2 How much citrus fruit was grown in Seminole County in 1925-1926?
- 3 What Parent Teachers Association in the State of Florida is the only one to offer a scholarship?
- 4 Who shipped the first car load of celery from Seminole County in 1924-1925?
- 5 Who shipped the first carload of celery in 1925-1926?

...THE...

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Only the Best Florida Properties

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Builders and Owners of Sanford's Most Beautiful Apartments, Furnished to Taste

### HOW ARE YOU ON THIS

The corner of verse has been discontinued for awhile, and we want to thank all you folks who have sent in contributions. We didn't use them all, or all the good ones, but anyway, let's have something new,—for that dollar.

This week it's a word contest. Do you know that game? It's a whiz if you don't get too excited about it.

We're going to take the words SANFORD SUBSTANTIAL. How many English words, exclusive of proper names, can you make out of those two words. To the person who sends in the largest number of words, to reach this office before Thursday afternoon, May 27, we will award one good, American dollar.

Please write clearly. It's a dollar's worth of fun, win or lose.

### IF YOU MUST LEAVE SANFORD

#### BUS SCHEDULE

|                                |                   |
|--------------------------------|-------------------|
| South Bound                    | To Orlando        |
| A. M.—8:00; 9:45; 10:45; 11:45 |                   |
| P. M.—1:45; 3:45; 5:50         |                   |
| North Bound                    | To DeLand-Daytona |
| A. M.—9:15; 10:15; 11:15       |                   |
| P. M.—1:15; 3:15; 5:15         |                   |

#### A. C. L. TRAINS

##### North Bound

|    |       |       |
|----|-------|-------|
| 82 | 2:15  | A. M. |
| 86 | 10:20 | A. M. |
| 80 | 11:25 | A. M. |
| 84 | 3:50  | P. M. |

##### South Bound

|    |       |       |
|----|-------|-------|
| 83 | 2:45  | A. M. |
| 27 | 8:55  | A. M. |
| 81 | 12:25 | P. M. |
| 89 | 3:25  | P. M. |
| 85 | 6:55  | P. M. |

### SANFORD'S NEWEST JEWELER

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Magnolia  
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## SANFORD SUBSTANTIALISMS

### NEW HEADS FOR THE CHAMBER FAMILY

At the regular meeting of the chamber of commerce on Friday, new officers of the organization were presented.—E. A. Douglass, president, S. O. Shinhouse, first vice-president and J. G. Ball, second vice-president.

Mr. Douglass in his opening official word to the body paid high tribute to the retiring president, Edward Higgins,—a richly deserved tribute,—and called on the chamber for renewed cooperation and energy for the great program of activity ahead. The applause of the members proved the confidence of that body in their leader for the next twelve months.

Three new directors have been elected, J. G. Ball, J. P. Connelly and E. A. Douglass.

Mr. Shinhouse reported the finances of the chamber are in good condition, with payment of pledges coming in steadily. It was particularly significant that the small pledges particularly are being paid almost unanimously on time, an excellent barometer of the spirit of the city.

Mr. Braxton spoke at length on the problems and progress of the St. Johns-Indian river canal

project, with detailed information as to the topographical difficulties and how they are to be met. His information is too extended to present in this column, but we plan in THIS WEEK IN SANFORD shortly to give a complete analysis of this plan and what it means to Sanford.

S. O. Chase brought the information that the Black Bear Trail, which in Florida will be State Road No. 3, from Quebec to St. Petersburg and Miami, touching at Sanford, is stirring wide favor on all hands. Plans are on foot to get Federal recognition of the trail, which eventually will mean Federal aid. A meeting of interested parties is to be held at Winchester Virginia, June 2 and 3, and a committee of three will attend from Sanford. It is probable that other members of the chamber, appreciating the importance of this matter, will drive to Winchester in a body.

Mr. Douglass celebrated his initial meeting as president by adjourning ten minutes ahead of time, but the session was jam full of interest from beginning to end.

Which reminds us again to call the attention of members to their opportunity and duty to attend the chamber luncheons every Friday. Inspiration and good fellowship abound at these gatherings; they should be the mecca for every believer in Sanford, Friday noons.

An exceedingly large vote was cast for the officers of the chamber this year,—another good sign of the general activity of the membership.

