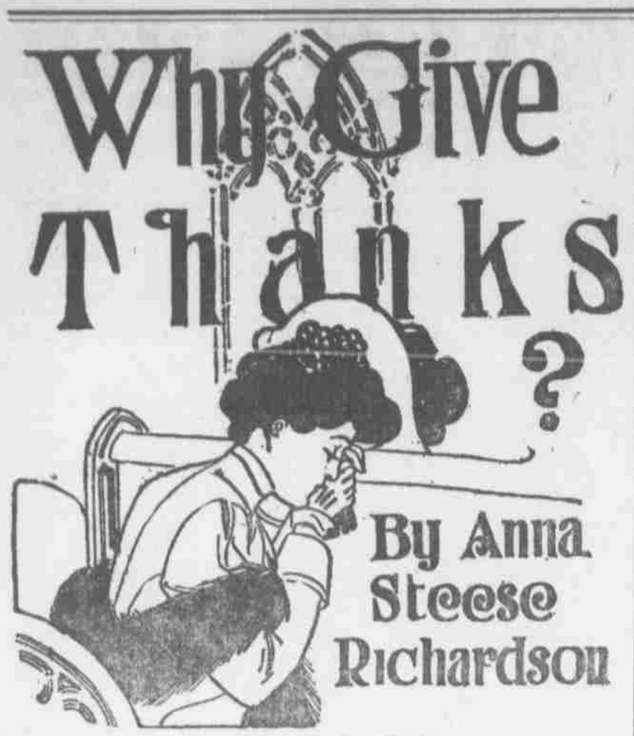
Why Give Thanks?



By Anna Steese Richardson

THANKSGIVING DAY. Humph! It's easy enough for the President to give thanks on $50,000 a year, but what about the rest of us?"

Can't you see her fling down the morning paper with the Thanksgiving proclamation in big type on the front page?

In imagination, can't you hear the scornful, embittered accent of her care-rasped tones?

And don't you know her sort?—drab-colored frock, drab-colored hair, drab-colored complexion and drab-colored views of life? Just one of "the rest of us," to whom the presidential salary of $50,000 a year represents a sum on which she thinks she could live comfortably to the end of her days.

She is one of the thousands, too, who think that every man, woman or child save themselves has cause for giving thanks.

Yet why is she so pessimistic? She has a position which pays a fair salary. She likes her work, or rather takes pride in the results of her labors.

She has reasonably good health and would have better if she would only learn to walk on the sunny side of life's broad street.

She is able to lay aside a small sum each week toward the inevitable rainy day and she could wear much more becoming clothes if she knew how and took pleasure in choosing them. No one insists upon her wearing dull colors, which make her look old and faded.

Every night she goes home to a tidy little apartment, presided over by a tidy little mother and supported in part by a cheerful younger sister. Here she finds the order she loves and the cooking which she enjoys.

For pleasure she has her church and its societies, a free library just around the corner, a weekly visit to the theatre, where she manages to see all the better productions, an occasional concert, as many invitations to evening card parties as she cares to accept; and yet she has no reason for giving thanks!

Why?

Because she must earn all these things. She must pay part of the rent of the tidy little apartment. She must pay her own dressmaking and millinery bills from her wages. Often she must pay for her own theatre tickets and concert admissions.

She thinks the girls who have cause for thanksgiving are those whose fathers, mothers, brothers and sweethearts strew the pathway at home and abroad with roses and theatre tickets. She belongs to the large class of working girls who believe that only the girl of leisure has any real pleasures in life.

She does not know that the roses cast at the feet of the girl who is dependent upon parents and relatives are thick with thorns.

She has never heard a mother upbraid her daughter for extravagance one minute and then load the girl with new frocks, hats and gloves of her own choosing the next.

She never dreams that the girl who must look to mother and father for every penny is often afraid to ask for the one thing she most wants, because her parents prefer to think and plan for her .

This girl never knows the joy of doing just what she wants just when she likes—which the dun-colored lady does seven days in the week.

There are stout girls who weep because their mothers insist upon buying plaid silk frocks or blouses for them, and thin girls whose misguided mothers dress them in severely plain, unsoftened tailored suits.

The dun-colored lady may wear what she will. It is her own fault if her life as well as her clothing is drab.

She has made of duty a fetish, on whose altar she is sacrificing her youth and her pleasure.

She thinks that because she must work for her living, she cannot enjoy the pleasures allotted to the girl of leisure.

