

The Punta Gorda Herald

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Register before April 30th; pay your poll tax on or before May 13th, and boost the new baseball association.

The Fort Myers Press says there's nothing in the story about Fort Myers people getting lost on the Wilderness Way, and quotes a member of the party. The Herald got its information from a reliable source, so 'tis evident someone handled the truth carefully.

A noted snake charmer recently appeared at the fashionable Long-champs race track clad only in a hat—and critics declare it modest—more modest than the costume of the American flapper, 'tis said. Draped from the brim of the hat is yard after yard of rich black lace, which reached to the lady's ankles. "The lesson," says the snake charmer, "is one of simplicity." "I step from my bath, put on my hat and am completely and comfortably dressed." As we've remarked before, "the world do move."

Old Marcus Aurelius Antonius may have been a wonderful old boy in his day, and sure he has been press agent as the greatest of the great when it comes to philosophy, but it's doubtful if he'd fit in these times. The splendors of a throne had no fascination for him, the indulgence in luxury he set aside. He found his greatest joy in looking around him and seeing the things he could do without. When others wanted this, that or the other, worked and fought for it, old Marcus smiled and said to himself, "Am I not blessed that I do not need these things?" Sounds kind of good on the surface, but suppose we all did it. We'd be back in caves in five years. What would become of the business structure. We might get along without the packers' trust, but what about the fellow who makes lollipops! Why old Marcus's plan would even put Santa Claus out of business.

During the past few days, two auto mobiles have narrowly missed being wrecked and their drivers perhaps severely injured or killed outright at the Marian avenue railroad crossing. Many people have had "close calls" at this crossing, and some day—maybe tomorrow—there will be a fatal accident there, unless some device or method or warning of the approach of trains is provided. A bell or the swinging device used at crossings elsewhere—or a combination of both devices—would cost the railroad something to install, but would make the crossing comparatively safe, and if it is possible to do so the railroad should be compelled to provide one or the other or some other means of warning. After someone is killed there will be a great hurrah and everyone will rise to declare "I told you so," but all the talk and good hindsight will not restore breath to the dead or mend broken bones.

We've received two letters from our friend, the general, this week. They are not for publication, he says, but he has sent copies to friends whose names were not given. In one the general makes the gentle threat that if we don't lay off him he will start another paper here. He seems to have forgotten that he told us this in person on his recent visit here, and that we invited him to go right ahead and tendered our services in getting him started. It should be understood that the editor picked no quarrel with the governor, but on the other hand had the friendliest feeling for him when he stopped the editor on the street and started a row with him, the main grievance at that time seeming to be an interrogation point that was used in a heading, and it was then he said just because we used

that point he would like to put us out of business. Bystanders heard the conversation. Bigger men than the general have threatened us and our hair retains its original hue and lays flat. The general says he will write no more. We're glad. And many of our readers are, too.

MARY'S DRESS

Mary had a low-neck dress which fitted to perfection, and wore it everywhere I guess, against her Ma's objection. . . . She also had an auto-car, which likely made her dizzy—she couldn't seem to go nowhar, without the doggone Lizzy. . . . She motored through the chill night air, without regard to season. . . . She didn't have no brains to spare, and never stopped to reason. . . . At last she got a sneeze an' cough, which driv her to a frenzy. The doctor which they called right off, pronounced it influenza!

They put her in her little bed, with pangs of anguish filled her. The blotted germs flew to her head and whizzed nearly killed her. . . . But still the doctor lingered near, until he got 'em busted, and Mary's low-necked dress, I hear, has made him plumb disgusted. And now, when Mary's out at night, her collar-bone is hidden, and little Mary doth delight to do as she is bidden.—Uncle John.

