

THE AVON PARK TIMES

VOLUME I—NUMBER 33.

AVON PARK, FLORIDA, FRIDAY, OCTOBER 11, 1929.

PRICE: FIVE CENTS

EISELE ADVISES OF CLUB CONSOLIDATION

Highland Lakes Companies Merged at Schenectady; Dr. Davison Elected President

Consolidation of Highland Lakes Development company, the Hotel Highland Lakes and the Highland Lakes Golf and Country club under the name of Highland Lakes Club, Inc., has been effected at Schenectady, N. Y., C. M. Eisele, secretary-treasurer of the new company, has advised The Times. Additional capital has been raised and the company intends to continue its improvements and expansion program. Detailed information will be given later, Mr. Eisele advises.

Officers of the new company are: President, Dr. W. A. Davison, Burlington, Vermont; vice-president, Neil F. Ryan, general contractor, Schenectady, N. Y.; secretary-treasurer, C. M. Eisele, Avon Park.

The board of directors is comprised of Dr. W. A. Davison, Neil F. Ryan, C. M. Eisele, J. R. Magarvey, vice-president, American Locomotive Co., Schenectady, N. Y.; D. A. Ter Bush, president Ter Bush & Powell, Schenectady, N. Y.; Howard S. Bennett, president, Du Bois Bennett & Son, Schenectady, N. Y.; J. G. Blunt, chief engineer, American Locomotive Co., Schenectady, N. Y.; Adam F. Shaffer, president, Kellam & Shaffer, Schenectady, N. Y.; E. F. Benedict, banker, New York, N. Y.; Howard Kennedy, wholesale diamond merchant, New York, N. Y.; F. H. Shephardson, president Malted Cereals company, Burlington, Vermont, and Thos. M. Hanrahan, general contractor, Schenectady, N. Y.

FACULTY TO PICK LEADING STUDENT

Will Be Judged On Loyalty, Scholarship and Achievement For Award

Avon Park High school will have a hall of fame of its own this year and the most valuable student will be selected. To the senior class student receiving the highest number of votes from the faculty will go the honor of having his or her name engraved on a beautiful bronze plaque, presented to the school by the L. G. Balfour company, of Attleboro, Mass. And in addition to his or her name being engraved on the plaque for the year 1929 the winner will be given a small charm, a replica of the plaque.

Every member of the senior class will have an equal opportunity to win. The votes will be cast by the teachers for the student they believe has shown loyalty, excellence in scholarship and achievement for the alma mater.

The award will be announced at the commencement exercises next year.

Halloween Refreshments.

On Halloween doughnuts and hot coffee will be served by the Ladies' Aid of the Congregational church during the afternoon and evening on the Mall in the store room of the National Bank building.

Mike Gonzalez has been in the majors about 16 years. When the Giants dropped him seven years ago, he slipped to the minors but climbed back up after two years. He has been a big help to the Cubs this season.

Mrs. Heim's Father Dies In Pittsburgh

Funeral services were held at Pittsburgh, Pa., Wednesday for Henry Brehm, aged 79 years, father of Mrs. W. J. Heim, of this city. For three seasons, up to and including the season of 1926-27, Mr. Brehm spent with his daughter here.

Because of uncertain train connections north of Florida due to floods, it was impossible for Mrs. Heim to attend the funeral services.

DISCUSSIONS GALORE AT COUNCIL MEETING

Attorney Objects To Giving Bond and Not Satisfied With Fee

Discussions galore featured the Wednesday evening session of the city councilmen. They talked over the delinquent tax list and officially closed the tax books for 1928; they discussed the insolvent list, and if the matter is pressed too on people who have moved away—and some who are still here.

Placing the city attorney under bond when he takes over the books for the collection of approximately \$90,000 delinquent taxes was discussed, and Col. Lee vigorously objected to such procedure. It just isn't his practice to take out a bond, even though the city pays the premium, the attorney stated, and if the matter is pressed too much he may give up the job of collecting the taxes when he gets the books. The city is seeking protection of the monies it may collect, and hence its suggestion that its delinquent tax collector take out the bond.