What that dun-colored little lady needs more than anything else is contact, physical and spiritual, with normal, healthy, happy, wage-earning girls of whom there are millions all over the United States.

Above all, she ought to know a beautiful character who recently came into my own business life.

Here was a woman close to 50, whose husband deserted her for a younger but certainly not more attractive woman. She had lived the absolutely sheltered life, never worrying as to where the next month's rent and the next week's meat bill must come from, always assured of her weekly allowance and content in her daily routine of home-making.

Then suddenly all was swept from her—husband, funds, sense of security, protection and privacy.

Some one told her she was wonderfully well preserved for her years. The compliment gave her an idea. She said:

"I've kept down wrinkles, manicured my hands, and exercised my figure into good condition, all for myself. I wonder if I could show other women how?"

She took a few lessons from expert manicurists and facial masseurs, had some cards printed, rented a tiny flat, moved in what was left of her old home-fittings, established her mother and picked up her new life with a smile.

I asked her today why she was thankful. She smiled her radiant, honest smile and answered: "Oh, for so much! First, to think that a way was opened for me to earn my living and thus be independent.

"Second, for my health. I feel so strong and capable again.

"Third, for my mother. She makes home for me now.

"Fourth, for the fact that I do not owe a dollar. Debt is such a terrible thing to face on Thanksgiving morning."

How the dun-colored little lady would have stared at our new-found friend.

"What's the use of being healthy and good-looking," she would ask. "If the man you had loved for years is not around to admire you?

"And what is the use of being thankful for just a mother. Every one has a mother—and then this woman must support her mother from her slender earnings. That looks more like a cause for worry than for thanks.

"Then one deserves no credit for being out of debt when you have so small an income that you do not dare have anything charged."

Dun-colored little ladies always have their own arguments with which to fight any unruly feelings of thanksgiving and happiness.

But of a truth the wage earning woman today has much for which to be thankful. I recently met a white-haired woman, who ranked among the pioneer business women of New York.

She said that when she first opened her shop, the curious-minded, boys, men and women, used to hang round the door for a peek at her and often followed her on the street.

The American girl in business is particularly fortunate, according to the light of an Englishman, who has been studying sociological conditions in America.

He found himself one noon at a great white and gold restaurant in the financial district of New York City. All around him at other tables were well-groomed, well-dressed, well-behaved young women. He said to his host:

"And who are these young women? Do they buy and sell stocks?"

His host smiled.

"Not at all. They are our stenographers, clerks and private secrtaries."

"Ah—" said the bewildered Englishman, "but—er—they look so like ladies."

Yes, we have reached the point where we may work for our living and still be regarded as ladies in the broadest sense of the word.

Breadwinning is today a badge of honor, and the woman who earns her own living is not a social outcast. So much snobbery has America lost through the womanliness and intelligence of its business girls.

So much have the little dun-colored ladies to be grateful for—independence, and honor and happiness in independence, if only they will follow the girls who have learned to walk on the sunny side of life's broad street.

All happiness is comparative. All causes for Thanksgiving are comparative. Do not look towards those who are better off than yourself when you are counting your beads of gratitude. Look rather on the state of those who may well envy you—and then give thanks.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

THANKSGIVING

As this is Thanksgiving and we all have stomachs whose appeals belong properly to this and to every other day in the year, let us give thanks for the things of the stomach, for turkey if we have turkey, for goose if we have goose, for sausage if we have sausage. For the power to earn and to enjoy the things of the stomach, we may be thankful, since the power to earn what our own stomachs call for is the power to serve the needs of all other stomachs. And instead of being shameful or regrettable from any standpoint, an unspoiled stomach is natural, is right, is commendable and moreover is inevitable in its operations.

But over and above everything between turkey and sausage we have "potentials." A potential is a simple thing. A shoemaker or a machinist is as apt to have it as an Archduke or a Czar, or a supreme court judge or a senator or a president. It comes into the brain as a constructive idea. It works out of one brain into ten, a hundred, a thousand, a hundred million. Then it is a force nothing can resist.

Put men with constructive ideas into the wilderness and the desert and their ideas will show themselves the highest realities, controlling all difficulties. What were the worst difficulties serve constructive ideas as the raw material for great states and great cities, for fields yielding their products year by year in the hundreds of millions of bushels or of dollars, for new creation in a thousand ways, depriving none and enriching all, with new opportunities created at every step forward and the Open Road into the future cleared and kept open, never to be closed and kept closed by any force or any fraud. If we doubt that constructible ideas have this force in them for the future we have only to look around us into the present and back into the past which they and they alone converted into this present.