The annual report of the chamber will be distributed within a few days. It will be a

remarkable record of the greatest year in the history of the organization and that means of the city.

### SMILING WITH THE KIDS

Visitor—"What pretty hair you have, Dorothy. You get it from your mother, don't you?"

Dorothy—"I dess I must 'a got it from papa; his is all gone."—Boston Transcript.

## The Arthur R. Curnick Services

THE SEMINOLE ADVERTISING BUREAU  
*"Publicity That Pays"*

THE SEMINOLE EMPLOYMENT BUREAU  
*"Workers for Workers"*

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## Celery Farms All Sizes

501-2 1st National Bank Bldg.

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# REAL ESTATE SECTION

FACTS AND FIGURES IN THE PROGRESS OF SEMINOLE COUNTY



## REALTORS SEEK AID IN FURTHER COLONIZATION PROGRAM

Officers of the Florida Association of Real Estate Boards have asked L. M. Rhodes, State Commissioner of Marketing and a leading authority on agricultural development, and the needs of the State, to assist them in their movement to popularize colonization in this state.

Paul O. Meredith, executive secretary of the State Realtors Association, and W. E. Herren, of the National Association of Real Estate Boards, have been making an appeal for intelligent colonization of farmers to Florida.

\* \* \* \*

Building in Sanford during the month of April made a new record, permits issued during that month exceeding those of March by 64 per cent.

\* \* \* \*

Because of the voters' approval of the \$2,565,000 bond issue in Sanford, this city will be a busy one this summer. Included in the municipal improvements are the following: A new fire station down town, building a municipal natatorium, bulkheading of the lake front, widening of streets, and the enlargement of the municipal gas plant.

\* \* \* \*

H. C. DuBose, president of the local real estate board, was elected official delegate to the national convention of real estate boards, which is to be held in Tulsa, Okla., June 7 to 11, inclusive.

### ACTIVE MEMBERS OF THE SANFORD REAL ESTATE BOARD



B. B. Baggett, Brumley-Puleston Bldg.  
Baldwin & Brown, 114 North Park Ave.  
Britt-Chittenden, 210 East 1st Street.  
O. R. Brooks, 306 1st Nat. Bank Bldg.  
A. P. Connelly & Sons, 122 Magnolia Ave.  
Davey-Winston Organ, Masonic Bldg.  
H. C. DuBose, 112 North Park Ave.  
McCall & Fox, 113 1-2 Magnolia Avenue.  
Thrasher & Garner, 112 South Park Ave.  
Z. N. Holler, 6 Masonic Bldg.  
Howard Corporation, Masonic Bldg.  
Knight & MacNeill, 107 South Park Ave.  
Lute Howell, Brumley-Puleston Bldg.  
Bart Nason, 507 1st Nat. Bank Bldg.  
Scruggs-Scoggan, Masonic Bldg.  
Higgins, Smith, Wight, 300 E. 1st Street.  
R. C. Tisdale, Jr., 236 Meisch Bldg.  
W. V. Wheeler, Inc., 115 Magnolia Ave.  
White Realty Co., 305 1st Nat. Bank Bldg.  
Suniland Realty Co., Valdez Hotel  
E. F. Lane, 501 1st Nat. Bank Bldg.  
W. M. Young, 208 N. Park Ave.

## THE ST. JOHNS-INDIAN RIVER CANAL PROJECT

The St. John-Indian River Canal Project, which is of national significance inasmuch as it is a part of the Inter-Coastal Highway between Maine and Key West, will in all probability follow the survey made by the War Department in 1910. It is proposed to straighten and improve the channel from the present eight-foot depth maintained to Sanford by the Government, to a point southeast through Lake Luffman, Lake Shad, and Salt Lake. The Canal will be located from the latter point to the Indian River, a distance of approximately five miles. The waters of the St. Johns through the canal will empty into the Indian River about four miles north of Titusville.

Two locks will be constructed, according to the tentative plans submitted by the engineer.

The entire project has been divided into three sections—Number 1, the canal proper; Number 2, the straightening of the river south of the canal to Lake Washington, and Number 3, the deepening and straightening of the channel from Lake Monroe to the canal.

## 5,000 REALTORS MOVING TOWARD TULSA. FLORIDA MUST LEAD

The Realtors' Special will leave Jacksonville June 6, for Tulsa, Oklahoma, where the realtors of the United States and Canada will hold their nineteenth annual convention. Fortunate are those realtors who will find it possible to attend this convention. This national meeting brings together thousands of leaders in their respective communities for a four-day discussion of problems in real estate.