The colonel wanted to know what he was going to get out of collecting the taxes, intimating that he wasn't satisfied with the arrangements made August 9th, when he agreed to take five percent. Councilman Lanier suggested that the attorney receive five percent of the taxes collected since that time, even though he had nothing to do with their collection. It would mean about \$600 to the attorney. About \$12,000 in taxes have been collected since that time by Miss Browne, who received her commission of two percent. But Mr. Lanier's suggestion didn't go very far. In fact there was hardly any action on any suggestions.

It was ordered, however, that all interest and penalty would be eliminated from delinquent taxes paid up to January 1.

The auditor-comptroller position was discussed, and the names of Fred Durrance, C. H. Pardee and Charles Clements mentioned. The name of Miss Browne was also mentioned because of her familiarity with the position, in which she has worked without compensation. Col. Lee suggested that Miss Browne be remunerated, but no action was taken.

As mentioned in the beginning, it was just a meeting for a general discussion of conditions.

Jacaranda Hotel Changes Ownership

Sale of the Jacaranda Hotel to D. M. Ray, Grand Rapids capitalist, was announced this week by L. E. Thomas, manager of the hotel. The announcement was made following receipt of advices from Mr. Ray.

Several improvements, including a skylight for the lobby, will be made in the near future, Mr. Thomas stated. A strategic move for the hotel, the installation of a steam heating plant, is progressing and will be ready for operation in a short time.

SPORTSMEN ORGANIZE PROTECTIVE LEAGUE

Pledge Themselves To Protection and Conservation of Game In County

The first body of sportsmen to organize a league for the protection of game and fish in Highlands county was organized Tuesday evening at the Jacaranda Hotel. Nearly 40 representative sportsmen were present and heard the talk given by Dr. I. N. Kennedy, of Eustis, Deputy Game Commissioner for this district, and took part in the discussions on the wild life situation in the state and county. Dr. Kennedy is a contact man between his department and the public.

When the gathering adjourned over thirty of the sportsmen signed to the pledge to protect the fish and game and to support conservation measures advanced by the Department of Game and Fresh Water Fish, of which Hon. C. C. Woodward is the head.

The temporary chairman and secretary, E. D. DeLaney, president of the City Council, and Judge D. V. Rouse, respectively, were later elected to the offices permanently. E. G. Todd was elected treasurer.

A drive will be conducted to secure members for the league and the following were appointed by Mr. DeLaney to constitute the membership committee: Judge D. V. Rouse, J. H. Smith, O. R. Perry, E. G. Todd and Walter Rutherford.

On the by-laws committee are: Col. J. M. Lee, S. E. Booth, the chairman and secretary are ex-officio members. The committee will submit their report to the league at a subsequent meeting.

The officials expect to have at least 150 members on the roster in the near future. The annual dues are twenty-five cents, which will take care of the stationery and other expenses of the organization. Those desiring to affiliate with the league are asked to send their name and the dues to any member of the membership committee or communicate with the officers.

Through the courtesy of L. E. Thomas, manager, the Hotel Jacaranda was placed at the disposal of the sportsmen. Mr. Thomas received the thanks of the members, and he remarked that the hotel could be considered the meeting place of the league.

The meeting was opened by the temporary chairman, Mr. DeLaney, who called on Col. Lee to introduce (Continued on page eight)

Red Devils Losers In Gridiron Battle

While the game lasted the Red Devils of Avon Park High showed up well against the Lake Wales Highlanders on the latter's grounds last Friday afternoon. When the final whistle blew Carmichael's proteges were on the short end of a 13-8 score.

The Red Devils scored a touchdown in the fourth quarter, but the kick for the extra point went wide. The safety was recorded in the final quarter, too, when a Red Devil tackled a Highlander behind the line as he intercepted a pass.

The Highlanders scored a touchdown in the second quarter. A try for the extra point failed.

Their second touchdown was made in the third quarter and this time made the extra point.

Avon Park will meet Fort Pierce here this afternoon at Cardinal field.

Daily air service is to be inaugurated between Melbourne and Brisbane, Australia.