These things are for all men. For ourselves, man by man, if today we can look back and see how by the use of any idea of ours we have been able to escape struggle, to subject others and to dominate them while giving a single constructive idea its force in serving them, or if we can look into the future and see opportunities opening before us for this, then we can see that which, for each one of us, man by man, means power, the highest possible power for us, as for each one of us and for all it is liberation. Were there only one man in the million of us who had such cause for Thanksgiving as that would mean for himself and for all of us, all would surely go forward with him to greater power, to fuller prosperity, to the only possible independence, the independence which belongs to the highest possible freedom of service. The man who has such independence has the highest cause for Thanksgiving—

That man is freed from servile bands
Of hopes to rise or fears to fall,
Lord of himself, if not of lands,
And, having nothing, yet hath all.

SAFE

"If I were sure the candy sold in that shop was pure and free from bacteria, I should be glad to get you a couple of pounds," says the scientific swain. "But in these days of reckless adulterations I feel that I cannot take too many precautions to preserve your health and beauty."

The fair young thing, who has a normal candy appetite, coos a word of appreciation of his thoughtfulness. Next they approach a place where a soda fountain continues its glad work.

"You are fond of soda and ice cream, are you not?" he asks.

"I just love it."

"If it weren't so often filled with dangerous germs I would be happy to get you some."

This time she does not coo appreciatively, and they continue their homeward walk in silence. When he is leaving her, he bashfully hints that he would like to kiss her good-by.

"You may," she says, to his surprise. "You can be sure there won't be any germs in the kiss, either, for you haven't given me the chance to acquire any."

He sleeps but little that night, because of his mental effort to determine whether she is thoughtful or sarcastic.

By Another Name.

"Then there is no bowing to public men in America?"

"No; we call it respect for the office."

The Day We Celebrate

Thanksgiving Day will be observed throughout America in the usual agreeable manner.

This holiday always evokes the deepest and purest sentiments, because it arouses the best feelings of mankind.

It is the one day in the year when there is a happy reunion of families. These family gatherings have been a feature of Thanksgiving in America ever since colonial times, and they will continue in vogue as long as the republic exists.

This holiday is popular also because its pleasures are so enjoyable to all. The elders are prone on this occasion to recall the past with its joys and sorrows; while the young are having such a pleasant time they are unconsciously gathering material for agreeable memories in the future.

Instead of being a time for fasting, it is a day for enjoying the good things of life. The feasting of the occasion is also in accordance with the practice of bygone days. In spite of what some historians may say, our ancestors thought as much of their stomachs as do the present generation, and were fully as able to attend to their religious duties after a bountiful repast as before.

Thanksgiving day has always been more noted for its feasting than fasting. The feasting was the agreeable method employed for giving thanks for favors received.

The Net

By JOANNA SINGLE

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As the young foreman heard the shriek of the five o'clock whistle he saw that the employes left things in proper order, and as they filed out into the hot spring evening, came himself into the dirty, smoky factory yard, with his cap far back on his curly dark head and his blue shirt sleeves rolled to his muscular shoulders. He had bright, dark eyes, and a quick smile. As the men passed him, each had a word, a jest, a loving sort of recognition for him. He was fair and square, quick to take up their interests, although no alarmist. He could have been their leader anywhere. Off to one corner a fat, gross-looking man stood smoking and watching him—a man who was no stranger. But young Willis, the foreman, had not yet observed the politician.

Jerry Willis had pulled down his sleeves and remarked forty times on the unseasonable heat of this early April when Bill Dugan and a half dozen others stopped him. The city elections were due for next week, and candidates were "in the hands of their friends."

"Whose yours for mayor, Willis?" Dugan asked the question carelessly enough, but he really wanted to know. He had no initiative of his own, and the others were much the him.

"John Preston for me—a clean town, tight shut and the 'machine' out of commission. Ain't that the ticket for a working man? This town is getting so a poor girl hasn't a chance—if she keeps decent, and the 'machine' has spread like a net over the workingman," replied Willis. "I know a dozen—no, a hundred—fellows who can't vote as they like because they are under some obligation to some of the city hall gang. Not for me!"

"Guess you're right," agreed the others, but Dugan finished heartily: "I'm caught in the net, but I'll be blessed if I don't break loose if you do, Jerry. The south end, being wide open, is getting something fierce, and Mame, my girl, has to go through there to get to her work twice a day. It ain't safe—you're right."

