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W. S. FRY
LEADING JEWELER

of a tenant too, and watched the rural mail carrier coming down the hill—saw him stop at the gate and deposit in the mail box what seemed to me a considerable amount of mail matter. In a few minutes the young son of the family came by, took out the mail, and came toward the house at a pace slower than a snail, never once looking up from the magazine he was reading.

I learned it was difficult for the mother to get the children who were old enough to read to eat their meals on the days the magazines came. Yes, but you say that is only one family, and that to be accurate you must get the average. But must one not concede that the rural mail system of these United States will, nay is, a great factor in the education of the people, more especially when such advantage is supplemented by traveling libraries of well selected books sent out from many state libraries to the remotest country?

Must we not also concede that in learning to read how others live, move and have their being, we will at least absorb some of the interests of other lives? While we are landing vocational education let us not deprecate the literary. That is our spiritual food, so to speak, and without it a vocation becomes drudgery.

But neither literary nor scientific farming is going to keep the country-born in the country. There is one thing that will keep them there, and that is the increase of creature comforts along with other interests in life. That these are being won cannot be gainsaid by even statisticians, but those that dwell in the country are just beginning to realize it, and that there is yet much to be done along this line goes without saying.

And yet, ever since the sewing machine agent sold the first farmer's wife the first sewing machine, her work has been growing less irksome. And some day her hours of work will be shorter because invention's devices and her training in systematizing her work will make it so. Look how long it takes us to learn the simplest thing. For instance, I had been all my life unfastening my shoes button by button, when along came a young miss that caught hold of the top of her shoes and with one telling pull the shoe was unfastened. Don't ever think she didn't teach me how to get to bed quicker.

And thus it is in the more important things of life. We learn slowly, the countryman probably more slowly because of lack of constant contact with his fellowman. But no one can travel over this great country who knew it even ten years ago and not see changes for good to him who dwells in the rural districts.

First, the community has improved its roads. The owner has improved his farm. He keeps up his fences better. He has better protection for his stock. He has better tools and takes better care of them. He contributes more to church and school. He thinks more of his community obligations. And while there may be some abandoned churches and school houses, those patronized are in better physical and financial conditions, and I believe, are growing in spirituality.

The wife whose help is invaluable is demanding that she, too, have some of the labor-saving devices. She is also demanding an outlet for herself and children in the way of better clothes and better social opportunities.

This is the owner, mind you. But think you this owner has no influence over the renter? Here's where ambition is going to play another part. Seldom was there ever a child who saw another with better clothes, more toys, or more anything that it didn't make up its mind to have twice as many. And it is just as impossible for the owner to improve his condition and the renter not improve his as it is to reverse nature's order.

I know it seems slow and impossible when you run across the sloven and the indifferent, but in the wisest era of country life just beginning, we are learning to eat better food, use fewer stimulants, and take less medicine, and with all this, the renter's mental attitude will change, and with that change will come a desire to appear as good as his neighbors.

And speaking of patent medicines, right here is where statistics would be interesting. To know whether or not the per cent of the average renter's income spent for these would-be cure-alls has increased or decreased within the past ten years. In lieu of statistics at hand, let us hope it has largely decreased, for not only do patent medicines encroach on the purse of all who use them, but otherwise hinder their devotees' best development.

Therefore, with our last thought for this class, if they could be taught how to spend their money rather than how to save it, they would get accustomed to the comforts of life, and we know that after we become comfortable, beauty and refinement have their linings.

Skim Cream on Bottles.

A novel method of skimming all the cream from milk contained in a bottle or like vessel is to use a large round disk of rubber which takes a slightly concave shape, it being hung upon three light aluminum rods or wires. Slipping the disk in edgewise and below the surface, it then takes the flat position and can be drawn out with all the cream.

Why You Should Use Chamberlain's Cough Remedy.

Because it has an established reputation won by its good works. Because it is most esteemed by those who have used it for many years, as occasion required, and are best acquainted with its good qualities. Because it loosens and relieves a cold and aids nature in restoring the system to a healthy condition. Because it does not contain opium or any other narcotic. Because it is within the reach of all. It only costs a quarter. Obtainable everywhere.

