THE PALATKA NEWS

tion Two. and Advertiser.

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GREETINGS.

Woman's Club Annual comes to year in tife to wish you A Xmas, and A Happy New Since the issue of Vol. 1, No. here erected our new Club and towards its up keep the from this paper will be used. every business organization in is represented either by an ment or a personal contribu- the work of this edition.

bespeak for our patrons your reading of each and every ar- advertisement. It is with hearts we present this edition that the good work done Palatka Woman's Club is ful- ciated by our citizens in gen-

Nation is at war our President that we help the govern- by keeping things moving "Much as usual which we are try- In this issue we have tried our community, with its ad- and attractions, so desira- those in far away states and with our genial climate productive soil that they will spend the winters or make home with us.

greetings to our members, and visitors; thanks to our patrons and co-workers and all to all.

EMILINE M. DUNSFORD.
President, Palatka Woman's Club.

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Social Department.

(Mrs. D. J. Coughlin, Chairman.)

social department of the Wo- Club has not been especially ac- account of the present great all social affairs giving place work, and work of a more se- nature, and the entertainments by this department have not place. However, the Commit- to give a few entertainments in the season as benefits.

day at the new Club House presided over by the social com- the rooms were artistically with club colors, green and a profusion of plants and Punch and wafers were

opening dance was a very en- social affair, Professor Se- and very generously furnished and the social committee delicious sandwiches and hot

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From The Florida Federation Of Woman's Clubs.

(Mrs. D. J. Coughlin.)

twenty-third Annual Florida Federation of Women's held in Tampa November 20-23, down in history as one of the memorable and important ever

time when our nation is en- in almost a life and death when the organized efforts men and women count for so much. a memorable occasion. this together of delegates chosen nearly 10,000 of Florida's with hearts and minds keenly and alert to the serious ques- confronting them, the opportu- open to them for real service consequent responsibility.

convention was presided over Mrs. W. S. Jennings the retiring President of Federation, and a very ful president she has been. A with charm, and grace of man- that wins all within her presence. heart and soul has been, and is the great activities of women. who has a firm and intelligent on every phase of Woman's in the State; she was elected to Florida's Director to the General tion, and we expect to hear from this talented woman.

much cannot be said in praise of hospitality and the gracious in which both men and women the Federation, all meet- were held in the Casino of Tam- Hotel, except the reception, was beautifully staged at Cen- teoriano.

from the reports of the offi- chairmen and clubs, which were excellent and showed much pro- and extension in every way, the of the entire convention was work.

Conrad, President State College Women, Tallahassee gave a most and patriotic talk on Food Con- tion.

Katherine Hower member of Board of Y. W. C. A. War made an eloquent appeal for Y. A. Work.

Cross," was the subject of Dr. E. Snively, of Atlanta, Director Bureau Development Southern Di- American Red Cross.

O. E. Maple, of Jacksonville, Secretary Y. M. C. A. Associa- spoke on "The Young Mens Association Part in the World War.

Cross Seals" by Dr. J. B. "War Camp Community Rec- Fund"—J. Clifford R. Foster. War Relief"—L. W. Josselyn Jacksonville.

conferences were held and a "Coun- Defense Dinner," presided over Mrs. W. H. Hocker State Chair- Council Defense.

Josiah Evans Cowles of Los Cal., President Gen. Federa- was the guest of the Federation spoke on "Present Day Privi- "

opening, Mrs. Cowles said: "I your attention to the step taken the government last April, when men of the country were called to Washington to take part in the work the Council of National Defense," or a subsidiary committee to council. This was the greatest tribute ever paid to women by the history of the World. When in a great crisis like the present, the rulers of the nation should call to their assistance the Women of the nation."

The present certainly spells Woman's Opportunity, and Mrs. Cowles's splendid address inspired many to take an active service in some of the many fields.

This being the year for election of officers, much interest centered in this event, and it was happily and harmoniously disposed of. Mrs Edmar Lewis of Fort Pierce, Fla., was the choice of the convention for President. Mrs. Lewis is not a stranger by any means, she is locally and lovingly known in Palatka, not alone for her charming personality, but also for the splendid report she has made in the many official positions held in the state. She is one of those big, broad, wholehearted women who is so thoroughly efficient and well equipped to take up the Federation Work, which will continue to go onward and upward.