The politician, casting an eye after them, decided to let them alone for the present. This Willis was a better capture just now—he could easily swing the workingman's vote in his precinct. And a man with a wife and two babies, and a little home not yet half paid for—on the installment plan—has an eye open to "bettering himself." He came forward and hailed the young foreman, who was now aware of him for the first time.

"How're ye, Willis? Goin' home? Let me drive you—got my mare tied out here. Have a smoke?"

"Fine mare, Ryan," he remarked, climbing in. The politician followed him heavily.

Then Ryan "approached" Willis, in the manner of his kind, and with infinite skill. He had overheard, he said, Willis's remarks on the mayoralty, and while it was none of his business, he was on the inside and knew a thing or two. He hated to see a bright young fellow like Willis make such a mistake. He would "put him wise."

By the time they reached the little cottage and the young mother with the baby in her arms came to the door to see who was bringing her husband home in such style Ryan had made the foreman a proposition. It was flattering—and advantageous. Jerry was to swing the labor vote the "right way"—not for Preston and decency—and, as return favor, the machine would give him a "soft job." Ryan knew of a position where Willis could double his present salary—with a bonus on the side sufficient to pay off the remaining payments on the house. It was a perfectly fair thing. As he let the young fellow down and complimented Mrs. Willis, who had come out with her baby, he remarked:

"Think it over a day or two, and I'll come over and fix things up."

"Then he drove away, and the little happy family went into its simple evening meal. They had little save necessities, but they owed no man; they had health and love—and honesty.

Never so much as on this night had the young head of the family realized his blessings. And as he smoked on the porch a while after supper he did a lot of thinking. The "proposition" seemed square enough. Perhaps Ryan was right, politically. And if he, Willis, did political work it was surely no bribery to be paid for it in favor and influence. He thought of the little place debt-free, the chance of a fuller life for Molly, and a better prospect for educating the babies, and a better position for himself. Perhaps this was indeed his chance.

But the night brought little sleep. Willis was restless, and the restlessness spread to the others. Four-year-old Bobbie fretted and wanted frequent drinks, and the baby was wakeful. Jerry wanted to talk things over with Molly, but a queer something held him back. It was a doubt of what she would think—or, rather, a knowledge that she would not think about it at all. She would promptly call it dishonest, and there would be an end to it.

Next day at his work, the thinking went on. When asked about the election he was less sure about his choice. But he avoided questions. If he was to "swing" their vote he must keep still until he knew exactly what position to take. His face was worried, and at night when he was ready to start for home Ryan and the little mare were again waiting for him. The politician was gay and impudent. He had been to Jerry's home, he said, and told Mrs. Willis her husband would not be home for supper—he wanted him to look over some property he, Ryan, had to sell. He told Jerry he had "made it right" with her. Then he took him to his home in the suburbs, and they had a dinner of quality. He reassured him, made him see things in a new light. It was all really so plausible that, but for his old habit of caution, Willis would have fallen in line at once. But finally, rather late in the evening, and over a glass of extremely good wine, he promised to let him know the next evening "for good." Ryan said he would drive over to Willis's house in the evening. He hated the delay, but dared not urge the young man further.

When Jerry reached home the babies were asleep. He hoped Molly would be, too, but she sat waiting, bright as usual. But there was a trace of anxiety in her tone as she asked him what he had been doing. She asked from real interest, for she was not the woman to distrust her man in his goings and comings.

"Talking politics," he answered. Then he thought he would tell her all about it, but finally decided that she would not understand and that he had better keep still and do his own thinking.

Again, he lay awake most of the night and by morning had Ryan's answer ready for him. He thought he would make it all a surprise for Molly. She would, of course, be wild with delight at clearing the place, and especially with better work, better paid, for him. It would be best as a surprise, for he had a strange reluctance about consulting her. He was, after all, the head of the house, and what he said had to "go."

He went to work, and all day was silent and busy. No one could get an unnecessary word with him. And the moment closing time came he started for home and supper—and Molly. Molly regarded him with a wise and wifely eye as he ate, and after she had put the children to bed followed him out to the little garden, which had just been plowed up for planting. She began without preface.

"What does that Mr. Ryan want? I don't like him."

Jerry laughed. How like a woman that was! But, little by little, she got it all out of him—all but his decision. Still talking, they walked back to the house, she catching his hand in hers and holding it tight.

