

THE PALATKA NEWS AND ADVERTISER

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Wm. A. RUSSELL, Editor

LOOKING GLASS REFORM.

A certain rich man has his home lined with mirrors. He is not a crank. He can afford the mirrors. And he believes they are educative. One might almost differentiate civilization from savagery by mirrors— and soap.

Some time ago a very clever story appeared in one of the magazines. It told of a desk mirror given by her pupils to a public school teacher wherein the teacher could look to see how pretty she was when she smiled and how ugly when she frowned. The mirror, so the story ran, transformed the teacher from a crabbed and cross character to one that smiled and became popular.

The story contains a truth. The problem in making the world better and brighter is to get people to see themselves as others see them. If, then, we could provide looking-glasses at every turn of life we almost should be able to reform the world.

He who fumes and fusses and frowns over his task, being provided with an ever-present mirror, would be able to size himself up as others size him. And he who gets drunk, or otherwise makes an ass of himself, could note the process and be ashamed.

And she who is peevish and sour and sulky might look and hate her ways. For no matter how plain the woman's face, if she be but bright and cheery and smiling her face will be beautiful. And no matter how handsome in features the woman may be, if she wears a visage of discontent and moodiness she will show herself ugly. The handy mirror would reveal the ugliness, and the woman—touched at a vital point—would redress her features.

It is said no woman can pass a mirror without looking into it—a good habit that men might profit by.

People are well behaved before their mirrors. If the looking glass could be kept before them frequently enough they might be uniformly well behaved.

Let us face the mirrors often. Not for vanity's sake, but character's. Let us see ourselves as we are, and often, that we may assimilate ourselves into the likeness of our better selves.

PLAY WITH THE CHILDREN.

In a lecture before the Chicago Woman's club some time ago, Prof. McClintock urged that parents should make a business of playing with their children in the evenings.

He showed the possibilities of shadow pictures on the wall or a game of leap frog with pater familias as the stationary frog.

He said fathers ought to stay at home evenings. He showed how they could produce a screaming furore for the kids by utilizing mamma's switch and converting oneself into a Chinaman. Or how, by practice, the head of the family might caper about the house bedecked in a horse blanket and feathers, uttering between the war whoop of a sitting Bull.

Why not? One of the child's greatest needs is play. Surplus vitality of the growing kiddies must be worked off somehow. And the more horse-play the less need for discipline.

And this also is true: In most instances the father and mother would be better off for a jumblee with the children—a romp for relaxation's sake.

If great, big, dignified men condescend to "rough house" in the lodge and in the masquerading in tawdry lodge togery and foolishness, why not play Indian with the children? "Initiation night" in every lodge affords more or less of opportunity for the fun and frolic that ministers to jaded minds.

Why not stalk in mock heroes or make a fool of oneself at home, where mamma and the children may benefit by the harmless mirth?

Edward Fitzgerald is responsible for a big improvement in the DeSoto County News and he has only begun. Given a little time and the proper support of citizens of Arcadia, and the paper will become an important factor in the further development of what is now the leading citrus fruit producing county in the state.

The whiskey element of Putnam county carried the election "wet" on Tuesday by a majority of 63 votes—Tallahassee True Democrat. This is a sample of the advertising Putnam county has been getting during the past week.

As Isham Edwards says he is ready to die, and the governor has signed his death warrant, there seems to be no reason (save the Parson Board) why he should not "skip the ditch" on the day appointed. Isham has confessed to the murder of School Superintendent Eppes of Leon county.

The Bostwick influence, measured by results, cost Palatka liquor dealers more real money than any other "gold brick" purchase of the campaign.

WHAT STATE EDITORS ARE SAYING.

PROMISES A REITERATION.

An article in Wednesday's Times-Union, headed "Five Billion Feet of Lumber in One Pine Belt," in Taylor and Lafayette counties shows conclusively that the Internal Improvement fund sold its lands in these counties, as we stated in our last issue, at figures (?) far below their value, and we will copy the article in full in a future issue of this paper, so that our readers may know something of the lands' true value.—Tallahassee True Democrat.

SIZES HIM RIGHT.

When Jennings, last year, ordered the tax on land reduced to one-half mill, he did it for his own political advancement, hoping probably that it would aid his candidacy for the United States senate. But it didn't work. As a consequence the state tax will be higher this year than it has been in years. The present administration had to do this to meet the expenses of the state government.—Volusia County Record.

