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SOME CITY POLITICS.

The Campaign This Year Promises to be Full of Interest.—Many Candidates in the Field.

Wednesday, February 14th, occurs the municipal battle of ballots—an event that takes place once each year. The election this year promises more than usual interest as there are several candidates for all the important offices.

It will be noted that election day occurs this year upon the same date as St. Valentine's Day, and every candidate will receive a valentine—some will cause pleasure and some regret.

The main fight will be for the office of mayor. Already three candidates have filed their petitions in the City Clerk's office, as required by law. They are Chas. L. Smith, the present mayor, who stands for re-election; E. W. Greene and James Rix.

The platforms of the candidates have not been very loudly proclaimed, but it is generally understood that should Mayor Smith be re-elected, Marshal Zuber will lose his helmet, while on the other hand, should Mr. Rix land the plum, it is said, Zuber will retain his job. Mr. Smith would probably appoint W. H. Parker. Just who Mr. Greene

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MRS. POST ON WITNESS STAND

Told Interesting Story of Mental Healing. Described Methods Practiced.

Denied statements.

Mrs. Helen Wilms-Post, who is on trial in the United States Court, at Jacksonville, for the alleged fraudulent use of the mails, gave her testimony Wednesday which proved exceedingly interesting.

Mrs. Post's statement was full and complete. She said she was seventy-five years of age, and that she had been studying mental treatment methods for a number of years, and she believed firmly in her power to cure disease by mental science treatment.

She said that for fifteen years she had been engaged in no other business than mental science healing, and the publication of her paper, Freedom, which is devoted exclusively to mental science. She said since she began treating patients by the mental science methods she had treated between 7,000 and 10,000, and that at least 80 per cent of them had reported to her that they had been cured or greatly benefited.

She denied all of the statements made by her former clerks, to the effect that she had not given instructions to them regarding the treatment of specific cases. She said that she was still a firm believer in her capacity as a mental science healer. She said that she had never said that "people like to be fooled," while she was speaking of mental science. She said that she had never taken for treatment cases in which people had wanted hair to grow on bald heads; or where people were in the last stages of consumption; she had not agreed to treat any one to make a limb grow out after it had been amputated. She denied that she had written testimonials and signed other people's names to them for publication in her papers or pamphlets. All the charges that the prosecution had been trying to prove against the defendant were mentioned, and she denied being guilty of any of them.

The cross-examination of the witness was severe, but she answered all of the questions in a clear and concise manner.

TWO POPULAR PASTORS RETURN

Rev. F. M. Dowlin and Rev. Adlyman Smith Will Again Have Charge of Their Churches.

The St. Johns River conference of the M. E. Church closed its twentieth annual session in St. Augustine on Sunday night.

Bishop C. H. Fowler preached an interesting and inspiring sermon to a large and enthusiastic audience on Sunday morning.

Rev. F. M. Dowlin, of the First Methodist Church, Daytona, was returned and also Rev. Adlyman Smith, to the Daytona Beach Church.

Friends of the above popular ministers will be glad to hear this news. Everyone welcomes them back.

Will Go on Cruise

The houseboat Rochester, with Captain A. Bennett in charge, is in port from Eau Gallie. The boat will leave here Sunday with R. E. Olds, the Reo automobile manufacturer, and a party of friends who will go on a cruise down the east coast. The captain of the boat is a brother of Landlord Bennett, of the Bennett House on Ridgewood Avenue.

*Lot for sale, 25x100 feet, with artesian well, for \$150. C. J. Vande Vord, if

Mr. Rose, who is a guest of the Ridgewood, has acquired the launch formerly owned by Theodore King. The craft is one of the most handsome in the river, and is finished in mahogany. The boat will be overhauled and repaired before being put into commission again.

PORT ORANGE NEWS NOTES.

An interesting budget of the local happenings in the beautiful village to the south.

A large party of tourists arrived Sunday, and are stopping at the Port Orange House.

Mr. and Mrs. Rich, of New York, who are spending the winter at Orange City, visited Mrs. and Miss DuBois last week, and went over to the beach to see the races.

Our village nearly lived on the beach last week, the races were so attractive. Mr. Hamilton and Mr. Pomroy, of Springfield, Mass., were guests of Mr. and Mrs. Rikeman last week. They all spent most of the time seeing the races. The young gentlemen were very much pleased with Port Orange.

The Literary Society met Thursday afternoon in Ridgewood Hall, and had a very interesting meeting.

The Sunday tea, Friday afternoon, was very well attended, considering that it was race week. Mrs. Milburn was hostess, assisted by Miss DuBois.

The stereopticon entertainment that was to have been given by A. W. Fielder of New Smyrna, on Thursday night of last week, will come off next Friday night in Ridgewood Hall.

Mr. Henderson has the frame of his house up.

Miss Belle Murray of New Smyrna, is visiting her aunt, Miss C. McDaniel.

Mrs. Brown, of Massachusetts, has secured rooms of Mrs. M. A. Briggs.

Mr. and Mrs. Teddar have a daughter visiting them.

D. W. Winn is putting down a well for Mr. Braddock, on his place, in Blake, where Mr. Braddock is building a large house.