Live elk and buffalo, cowboy riding and roping, Indian stamp-dances and races and all the other features of a wild-west show and rodeo, with a few of the extras thrown in, will reconstruct for the convention delegates the days when Oklahoma was not in the "improved property" class. There will be teas, luncheons, and other intertainment for the wives of the realtors who attend this convention. A special trip through eastern Oklahoma and western Arkansas is planned, to show the delegates the famous Ozark region.

By special arrangement this round trip to Tulsa can be made for less than \$100 fare.

### FLORIDA NUGGETS

Summer vacations in Florida are growing more popular. Good roads make sea beaches accessible to all parts of the State. Gentle breezes are the rule during the day and the nights are always comfortable for sleeping.

### The Loaf Substantial

SANFORD'S  
**PAN-DANDY**  
BREAD

*Taste the Difference*

Sanford Baking Company

### LISTEN, "REALTORS"

Forget the coffee when it's cold,  
Forget the kick, forget the scold,  
Forget whenever you may roam,  
Forget the guy who wrote this poem—  
Forget that he in social bliss  
Forgot himself when he wrote this:  
Forget you ever had the blues,  
But don't forget to pay your dues.  
Ad Lib. (Oakland, Calif.)

## "Realtors" Professional Relations

Article 3. Controversies between Realtors who are not members of the same real estate board should be submitted for arbitration to an arbitration board consisting of one arbitration chosen by each Realtor from a real estate board to which he belongs and of one other member, or a sufficient number of members to make an odd number, selected by the arbitrators thus chosen.

Article 4. When a Realtor is charged with unethical practice, he should voluntarily place all pertinent facts before the proper tribunal of the real estate board of which he is a member, for investigation and judgment.

## Seminole County Building And Loan Association

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SANFORD, FLORIDA

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*The Hotel With a Welcome*

JOHN R. MACDONALD

110 Magnolia Avenue



## THE FISHING REVIEW

*Believing that authentic facts regarding exploits of the rod and reel are essential to the moral fabric of the community, we offer the second of a series of reports of fishing experiences in this section,—all legal obligations denied.*

### HE WHOM RETRIBUTION OVERTAKES

Look you, how retribution may follow a man to overtake him, to pillory and to publish him after many months.

Johnny Leonardi is a thriving young limb of the law and the lad who put jest into gesture. H. Overlin—Howard—is to you known as Sanford manager of the Company that lets two-party lines when-where-and-if there are two-party lines to let. (Papers south of Geneva avenue please copy.) And Will Robinson is a hard-working if gullible black boy sometimes employed by the pair on sport trips. Let us pigeonhole Will for the moment.

About a year ago Johnny took Howard on a deer-hunting trip down into the fastness of the Big Scrub in Marion County. H. Overlin never had been into the Big Scrub before; certainly he never has been since. There are no telephones in the Big Scrub, but plenty other kinds of trouble. Howard got lost in that evil place.

That is to say: just as Seminole County was about to organize a searching posse to move northward and demand of Marion County what in the devil it had done with the Leonardi-Overlin Vension Expedition of 1925 and why, the frayed and shaggy-bearded pair returned to civilization, and the lawyer said the layman had caused their disappearance by getting lost in the Scrub.

But being a lawyer and leery of denial, he did not give his testimony in the presence of the accused, but spread it secretly; and by this act Overlin suffered great mental agony and distress and lost his peace of mind.

As time passed the tale grew, until in the third or fourth month of their return Leonardi had got so deep in the art of oral decorating that he was whispering how, one black and blithering night in the denseness of the Big Scrub, H. Overlin had climbed a Royal Palm and clung there in the rain, tearfully beseeching an imaginary Central to give him a line and ring his wife. And Johnny had to go up there after him and soothe him and help him down.

These statements were exaggerations and untrue, hence they came swiftly to the ear of Overlin via comforting friends. And now for a year the telephone manager has desired the head of his friend the lawyer in a basket.

Last week he invited that friend to go fishing. "We drove," H. Overlin came back to report, "to Lake Buck, 20 miles off in Brevard County. It was so windy on the way that I thought our boat was going to turn turtle on the trailer and go down; but we drove on.

