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BIG LOCAL CHARITY BENEFIT SHOW READY FOR FRIDAY EVENING

Mr. Gilmain is delighted with the prospects for his final show of the season to take place Friday evening, May 14th, for the benefit of local charities. Rehearsals are progressing in true professional style and the cast is now complete for both plays. The names have been given heretofore through these columns and the characters in the last play, in two acts, filled with music, includes the following well known local players: Mrs. Jean Neville, Misses Alyce Green, Mary Stewart, Nina Phillips (a perfect scream, right from Titusville) Leota Coburn and Julia Michael; W. B. Shaw, juvenile lead, with songs galore, Billy Conrad, comedy part, introducing a new feature dance with Miss Alyce Green; Maurice Niver, a country rube, Donald Morgan, Messrs. Jones and Harding, Harry Erickson, Lew Smith, John and Owen Sullivan, and others. This play deals with college life and the star part is played by a young man masquerading as a chaperone, called the "Fascinating Widower." He assumes this character to find out the sort of a fellow (one of the college boys) his sister is engaged to, and he accomplishes his purpose and finds out that he is true-blue; he discards his make-up and discloses his identity at the finish, in the character of Tom Philbrook.

It is fun from beginning to end and also embraces some of the most catchy musical hits of the day, among them the "Fascinating Widower," Julian Eltyng's great success; "Love is like a Butterfly," and "You're Just a Little Bit Better," from the "Passing Show of 1914," and last, but not least, "You're Just the Girl I'm Looking For," which was omitted from the last show and will be made a feature next Friday evening, with Miss Hazel Ferris and W. B. Shaw. Another feature song will be "I Love

You, California," solo Miss Coburn, with a large chorus.
Mrs. Jean Neville will appear between the acts in a new sketch entitled "Pauline Pavlona."
Tickets are selling rapidly at Hankins' drug store. Don't miss this last show by local talent, and a farewell to Mr. Gilmain.

FLORIDA'S PROGRESS TOWARDS STATEWIDE VITAL STATISTICS

The state board of health for Florida has just sent to the newspapers of the state a circular letter, from which the following is an extract:
"The proposed model vital statistics law is now before the house of representatives, having already passed the senate, and it is hoped and believed it will soon be taken up and enacted without changes which might impair the effectiveness of the measure.
"When the state-wide measure becomes law, the present policy is to favor the registration of births and deaths within incorporated cities and towns through their ordinances and municipal registrars wherever and whenever local legislation is adequate and effectively enforced. For it is self-evident that favorable local sentiment actively expressed is the best possible guarantee for the enforcement of any law.
"Therefore, every municipality which has not yet passed the model ordinance, should do so at the earliest possible date; and when and where adequate ordinances are in effect, they should be enforced without fear or favor that this office may accept such collections without question.
"It is also hoped and expected that registrars in municipalities may also act as registrars for the surrounding rural districts, of which such municipalities are the easily reached centers. This will help to simplify the system, lessen the number of registrars and centralize collections for a large proportion of Florida's population and with officials already familiar with the practice."

Carries Much Soil into Ocean.
The waters of the river Amazon are so charged with sediment that the discoloration can be seen 300 miles from its mouth at sea.

Importance of Laughter.
Laboratory scientists will bear out the declaration of the late Mr. Titus of imperial Rome that we have lost a day if it has passed without laughing.

DR. DRAYTON'S PATENT

By JEAN DICKERSON.

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Doctor Drayton dismissed his last patient just as the telephone at his elbow rang sharply. His sister's voice came over the wire, frightened with a burden of important news.

"I know you are dreadfully busy, Frederick," she apologized, "but Mrs. Weeks has just told me the most exciting thing—it's about Archer—"

"Spare me, Hannah," said the doctor, wearily. "I don't just understand why it is that people delight in acquainting me with news of my son's delinquencies; as a matter of fact, Archer has overcome any tendency to wildness and has settled down to hard work. I have hopes of his becoming something of a lawyer. Now, if you will excuse me—what?—eh? An actress? Well, boys will be boys—and er—well, good-by!" He banged the telephone back on the desk and frowned at the picture of his handsome only son that looked down from the wall.

"Hannah says a very common actress! That doesn't sound like Archer—but what can I do? I can refuse to give my consent to his marriage with the woman and estrange myself from my lad! What is that, Harris, a call?"

"Yes, sir," said the attendant. "Emergency case—the lady was knocked down by an automobile and they brought her in here. I had her taken to the private room."

"That is right, Harris. I will come at once."
The physician slipped into a fresh white coat and, opening a door in one corner of the office found himself in a small room fitted for emergency cases.

On the narrow white bed was the slender form of a young woman. Miss Smith, the nurse, was removing the black broadcloth costume with quick, deft fingers.

"Badly hurt, Miss Smith?" asked the doctor.

