

# Commission To Fight Tuberculosis In Fla.

Jacksonville, Oct. 30.—The membership of the Red Cross Seal Commission of Florida, which will conduct an anti-tuberculosis campaign throughout the state, was announced yesterday by the national association for the study and prevention of tuberculosis. Dr. Carrol H. Frank, of Jacksonville, will act as chairman and will take charge of the sale of Red Cross Christmas seals in Florida.

In speaking of plans for the seal sale, Dr. Frank said: "We are planning to put Red Cross seals on sale in every city and village in the State so that everyone will be given an opportunity to participate in this health campaign by using the seals on letters and packages. "The need for a campaign against tuberculosis is shown by the fact that more than one out of every eight deaths in Florida is caused by this

disease, according to the best estimates. If we had complete death statistics for the entire state, the figures might be even more startling.

"When we realize that tuberculosis is a preventable and curable disease, we know that the Florida rate of one death out of every eleven from all causes among white people and one out of every six deaths among the colored race is altogether too high.

"Over 230,000 Red Cross Christmas seals were sold last year in Florida. We expect that with improved financial conditions throughout the state the sale this year will reach at least 500,000. Ninety per cent of the proceeds of the sale remains in the state to be used in the fight against tuberculosis. The other ten per cent goes to the American Red Cross."

# No Danger Of Potash Famine

Ample Domestic Supply Discovers, and Price Will Fall.

(Auburndale New Era)

Surely this is the day of the optimist, and those who in the dark days of last year "sat steady in the boat," as Mrs. Prange advised, and insisted everything would turn out all right, have their chance to raise their voices in the gladness of "I told you so."

It did look serious to Florida growers when the chief supply of potash, in Germany, was cut off by the war, for this is the one element of plant food that our soils most lack. Prices went Zeppelin upward, until the wags had some excuse for suggesting that gold and silver dust might be used instead of potash in fertilizer mixtures. But by using a smaller percentage of potash and by applying lime to help make available the reserve supply in the soil, growers have raised just as good crops as ever this year, at practically no extra expense. And now, before the reserve is exhausted, comes the news that a domestic supply is available, as the following dispatch tells:

Washington, Oct. 17.—Secretary Lane today announced the production of the first commercial mineral potash in the United States.

This country is therefore no longer dependent on Germany for any quantity of potash so necessary in the manufacture of explosives and used largely as agricultural fertilizers. A special agent of the geological survey located the potash in a vein of mineral known as alunite in Piute County, Utah. The vein is ten feet wide and has been traced for 3,500 feet. Its depth is unknown. The discovery of this mineral potash in commercial quantities Secretary Lane regards as one of the most important discoveries made recently with reference to natural resources, as it assures a domestic supply of potash for national need in manufacture of explosives.

Alunite is known to exist in the states of Colorado, Utah, Nevada, California and Arizona.

The Interior Department also is drilling at various points in the United States in search for deposits of potash like those of Germany.

Should alunite deposits of a similar character be found in large quantities in other states, its significance to the agriculture of this country can hardly be overestimated, as it is an essential soil food and will re-establish from year to year the draught made upon the potash in the soil by the crops produced.

Statistics show that the imports of potassium salts from Germany amounted to \$15,000,000 in 1913, the last year in which figures are available.

The importance of this discovery to the farmers of this country can scarcely be overestimated. There is hardly a section of the entire United States where it has not been found that a small application of proper chemical fertilizers will not increase the yield many times its cost. Its use in the form of chlorate of potash in explosives, while valuable if we ever get into war, really takes second place far to the rear. It will probably be some little time before new mines are producing in sufficient quantities to lower the price, but the lowering will come in time. And when the war is over and Germany seeks to regain her markets and dispose of her accumulated surplus, prices will be slashed to the lowest limits ever known. Of course there will be war between the domestic and foreign producers and probably some tariff monkey business, but about that "we should worry." Either way it ends we stand to win. Cheap potash and plenty of it is now a

# BEYOND RUBIES

By ELIZABETH SCHOEN COBB.

"The girl don't fit," was the implacable announcement of the man who decided what and what not books should go forth from the great Atlantic Press.