"At the lake I shipped my kicker, a Johnson three-and-a-half-horsepower outboard, and with out black boy amidship and Johnny up in the

bow we put out. I sat in the stern. Now get this straight: Johnny sat in the bow, Robinson in the middle of the boat, and me in the stern. There was a reason for that. Johnny was my guest, in a way, and I wanted him to have the best position for fishing; Robinson had to be where he could grab the oars if the engine should die; and of course somebody had to sit in the stern to mind the engine and steer. Right?

"It was blowing harder soon, as I feared it would. The waves ran high, higher. It was a flat-bottomed boat, and if you understand sandling flats with a kicker in rough weather, you must know that you have to point the bow to the waves at a certain angle—or you are in danger of starting the plates. That is a risk no good boatman cares to take. Unfortunately this manner of steering causes the bow to yaw and bury her nose pretty frequently; and I want to say that if it had not been for Johnny's quickness and fine seamanship (he knows everything, out on a roughing trip) we would have taken aboard a lot more seas than we did, and even I might have got a wetting in the dry stern. Every time a wave rushed us at the bow Johnny was able to stop it with the upper half of his body, and in this way a great deal of water was kept out of the boat. Right?

"After a couple of hours, along about 6 o'clock, we had caught six-eight fish and Johnny suggested we go ashore and cook supper, as it was blowing harder. These bass, I regret, ran a little light, none of them over four-five ounces, and I was afraid there wouldn't be enough for Johnny's meal; he's quite fond of fish food, and of course he was my guest, in a way. But Johnny said he really thought it would be bad for the engine, to go on straining the boat against those bow-waves any longer, the wind still mounting and all, and so I said all right then we'd go ashore, and I turned her quickly and pointed the bow sort of slanting through the trough to ease the strain on the engine like Johnny had said.

"On the shore I told Johnny to sit down in the sunset on a stump that was there, to dry. And he did, and I made our boy gather up three-four bushels of grass and scrub and pile them in a ring around the stump, and I lit the

ring, and after a while Johnny said he would like to come away from the stump because he thought his pants were burning, he could tell for sure because of the smoke, but he felt they were. He asked would I make the boy rake a path in the fire-ring so he could come out, not having put another pair of pants in the bedding.

"I couldn't spare Robinson to do that just then, he had his hands full frying Johnny's supper, so I did it. I helped Johnny from the stump. It was quite a job, the smoke to contend with and part of Johnny being fast to the stump where the fire had started the sap to flowing. As none of his pants was smoldering higher than the knees he was all right.

"I told the boy to bring John's fishes and hold them up so he could eat them enjoyable, it not being convenient for him to sit down at that time because the sap he had on him was cooling; but when Johnny looked at his fishes

(Continued on Page 16)

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See Our Schedule In This Issue

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Elks Bldg. Sanford, Florida

# THE GATES OF JAZZ

By Arthur Rowland

Printed in this Magazine by Special Arrangement.

## WHAT HAS GONE BEFORE

During a terrific thunderstorm in the Berkshire hills of New England a gigantic spruce tree is struck by lightning. It falls across Granite Trail which runs between Burton Falls and Plainfield.

A dance is held under the direction of the King family of Plainfield during which a contest is put on for the best dancer.

Ruth King, a charming city bred girl, has been stirring the affections of Abel Reid as well as myself. In the dance contest Ruth is to select a partner from the crowd in the hall. There is a buzz of excitement, the floor is cleared and Abel leans against the wall by my side.

To the surprise of all Ruth chooses Abel as partner, and he enters the contest; together they win. The great storm rolls up as the dance closes and Ruth and her brother Jack start for home over Granite Trail. Jack shows signs of intoxication, but into the night at break-neck speed he drives away.

The car dashes up an incline, striking the Giant Spruce of Granite Trail which has been felled by lightning, and is hurled into an abyss. Abel and I follow, and Abel saves Ruth; Jack is dead. We rush Ruth to the hospital. Love is born in the farmer boy.

## NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY.

### CHAPTER III

Two months passed rapidly. I had lingered longer than was my custom at Plainfield, partly through my delight in the town itself, but mainly because I was greatly worried about Abel. Following his convalescence from his leg injury on that night of tragedy the boy developed a seriousness which bordered even melancholy, and a barrier seemed to have come between us. Rarely now did he walk out with me on the paths that led to the hills and when he did the conversation was limited to subjects which I knew were far from those that were burning his heart in the quiet of his room.