BIG PROJECT AT LEESBURG.

The meeting of citizens held in the Armory Hall yesterday afternoon was perhaps the most important that has ever been held in Leesburg, because far-reaching in probable great results in good to this community and this lake region country. The object of the meeting was for the purpose of calling on the town council by resolution to call an election for the issuing of bonds for the opening of broad canals up to Leesburg from Lake Harris and Lake Griffin. The meeting was largely representative of the intelligence and the property of Leesburg and the resolution was adopted by a unanimous vote. The scheme of opening these canals into the heart of the town, wide enough and deep enough to accommodate all lake and river craft, and the opening of the lake to navigation from the "St. Johns river to Leesburg is not experimental, but only requires the energy and the money necessary to put it in effect. To those who are familiar with the river navigation of former years the plan is feasible and practical. That the results resulting to the community from the plan successfully consummated will be greatly beneficial in the increase of trade and the rapid building of the town nearly all are agreed, and it must be gratifying to every well wisher of Leesburg to know that the early completion of this important work is practically assured.—Leesburg Commercial.

Tale of the Girl Who Got What She Deserved.

By Bill Burgundy.

Once upon a time there lived in the town of Segrenganset a blonde. She was slender, flexible, emotional and worth seeing without a veil. Her eyes were of an azure blue, her fingers tapered, her instep was high and her name was Alphoretta.

Alphoretta was as high-strung as a concert violin and as graceful as the weeping willow. Even when she was all by herself she would sit on the very edge of the chair with her skirt wrapped under and her shoulders thrown back just as though it was not the least bit painful.

There was nothing prosaic about Miss Alphoretta. She was a stickler for high and lofty effects.

Every morning when the crystal umbrellas peeped through the heavy hangings at her window and bathed the room in a tender golden light, Alphoretta would open her night-worn eyes, desert her pillow, make a careful toilet and stroll into the garden where she would peruse Poems of William and dew-kissed daffodils of passion.

To the belle of Segrenganset Alphoretta was absolutely ungettable. They did not grade high enough to segregate in her class.

Every time one of them would take a step in her direction she would brandish a red light. Fact is, Alphoretta's aim was high. She was not going to chance herself to be landed by any man who was the tiniest bit commonplace.

Deep down in the labyrinths of her mind Alphoretta had planted an idea. At some day she would be discovered, wooed and won by some tall man brave and true. He would be the owner of vast estates, a yacht, a city mansion and a Newport villa. He would be a collector of priceless works of art and a connoisseur of rare vintages. He would be a leader among the grandest of financiers. His wealth would be unlimited and he would be liberal to a fault. He would be a Herbert Spencer in intellect, a James K. Hackett in form and a Harry Lehr with the women. His name would be Percival or Reginald or Ferdinand or something equally adorable. To Alphoretta he would be constant and true. Her wish would be his law and her every whim would be gratified. He would surround her with maids, secretaries and all that her heart could desire in furs, frocks and frills.

True, no man of that description had shown a desire to accumbulate Alphoretta. But she had a hunch that it was only a question of time when he would appear upon the scene and lay claim to her heart and hand. That is why she held out on the local supply of gal-bait.

After spinning around in dreamland for a considerable spell Alphoretta settled down and married the foreman of a Guano Factory.

Moral: You never get more than is coming to you.

Good roads mean as much as good crops to the farmers. If macadam roads are to be maintained at their best the sprinkling cart is a daily necessity.

The longer the delay in building good roads the greater the cost. Until produce is hauled to market it isn't really produced. If the road is poor good horses and good vehicles count for little. There is no word which should be so thoroughly impressed into the minds of all connected with the making of roads as the word "drainage"—thorough drainage, deep drainage.

Dirt roads should be worked in the early summer and not in late summer or fall, but repairing should be in order at all seasons.

Fables From Ancient Grease.

By Esop Jr. of Putnam Co.

A Commercial Drummer somewhat given to blowing habits, missed his train one evening by remaining too long with his dilatory companions discussing the merits of the flowing bowl.

The train he missed met with a head-on collision and hundreds of passengers were hurled into eternity. Moral—Is it better to be a dead drunk drummer, or a drunken drummer dead?

A Man met a friend upon the street, who had prolonged his session with King Alcohol rather too long, and who was decidedly full.

Said the Man "It grieves me to see you in this condition as Nature never intended your stomach to be a receptacle for stimulating poison."