"H'm!" uttered Cyril Dane, popular author and dilettante—"make her fit, then."

"It can't be done," voiced the censor, critic and ruler of the destinies of current authorship. "You'll have to find a new one. See here, Dane, don't get stale and cynical because you are rich in paying copyright royalties. You've struck quite a new lead in your last manuscript. The characters are natural and charming. All but the girl. She spoils it."

"She's the fair average of the social ton," adhered Dane.

The great editor viewed Dane critically and speculatively.

"Dane," he spoke bluntly, "what's the matter with you? Been crossed in love at some time or other in your experience?"

"I?" laughed the author. "I should say not! Love—there's no such thing in the world."

"Mistake," observed the other sententiously. "Go out and hunt up the real thing, revise your manuscript on a basis of later information and you'll be giving the world a real literary gem."

Dane swung out of the office in his usual self-willed, indifferent way, but when he got home in the quiet and calm of his library he began to think over what the editor had said to him. He had not thought much of the story



Shouted at the Despoiler.

he had just submitted. In fact it was the result of a four weeks' stay in a far northern rest resort, where he had boarded with a quaint, old-fashioned family, every member of which was unique as to mannerisms and character. More "to get this new experience out of his system," than anything else, Dane had strung together a simple, but pretty story. There was no visible heroine in the family he had lived with. She was away at school, but he constructed a heroine. He depicted the absent daughter as "the home product," going out in a world-wise way. He made her ambitious, unnatural, selfish and harmless. That was the kind of women Cyril Dane had met in the social circle in which he had moved. The first beauty of the story was marred, as might be a lovely melody by a false and discordant note.

"It's so, what Rossiter said," acknowledged Dane, after re-reading the manuscript. "Pshaw! let it go through. It's only a pot boiler and out of my line."

He found it not so easy to adhere to this indifferent position, however. The criticisms of the editor, while disturbing his self-esteem, also conveyed a compliment as to his ability in a new vein of literary effort. He was thirty, blase, he regarded life as, after all, a hollow shell. He had trained with a group possessed of shallow moral ideas and his sentiments and humanitarian analyses had been tinted with that influence.

"I will take another jaunt among the unvarnished and see if I can discover something new," he resolved.

Two days later Dane arrived at a little town in the same district where he had gained the character material for his latest novel. His idea was to arrange for a stay in some obscure settlement along the shore of the lake. Noon found him hot and tired, outside of the range of a human habitation.

"I'll take a swim and rest and then plod on," soliloquized Dane.

He was in the full enjoyment of a refreshing swim when, chancing to glance shorewards, he saw a big husky trampish-looking fellow going through his clothes. He shouted at the despoiler, but the latter did not desist. Dane ran up on the shore. He grappled with the thief.

It proved to be an unequal contest. The tramp was double his match in bulk and strength. There was a strenuous tussle. Then, springing free from Dane's grasp his assailant grabbed up a heavy club and dealt him a dozen cruel blows.

It was hours later when Dane awoke from a deathlike lethargy. His face was dabbled with blood, he was

More Sensible.

The reason the motion picture sunrise is so much more popular than the real article is that it has the good sense to come at a more reasonable hour.

Killing Insects in Seeds.

Injurious insects found in seeds may be killed without affecting the germinating qualities of the seed by treatment with hydrocyanic acid gas in a vacuum chamber.

weak and dizzy-headed. In a mechanical sort of way he proceeded to dress himself. It was in the cast-off garments of the tramp, although he did not notice this. The enemy had made the despoilment complete.

In a brain daze that comprehended little of environment or the extent of his injuries, Dane staggered down the beach. He had a dim realization of the fact that he was badly hurt and must find succor. At last his blurred sense of vision made out a fence, a habitation beyond it. Dane reeled along a gravel path, gave a lurch and landed face downward amid a redolent bed of flowers.

"Don't move, mister. Just tell what you want and I'll get it for you," were the words that recalled him to life again, three days later. Dane started. A little urchin who spoke was seated beside the bed in which he lay in a low-ceilinged but immaculately clean apartment.