Mr. Knight is building a house on Ridgewood Avenue, just north of the schoolhouse.

T. G. Knight, owner of the launch Rose May, and Messrs. Hutchinson and Half, all of New York, spent Wednesday at Bulow Creek, on a successful fishing trip. They left today on a cruise down the Halifax, accompanied by Captain Lew Barber, as pilot. The Rose May is a fifty-foot craft, and is equipped with a 12-horsepower engine.

Long Bound Over.

Two white tramps, who have been in the city lockup for several days, were brought before Judge Aman, at Daytona Beach, Monday. Long, the crippled man, who created such a disturbance at Holly Hill, a few nights ago, was bound over to await the action of the Criminal Court, while in the other case there was not evidence enough to hold the prisoner and he was accordingly set free.

Examines Course.

Don Luis Marx, the new president of the Automobile Club of Havana, has gone over the race course in his 60-horsepower Mercedes to carefully examine the road preparatory to the great race this month. Mr. Marx was accompanied by Messrs. Conill and Laine, of the Automobile Association, and Corrales, Buzzi and Martinez, engineers of the road. Stops were made along the route where repairs are needed, and the bad turn from General Lee Street into the Mariano Calzada will be banked.

Mr. Marx is contracting for a car which he will race in place of the Mercedes he entered last year.

*Coal—anthracite—egg, stove and chestnut at N. S. Dayton's Lumber Yard Phone 49.

A Poem for Today

THINGS THAT NEVER DIE
By Charles Dickens

"THE humanity of Dickens," says the Edinburgh Review, "is plain, practical and manly. It is quite unalloyed with sentimentality. There is no morbid wailing for ideal distresses, no morbid exaggeration of the evils incident to our lot, no disposition to excite unavailing discontent or to turn our attention from remedial grievances to those which do not admit a remedy. Though he appeals much to our feelings, we can detect no instance in which he has employed the verbiage of spurious philanthropy. He is equally exempt from the meretricious cant of spurious philosophy."

THE pure, the bright, the beautiful,
That stirred our hearts in youth,
The impulses to wordless prayer,
The dream of love and truth;
The longings after something lost,
The spirit's yearning cry,
The strivings after better hopes—
These things can never die.

The timid hand stretched forth to aid
A brother in his need,
A kindly word in grief's dark hour
That gives a friend indeed;
The plea for mercy softly breathed,
When justice threatens high,
The sorrow of a contrite heart—
These things shall never die.

The memory of a clasping hand,
The pressure of a kiss,
And all the trifles sweet and frail,
That make up love's first bliss;

If with a firm, unchanging faith,
Those hands have clasped, those lips
Have met—
These things shall never die.

The cruel and the bitter word,
That wounded as it fell;
The chilling want of sympathy
We feel, but never tell;
The hard repulse that chills the heart,
Whose hopes were booming high,
In an unflinching record kept—
These things shall never die.

Let nothing pass, for every hand
Must find some work to do,
Lose not a chance to waken love—
Be firm, and just, and true;
So shall a light that cannot fade
Beam on thee from on high,
And angel voices say to thee—
These things shall never die.

A Poem for Today

THE FAMILY MEETING
By Charles Sprague

CHARLES SPRAGUE was born in Boston, Mass., Oct. 26, 1791, and died in that city Jan. 27, 1878. His father, Samuel, was one of the party that threw the tea into Boston harbor. He first attracted attention as a poet when he won a prize for the best prologue at the opening of the Park theater in New York. He achieved similar success at the opening of other theaters in Philadelphia, Salem and Portsmouth. "The Family Meeting" is considered by many one of the finest consecrations of natural affection in our literature.

WE are all here—
Father, mother,
Sister, brother—
All who hold each other
dear.
Each chair is filled; we're all at home!
Tonight let no cold stranger come.
It is not often thus around
Our old familiar hearth we're found.
Bless, then, the meeting and the spot;
For once be every care forgot;
Let gentle peace assert her power
And kind affection rule the hour.
We're all, all here.

We're not all here!
Some are away—the dead ones dear,
Who thronged with us this ancient
hearth.
And gave the hour to galesless mirth,
Fate, with a stern, relentless hand,
Looked in and thinned our little band;
Some like a night flash passed away
And some sunk lingering day by day,
The quiet graveyard—some lie there—
And cruel ocean has his share.
We're not all here.

Even they—the dead—though dead, so
dear—
Pond memory, to her duty true,
Brings back their faded forms to view.
How lifelike, through the mist of
years,
Each well remembered face appears!
We see them as in times long past;
From each to each kind looks are cast.
We hear their words, their smiles be-
hold;
They're round us as they were of old.
We are all here.

We are all here—
Father, mother,
Sister, brother—
You that I love with love so dear.
This may not long of us be said;
Soon must we join the gathered dead,
And by the hearth we now sit round
Some other circle will be found.
Oh, then that wisdom may we know
Which yields a life of peace below!
So in the world to follow this
May each repeat in words of bliss,
We're all, all here.

We are showing Walking Pumps.

See Us for the "Smartest" Footwear.

"ANTHONY'S"

Palm Beach. Daytona.