THE DAWN OF CHRISTIANITY

The wireless telephone will soon sound the death knell of religious intolerance, and will bring more good to the world than any force wrested from nature since time began, and the ministers are not slow to recognize the fact. Those of the clergy who really think and are in intelligent contact with the men and women of the world, have suddenly come to see that it is not so much the churches, as the things the churches stand for and the manner of their interpretation, that is going to count. When sermons are broadcasted from coast to coast, the people will soon come to sense the true from the false in religious leadership and to know where may best be found actual christianity. No longer may the narrow minded person stand as the law and the prophets, infusing misleading doctrine into simple minds under the shadow of the cloth. Too many creeds have suffered because of their misinterpretation by little men dealing with the biggest of subjects. Today the ministers' congregation is the country, and soon it will be the world. When this happens the dawn of a real Christianity will have broken and a harmony between man and his Maker develop to the glory of God and the blessing of His Creatures.

CLIPPED COMMENT

Friends

Don't argue over trifles. What's the odds whether Rover died on Friday or Saturday?

Don't pry into people's business. It isn't any picnic of yours where the preacher's wife got her new dress or how much Mrs. Sparks paid for her davenette or why Mr. Green calls at the bank so often.

Don't be a pack-horse for gossip. If that bit of scandal is true why stir it about and keep the stench in public nostrils? And if it isn't true—well, you ought to be shot for repeating it.

Don't be too "set" in your religious belief. If you ever get to heaven you will be plumb surprised to see a lot of people who never even saw the inside of your church.—Farm Life.

Support Your Trade Body

There are many people paying taxes who have no children who might ask: "What do I get out of the schools?"

But who wants to live in a city where there are no schools?

There are many people who never go to church who might ask: "What do I get out of the church?"

But who wants to live in a city where there are no churches?

There are many people who can afford to be a member of a civic body who might ask: "What do I get out of the Chamber of Commerce?"

But who wants to live in a city where there is no commercial organization?

You can no more measure the value of a Chamber of Commerce by a yard stick than you can measure the mental growth of a child, or the influence of a church, or the development of art.

It is a safe assertion that a half hour in the office of your Chamber of Commerce will tell you its value to the community and make you proud if your citizenship of your city and county.—Eustis Lake Region.

Try This on Your Piano!

When we were a candidate for office in this county we heard a lot about the man who was not born in Florida, and it makes us feel like kicking the pants off every man in this or any other state who stands upon the platform of being the "native son." If the state of Florida was left to the native sons it would be about the same kind of state it was when it was discovered by the people from other states. The native sons have become good citizens

in some instances and the people from other states have become good citizens in some instances, and you will find good and bad citizens among all of them, regardless of where they came from and where they go. It is high time the "native son" bull was thrown in the barnyard where it belongs, and all the workers of the gag thrown with it where they belong. Florida belongs just as much to the man who comes here from other states and behaves himself and becomes a good citizen as it belongs to the "hick" who sits on the fence and whittles a stick with the idea that because he was born here he is the supreme creature and entitled to something more than the common herd. It is high time the people from other states asserted themselves in Florida and told some of the native-birds where to head in.—Sanford Herald.

Tiffing With Uncle Sam

Whenever the people of the United States come to a realization that they cannot afford to trifle with Uncle Samuel in the matter of violating the prohibition law of the land, the rum runner business will cease. Admittedly it is a bureau task to put a stop to booze smuggling but it can be done provided there are enough men on the job and sufficient funds to meet the payroll. Heretofore the enforcement of the nineteenth amendment has been regarded as a joke but lately the smile has begun to fade away from the national countenance, giving place to a more sober expression. From a news standpoint the story of the seizure of several carloads of whiskey at Jacksonville and down at Fort Pierce during the last few days, is interesting because of the cleverness and daring exhibited by those who would break the law. But the prohibition officers are rapidly learning the tricks of the trade so that it becomes increasingly difficult to carry on smuggling operations successfully and effectively. Hereafter every box of grapefruit or of oranges will be under suspicion of being contraband. What groans and sighs when the old toper reads that on Saturday a freight car in Jacksonville railroad yard yielded up five hundred cases of high-grade whiskey, worth close to \$50,000 and that similar seizures were made at other points within a day or two of the Jacksonville "event." It is estimated that the value of booze discovered in Florida last week alone will exceed \$100,000.00. So there is ample evidence that the prohibition forces are not asleep and that the government proposes to put a stop to the liquor traffic once and for all time. It will be a great help if the individual can attain that state of mind which will permit him to extend co-operation to the point of ceasing to be a customer of the booze runner. The task of making us good by process of legislative enactment is rather difficult. If we are to have prohibition, please let us have it. As things are now we reminded of the old trick practiced back on the farm of tantalizing the horse by tying a stick to the animal's neck, suspending from the end of the stick an alluring wisp of fragrant hay. It is time to break the stick.—Lakeland Telegram.