"What place is this?" began Dane wonderingly.

"Why, it's home," explained the lad.

"Whose home?"

"Mine—sister's. She's made it yours, too, for she felt so sorry—the fix you were in. She's left me to nurse you while she takes the butter and eggs to town."

All through the rest of that day Dane in fragments gathered up the sequel to his battle on the shore of the lake. He had been discovered at their very doorstep by the Mertons, sister and brother. His wretchedness had appealed to a sympathetic heart. Poor as they were, the best they had had been at once awarded this involuntary guest.

Ned Merton was chatty and artless. As the hours passed, Dane grew stronger. He took a certain pleasure in delving into the details of the lives of these two children of the heart, struggling to secure a mere livelihood, and thankful for it.

Then came Ruth Merton—a bright, bronzed, true-eyed girl, so graceful and beautiful that Cyril Dane acknowledged mentally to a new regard for the sex.

She insisted on his remaining an invalid until he grew strong. She brought him a book to read. It was one of his own. It was a novel experience to hear this artless critic glory over his beautiful descriptive parts, and deprecate the vanity and hollowness of its cynicism and false standards of actual life.

His manner and conversation proved to the young girl that he was a gentleman and of more than average culture and intelligence. Dane sent a wire to Rossiter that brought back clothes and money. There were two consecutive weeks when he strolled with his new charming acquaintance and marveled at the clear, soulful way in which she showed him and translated the beauties of nature about them.

"I am coming back," he told Ruth Merton, as he took her hand and looked into her honest eyes with a thrill—"I am coming back in two days."

"I am going back into the country to remodel my new story," he told Rossiter in the city, the day following.

"Discovered something new?" intimated Rossiter.

"Yes, a woman whose soul is beyond true love really means, my wife—if she will have me."

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Portrait Painter of Note.

The first portrait painter of the United States to win general fame was Thomas Sully, who was born 132 years ago. One of the first celebrated American historical paintings, "Washington Crossing the Delaware," was the product of his genius. Sully established himself in Richmond as a portrait painter in 1803, but soon moved to New York, and in 1810 to Philadelphia, which city was afterward his home. In addition to "Washington Crossing the Delaware," his famous historical paintings include "The Capture of Major Andre" and "Miranda." As a portrait painter his most notable subjects were Thomas Jefferson, Lafayette, James Madison, John Marshall, Fanny Kemble and Queen Victoria. He visited England to paint the girl queen in her coronation robes. Sully lived to an advanced age, dying in Philadelphia in 1872.

Putting Trouble to Use.

All trouble can be put to good use in refining and strengthening our characters if we go about it the right way. By looking for the sunshine which is back of every dark cloud we help to enoble and uplift not only ourselves but those about us.

Work is the panacea for all ills, and by setting the mind resolutely at work we can make all our burdens much lighter. Mere physical work will not always accomplish this, for often the mind has time to dwell on its misfortunes while the body is busiest. But keeping the mind constantly filled with other thoughts will leave no room for the troublous, grievous things.

Unfavorable Estimate.

"Does your congressman discuss public questions intelligently?"

"No," replied the political boss; "he comes right out and says exactly what he believes to be true, without regard to the effect on his chances. I never saw a man act so unintelligent."

Neutral Envy.

"What is the cause of social unrest?"

"The desire," replied Mr. Dustin Stax, "of the workingman for leisure and of the leisurely man for something to keep him busy."

Optimistic Thought.

The whole of life is but a moment of time.

The Elder's Inspiration.

At the close of the forenoon session of a ministerial conference in Philadelphia, in announcing the opening subject for the afternoon, the presiding officer said: "Elder Jones will present a paper on 'The Devil.'" Then he added, "Please be prompt in attendance, for Brother Jones has a carefully prepared paper, and is full of his subject."

# THE PEACEMAKER

By ELLIS BROWNE.

"I'm sent to you by the typewriter people," she said, as she handed Walker a card of introduction from the agency.

"All right, Miss Rankin," said Walker, referring to the card. "Here's a book with our form of letters in it, and each one is numbered; so when I say a certain number, you'll know how to proceed. Be ready for work in five minutes."

