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Foolish Pessimism.
 There are so many of us who are
 prone to look on the darkest side
 of things. It is rather hard to say
 the majority of persons are pes-
 sist, but it certainly seems to be
 so. Perhaps they do not really out-
 look the optimists, but they talk
 much of how hard luck is, and wor-
 se constantly that they make a
 wider impression than the opti-
 mists who go along the bright paths,
 fully confident that the morrow
 will be just as bright as the present.

Terrorized.
 Does your former husband ever get
 mad in his alimony? "Not he. I
 threatened to go back to him in
 15 days if he does."—Boston Tran-

The Golden Bantam
 By
Eva Morse Henricks
 (Copyright, 1915, by W. G. Chapman.)

"And then you pulled his pistol!"
 "Yes, dear, and then all three scam-
 pered."
 "And the cute, little yellow man?"
 "Wang Fo? He dropped to his knees
 and kissed my hand, and said I was
 his preserver, and gave me the golden
 bantam."
 Little Flora Ward sat in the lap of
 her great friend, Alvin Prescott, im-
 mensely interested in quite a tragic
 recital. He was telling her of an en-
 counter in a dark side street the eve-
 ning before with three sinister Chi-
 nese. They had backed another yel-
 low-headed countryman against a brick
 wall. One of the assassins held his
 throat in a talon-like clutch. A second
 had advanced to dispatch him with a
 glittering steel knife, when Prescott
 intervened.

"And what was the 'golden ban-
 tam,' Mr. Prescott?" inquired the in-
 terested little one.
 Prescott fumbled in his pocket.
 Eager eyes scanned the odd-looking
 pin he drew forth. It represented a
 bantam rampant, with curious script
 characters on its outspread wings.
 "I think the three wicked men were
 highlanders, my dear," explained Pres-
 cott—"that is, men belonging to a
 cruel society who make a business of
 killing people they don't like. Poor

"I have found her."
 Wang Fo, as he called himself, must
 belong to some other secret society.
 I suppose the golden bantam is its
 emblem, for he kept saying that the
 bantam pin 'would make me friends
 with all his people.'"
 "What a sweet, cute little pin it is!"
 said Flora enthusiastically.
 "Well, you shall have the trinket,"
 replied Prescott, and pinned it on a
 band of ribbon at her neck.
 "Oh, how good you are!" cried
 Flora ecstatically, and jumped to the
 floor and ran over to where a charm-
 ing young lady was busy at some
 fancy work. "See, Aunt Lydia—the
 beautiful pin Mr. Prescott has given
 me!"

"You are spoiling the child, Mr.
 Prescott," spoke Miss Ward, but with
 an indulgent smile.
 He did not reply, but his eyes met
 her own with a rapt, longing expres-
 sion. She read its meaning—love—
 not only for the little one, but for her-
 self as well. He seemed about to
 speak. The memory of what had fol-
 lowed an offer of marriage caused
 Prescott to control his deep emotion.
 Soon he left the house.
 It was hard to be about daily in the
 company of the woman he so devotedly
 loved and refrain from urging her
 to reconsider her decision. It had been
 announced in a kindly way, so consid-
 erately, in fact, that Prescott half be-
 lieved that but for circumstances
 Lydia might have favored his plea.
 An orphan herself, her life was
 wrapped up in little Flora, who, hav-
 ing lost both father and mother, was
 cherished by Lydia as a responsibility
 to whom she had devoted her life. This
 much she had told Prescott in answer
 to his offer of marriage.

There was another suitor—Leslie
 Shaw. Prescott had never liked him.
 He was persistent in his attention
 to Lydia. He was a man about town,
 with unknown antecedents. Prescott
 had experienced relief and satisfaction
 when a servant of the house, with
 whom he was a favorite, told him of
 the summary dismissal of his rival.
 It seemed that Shaw had importu-
 nated Lydia to accept him as her hus-
 band. She had given him the same
 answer that Prescott had received:
 Her life was bound up in little Flora.
 The enraged Shaw had fiercely wished
 the little one was dead, had let loose
 his wicked temper in a way that
 shocked and disgusted Lydia. Then
 Shaw had sworn that he would yet
 win her as his wife, if it took him
 ten years to accomplish his purpose,
 and had gone away in a tempest of
 wrath.