Said the Inebriated Person "on the contrary Nature is my guide. Look at the moon. Nature gives me two quarters upon which to get full, and it has only two quarters left. I improve upon Nature, by becoming full upon a quarter and having three quarters left."

Moral—Cut nature out of the argument and give the enemy no quarter at all.

A Colored Individual, who in former plumes Anglo-Saxon simply called a common ordinary Nigger, was asked by a meek, but highly educated Professor in one of our Great Institutions of Learning, "Which is the heaviest, a pound of iron or a pound of feathers?"

The sapient son of a black mother who was exclaiming glare on his ebony door plate, promptly replied that not only was a pound of iron the heaviest, but also that it was a stupid question to ask by one who had his superabundant education.

The meek Professor seeking further explanation why one pound was heavier than the other, even the proud descendant of Ham and Eggs plainly showed his Yankee training in his answer, by asking another question: "Huh? which pound would you druther have fall on yer foot?"

Moral—Where ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise.

A Man said to a Crane "if I had that neck and bill of yours, I would be able to enjoy eating ice cream instead of pork and beans three times a week."

The crane, who was for neck it is a self-evident proposition that you did not stand behind the door when rubber was passed around, and if you would settle that long bill of yours at the Clothing Company's store at the corner, the proprietor of same would be glad to bid good bye to his regular diet of ham and eggs and eat ice cream three times a day.

Moral—Never open a jack pot on a hot-tail flush.

An Inebriated Individual, who demonstrated while coming down the street, how extremely penurious the City Fathers had been when planning out sidewalks, and whose equilibrium was a subject for serious argument, was accosted by a Friend as follows:

"It is a perfect shame that you should squander your wealth in riotous living, when you could deposit same in the bank instead of the Gin Mill and thus assure yourself of a balance not only there, but upon the street also."

The Inebriated Individual, grasping a telegraph pole with both hands, while a seven-by-nine smile spread over his placid features, exclaimed: "Sir, balances have been the bane of my existence. I had a balance once of thirty cents hard cash in the bank, but the Cashier not only lost his balance, but my balance, everybody's balance, and then balanced himself over into Canada and spent the balance of his days running a successful goose farm. You simply see me following his footsteps, searching for my lost balance, which may end by starting a goose and having my own goose to commence with. I would also include goats, but they seem to be in bad odor."

Moral—The evil that men do lives after them; the good is oft interred with their bones.

The Summer School of Philosophy.

One touch of sunburn makes the whole world of difference. The Summer Girl makes cowards of us all.

The proof of the picnic is in the eating. Surf bathing levels all ranks. There's no fool like a summer fool. Flirting is its own reward. A hand in the hand is worth two in the gloves. A little Summer Girl is a dangerous thing. Seaside communications corrupt good manners. Absence makes the heart go yonder. Hilarity covers a multitude of sins. Faint heart never won four ladies. Money makes the time go. Take care of the tent and the towns will take care of themselves. Two chapters are better than one. A man is known by the secrets he keeps. Nice men tell no tales. In a multitude of Summer Girls there is a safety. It's a long head that has no turning.

It's a sea breeze that blows nobody good.—Carolyn Wells in Puck.

Seasickness. A French naval surgeon, Dr. Legendre, says that of all the means of relieving seasickness only one is really effective. "It is to maintain the abdomen absolutely rigid from the moment of setting foot on the vessel. To do this a belt of ordinary tightness is sufficient. The abdomen must be bandaged with a layer of wadding and white bands of flannel—in a word, absolute compression must be attained. Care being taken to do the bandaging from below upward toward the chest."

Dr. Legendre adds, "The important thing is not to be afraid to make the bands too tight; otherwise the complete suppression of the symptoms cannot be obtained."

Diplomatic. A British nobleman who was sued for breach of promise declared to the jury that it was impossible for him to contradict a lady and that therefore he would not deny that he had made the promise, but he insisted that the lady had exaggerated the value of his affections and that that value was a fair question for a jury. The lady recovered 1 per cent or so of her original claim, and the muddled nobleman declared that the cross examination of her by his counsel was simply worth the money.

A LION'S SPRING

(Copyright, 1906, by R. B. McClure.)

We were washing for gold among the streams of the Wind River mountains and it was midsummer. The Indians were hostile and had given us several close calls until we had penetrated the fastnesses and got beyond their ranging ground.