**AN APPRECIATION OF
GOV. PARK TRAMMELL**

C. D. Clough in Lakeland
News Tells of His Boy-
hood Chum.

My mind carries me back thirty odd years ago when Park Trammell and myself were small boys living in the country in Polk county. We were farmer boys. In those youthful days we played together and worked together. I chummed with him, plowed with him, chopped wood with him and we hunted together in the woods. We packed oranges together and one season when work was scarce we went to the woods with our axes and cross-cut saw and cut wood and sold it in Lakeland for a livelihood. Later in young manhood we were in the newspaper business together. I have set type at the case with him, read proof with him and we have mingled our editorials on the same country weekly. Shortly after I had married, and he, too, had entered into wedded bliss, we rented together and lived in the same house. With these refractory remarks I think I may say that I am well acquainted with Park Trammell, Florida's present governor. I think I may say that I know him as but few others have had opportunity to know him, and now as I start to write this sketch about my lifelong friend, this boyhood chum of the days back on the farm, this associate of my young manhood, this many man who has grappled with unusual difficulties and has wrested from life unusual successes, I am reminded that Park Trammell's brilliant career is one worthy of mention as a splendid example of the great possibilities for the American boy, however humble his early surroundings may be. I would like for the public to know some things I know of Park Trammell's interesting career which heretofore have not been generally known. Hence I write this sketch.

In early boyhood he lived in a log house in the country and his school advantages were those offered by the short term schools of the pioneer days of South Florida, but even these were his for a limited while. He began to make his own living when a boy. He worked on the farm, chopped wood, packed oranges and clerked some. He never considered himself too good to do any kind of honest work. When about sixteen years old he went to Tampa to take a position in a general mercantile store.

From his earnings in Tampa where he filled different positions for about five years he assisted in meeting his father's obligations and saved the money with which he paid his way through law school. To better equip himself with an education, he often

burned the midnight oil. It was the unfortunate financial circumstances of his father which made Park Trammell feel that it was his duty to go to work when but a boy—for his father was a man who desired to give his children every advantage possible and to this end he would make any sacrifice. He came home to Lakeland from law school in 1899 and set about fitting up an office in which to practice his profession. His savings were exhausted, his office was necessarily a humble one. A plain office table made with his own hands, two or three cheap chairs and fifteen or twenty law books completed his first office equipment. Getting a foothold was not easy but in order to pay expenses while getting a start as a young lawyer, he kept books at night and worked as a traveling salesman a part of each week. His father had met financial reverses and though worked hard to get a start in life, he helped his father to a considerable extent in paying off his debts. Soon after this his father died. There were four younger sisters left orphans, his nothing having died some years before. Assisted by a younger brother he assumed their care and support and he did all that a devoted brother could do for them. Notwithstanding unusual difficulties, my friend, Park, demonstrated that he was possessed of excellent ability and began to establish a good law practice. It was apparent that this bright and gifted young man who was so full of energy, ambition and determination had before him a promising future. He was elected mayor of Lakeland and his administration met with approval. The people of Polk county elected him to the House of Representatives and he served his first session in 1903. He was then elected to the state senate and though one of the younger members of that body was chosen president of the senate. His record in the state senate brought him into prominence and in 1908 he was elected attorney general and his four years' service there was sufficient to show the people of his state he was the kind of public servant they could trust, and though still handicapped by his financial obligations, cheerfully and unselfishly assumed, he made a race for governor against men with money that will be long remembered in Florida politics.

When I think of his early life in the log cabin in the country, his meager advantages and the necessity for working his own way and fighting his own battles; when I think of the unusual obligations he willingly assumed and the extraordinary difficulties he had to encounter, I am constrained to wonder at his remarkable career; but when I think of the courage and grit he had, his excellent ability, the honest, conscientious way he has of doing his duty and his sincere devotion to the public interests, his kind and charitable disposition, I am not surprised that Park Trammell, my boyhood friend of the old days, now

occupies the governor's mansion. Such success as he has achieved would turn the head of some but this is not true of Park. He has that same friendly manner towards all which has always been so characteristic with him. He has by merit and devotion to duty risen step by step from mayor to governor, and I hope and believe he will next be promoted by the people of Florida to the United States Senate.

Asked to be Uniformly Polite.

Capt. J. D. Rahner, general passenger agent of the Florida East Coast Railway (Flagler System) has recently issued a unique circular to employees of the line, and one whose advice it would be well for employes of other lines in Florida to follow. He asks employes to be uniformly polite in all their intercourse with patrons of the line. Capt. Rahner's circular follows:

"To all Agents, Ticket Agents, Baggage Agents, Conductors and Baggage-men:
"The beginning of another 'season' is fast approaching and we are encouraged in the belief that we will have more than the usual number of strangers among us, so we take the opportunity to point out that a passenger always appreciates thoughtful, courteous treatment at the hands of ticket agents, baggage agents, or trainmen—because often they do not expect it; a smile or pleasant word sometimes comes in the nature of an agreeable surprise.

"There are some conductors who say 'Thank you,' every time they take a ticket, even when they are in a hurry, and this applies to the local passenger in the day coach as well as to the through traveler in the drawing room. A conductor with a kind, genial, wholesome attitude makes no distinction in persons and treats all alike. We wish every ticket agent on the Florida East Coast Railway would say 'Thank you,' when receiving money for a ticket, whether it is 25c or \$100.00. The largest retail cigar store corporation in the United States, with hundreds of stores from Maine to Florida, rigidly requires that their clerks treat a customer for his purchase; their immense business has been largely due to the courteous treatment of patrons at all times and under all circumstances.