"His impudence—to think he'd try to pull the father of my boy into that net! If we ain't got much for Bobbie, we've at least got an honest name—and square folks to stand behind him. The idea! Did he think you would sell yourself just to get the place paid off? I wonder at your patience, Jerry, boy! He must think all men can be bought just because he—why, Jerry, there he is now driving up in front!"

This time it was the man who took the woman's hand and held it close, drawing her along with him. They went to the gate, and Ryan greeted them gayly enough. Would Willis take a bit of a drive with him? No, Willis thought he would go to bed. There was a hard day before him tomorrow.

"And about the proposition? We've got to get busy tomorrow if we do anything."

Jerry interrupted the man's veiled impatience.

"No, I'll just jog along as I'm doin' now. The woman here has put in her vote, and that carries the day in the Willis precinct. I'm much obliged to you, Ryan—but it's no use. The closed town for mine."

Ryan touched his hat to Molly Willis—she was pretty and a woman. He touched his mare with the whip and as he drove off he bit hard into his cigar, and swore.

The Civilized Laws of War

The "laws of war," as at present formulated by the civilized nations, forbid the use of poison against the enemy; murder by treachery, as, for example, assuming the uniform or displaying the flag of a foe; the murder of those who have surrendered, whether upon conditions or at discretion; declarations that no quarter will be given to an enemy; the use of such arms or projectiles as will cause unnecessary pain or suffering to an enemy; the abuse of a flag of truce to gain information concerning an enemy's positions; all unnecessary destruction of property, whether public or private.

They also declare that only fortified places shall be besieged, open cities or villages not to be subject to siege or bombardment; that public buildings of whatever character, whether belonging to church or state, shall be spared; that plundering by private soldiers or their officers shall be considered inadmissible; that prisoners shall be treated with common humanity; that the personal effects and private property of prisoners, except their arms and ammunition, shall be respected; that the population of an enemy's country shall be considered exempt from participation in the war, unless by hostile acts they provoke the ill will of the enemy.

Personal and family honor and the religious convictions of an invaded people must be respected by the invaders, and all pillage by regular troops or their followers strictly forbidden.

At the Chilean Forge.

For the most part the methods of horseshoeing in Chile are primitive and the tools used are simple and few, consisting usually of a hammer, a rasp, a pair of pincers, a crude knife and an anvil, all of which are made in the country. There is no need of fire, as the workman beats the shoe into shape cold.

Have You Tried?

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound? We can furnish positive proof that it has made many remarkable cures after all other means had failed.

Women who are suffering with some form of female illness should consider this.

As such evidence read these two unsolicited testimonial letters. We guarantee they are genuine and honest statements of facts.

Cresson, Pa.—"Five years ago I had a bad fall, and hurt myself inwardly. I was under a doctor's care for nine weeks, and when I stopped I grew worse again. I sent for a bottle of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, took it as directed, and now I am a stout, hearty woman."—Mrs. Ella E. Aikey, Cresson, Pa.

Baird, Wash.—"A year ago I was sick with kidney and bladder troubles and female weakness. The doctors gave me up. All they could do was to just let me go as easily as possible. I was advised by friends to take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and Blood Purifier. I am completely cured of my ills, and I am nearly sixty years old."—Mrs. Sarah Leighton, Baird, Wash.

Evidence like the above is abundant showing that the derangements of the female organism which breed all kinds of miserable feelings and which ordinary practice does not cure, are the very disorders that give way to Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Women who are afflicted with similar troubles, after reading two such letters as the above, should be encouraged to try this wonderfully helpful remedy.

For 30 years Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has been the standard remedy for female ills. No sick woman does justice to herself who will not try this famous medicine. Made exclusively from roots and herbs, and has thousands of cures to its credit.

Mrs. Pinkham invites all sick women to write her for advice. She has guided thousands to health free of charge. Address Mrs. Pinkham, Lynn, Mass.

Mass Play Modified.

City Editor—Any radical changes for the better in football this season?

Sporting Writer—Verily. I understand that not more than one ticket speculator will be allowed to tackle a single patron at the same time.—a single patron at the same time.—Puck.

Important to Mothers

Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, a safe and sure remedy for Infants and children, and see that it Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher. In Use For Over 30 Years. The Kind You Have Always Bought.

Not Even Mother.

Little Bob was much distressed because the birthdays of his sister Adelaide and his baby brother were going to arrive before his did.

"All the burfdays before mine," he mourned. "Couldn't you make mine come first, muvver?"