Hauling Material For Pine Crest Addition

Material is now being hauled to the Pine Crest Lakes Winter club and in a few days the laying of the foundation for the new addition will start, Architect Heim said yesterday.

On the arrival of Col. R. P. Davidson, president of the club, the contracts for the construction of the building will be let. Col. Davidson is enroute from Chicago and is expected here on Sunday.

BONDING HOUSE PAYS \$10,077 TO THE COUNTY

England Discovers Items Overlooked For Several Years

The county commissioners met twice during the past seven days, last Friday in special called session and Monday in regular session, it being the first Monday of the month. At the meeting Friday the commissioners conferred with representatives of the Fidelity and Deposit company of Maryland with regard to the bonds of certain bond trustees of the county and made settlement of the bonds. By the agreement reached, the county releases the bonding company from any liability on the bonds and the bond trustees covered by this company are discharged from their duties. In return the county receives the sum of \$10,077 and assigns to the bonding company the claims the county has against the closed banks on account of bond funds after the county has recovered the balance in full and then the bond company is only to receive up to \$5,000 in dividends when and how paid by the several banks.

The bonds under discussion at this conference were those of C. E. Lanier and the late William King but only that of Mr. Lanier was acted on as the late Mr. King was not an active bond trustee and had no part in any of the transactions under consideration. According to County Attorney J. M. Lee, there was a special act creating five bond trustees for Highlands county and those serving while this act was in force were C. E. Lanier, G. F. Bobb, R. N. Durrance and the late William King and E. O. Douglas. This act was later repealed and the county reverted to the general state law calling for only three trustees. In the meantime Mr. Douglas had passed away and it was generally understood that Mr. King would retire and although his bond was not cancelled he took no active part as trustee, Mr. Lee says.

Several months ago W. R. England, auditor of Avon Park, made an audit of the bond trustees' accounts and compiled a voluminous report which he submitted to the county commissioners. He found several items that were subject to criticism and one which had ap-

(Continued on page eight)

B. P. W. C. Team Preparing for Game

Members of the B. P. W. C. diamond ball team are practicing for future games. The team, nameless as yet, was out on the new diamond on the park at Lake Verona on Wednesday, but inclement weather day prevented further practice yesterday. The Lake Wales club is anxious for a game with the local girls on the 21st or 28th.

The recreation park is being rounded into shape and before the season gets under way the B. P. W. C. expects to have the roque and tennis courts and the children's playgrounds ready for use.

COUNCILMEN SERVED WITH MANDAMUS WRIT

Five Mill Tax Levy Ordered To Retire Notes or Show Cause November 1

An alternative writ of mandamus commanding the city council to levy a tax of five mills on all taxable property for the purpose of retiring the \$25,000 tax anticipation notes held by the Guaranty Title and Trust company, of Wichita, Kan., was served on the councilmen Wednesday night. The writ was granted Wednesday morning at Arcadia by Judge W. J. Barker on petition of the bond company's attorney, Grady L. Burton. And for failure to make the levy, the city, through its attorney, must show cause before Judge Barker at Sebring, November 1.

The action was brought by L. Rittenoure against the council for their failure to provide in the budget for the retirement of the notes when they come due. It is also Mr. Rittenoure's answer to the council for their failure to comply with his request that they discharge the city attorney and select another legal advisor. The Wichita man disagreed with the city attorney on the latter's ideas of delinquent tax collections.

The case is expected to raise some nice legal points and to establish the means and the limits to which the bond companies can go in enforcing the payment of maturities not due.

The city, it is believed, will make some arrangements for the payment of the notes so that no additional levy will be necessary.

MOVEMENT UNDERWAY TO REDUCE CITY LIMITS

Committee Organized and Legal Proceedings Will Be Started

Following conferences with attorneys this week, a group of taxpayers in the new city limits organized a "Committee For the Reduction of City Limits," and within the near future will start legal proceedings to have the limits reduced to include the territory within the city prior to 1925.

The personnel includes: C. H. Walker, chairman; J. A. Caldwell, vice-chairman; Norton T. Smith, secretary-treasurer; and Col. R. P. Davidson, J. H. Smith and Harry L. Meade.

