

**How Our Troops "Got Across."**  
 During our 19 months of war more than 2,000,000 American soldiers were carried to France. Half a million of them went over in the first 13 months and a million and a half in the last 12 months. The highest troop-carrying records are those of July, 1918, when 806,000 soldiers were carried to Europe, and June, 1919, when 394,000 were brought home to America. Most of the troops who sailed for France left from New York. Half of them landed in England and the other half landed in France.

**Why Nuts Are Valuable Food.**  
 Nuts can and do take the place of meat in the diet with beneficial results, and they are bound to be in great demand at good prices in the future, says the American Forestry Magazine, which is campaigning for the planting of nut and fruit trees along the Roads of Remembrance being built in honor of war heroes.

**How Screw Propeller Got Boom.**  
 Those who still marvel at the screw propeller may like to be reminded that it is less than a century ago the first screw steamer crossed the Atlantic. This was Brunel's remarkable vessel, "Great Britain," an early experiment in iron shipbuilding. The screw was put in as an afterthought, the paddle engines having already been partly made when the great engineer decided to try his luck with the new propeller. After three crossings the Great Britain lay stranded off the Irish coast for eleven months, but her iron skin kept her intact until refloated. Thus was started the boom in iron and in propeller ships.—"Flaneur" in Indianapolis Star.

**How New York Protects Sheep.**  
 New York expects its sheep herd to increase perceptibly under the operation of a new dog law drawn up to prevent the ravages of the canine.

**FINE FEATHERS**  
 By ANNETTE GREEN.  
 (©, 1919, by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

Lakeside, the beautiful summer home of Mrs. Carter, gleamed like an enchanted palace in the moonlight, while from the brightly lighted ballroom came the strains of music, mingled with the sound of dancing and youthful laughter. Everybody seemed happy, except one. From the shadows of the upper balcony overlooking the ballroom a young man watched the gay scene below with a frown. And as he caught sight from time to time of a certain fairy-like figure among the dancers, a look of almost bitter pain swept over his fine features.

"Why, Phil, my dear boy!" exclaimed the hostess, spying the watching figure in the shadow as she strolled by with another matron. "Aren't you dancing?" He answered haltingly that he had a headache; didn't feel up to it tonight. "I'm afraid you young people stayed out on the lake in the sun too long today," replied Mrs. Carter. "What a pity! And this is Phoebe's last night here, too."

Phoebe's last night! Phil knew that, only too well! And again searching her out among the dancing throng, he followed the lovely girlish figure in silvery chiffons with longing eyes. Muttering an excuse to Mrs. Carter about getting some fresh air, he turned away and left the balcony, followed by his hostess' voice bidding him come back later.

Avoiding the gay groups on the veranda Phil made his way through the shrubbery, and dropping down on a bench by the shining lake, gave himself up to his bitter thoughts. With the strains from the ballroom ringing faintly in his ears, he closed his eyes to shut out the bright moonlight and went over in his mind bit by bit his acquaintance with Phoebe, Mrs. Carter's niece, from the day in June when she arrived, a stranger to them all, up to tonight, when she had come to mean everything to him. He had thought her quite the nicest girl he'd ever met that first day, when, arriving at noon she found the rest of the house party gone for a tramp and a picnic, and he, her aunt's nearest neighbor, had taken her out in his canoe on the lake for the afternoon. He taught her how to paddle the canoe and the memory of her in her simple blue gingham dress with her golden hair blowing about her laughing face, came back to him tonight so clearly that he groined and buried his face in his hands. For he had never seen her in any simple gingham gowns again.

Chic morning dresses and sport suits, correct yachting costumes, lacy embroidered things for afternoon and beautiful evening gowns had followed each other in varying succession, until Phil gave up all hope of ever daring to ask her to share his love and fortunes. Even to his uninitiated masculine mind Phoebe's clothes spelled much money. He had an idea that his month's salary would not have paid for the silvery gown she was wearing that evening (and he was quite right).

Well, it was madness to dream of asking such a girl to marry a young architect just starting out in business. That was all he could do—dream. With a sigh he got up from the bench and started back to the house. He would have one more glimpse of Phoebe's beloved face before she went out of his life forever, although the sight of her, so dear, yet for him so unattainable, would be only one more pang. He found a place at one of the ballroom windows where he could look in unobserved. He was searching among the dancing couples for Phoebe, who seemed to have disappeared, when he heard her name repeated just inside the window. Someone was talking about her to a group of guests, and before he could move away Phil was rooted to the spot in stunned surprise. "Phoebe?" the gossiping voice went on, "Oh, my, no! All those stunning clothes she's been wearing Mrs. Carter gave her, all of them." "She looks charming tonight; where is she now?" asked a second voice. "I saw her going toward the garden all alone a little while ago," the other replied; "she'd taken off her ball gown and had on that old gingham thing she wore when she first came."

Phil turned away from the window just as Mrs. Carter laid a hand on his arm, asking if his head still ached. Strangely enough, his headache was gone, and replying to her kind inquiries with ill-concealed haste, he vaulted over the veranda railing and dashed around the house toward the garden.