"A broken arm, I think, and I am afraid of concussion," she said in a low tone.

The doctor leaned over the lovely unconscious face of the girl and made a rapid examination.

"It may be concussion, but I think it is only shock. The arm is fractured—send Harris in."

Two hours later Doctor Drayton retired from the sick room satisfied that the unknown patient would recover.

"You will, of course, send her to a hospital," suggested Miss Smith.

"I think not," hesitated the doctor. He felt very tenderly toward the young thing lying there on the bed.

A week slipped by, and still the sick room was occupied, much to the unspoken amazement of Miss Smith.

One day the patient opened lovely hazel eyes and smiled at the nurse.

"Where am I?" she asked faintly.

"At Doctor Drayton's house," replied Miss Smith primly.

The eyes closed again and a faint flush stole over the pale face. "Please tell me what has happened," she murmured.

Miss Smith told her in a few words of the automobile accident in front of the doctor's office. "We have been unable to learn your name," she suggested.

"Alice," murmured the girl, and went off to sleep.

"Have you discovered her name?" asked the doctor on his next visit to the sick room.

"Merely that it is Alice—she seems disinclined to talk—it's rather a mysterious case, Doctor Drayton. Perhaps she has no home—no people."

"I wish she hadn't—I would adopt her in a minute," said the doctor gruffly as he left the room.

He found his son smoking in the library.

"Hullo, dad, rushed as usual, I suppose?" said the young man as he returned his father's hand grip.

"Yes—and I have rather a puzzling private case in the house."
A tap came at the door and Harris poked a disturbed face inside.

HIDES TO FROM FUE

French Girl Keeps Soldiers From German Clutches.

By Dint of All Sorts of Courageous Ruses She Feeds and Conceals Englishmen While Teutons Occupy Place.

Paris.—The invaders would not have been so charitably disposed to a French girl had they known that for three weeks by dint of all sorts of courageous ruses she had been feeding, concealing, and keeping from their clutches ten English soldiers.

She was a servant in a girl's boarding school. When the war broke out the pupils all returned to their homes, and she was left alone, for her only companion was an old deaf and partially paralyzed woman. When the Germans entered the town they went through the girls' school from attic to basement, collecting all the linen bedding they could lay their hands on. For some reason or other they did not install their wounded in the main building, but in the chapter annex.

These wounded the girl tended with the utmost devotion, in the first place, because she is tender-hearted, and in the second, because she had every reason to desire to stand well with the invaders. For her conscience was quite clear. She knew that down in the grotto at the end of the school gardens she had concealed ten "Tomnies," who had come, hungry, footsore and worn out just one hour before the Germans.

"They will be here in a moment," the English officer had said, not wishing to put the girl in danger.

"Never mind," she said, "I'll hide you somewhere, and afterwards we shall see." So she took them to the grotto. But the quarters were narrow, damp and intensely uncomfortable. Her heart bled for her proteges. Then she had an idea, the very daring of which was to insure its success. She installed her ten "Tomnies" in the unoccupied top floor of the school itself. Then came the question of the commissariat. At first she gave up her own ration to her ten refugees—but that was not enough among so many. So she collected from her friends and relatives in the village here a piece of bread and there a vegetable.

When the Germans, seeing her suspiciously laden basket, asked her for whom were all these provisions, she would answer, "For your wounded in the chapel." Better still, she appointed herself cook for the German ambulance, and in this capacity was able to pick up all sorts of broken victuals, so that her English were in no danger of starving.

But English soldiers do not live by food alone—they like their tobacco. Now, according to the regulations of the invaders, each inhabitant of the place had the right to buy two sous' worth of tobacco a day. She found a way to evade this regulation and to keep her ten in smokables. She organized an army of boys, who ten or twenty times a day would purchase at different shops the meager pennyworth.

But there was always the danger that the hiding place of the ten might be discovered by some German. Fortunately, their dormitory communicated by trap-doors with the ground floor of the building, and precisely with a room on that ground floor which gave on the garden. So she procured a long rope, with which she advised her prisoners to practice a sort of fire-drill. She was enthusiastic over the results.

"Just imagine," she said to her interviewer, "that my Englishmen after a few attempts were able, the whole ten of them, to strap up their haversacks, get ready for all eventualities, and slide down the rope noiselessly in less than five minutes."

But these desperate measures were not necessary. The Germans temporarily evacuated the place, and the ten English soldiers were able to regain the allied lines in safety. They have all given her their names and addresses, and sworn that she must come to England when the war is over, where they promise her a royal welcome. One of the grateful ten is a nobleman, and a relative of King George—Lord Smith is the name given, but never mind! The girl left the town only when the Germans were about to re-enter it, and after the town had been subjected to a fierce bombardment for many days.

FIRED SHOTS IN HIS SLEEP

Roumanian Dreams of Chicken Thieves and Opens Up With a Gun.