The committee has advised taxpayers in the new limits of the movement and are enlisting their support. The committee has a preliminary opinion that appropriate proceedings will result in the reduction of the city limits to those of 1925.

The movement is underway not for the purpose of evading the payment of taxes on the property taken in under the new limits, but because they claim they have derived no benefits since they were taken into the city, and that their lands are almost entirely of citrus and other unimproved lands. As in the Revolutionary War days, the committee's slogan is "Taxation Without Representation."

OUT Takes Office.

C. N. Ott, prominent merchant, who was elected recently by the board to the vacancy on the council, took the oath of office Wednesday evening prior to the council meeting. The oath was administered by Miss Louise Browne, City Clerk.

MALL CONTAINS 21 SPECIES OF CASSIAS

Collection Is Greater Than Exists Elsewhere In United States, Mayor Says

Avon Park has every reason to be proud of Mayor Donaldson and his knowledge of botany. Not a day goes by that Hizzoneer is not trimming a plant here, planting a tree there or placing markers to advise the uninformed about the species of plants, trees and flowers adorning the Mall, which is his pet hobby, and which, incidentally, he has made a thing of beauty and everlasting fame.

To the neophyte, novice, or what have you, the Mayor talks in a strange tongue as he tells you of the Erythrina, Christigalli, Cassia Fistula or the Corymbosa. But one is not in the dark very long as the words are translated into the mother tongue.

Speaking of Cassias, the Mayor states that there are 21 varieties in Park No. 17, that block lying between Prospect and Glenwood avenues. There are three of the tree type, the pine and "white shower tree," the "golden shower tree" and the "red shower tree" (Cassia nodosa, Fistula and Grandis) which are slow growing and may not bloom for several years. A fast growing Cassia, the Sianea, or Kassod tree, is just now breaking into full yellow bloom.

This part of our Mall has more varieties of Cassias than exist elsewhere in the United States. Of the large bush types, Mrs. Neal Trent furnished a variety, Cassia Alata, which she brought from Miami, and which is not catalogued for sale by nurseries. The deep yellow bloom of the Cassia Alata is somewhat similar to its neighbor, Cassia Nairobenensis. A similar bush type of Cassia, the Corymbosa, has been known to exist elsewhere in the South, but the Park Department could not locate it. Finally the Fruitland Nurseries at Augusta, Ga., obtained propagating material and the Avon Park officials asked them for some cuttings in return for past favors. Their generous response comes in the following letter:

"We have received your letter of the 27th ult. and will be very glad to send you a few plants of the Cassia corymbosa and are making out an order for five plants to be sent to you without charge. It will possibly be the first of November before these can be lifted in safety.

"Mr. Donaldson, there does not seem to be much demand for Cassias and while we thank you for offering to exchange some with us, we do not believe that we will take any at this time. We, however, would like to try a few Jubea spectabilis, palms, and if you can send us a few of these it will be appreciated, or let us know who has them.

Thank you for the seed of the Grevillea Banksii (red blooming silk oak), and we are going to plant these right away. Hope we get good results from them.

"Several years ago you sent us some plants and we thought you would like to know how they have done. The Bougainvillea Crismson Lake, we have kept in our greenhouse every winter, and the past season it was a beautiful sight. Tourists from the winter hotels would come over to see about plants and would look at it and go back to their rooms and send other friends over to see this vine. It reached the top of the greenhouse and then spread out a little and fell over in long sprays. We have these plants in a long narrow box with the Allamanda and they made a good show together.

"The Erythrina which you sent also did well this summer and bloomed. We have another Erythrina which is called Christigalli and we suppose you are familiar with it. If not, would suggest your getting some, as it is even prettier than the one you sent.

"We are trying to find some small plants of Bougainvillea Crismson Lake. We pot these up and put them in our greenhouse during the winter and when they bloom the tourists buy them up

very quickly. If you have any to spare, or know of anyone in your section who has them, will be glad to hear from them with sample and price."

Service Curtailed At Public Library

Lack of funds has forced the library committee of the Woman's club to curtail the library service, and as a result the library will be open on Mondays and Fridays only from 3 to 5 p. m. The new hours are effective this week.