He had seen Ruth but once following the accident, a golden afternoon in August, when she had called on him at the hospital. The call was most formal for Abel occupied a ward bed, but she had thanked him for his heroism, rebuked him for making light of it, and then had left him with a smile that lost itself in tears a moment after she left the hospital grounds.

Then the King family closed their summer home at Burton Falls and left for Long Island. The father had a successful law practice in New York and Ruth was already studying to follow in her father's occupation. His pride in her achievements along legal lines tended to exaggerate her attainments in everything, but there was no question after her first year in law school that the way of this woman might be felt ere long in the world of business.

Kate was thoroughly sophisticated though not risqué. In her preparatory school days she had enjoyed the company of a host of young men who were attracted by her singular beauty and the keenness of her intellect. Proposals of marriage were on several tongues, only to be frozen into desuetude by a warning glance from the eyes of her. She could love, she knew that, and she also was sensible enough to know that when she did love it would be with an intensity which would probably ruin her career in law. And that career was uppermost in her mind at the age of twenty-two,—an enviable condition of mind in a girl of the present generation at that age.

Ruth did talk with me one day before she left Plainfield. It was early morning, and I was

driving to town for the mail, when I passed her on a street that had no sidewalks. I knew her a quarter mile before I caught up to her, and as these are pages only for those who care nothing for me, I will confess my heart beat more rapidly than the engine of my car as I slowed down and signalled my coming.

She was dressed in a dark summer dress, with just a trace of white on the collar. Her brown hair, bound only with a ribbon, caught the rays of the morning sun and showed a fineness and beauty which reminded me again of the years before when I had stroked them as she played on my knee. I felt older,—was I indeed an old man? No, the passion of my love for her was stronger than ever that moment and with a certain sense of gratification I knew I was yet young.

"Will you ride in?" I asked as I greeted her. "No, Dick," she replied. "But you aren't in a rush are you? Get out a few minutes. I want to talk with you."

And with that quaint feminine mastery of every situation that seems born in some women she suited her action to the word and took my hand. I was thrilled by the touch and my eyes must have revealed more than I intended, for she looked down quickly and pulled me out. We walked to a slope of rich green grass and sat down.

Her eyes were turned from me out over the neighboring farms to the hills, now showing the first touches of the Master Reaper who walks through the vegetation of the fall.

"Dick, dear," it had always been her expression to me, yet in all its sweetness, it hurt me, somehow. It was the "dear" she might have called her father, not one whose blood raced as mine just then.

"Dick, dear," she said slowly and turning her eyes full into mine. "Tell me something more about Abel Reed. You know Jack knew him well, but I never really met him till that night. That night! How my whole being trembles when I think of the change that came over me in those few hours. From the heights of gaiety in the dance hall, from the girlish,—yes, impish treatment of your friend, to the bottom of that ravine. Oh, Dick, I grew ten years older that night."

And I knew she spoke the truth. "But tell me,—is there anything I can do for that boy who did so much for me, and . . ."

Have you ever loved a girl with all your heart and sat with her and tried to do justice to a rival? Rival is not the right word, for Abel was not a rival in the real sense, but my heart taught me so. Well, the assignment is not easy. Yet I loved Abel with the sort of affection man only gives to man. And I told her all I knew.

I pictured him on the farm struggling to make his mother comfortable, I described his manliness and healthy strength, (at which it seemed to me her cheeks took on added color), and I even told her of that far distant look in his eye when he seemed to be longing for something unattainable.

"What do you think he longs for?" She asked quickly.

"The city, that's synonym for Life to him," I replied. "The spot that I yearn to leave is the magnet to him. He used to ask me to describe even the construction of the subways so that he could visualize the trains rushing like worms with headlights in the bowels of the earth,—it was his own expression. He asked me one day why God stilted some men by leaving them stranded on the town-islands completely surrounded with nothing, and when I tried to point out to him that the city was as bad as it was wonderful, he only laughed and said 'you're

(Continued on Page 16)



## THE GATES OF JAZZ

Concluded from Page 11)

fooling me." That's it, Ruth, it's Broadway and 42nd that Abel wants, and yet he stays."