WOMAN'S CLUB HOUSE, PALATKA, FLORIDA.

Founded 1897. Joined State Federation 1898. Incorporated 1912. Club House Erected 1917. Dedicated November 2nd, 1917, by Mrs. W. S. Jennings, State President of the Federation of Women's Clubs. Now Being Used as Headquarters for the Red Cross Society.

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To The Public.

When the first edition of the Woman's Club Annual greeted the public in the month of November 1916 America was at peace with all the world. This year as we greet you, our beautiful and prosperous country is at war with the greatest foe and menace this world has ever known, namely, Germany and Prussianism. The old saying aptly fits here, "who knows what a day may bring forth." And yet, while there are sad hearts all around us, the beautiful sun still shines and we do not yet feel the awful strain of those who have sacrificed their all for the cause of humanity.

Our duties as club members are obvious; to cheer those who need a bright word, to lend a helping hand wherever possible, to give freely of our time, means, talents and if necessity should call, ourselves, consecrated to the service.

The personnel of the Woman's Club of Palatka is almost the personnel of the Red Cross society.

The war work of the Y. M. C. A. and Y. W. C. A. and Food Conservation and Civilian Relief, have their representatives in the club membership. In spite of the stress of the times, our building committee went into the plans of the new club house, cuts off which appear elsewhere, and we have today, a structure that is a "thing of beauty and a joy forever."

And so to the public and to every good cause and worthy enterprise, the Woman's Club of Palatka extends an open door and outstretched hands. We greet you.

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Albert Spalding the famous American violinist has given up all concert contracts for the future to join the Aviation corps. He appeared at the New York Hippodrome recently in concert dressed in kakhi, for the benefit of the army and navy relief.

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Piano and musical instrument men are jubilant over the fact that the Senate Finance Committee decided to exempt all musical instruments from the proposed taxes under the war revenue bill.

LITERARY DEPARTMENT

MRS. J. H. HAUGHTON, Editor

The Christmas Spirit.

(An extract from an article by Arthur Brisbane Chute.)

Christmas Eve of 1917 dawns on this world in battle array. From the Rocky Mountains to the sea there runs a crimson line, dyed ever deeper by the blood of men. In the golden haze of childhood we heard that priceless story of the hills of Bethlehem, on that first Christmas Eve, when the shepherds were watching their flocks by night. Every child's mind has turned to the story.

The sophistry of later years cannot efface the enraptured charm that lingers with its memory. We read again of that night when the angels sang, "Glory to God in the Highest and on earth, peace, good will toward men," and we find the story still instinct with sweetness and with fragrance. But we turn away from the hills of Bethlehem to the hills of France and Flanders and the angels' song is drowned by the voice of the roaring guns.

The star of Bethlehem goes down in the smoke and reek of battle, and the stars the shepherds watched are lost in lurid flashes and in shooting rockets through the night.

Twenty centuries have passed since the angels sang of the Prince of Peace, and now tonight "the earth is full of turmoil, and the sky is dark with wrath." Was the angels' song in vain, and was our faith made of "such stuff as dreams are made of?"

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Extracts of letters from Dr. Edward Jelks, formerly of staff of Dr. Rogers' Hospital, Jacksonville, now in service of U. S. Army and located at the 2nd Northern General Hospital in Leeds, England.

I wish I might go into detail about the conditions here in England. Everything is so full of interest. The people are just as fine as we have always thought them; they seem to be especially kind to one on a mission similar to ours. No one is in too great a hurry to stop and give information and make things as pleasant for us as possible. And the women! Nothing can be said too much in their praise. They are taking the places of men with a nobleness characteristic of the greatest women in history—our own grand mothers during the sixties.

Today we spent the afternoon in the famous little house at 24 Cheyne Row, the home of Thomas Carlyle. Among the interesting things here was a letter marked "confidential" to Carlyle, in the handwriting of Disralli, offering him, from Queen Victoria, the honor of the "Grand Cross of Bath" and a pension. In his frank Scotch reply, he declines both, stating that neither could add to his satisfaction of life and the latter, he assures, would be rather a hindrance tthan a help.