**Pigs Foretell Winds.**  
 The killing of a pig at sea is always an occasion of great moment, not only for the reason that fresh meat is to be enjoyed—a great luxury on sailing vessels, after perhaps months of salt provisions—but also because what is termed a "pig breeze," or favorable wind, may be regarded as a certainty. Pigs when kept on sailing ships are allowed very frequently to leave their pens, and their movements on such occasions, which are held to foretell the wind to be expected, are watched with the keenest interest. Should a pig evince any signs of laziness, lying down or wandering aimlessly about the decks, then this is a sign that calm weather will come, with little or no wind in prospect. Should, however, the pig show a frisky mood, with much squealing, then it is a sure sign of "big winds," a very necessary factor in the navigation of a sailing ship.

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When the wagon comes take your regular supply of our ice just as usual. If you begin to skip, the driver may begin to skip your door. There will be plenty of occasions when you will need ice as badly as you ever needed it in midsummer and may not be able to get it because you unintentionally lost your place in our schedule.

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**N**OW, please don't say, "Oh, just another one of those tire-fillers," and let it go at that! ESSENKAY is a tire-filler, but not the kind you probably have in mind. It is nothing like the ones that have been tried and found wanting, a wonderful discovery that has at last solved the problem of a real substitute for air.

**Cuts Your Tire Cost in Half**

ESSENKAY not only positively prevents punctures and "blowouts," there is no air to puncture or "blowout," but also doubles life of your castings and saves half your tire cost. First cost of ESSENKAY is your last cost, as it lasts for many years and is transferrable from one set of castings to another indefinitely.

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 Merryday Block, 2nd St., North Palatka, Fla.

**HOW SPAIN'S OLIVE OIL IS PRODUCED AND PLACED ON THE MARKET.**

—In Spain there are 3,851,238 acres planted with olive trees. Of their products about 97 per cent is for oil. The yield of olive oil varies widely from year to year; in 1911 it was 421,782 metric tons; in 1912 only 63,001 tons; in 1917, 427,836 tons; in 1918, 255,202 tons. In odd years the yield is normally greater than in even years.

Though there are oil mills, the greater part of the oil is pressed by the producers. After pressing, the pulp, called orujo, is sold to the sulphur-oil factories, the product of which is used in making soap. The residue is a brown, flaky charcoal-like substance used as fuel. This generates high heat.

The quality of oil depends upon the acid content. Oil with less than half of one per cent of acid brings the highest price, but anything up to three per cent is considered edible.

It is contrary to law to mix olive oil with any other oil in Spain, but, of course, this does not prevent its adulteration in other countries. In the first five months of 1919 edible olive oil to the value of \$3,153,214 was exported to the United States from Malaga.

**Why Varnish Tree is Dreaded.**

Varnish is produced in China from a tree commonly spoken of as the varnish tree, but known botanically as Rhus vernicefera, which is found in abundance in the mountains of Hupeh, Kweichow and Szechwan.

The varnish is taken from the tree after it is about six inches in diameter by tapping at intervals of from five to seven years, until the tree is fifty or sixty years of age. A good-sized tree will yield from five to seven pounds of varnish.

The natural color of the crude varnish as applied is black. It is considered the most indestructible varnish known. One peculiarity is that it hardens only in a moist atmosphere.

In China it is erroneously known among the foreign communities as "Ningpo varnish," probably because it first came into contact with foreign trade here.

Many persons are poisoned when they come into even atmospheric contact with this varnish, which fact, unfortunately, reduces its trade possibilities enormously. As yet no method has been discovered whereby this poisonous quality can be counteracted, an exchange states.

## Lee Puncture-Proof Tires

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We are now handling all standard goods at margins that are a surprise to other dealers. Our stock is fresh and up-to-the-minute. Prompt shipment, accurate consignments and fair treatment, our motto.

**The Atlantic Grocery Co.**  
 Palatka, Florida

**NOTICE OF APPLICATION FOR PARDON.**

NOTICE is hereby given that the undersigned Chester Staton, convicted of murder at the Fall Term of the Circuit Court, in Putnam County, Florida viz: the 15th day of October, 1911, and sentenced to life imprisonment, will apply to the Honorable Board of Pardons at Tallahassee, Florida at its next regular meeting held after the expiration of this notice, for a conditional pardon.  
**CHESTER STATON.**  
 11-15-19

**A REAL FARM FOR BOGS OR DAIRYING.**

120 acres; 80 under hog proof fence and cross fences; 50 under cultivation; flowing well; good five room house and big barn, together with outhouses. In heart of famous East Palatka-Hastings potato belt; 3 miles from East Palatka on brick highway. Ideally situated for livestock, dairying or general farming. Rich, black potato soil. Price \$10,000. Terms. Fred T. Merrill, Palatka, Fla.  
 Fresh chile con-corne daily at John Mallon's place. First street.