Lydia never gave any token of that
 stormy interview, but Prescott was
 well satisfied that she had a contempt
 for Shaw. She feared him, too, Pres-
 cott believed, and while he was glad
 that a persistent rival was out of the
 way, he kept himself on the alert to
 guard against any attempt to annoy
 Lydia on the part of Shaw.
 One evening the telephone bell in
 his room rang sharply. His name was
 spoken breathlessly, and he thrilled
 and tingled as he recognized the tones
 of the woman he loved.
 "Is it Mr. Prescott?" she asked in
 a tone that trembled.
 "Yes, Miss Ward."
 "Will you please come to the house
 at once—oh, at once, please!" and
 Prescott dashed from the room, trac-
 ing anxiety and urgency in the wel-
 come summons that might mean some-
 thing helpful for Lydia.
 He found her distractedly pacing
 the floor when he arrived at her home.
 She was white to the lips and her
 eyes bore the traces of a poorly sup-
 pressed anguish.
 "Flora!" she gasped. "She is gone!"
 "Gone? You mean—" began Pres-
 cott in alarm.
 "Stolen, kidnaped, spirited away!
 She was alone in the garden for an
 hour playing with her dolls," narrated
 Lydia. "When I went to call her in
 she had disappeared."
 "But—kidnaped? Impossible!" cried
 Prescott. "She must have wandered
 away."
 "I found this note on a garden
 seat," proceeded Lydia. "Read it."
 The crumpled scrap was signed
 with one name—Shaw—and it ran:
 "You will hear from me shortly. Un-
 less you agree to marry me you will
 never see little Flora again."
 "The scoundrel!" cried Prescott.
 "I will set the police on his track at
 once."
 "Not not!" implored Lydia. "You
 do not know this man Shaw. If any
 such attempt is made, he will dis-
 appear, and Flora with him. Oh, try
 and find her! Try and bring me back
 my lost darling!"

Alvin Prescott had a difficult task
 before him. Shaw was not to be found
 at any of his occasional haunts. No
 trace was discovered of the missing
 child. The grief of Lydia was pitiable.
 Prescott devoted all his time to the
 mission in hand, but it was of no
 avail.
 It was the fifth morning after the
 disappearance of Flora, that, walking
 along the street, he observed a squat
 oriental figure speed across the thor-
 oughfare to his side. It was Wang Fo.
 "I find you!" he cried in extrava-
 gant joy. "The pin—the golden
 bantam. You lose?"
 "No, I gave it to a child—"
 "I have found her. You come—come,
 quick!"
 With faint heart of hope Prescott
 accompanied the half coherent, but in-
 tensely excited Wang Fo. He led him
 to the Chinese quarter of the city,
 and through sinuous and mysterious
 passages into what seemed to be a
 secret lodge room.

There, on a dais, surrounded by
 Chinese women, was Flora. She was
 supremely contented, for they had
 given her all kinds of quaint toys and
 seemed only bent on entertaining her.
 Wang Fo told his story. The child
 had been brought to some avaricious
 friends of his to hide or ship to some
 other city as the order might come.
 He, Wang Fo, had discovered the golden
 bantam pin. He had removed the
 child into the charge of more trusty
 friends. He had guessed much. It
 led to seeking out Prescott.
 "They never heard of Shaw again—"
 "they," for what could come of it, but
 that the rescuer of the dear little one
 should prevail upon sweet, loving
 Lydia to give her a protector for
 life?

HEALTH BENEFIT OF YAWNING
 Expert Advises Regular Exercises as
 a Measure for Doing Away With
 Throat and Ear Troubles.

Yawning is said to have an exceed-
 ingly healthful function besides having
 a salutary effect in complaints of the
 pharynx and the eustachian tubes.
 According to investigations yawning
 is the most natural form of respi-
 ratory exercise, bringing into ac-
 tion all the respiratory muscles of
 the neck and chest. It is recom-
 mended that every person should
 have a good yawn with the stretching
 of the limbs morning and evening for
 the purpose of ventilating the lungs
 and tonifying the respiratory muscles.
 An eminent authority asserts that
 this form of gymnastics has a remark-
 able effect in relieving throat and ear
 troubles, and says that patients suffer-
 ing from disorders of the throat have
 derived great benefit from it. He says
 he makes his patients yawn, by sugges-
 tion or imitation, or by a series of
 deep breaths with the lips partly
 closed.
 The yawning is repeated six or
 seven times, and should be followed
 by swallowing. By this process the
 air and mucus in the eustachian tubes
 are aspirated.