"No," interposed Adelaide, decisively, "nobody can change your birthday—not even mother!"

Looking After the Eggs.

Lady Betty, who is four years old and never misses a trick, was taken the other evening to a restaurant for her supper, and with all the importance and sprightly dignity of her years calmly ordered poached eggs on toast. While the little family group was awaiting its service the "kiddie" amused herself by looking out of the window, pressing against a screen to get a closer view of something below. She was warned by her mother that the screen might give way and let her fall to the sidewalk, perhaps injuring her terribly. She drew away, thought a minute, and then said naively: "Would I fall if the screen went out?" "You certainly would," was her mother's reply. "And would I get awful hurted?" "Very likely." "Then what would the man do with the eggs?"

DRINK WATER TO CURE KIDNEYS AND RHEUMATISM

The People Do Not Drink Enough Water to Keep Healthy, Says Well-Known Authority.

"The numerous cases of kidney and bladder diseases and rheumatism are mainly due to the fact that the drinking of water, nature's greatest medicine, has been neglected.

Stop loading your system with medicines and cure-alls; but get on the water wagon. If you are really sick, why, of course, take the proper medicines—plain, common vegetable treatment, which will not shatter the nerves or ruin the stomach."

To cure Rheumatism you must make the kidneys do their work; they are the filters of the blood. They must be made to strain out of the blood the waste matter and acids that cause rheumatism; the urine must be neutralized so it will no longer be a source of irritation to the bladder, and, most of all, you must keep these acids from forming in the stomach. This is the cause of stomach trouble and poor digestion. For these conditions you can do no better than take the following prescription: Fluid Extract Dandelion, one-half ounce; Compound Kargon, one ounce; Compound Syrup Sarsaparilla, three ounces. Mix by shaking well in bottle and take in teaspoonful doses after each meal and at bedtime, but don't forget the water. Drink plenty and often.

This valuable information and simple prescription should be posted up in each household and used at the first sign of an attack of rheumatism, backache or urinary trouble, no matter how slight.

About all a school teacher gets out of her great education is that after she becomes old, she knows more to find fault with than other people.

Stiff neck! Doesn't amount to much but mighty disagreeable. You've no idea how quickly a little Hamlins Wizard Oil will lubricate the cords and make you comfortable again.

There are more opportunities than there are young men to take advantage of them.—James J. Hill.

Constipation causes and seriously aggravates many diseases. It is thoroughly cured by Dr. Pierce's Pellets. Tiny sugar-coated granules.

Many a fellow marries because he is too bashful to get out of it.

Mrs. Austins Buckwheat Flour gives you a really good wholesome breakfast.

When everything else fails a woman can become a suffragette.

44 Bu. to the Acre

is a heavy yield, but that's what John Kennedy of Edmonton, Alberta, Western Canada, got from 40 acres of Spring Wheat in 1915. Reports from other districts in that province showed other excellent results—such as 4,000 bushels of wheat from 100 acres, or 40 1-8 bu. per acre, 35, 36 and 38 bushel yields were numerous. As high as 152 bushels of oats to the acre were threshed from Alberta fields in 1915.

The Silver Cup

at the recent Spokane Fair was awarded to the Alberta Government for its exhibit of grains, grasses and vegetables. Reports of excellent yields for 1916 come also from Saskatchewan and Manitoba in Western Canada.

Free homesteads of 160 acres, and adjoining pre-emptions of 160 acres (at $3 per acre) are to be had in the choicest districts.

Schools convenient, climate excellent, soil the very best, railways close at hand, building lumber cheap, fuel easy (coal reasonable in price, water easily procured, mixed farming a success.

Write at once for best place for settlement, settlers' low railway rates, descriptive illustrated "Last Best West" (sent free on application) and other information, to Sup't of Immigration, Ottawa, Can., or to the Canadian Government Agent. (86)

W. H. Rogers, 3rd floor Traction Terminal Bldg., Indianapolis, Ind.; H. M. Williams, Room 20 Law Bldg., Toledo, O. (Use address nearest you.)

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That's Why You're Tired—Out of Sorts—Have No Appetite.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS will put you right in a few days. They do their duty. Cure Constipation, Biliousness, Indigestion, and Sick Headache.

SMALL PILL, SMALL DOSE, SMALL PRICE

Genuine must bear Signature

Brent Good

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By I. I. Moody, one of the State's early settlers. From these talks you will learn many important things about Florida and Florida lands—facts for you to remember when you invest. They are free—write for them.

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