Perhaps the most interesting room in the house is that in which he entertained his intimate friends. It was here that he and Tennyson loved to sit and smoke together. The report is, that they often preferred to smoke without talking. On one occasion when they had sat for two hours without one word, Tennyson arose to go. Carlyle dismissed him with this clever farewell: "Come again Alfred, we've had a delightful evening." This is easy to believe when one remembers the value great men give to silence.

In our wanderings we found an old book shop, which was established more than a century ago. My first inquiry was for Carlyle's works. The proprietor was an old man, just the picture we have always had of the typical English book seller. And how he knew good books! Among his rarest, I remember especially an author's copy of "The Life of Schiller." Carlyle had given it to his friend, a Lady Harriet Farny and on the front page was: "To my friend—Lady Harriet Farney.—T. C. It is among the few autograph copies of Carlyle. He did not follow the custom of many authors—that of giving autographed copies of his works. The seller himself paid seven pounds for it. Another treasure we saw was a copy of the original, or first edition of Boswell's "Johnson." It contained several plates by Sir Joshua Reynolds.

For supper we went to the most unique old tavern in London. It was made interesting by visits from Johnson and Dickens. We sat in the same bench where Dickens wrote one of the chapters of "The Tale of Two Cities." There were several antiques which marked the visits of Johnson. He seems to be among the most loved of London's writers. Everyone points out things pertaining to his life.

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We are finally at work in a well equipped hospital containing 1800 beds. It is steam heated and we have convenient baths with plenty of hot water. The officers all "mess" in one large room, at either end of which is an open fire place and in the center a large English billiard table; so that the room serves a two-fold purpose—as a place for our meals and for lounging. The dinner in the evening is the social event of the day. Seeing us all at table, one would never realize that our being together was caused by the most horrible war of history. This recreation is most wholesome; for during the day we are more or less depressed by the suffering of our patients, from the effects of artillery, shrapnel, gas, etc.

Our opportunities to serve helpfully are limitless. It is such a joy to be in this surgical atmosphere—so different it is from that in which we lived during the first few months of service. The questions of commands, drills, salutations etc., are never brought up. What we hear are discussions as to what is the best treatment for this and that unfortunate soldier. What can be done to put the individual into a truly bettered condition is the one great question of the Orthopedic division. A most wonderful work they are doing—really making men over. The idea is not simply to get a man out of the hospital, but to restore him to a condition of usefulness. To accomplish this the British Government has arranged that so far as possible, every man during his convalescence shall have the opportunity of learning a trade, or perfecting himself in that which he followed before the war. One set of men are doing upholstering, another machinist work, another sign painting, another scroll work, another stenography, etc.

On entering the chapel of a big hospital in London, we were quite overcome when an orchestra of these men greeted us with "The Star Spangled Banner." It was almost beyond belief that every one of them was not only a wounded soldier, but one whose disability was to great to permit his doing military duty. Many of them, for the first time, have had an opportunity to develop; the misfortune of a wound has liberated them from the unfortunate limitations into which they were born.

The real help to a man is that which will make him useful and not merely free from pain. Such work as this is under the care of the Orthopedic department.

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A LOST LAND.

(To Germany—From London Punch.)

(To Germany.)

A childhood land of mountain ways,
Where earthly gnomes and forest fays,
Kind foolish giants, gentle bears,
Sport with the peasant as he fares
Affrighted through the forest glades,
And lead sweet wistful little maids
Lost in the woods, forlorn, alone,
To princely lovers and a throne.

* * * * *

Dear haunted land of gorge and glen,
Ah, me! the dreams, the dreams of men!

A learned land of wise old books
And men with meditative looks,
Who move in quaint red gabled towns
And sit in gravely folded gowns,
Divining in deep laden speech
The world's supreme arcana—each
A homely god to listening Youth
Eager to tear the veil of Truth:

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Mild votaries of book and pen—
Alas, the dreams, the dreams of men!

A music land, whose life is wrought
In movements of melodious thought:
In symphony, great wave on wave—
Or fugue, elusive, swift, and grave:
A singing land, whose lyric rimes
Float on the air like village chimes:
Music and verse—the deepest part
Of a whole nation's thinking heart!

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O, land of Now, O, land of Then!
Dear God! the dreams, the dreams of men!