New Plants for America.
 The bureau of plant industry re-
 ports that its agricultural explorer,
 F. N. Meyer, who already had many
 remarkable "finds" to his credit, has
 recently sent in an unusually interest-
 ing collection of new fruits from the
 Tibetan border of China. These in-
 clude the Tangutian almond, the Po-
 tatin peach, and a notable series of
 wild forms of the ordinary cultivated
 peach. Mr. Meyer's latest expedition
 succeeded in reaching Lanchowfu,
 when further progress was prevented
 by the desertion of the interpreter.
 Recent collections have largely aug-
 mented the agricultural department's
 stock of jujubes and persimmons from
 western China.

Quite a Description.
 Monocled Caller (making conversa-
 tion)—"Last year, y' know, I came
 across a most extr-o'd'n'ry book all
 about—er—things—don't remember
 the title—can't recall the author's
 name, but—aw—perhaps you've read
 it?"—Life.

The One Who Knew.
 Crawford—"Did he tell you that he
 was going to marry the widow?"
 Crabshaw—"No; the widow told me
 she was going to marry him."—Judge.

Easily in the Majority.
 "There's a few grown folks," said
 Uncle Eben, "dat knows how to man-
 age chillun; but dar's a heap mo' man
 dat knows how to manage grown
 folks."

Outrageously Funny.
 "I'll never again invite that profes-
 sional humorist to dinner," exclaimed
 Mrs. Newlyrics. "Why, he made our
 English butler laugh."—Philadelphia
 Ledger.

Undeserved Reputation.
 "Sometimes," said Uncle Eben, "a
 man gets de reputation of bein' ter-
 rible industrious when he's only fid-
 gity."

Stolen Plans, and Others
 By JACK CURTISS
 (Copyright, 1915, by W. G. Chapman.)

Bramwell, the general manager of
 the Loftus corporation, stared with a
 white face at Lewis, the treasurer. In
 front of him was an open safe.
 "It's gone!" he said.
 Lewis was shaking as if stricken
 with ague. "What—do you make of it?"
 he stammered.
 "I tell you what I make of it!" shout-
 ed Bramwell. "The Neatfoot company
 has stolen the plans for our new en-
 gine. It means a difference of about
 twelve million dollars. They've been
 after it for a year. And to us it means
 bankruptcy."
 Lewis closed the safe before answer-
 ing. "After all, it's up to Feggis," he
 said. "He put the plans in the safe.
 He went off on a sudden jaunt to Eu-
 rope without leaving any address. He's
 the president, not you or I."
 "But how did it get out of the safe?"
 demanded Bramwell, when they were
 deluged together in the manager's of-
 fice. "At least we'll trace the thief.
 Somebody knew the combination."
 "Ever hear of the man who opens
 safes by catching the sound?" asked
 Lewis. "Some fellow like that. It's
 an easy trick, I understand. Some con-



"What—Do You Make of It?" He Stammered.

federate in the office introduced the
 man—probably hid him in the ladies'
 coatroom around five o'clock, where he
 could hear the safe being opened. After
 that it was easy."
 "Who works at night besides Pe-
 ters?"
 "Miss Graham."
 "Whew!" said Bramwell. "Engaged,
 aren't they?"
 They stared at each other and then
 smiled. There was small hope of re-
 covering the plans, but at least it
 seemed to them that they were on the
 trail.
 John Peters, President Feggis' sec-
 retary, and Nancy Graham, his stenog-
 rapher, had practically the run of the
 office during the president's absence.
 The investigation had narrowed itself
 down to them. Nobody else could pos-
 sibly have been guilty. Peters had en-
 tered the president's employ in his
 present capacity five years before,
 Miss Graham seven. She had worked
 up to her present position at thirty dol-
 lars a week, and there existed some
 feeling against her, not only on the
 part of the girls who were now her
 subordinates, but among Bramwell
 and Lewis, who resented the fact that
 she and Peters occupied a practically
 independent position during the presi-
 dent's absence.

In spite of the heads' precautions
 the story of the theft leaked out. In-
 sensibly the suspicion of the office
 force was directed toward the occu-
 pants of the mahogany-furnished room
 where Peters and Nancy worked to-
 gether. And insensibly Nancy felt
 that chilling suspicion enter her own
 heart.
 There was, in reality, little room for
 private talk between them, even if
 they had been so minded. The presi-
 dent's office, fitted with transparent
 windows that looked out directly upon
 the general office, allowed both occu-
 pants to be seen at all times. Often
 Nancy would look up from her work to
 see a dozen pairs of eyes watching her.
 They were to have been married
 that spring. The marriage had been
 postponed when the crisis compelled
 the cutting down of salaries. John
 was making only forty-five a week
 now, a sum ample for their needs, only
 Nancy, with memories of a life of pov-
 erty behind her, did not intend to
 start life, giving up her position af-
 ter her marriage, without a substantial
 bank account. And she would not
 work when she was married. She and
 John were old-fashioned people, and
 neither believed in that.