"Wouldn't it be better for him here for a while till he finds out the ways of city life, after all?" Ruth suggested.

"Maybe so," I agreed. "But he is young yet, and his conscience—for consciences are real among these hills—forbids him to leave his mother and Plainfield."

Then she dumbfounded me.

"Dick, does Abel love me?" Her cheeks grew crimson, then paled.

(To be Continued May 31.)

## THE FISHING REVIEW

(Continued from Page 14)

he refused to eat them. He said the boy had put sauce tartar on them and he never liked that stuff. We helped Johnny wipe the smoke-tears from his eyes, and he saw that it wasn't sauce tartar but just a lot of wood-ashes and dead mosquitoes that had got mixed in the frying-fat, and he ate them all.

"I'll say again Johnny Leonardi is a sport. It was blowing too hard to put up the tent and I couldn't find the mosquito-net I was sure I'd put in with the bedding, but Johnny said that was all right, Nature would cover us with her soft mantle of sleep, as she had covered him so many, many times in his wanderings in the wilds, and so we rolled up in our blankets by the fire.

"Then, in the dusk, came Johnny Leonardi's finest of all exhibitions of the sporting spirit! Half dry, half oozing, and miserable as he must have been, he said from h's blanket on the cold ground that no true sportsman's day was complete without some tales of adventure told beside the glowing camp-fire at night; so, half charred, half soaked, sap-stock and two-thirds starved as he must have been, he smiled at his own discomforts and began a story of the savage night-raids of the Florida panther, how that silent, slinking enemy of fishermen creeps softly along the shores of midnight lakes, wild eyes blazing with ghastly greenish fire, to leap upon the throats of blanketed sleepers like us and drink their dying blood.

"He told of how, their foul murder committed, their horrid meal completed beneath the shuddering stars, they steal away on ghoulish reddened paws, and in the darkness, from mouths that slobber human blood, send back among the shivering trees the panther's awful screams, that heart-contracting cry that only a woman facing her sudden slayer in the dark can ever imitate.

"Very early in the dawn I awoke from troubled dreams. In the gray half-light I looked around. Our black boy's blankets were empty. From beneath the blankets where Johnny Leonardi lay slumbering, two eyes rolled white-ly at me in an ebony face."

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## This Week's Calendar

## MONDAY

The Milane—Sally-Irene and Mary—Constance Bennett, Jean Crawford and Sally O'Neil  
Glen Tryon in "Ukelele Sheiks"—Pictorial News.  
The Princess—"The Still Alarm"—Comedy "Her Lucky Leap"

## TUESDAY

Rotary Meets at Seminole Cafe, noon.  
The Milane—"It's The Old Army Game" with W. C. Field's—Comedy "A Cloudy Romance"  
The Princess—Bert Lytel and Claire Windsor in "A Son of the Sahara" Fighting Ranger

## WEDNESDAY

Kiwanis Meets at Seminole Cafe, Noon.  
The Milane—"The Rainmaker" with Earnest Torrence, William Collier, Jr., Georgia Hale—Comedy "Slow Down" and Aesop's Fables.  
The Princess—Blanche Sweet in "A Lady from Hell"—Comedy "Salute"

## THURSDAY

Lions Meet at Seminole Cafe, Noon.  
The Milane—"Brown of Harvard" from the story by Rida Johnson Young with Mary Brain, Jack Pickford and Francis X. Bushman, Jr., Hal Chase Comedy "Mama Behave"—Pictorial Review.  
The Princess—Marie Prevost in "Seven Sinners" Hal Roach Comedy "Daddy Goes A Welaka," trip on Lake Monroe.  
All Stores Close at Noon.

## FRIDAY

Chamber of Commerce Meets at Seminole Cafe, Noon.  
The Milane—Corinne Griffith in "Infatuation" supported by Percy Marmont and Malcolm MacGregor—Comedy "Going Crazy"—Pictorial News.  
The Princess—"The Million Dollar Handicap" Andy Gump Comedy

## SATURDAY

The Milane—Tom Mix in "My Own Pal" Comedy "Hard Boiled" Hunting."  
The Princess—"The Web"—Comedy "The Candy Kid."

## SUNDAY

Services in all our Churches.—See Church Column  
Excursion boat Welaka, two-hour trip on Lake Monroe.

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