Slave nation in a land of hate,
Where are the things that made you great?
Child hearted once—O, deep defiled,
Dare you look now upon a child?
Your lore—a hideous mask wherein
Self-worship hides its monstrous sin—
Music and verse, divinely wed—
How can these live where love is dead?

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O, depths beneath sweet human ken,
God help the dreams, the dreams of men!

An Early History of the Woman's Club.

Mrs. George B. Selden, now of Washington, D. C., was the mother of the Club. She having been the first one to propose the forming of a club for purely intellectual improvement. The first membership was limited to twenty members, the initiation fee being fifty cents. During the same year 1897, the membership was increased to fitfty active and ten honorary members. In one of the first records our constitution appears in Mrs. Selden's writing. Mrs. Geo. Welch and Miss Madge D. Ice, Assistant Principal of the public school, were our first presidents. Several members were elected secretaries, but everything was new to us, and no records were kept, until Mrs. R. F. Adams was elected permanent Secretary, at the fourth meeting of the Club, November 13th, 1897. She was followed by Miss Lucile Crutchfield. The Club was then meeting in a room back of the Public Library and Reading-room, and over looking the Chinese Laundry yard.

By dint of scrubbing, cleaning and decorating the marred walls, with plants and vines, and with a cheerful fire made on andirons borrowed from Mrs. M. E. Boyd, our room were made quite attractive. There is much that is pleasant to recall in thinking of those old days. Many of those so dear to us then have gone to a better country, but some are still with us.

As time passed on the need of broadening our efforts for the good of the club and of the city was felt. A musical, and civics department were added, and we have never regretted their addition. Still later a domestic science department came into being, and has has been of great benefit. At the end of the first year, feeling the need of a more desirable home, Dr. Crill was asked about his rooms across the street, and gave us the use of them for nearly ten years, free of rent. Then as they were needed for other purposes we were again without a home, and wandered about from private house to private house, for a time over the Putnam Bank, then at the Athletic Club, and in the Episcopal Guild House, then settled down for a few winters in the parlors of the Putnam House. Now all members old and new will rejoice, that we are in our own beautiful home.

MRS. EMILY MACGREGOR.

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Little Orphant Annie's Tale of the War.

(By Adeline Palmer Wagoner.)

Mr. Herbert Hoover's come to our
house to stay
To wash the pans and dishes and put
the crumbs away,
To shew the tramps from off the porch
unless they learn to sweep
And make the fire and dust the hearth
and earn their board and keep.
And all us little chilluns, when the
supper things is done,
We gathers round the fire and has the
mostest fun
A listen' to the War Tales Mr. Hoover
tells about,
How the Kaiser Man will get you if
y'u don't watch out.

Once Belgium was a lovely land, so
happy and so good,
And when it went to bed one night, as
everybody should,
The Frenchmen heard it holler and the
English heard it bawl,
And when they turned the kivvers
down it wasn't there at all.
They seeked it up the mountain side,
the river and the sea;
They seeked it in the sky and earth,
wherever they could flee;
But all they ever found was just a
stick or stone about,
And the Kaiser Man will get y'u if
you don't watch out

This Belgium had a nice young King,
who loved his people so,
He didn't think in all the world he had
a single foe;
The crept into his house one night and
stole his children, My,
And whipped them all so tur-bly, Uncle Sammy heard them cry
And so he told his soldier boys to get
their guns right quick
And go across the ocean and make
that Kaiser sick.
So mind the Nashnul Consel and watch
what you're about,
For the Kaiser Man'll get y'u if y'u
don't watch out.

Our Mr. President Wilson says the
war will soon be through,
If we will buy the Freedom Bonds of
Mr. McAdoo
And save for Mr. Hoover the sugar,
bread and meat,
And knit for Red Cross soldiers some
things for head and feet,
And buy them books and presents, do
everything we think we can
To cheer our soldiers marching to get
that wicked man.
Democracy will then be safe and all
the world will shout,
For there wont be no Kaiser-man to
git us when we're out

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Paderewski has cancelled all his engagements in this country and is returning to Poland, where he and his wife will engage in relief work. They plan an indefinite stay in Europe.

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Madame E. Schumann-Heink the famous German singer is now engaged in singing in the trenches in France for our allied boys. Madame Schuman-Heink has one son doing service in the ranks of the United States.