"It is easier to speak pleasantly than in a short, abrupt tone, and it is surely more pleasing to a passenger. Be thoughtful and show a desire to help those who need it, by a suggestion, a little advice, or an appropriate act. Remember a railroad is frequently judged by its representatives, no matter what their position is. Let us all try to worthily represent the great railroad for whose success and reputation we are working."

Hope, like the glimmering taper's light, adorns and cheers the way.—Goldsmith.

**COUNTRY LIFE YESTERDAY
AND TODAY**

RURAL PROGRESS IN HOME IDEALS

JULIA MAXEY HINDMAN, in Southern Woman's Magazine

Statisticians and sociologists tell us that eighty-five per cent of men farmers and nearly all women farmers are leaving the beauties and delights of the country for the bodily comforts of the city. At least they don't say it that way, but that's what they mean.

Now of course they are talking about the average country person. So am I, which means owner as well as tenant. I do not know how many of these statisticians and sociologists ever lived in the country, but here are a few questions I would like to ask them and get truthful answers. Did you ever live in a ramshackle old house where the wintry winds drove the snow through the cracks and covered up the kindling which you had by the hearthstone to kindle the fire in the morning? And did you ever get up about 4 a. m. after one of these nights and pull the kindling out from under the snow to start the fire?

Did you ever flop around an old barn crunching the ice and mud and try to shuck corn and feed the stock when you had to shuck while and put your hands in your pockets awhile?

Did you ever plan weeks ahead to go to a big meeting and have the horse you expected to drive lie down and die the night before maybe because you had no veterinary service?

Did you ever see one you loved become violently ill far from medical aid?

Did you ever sit and watch the sky with a prayer on your lips that the cloud you saw no bigger than a man's

hand might mean rain that would save that field of late corn?

If you have done any or all of these things didn't you resolve to seek the ease and comfort you know (?) were enjoyed by city folks?

One could go on asking questions ad infinitum, and in turn ask equally as many to show up the disadvantages of the city, but my contention is that the influx to the cities is a seeking after bodily comfort.

It is to be recognized, of course, that in individual cases a desire for educational or spiritual growth is the motive, but as a rule the wish to be comfortable is the trap that snaps the victim. In that desire may be wrapped all sorts of illusions which are made easily visible by ambition, that creature that wears goggles big enough to see all over the world; yet why, indeed, should the city not lure one away from a morning just described!

It is true that once in a while you see an owner of a farm sell it and take his family to town, but educating the children is invariably the excuse.

However, the question is not so much how we shall keep the owner a country dweller, as it is how the man that tills the soil, the laborer, shall be made content to give up his labor that the world may be fed. Not only this, but how we shall keep him from becoming an added tax on the charity of the city. Invariably this class of people flock to the city wholly unprepared for the kind of work demanded, and nine times out of ten sickness follows change of mode of living, and what little mite was in the purse is exhausted before they realize whether they have drifted.

Thus they fail to get the physical comforts they were anticipating, and in a little while, unless there be exceptionally vital ambition in some member of the family, they become wards of the charity workers.

There is little or no truth in statistics, as those who deal in them know, yet they are next to the closest approach one can get to conditions. The nearest approach is in observing changes taking place from year to year. And in no instance are these changes more noticeable than in the way the average countryman lives now and the way he lived twenty-five years ago.

The president of an educational conference has recently been reported as saying that illiteracy was on the increase in the South. It would be interesting to know with what decade he was comparing his present-day statistics, for to show either decrease or increase there must be a comparison. He claims the churches decadent, unreported, and the schools incompetent. To argue those two points would require another article and probably some statistics. But granting such to be the case, it is evidently education for the people he wants, and is not that coming in other forms and from other sources? Whether as good or not is also another point for argument, but it is indeed a pessimistic argument that does not see human endeavor has ever tended and is still tending toward its own betterment. One day not long ago I stood in the yard of a modest country home, that

We learn from the fable
That you need a new table
For the dinner on Xmas day.
We have every kind
For the critical mind
At very little to pay.

ASK YOUR WIFE

and she will name a dozen different articles of Furniture needed to complete your home life.

ASK HER AGAIN

and she will specify some particular piece that is more urgently needed than the rest. It may be a table for the Christmas dinner or something else she has been wanting.

GIVE IT TO HER

for a Christmas present, and make the joy of giving as great as that of receiving. But if you want to surprise her, or are hesitating as to just what to get, you can do no better than to come around and look our stock over and price the different articles, then you will have no difficulty in making your decision.

J. H. Yelverton, Jr.

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Palatka, Florida.

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