"Nancy," John had pleaded, "give
 up your work and marry me. I shall
 be getting fifty again next year, and
 after that a substantial raise at some
 time. Don't let us spend our youth
 together here when we might be so
 happy."
 The girl had steadfastly refused.
 John had taken it hard at first. Some-

Would Hardly Call it a Privilege.
 "I noted a new meaning of the word
 'privilege' the other day," said J.
 Fuller Gloom. "The article said it
 was a man's privilege to pay for a
 woman stranger's meals on short rail-
 road trips. Personally I do not see,
 with the customary high prices on a
 dining car, how anyone could consider
 the paying anything more than an ex-
 treme effort."—Kansas City Star.

Misleading Audience.
 "Why doesn't young Higgins make
 more progress in his studies?" "He
 doesn't get the proper kind of en-
 couragement. His father doesn't take
 any interest in what the boy knows
 about the classics, but is enthusiastic
 about the way he can play accompani-
 ments on the banjo."—Washington
 Star.

times she almost relented, but her
 principle kept her to her decision. He
 would be glad when the time came.
 "Nancy," he had once said to her,
 "if I could get some money, several
 thousand dollars, would you marry me
 at once?"
 "How would you get it?" she par-
 ried.
 "I have an investment," John had
 laughed.
 And his words came back to her as
 she sat within the office, near John.
 Once she raised her eyes and looked
 at him steadfastly. His own eyes had
 been fixed scrutinizingly on hers. He
 dropped them.

Later that day he told her some-
 thing that amazed her. His invest-
 ment had been of a little legacy—a
 few hundred dollars only, but a tip
 from a broker had enabled him to real-
 ize five thousand on it. He had the
 money safe in the bank. Would she
 marry him now?
 And the girl's eager joy was damp-
 ened by the sudden fearful suspicion
 that came to her. She thrust it aside
 —but it returned. John a thief? John,
 whom she adored with all her mind
 constantly? She waited with a crush-
 ing burden at her heart.

And day by day they felt the sus-
 picion rise and hang over them like
 a dark cloud.
 O'Day, the mail sorter, had been dis-
 charged the week before. The new
 man, Fallon, a surly, vindictive-look-
 ing fellow, had his post opposite the
 window facing Nancy's desk. When-
 ever she looked up she would see Fal-
 lon's eyes fixed on hers. He seemed
 to be watching her. And it was not
 long before she began to see Fallon
 lurking behind her when she went out
 to lunch, when she went home. The
 man was a spy. She was under sus-
 picion, then. Those wretched days in
 the office, when John, absorbed, hardly
 spoke to her, were breaking down the
 girl's nerves.

John was guilty! The impression
 had grown into certainty. The story
 of the legacy was preposterous. In
 Nancy's brain an idea was born. Quietly
 and unostentatiously she went from
 her lunch one day into the office build-
 ing of the Neatfoot company, emerg-
 ing through the other door.
 Glancing back as she passed out,
 she saw Fallon waiting for her. There
 was a look of satisfaction on his dark
 face. He followed her to the office
 almost openly.

Twice more Nancy performed this
 feat. Each time she saw Fallon be-
 hind her. And somehow, in the mys-
 terious way of offices, that story got
 known too. Nancy read it in the faces
 of all the girls, in John's. He knew!
 And by now their intimacy had
 dwindled to a shadow of friendship.
 John no longer called for her, alleg-
 ing the pressure of work in the office.
 He stayed there nightly, after Nancy
 had gone home.
 "Mr. Bramwell wishes to see you,
 Miss Graham!"
 With beating heart Nancy followed
 the boy into the general manager's
 room. Lewis was there with Bram-
 well.