We had on this morning moved our camp about three miles down the creek and I was not feeling at all well. While my partner Joe went back after a second load I looked for a spot in which to rest for an hour. Ten rods to the west of the creek there was a rocky bluff and ten feet up I saw the mouth of a cave. It was a distressingly hot day, although deep among the mountains, and I sought the cave for its cool shelter. It was a place not over eight feet long by three deep, a crevice among the jagged blocks of limestone, and it was just the spot in which to rest. I had been working in ice cold water, with the hot sun beating down on my head, and I was feverish and hot by turns. I was, in fact, a little light headed and realized that I was. I sat leaning against the back of the cave and almost went to sleep. I was drowsing when I heard a slight noise above me and was wide awake at once. From the lay of the ground I knew that only a wild animal of some sort could have gained the rocks above.

For five minutes I sat without movement, able only to see directly in front of me. Then a shadow appeared on the earth below me. The sun was at my back, and at the back of whatever thing was up there, and its shadow crept into view inch by inch. In time I made out the ears and head of a mountain lion. There was no mistaking it for the head of any other animal. From a fair height up among the rocks the animal had got my scent on the morning breeze and had come down to stalk me. Down on the other side of the brawling creek was my rifle, and I had even left my hunting knife among the camp equipage. If the lion was minded to leap down on the shelf at the front of the cave, I should be helpless.

I had studied the beast from a hunter's point of view and therefore had no trouble in reading what happened during the next half hour. In the first place, if he had got my scent he had also got that of some one else. It was not the scent of another beast, but of a man. I could tell that by the nervous movements of the beast I could not see. He did not growl, as he would if watching bear or wolf or one of his own species, but now and then he whined and seemed a bit afraid.

When Joe returned he would not pass the cave, but halt 200 feet away. He had his rifle and revolver with him. Missing me, he would call out. The lion would not attempt to attack an armed man by daylight and at that distance. It seemed to me that the beast must be watching some one nearer by. I had not given the lay of the ground much attention, but was under the impression that a shallow ravine led from the cave in a northerly direction, parallel with the stream. This would furnish cover for any one creeping up to view the site of our new camp and lie in ambush for us. I finally settled it in my mind that some Indian hunter or some young brave anxious to make a record had in some way struck our trail and was planning to get our scalps. He was creeping up the ravine, and the lion was watching him.

I could trace the progress of the man by the actions of the animal above. Sometimes the shadow included the neck and shoulders of the lion, and sometimes it retreated altogether. Sometimes there was deepest silence for a moment and then it was broken by a whine or the clicking of claws. What I began to fear as the minutes glided away was that Joe would return and be shot by the lurking savage before the lion could interfere. That he meant to spring when his back came near enough I had no doubt. It was just the sort of situation to appeal to a lion—the cat and the mouse.

By watching the shadow and listening to the movements of the beast I was enabled to gauge the movements of the enemy in the ravine. How near at hand he was when the lion first caught sight of him I could only guess afterward as I looked over the ground, but I made it about 200 feet. He had the cover of the boulders and bushes for all that distance, but he moved with the greatest caution. The nearer he approached camp the greater his caution.

At fifty feet away he halted for full ten minutes. During this interval he must have been surveying our camp outfit and wondering why no one was in sight. With the suspicion of his race he probably scented some ambush on our part. I knew when he came moving along again—when he was within thirty feet—twenty—ten. I had now lost all fear that I was to become a victim and was deeply interested in watching for the climax. The lion was fifteen feet above the man and would have to spring outward about ten feet. This would be an easy effort for him.

As the Indian came nearer the lion ceased to whine or click his claws, but I could almost feel the quiver of his muscles as he made ready. I was watching and listening with all my might, and I surely thought I should be able to detect his last movement before taking the leap, but all I saw was a black ball pass before my vision, and then the stillness was rent by a wild scream of surprise and terror. There was a snarl and a growl, sounds of a struggle, and then all was silent.

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Notice of Administrator to Creditors. HAVING been duly appointed Administrator of the estate of Hugo Friedlander, deceased, by the County Judge of Putnam County, Florida, on the 11th day of September, 1911, I hereby give notice to all creditors, legatees, distributees and all other persons having claims or demands against said estate to present them to me for payment within six months from the date of this notice. Dated this 11th day of September, 1911. H. S. CALDWELL, Administrator.

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