League of Friendly Towns

The Leesburg Commercial, one of the liveliest twice-a-week newspapers in the State, attaches significance to the remark passed upon its home town recently by an outside business man who said: "Leesburg is such a friendly town."

Indeed the opinion expressed by the interested observer is significant. And Editor Leach is justified in commenting on it, because friendly towns, like friendly persons, always attract strangers and after contact soon share a spirit of good will with them.

Leesburg is a friendly town. There are a number of other friendly towns in the State, too; and Florida is going to have a more enviable reputation when it becomes generally known as the Land of Friendly Towns.

Towns are known by the twinkle in their eyes, their handshakes, their attitudes towards life, their appearances, just as individuals are; for, in the real sense, a town is nothing more than the individual magnified.

It is impossible for a town to be greater than the average greatness of its citizens.

It is impossible for a town to be friendliness of its citizens.

It is impossible for a town to be more beautiful than the average beauty of its homes and premises.

Since time immemorial men have lived together in groups. The instinct to congregate is as old as human nature. But in the barbaric periods men clanned together for mutual protection against enemies of their own kind and against the wild beasts that roamed the fields. Some slept while other watched, all part of the plan of protection. In this civilized age, however, men live in communities together for mutual benefit as well as for protection. This is the difference between civilization and barbarism. The barbarian thinks of self-preservation; the civilized man thinks of self-protect-

tion through the preservation and uplift of others. Search the world over, from the North to the South, from the East to the West and nowhere on the face of the globe will a more ideal place be found for the presence of friendly towns. Nature has given us everywhere the heart can desire in this respect. Happy environment has been heaped upon us in illimitable abundance; everything is conducive; it is but for us to build realities with the myriad-colored things of imagination at our command. Towns have personalities, and while these personalities are generally referred to as "civic spirits," they are none the less distinctive and far-

reaching as factors for development—development in the broadest sense of the word. Florida, a state where friendly towns abound. What finer advertisement could the State build for itself, to say nothing of the genuine satisfaction the widespread presence of these towns would afford the home folks? Towns smile; towns talk; towns make friends; towns make enemies; just as human beings do. It therefore becomes the duty of every town that has visions of becoming great to smile in the most pleasant sort of way, to talk as constructively and intelligently as possible, to make friends as every oppor-

tunity and to make enemies only when it is absolutely necessary. Enemies sometimes are as worth while assets as friends. It all depends upon the issue involved. It is a pleasant topic for speculation, this idea of friendly towns. The more one considers it the more appealing it is; for, after all, the finer displays of co-operation and mutual advancement are conceived and perpetuated in friendship. We would like to see an organization formed to be known as the Florida League of Friendly Towns. Eliminate politics and business competition; base membership entirely upon good will.—Jacksonville Metropolitan.

... Little Crowding ...
It has been remarked that: "there's little jostling or crowding on the road that leads to success." Why not take advantage of a clear track? Open the throttle—and put on more energy in saving.
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BARGAIN SALE
AT SHEFFIELD'S
Continues through this week. Many bargains are offered, which thrifty people cannot afford to overlook. Everything offered is absolutely new, fresh clean stock. Come in and supply your needs while you can do so at a saving. You'll have to hurry.
We also have a small line of nice PIECE GOODS that must be sold, and we are offering men's and women's HOSIERY at very low prices, some of which we give below.
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Imported Gingham, yd. . . 60c
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