"Sit down, Miss Graham," said
 Bramwell. "You know Mr. Feggis will
 be back today and before he comes—"
 his voice was soft as honey—"I think
 you had better confess that you stole
 that plan of the engine."
 They waited, watching her face like
 hawks.
 "We've got the goods on you," shout-
 ed Lewis theatrically. "You'd better
 confess. You have been tracked to
 the Neatfoot offices."
 "Yes, I confess," said Nancy calmly.
 "I was bribed to steal that engine
 plan."
 Before the triumph on their faces
 had risen to the full the door opened
 and John came hurrying in.

"You can cut that out!" he shout-
 ed. "I stole the engine plans, and I
 warn you that all the office is talking
 about Miss Graham being implicated.
 Well, it's a lie. I'm responsible."
 The look of triumph turned to
 amazement. Then Lewis leaped for-
 ward.
 "You both stole them!" he shouted.
 "I have suspected you from the be-
 ginning. This will be a jail sen-
 tence—"
 "Dear me, what will be a jail sen-
 tence? What is this trouble about?"
 demanded a pleasant-voiced old gen-
 tleman, entering the office, umbrella
 in hand.

"Mr. Feggis!" exclaimed Bramwell.
 "Sir, the engine plans have been
 stolen, sold to the Neatfoot company,
 and these persons are the guilty ones.
 They took the plans from the safe—"
 "What are you talking about?" de-
 manded Feggis. "Didn't the messen-
 ger deliver that note I sent you from
 on board the Aquitaine? Why, my
 dear fellow, I took the plans. Had an
 emergency order from the French gov-
 ernment, and couldn't wait to explain.
 Just got home with the contract."
 "But Miss Graham has confessed!"
 cried the bewildered Bramwell.
 "And Mr. Peters; too," said Lewis.
 Mr. Feggis turned and looked into
 the faces of the lovers.
 "I think," he said with quiet empha-
 sis, "that if you will intrust the matter
 to me I can obtain a very quick re-
 centration from them."

But instead of obtaining the recanta-
 tion he quietly left the room with
 his aides.
 "Oh, John!" sobbed Nancy. "I
 thought you—you—Can you ever for-
 give me?"
 "But I thought you—" stammered
 John. "Why, Nancy, what on earth
 —didn't you believe in that legacy? I
 tell you what, dear, we've both been
 overworked and got a little nerve-
 worn. What do you say to starting
 that honeymoon tomorrow?"
 "Tomorrow?" Nancy gasped. "Why,
 I can't possibly—that is, not till the
 day after, John."

Traveling Expenses.
 "A speedometer indicates how fast
 one is going." "So does one's bank
 balance."—Boston Transcript.

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We just cannot believe—that with these facts true—and every orphanage in Florida crowded to the doors—that the people of Florida will let our great work which has cared for 850 of these little ones this year alone—go down for lack of funds to keep it up. **Your immediate help**—is greatly needed—right now—Please send what you can to-day—to R. V. Covington, Treasurer of

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Equine Luxuries.
 Shower baths have been provided for horses in certain of the larger cities through the kindness of the humane societies, remarks an exchange. Arrangements have been made with the municipal fire departments by which the societies are allowed to tap the fire plugs and attach hoses and spray, so that teamsters and others may give their steeds a bath by merely hailing for a moment and turning on the spray. Water for drinking purposes may also be drawn.

Or, Why Not Dramatize the Name?
 "I'd like," a trifle mordaciously said Grant P. Smith, "to see the name of Imri zamwalt, the able Bonner Springs editor, set to music. It would be immediately snapped up by all the cheap dramatic aggregations in the country, for use in playing the villain of the piece across the stage. Just divide it up into four syllables and repeat it slowly, and note the appropriateness."—Kansas City Star.

Shaving in Roman Days.
 Shaving was introduced among the Romans about B. C. 396. The first shave was deemed the entrance to manhood and celebrated with great festivities.—Answers.

Diamond Retains Luster.
 Only the expert can tell an imitation diamond from a real stone when the imitation is new, but after the fake stone has been worn for a little time it soon loses its luster. It is this which makes a real diamond valuable. No matter how long it is worn it will keep its sparkle almost as well as ever.

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How Isinglass is Made.
 The raw material of isinglass is the air bladders or sounds of fish, and is not of value except for this one purpose. In Russia, where the finest isinglass is made, the sounds of the sturgeon are cut open and steeped in water until the outer membrane separates from the inner; then the latter is washed and dried in the sun.

Real Stroke of Genius.
 A genius has invented a piano that weighs only 120 pounds. The tired papa who wants to rest and read can throw that sized piano into the back yard when Julie Ann persists in pounding it.—Milwaukee Sentinel.