Kansas City.—Joseph Sharder, a Roumanian, was discharged in the North side court as the result of an unusual story of somnambulism. He was arrested by Patrolman P. L. Savidge for discharging firearms near his home.

Sharder told Judge Charles Clark that he had been asleep and dreamed someone was stealing his chickens. He said he took his revolver from a drawer and began shooting at the chicken thieves and that he was not awakened until the officer arrested him, although the shots he fired awakened the entire neighborhood.

Sharder had to be overpowered by the patrolman before he could be disarmed.

ONE GIRL'S...

Mrs. Jones while mending a pair of stitches in the middle of the afternoon, suddenly passed out the window.

"It's a shame," she exclaimed to the other women, "that Margaret doesn't get married! Here she is, getting on toward twenty-five or twenty-six, and actually if you ever see her with a man it's a surprise!"

"Yes," eagerly assented Mrs. Brophy, hastening to the window and looking out carefully from behind the curtain. "I've often said so to my husband. There she is—pretty, with attractive manners and capable. Why, she'd make any man a good wife—a wife he could be proud of! I just can't understand it! What are the men thinking of to let her grow into a regular old maid?"

"But that's the way the world's growing!" commented sad Mrs. Grimsom, plaintively. "You see it everywhere. The men don't want wives to take care of, and the women are too particular about the men!"

"Yes, that's just it!" declared Mrs. Burnham. "Girls are too high and mighty! Why, they want a whole establishment to begin with, and the poor men are frightened to death! If these girls would make up their minds to take the men who ask them, for better or worse, not forgetting the 'poorer' with the 'richer,' they'd all be married happily in no time."

"But they'll get gray headed and unattractive and set in their ways. I can notice Margaret getting rather set—haven't you noticed it? But they'll realize too late! And, perhaps, they'll be a lesson to the coming generation!" Just then Mrs. Roth entered, much excited. "What do you suppose?" she exclaimed, breathlessly. "I've just met Margaret on the corner and she's got a diamond ring! She didn't want to talk about it, but I found out that she's known him a long time, and they're going to be married soon! I tried to get something out of her about him, but all I could learn is that he's a young city man whom she met at school. Actually, I'm dumfounded!" She collapsed into a seat and sighed deeply as she proceeded to arrange her sewing.

"Well, did you ever!" was Mrs. Brophy's brief comment.

Mrs. Jones shook her head. "Poor girl!" she murmured. "There she is, earning her own living and making good money, too, and going to give it all up for the sake of some man she probably hardly knows!"

"Yes, but it's like girls!" exclaimed Mrs. Burnham, impatiently. "They're willing to take up with anyone, just to get married. She'll find it's a very different thing, slaving around a house all day and taking care of children, from the easy life she's been leading. She thinks she's going to live amid roses from the time she gets married—but she'll wake up! It's rather sad, isn't it?" And she gazed dreamily out the window.

Mrs. Gray sat silent, meditating. "Think of giving up the freedom of girlhood!" she finally said. "She'll miss her parties and dances, her freedom to go and come as she pleases, and her right to buy what she wants with the money she's earned herself. It's different from what it was when girls were dependent on their fathers and marriage meant only the change of the person who attended to money matters. To give up one's independence for the sake of a man—especially a man one barely knows—is positively foolhardy! Margaret always seemed such a nice, sensible girl, too. I'm surprised."

"Isn't it strange how crazy girls are to get married?" declared Mrs. Roth. "They don't realize when they're well off until it's too late! And you can't tell them anything! They're just forced to gain their own experience—and repent too late!"

"There she goes!" exclaimed Mrs. Gray. And they all hastened to the window.

"She looks a little worried, don't you think?" remarked Mrs. Jones.

"It's a shame! There's not a man good enough for a girl like Margaret!" declared Mrs. Burnham. "Oh, she's coming in here!"
They all hurried to the door. "Oh, Margaret, congratulations! Congratulations!"

"We've suspected it right along." "When is it going to be?" "Who's the lucky man?" "I'm so glad—after all these years of business, it'll be such a relief!"
And Margaret was ushered in, blushing happily.—Chicago Daily News.

Ready for Further Orders.

Captain Lawson was owner and pilot of the New Orleans. The Mississippi broke its banks. There were miles of rushing waters, says the National Monthly. Only an experienced eye could tell the channel. Captain Lawson had been at the wheel for 36 hours. He was exhausted from loss of sleep. Rastus, a colored pilot aboard, was called to the captain.

"Do you see that north star?" asked the captain.
"Yes, boss."
"Well, hold this boat on that star."
"Yes, boss."
When the captain awoke an hour later his boat was winding in and out among the trees. The captain was indignant. "I thought I told you to hold this boat on the north star?" he cried.
"Lor, boss, we done passed dat star long ergo."

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