"I'm ready now," was the surprising reply.

The work progressed uneventfully until, just before closing time that afternoon, Walker had difficulty in getting a telephone number he wanted and as he slammed the telephone receiver on to its hook he almost swore at the stupidity of the operator and of women in general.

"Ouch!" said Alberta, holding both hands to one cheek as if she had been stung. "You must have got stung good and proper by some woman to acquire such an ingrowing grouch against all of us."

"Look here, young woman! Who do you think you are, and whom do you think you're talking to, I'd like to know?" thundered Walker.

"Well, as for me, I'm a human being, and I suggest that you remember it when you speak to me. As for you, why you're human, too, I suppose, under that beaklike disguise you put on when women come on the scene."

Alberta concluded this astounding remark with an audacious laugh, but she looked so frankly into the frowning eyes of Walker that before he knew it he was beginning to smile himself. Then she added: "Nursing a grievance always makes it grow, you know; besides, maybe that woman who stung you had a grievance, too. You know a difference between two people has got to have two sides to it or the difference just isn't there."

"By George," said Walker, pushing his papers away from him and turning in his chair until he sat squarely facing Alberta, "I believe I'll just tell you a thing or two about that difference."

Then he told her of having been engaged to a stenographer a few years before, and of how they quarreled because the girl became active in a club of office women who spent most of their Sundays on long cross-country walks, taking their dinners and suppers at roadside hotels or farm-houses.

"That might have been smoothed out all right if I hadn't happened to be on an interurban car the next Sunday and passed that gang of women, and what were they doing but walking along in a row, each one with her hands on the shoulders of the one in front of her, and the one at the very rear called out to me—'to Alice, who was at the head of the line: 'Get a move on you, Alice. If you expect to make that Walker of yours go all the gaits you'll have to learn to go some yourself!' Then they all cackled like the lot of hens they were, and I never went near Alice again, and don't know what has become of her."

Toward the latter part of his narrative Walker had been fumbling with a paperweight on his desk, and when he looked up at Alberta he was surprised and embarrassed to see her shaking with suppressed laughter.

"And to think," she said, "that I was the innocent cause of this grouch striking so deep! It was the very girl who made that fool remark to Alice, but I'll vow I hadn't thought of it since and I don't suppose she has either. I feel crushed to think I didn't make enough of an impression on you to make you remember me as well as my silly talk."

Walker was too much surprised to do anything more than stare for a few moments, and Alberta presently became more serious than he had thought possible for her. "Why, Mr. Walker, you've done that girl a serious injustice. She went into the walking club because the doctors had told her that outdoor exercise was all that would prevent a nervous collapse, and rather than burden you with a nervous wife she went in for everything she could afford. Now, you see," she concluded, "there are two sides to a difference. Don't you feel pretty much ashamed of yourself?"

"Yes," he said slowly, "I'm enough ashamed to tell Alice so if I thought she'd listen to me. Do you suppose she would?"

"Oh, no telling what a girl will do," laughed Alberta. "I wouldn't forgive you to save your neck, but Alice—I'll telephone Alice right now and fix up some scheme to bring you two together. Shall I?"

"If you can manage it, but how on earth can you?"

"Oh, pshaw! Leave that to me." Alberta reached for the telephone and called for a number. "May I speak to Miss Mills? . . . Hello, Alice, this is Bert. I just happened to stumble on to something today that you lost and forgot about ages ago. I'm going to bring it to you tonight and let you give it the 'once over.' . . . Never mind now; no questions asked. . . . No, you could guess from now till doomsday without coming anywhere near it. . . . Once upon a time I'd have said, 'It's a bear, but that expression is out of date now. I'll bring it over at eight o'clock tonight. Good-by.'"

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Work By the Hands.

There must be work done by the hands or none of us would live, and work done by the brains or the life would not be worth having, and the same men cannot do both—Ruskin.

An Essential.

A good, strong, able-bodied ladder is quite essential to a successful elopement. This is now well appreciated by the young lady in the East end who fell out of a window and landed in a hospital instead of the arms of a husband.—Pittsburgh Dispatch.

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