Heretofore the library received an appropriation from the city, but when the new budget was adopted no provision was made for the library.

The announcement of the conditions has been received with regret by the book lovers.

Fleet of Planes To Show Florida From Air This Winter

Tallahassee, Oct. 10.—Efforts of Governor Doyle E. Carlson to promote aviation advantages of the state have again brought results, this time from Skyways, Inc., an aviation firm operating from the Cleveland airport, which has announced that a fleet of planes will be sent to Florida for the first time, this winter.

"I have noticed your activity to promote aviation in Florida," L. B. Bouchelle, salesmanager of the firm has written the chief executive, "and I approve your opinion that Florida is destined for a wonderful development as an outstanding center for air navigation."

Planes will operate out of the principal cities, the writer said, conducting passenger sight seeing trips throughout the state. This is the second new air firm to start Florida activities since the Governor's campaign was started, Eastern Air Express having recently inaugurated regular New York to Florida service.

Pardon Board Meets. Tallahassee, Oct. 10.—The pardon board went into final session here this week and will take up the balance of the long list of applications which confronted them. Following the close of the session the board will go into executive conference when decisions will be made concerning all applications.



IDEAS HAVE CHANGED REGARDING LIBRARY

New Theory of Service Has Resulted In Fast Expansion Since 1904

The modern public library believes that it should find a reader for every book on its shelves and provide a book for every reader in its community, and that it should in all cases bring book and reader together. This is the meaning of the great multiplication of facilities in the modern library—the lending of books for home use, free access to shelves, cheerful and homelike library buildings, rooms for children, co-operation with schools, interlibrary loans, longer hours of opening, more useful catalogs and lists, the extension of branch library systems and of traveling and home libraries, co-ordination of work through lectures and exhibits—the thousand and one activities that distinguish the modern library from its more passive predecessor.

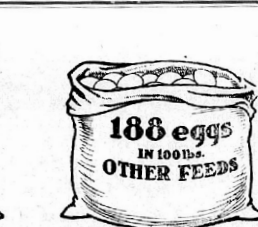
The public school is for but one portion of the community, the younger portion, while the public library is for all, young as well as old, for those of limited knowledge and the more learned and accomplished alike.

Theodore Roosevelt once said: "After the church and the school, the free public library is the most effective influence for good in America."

The changed theory of library service and a better understanding of what a public library really is, has probably caused this branch of public service to expand faster than any other in the United States in the last quarter of a century.

Formerly there was too much of the idea that the library was merely a collection of books and the librarian a keeper of books. Today the idea is that the librarian is one who distributes books and makes the library the accepted center of a community's intellectual and social life.

Eddie Collins is a veteran of seven world's series. Eddie is 42, but still breaks into the line-up occasionally.



50 Extra Eggs in a Bag of Purina Says 1,492,876 Hens

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Illustrated Sermons at Congregational

Hofmann's famous painting, "Christ and the Rich Young Ruler" will be shown, with others of similar meaning, on the screen at the Congregational church Sunday evening, at 7:30, and the sermon will be an interpretation of the picture. This is the first of a Sunday evening series of studies of the greatest pictures in the world, that will have the interest of beauty as well as their spiritual meaning. On Oct. 20 Zimmermann's "Christ and the Fishermen" will be shown; on Oct. 27, Plockhorst's "The Good Shepherd"; and on Nov. 3 the Last Supper by Del Sarto, Da Vinci and others.

The Sunday morning sermon will be on the topic, "How Did Christ Worship?" Special music will be rendered by the choir at both services.

Harold Carlson was virtually useless to the Cubs in 1928 but he started winning this year and finished in good style. His age is 35.

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Fire Prevention Week

This week is observed over the United States as "Fire Prevention Week." Fire, the unsparing thief, is an opponent that takes \$500,000,000 annually from the American public. Greater than the financial toll he exacts is the appalling loss of life.

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THE AVON PARK TIMES

Published every Friday by the Schaefer-Broking Printing Co., Inc., at No. 5 South Forrest Avenue, Avon Park, Florida.

J. HAYDEN WILLIAMS Editor

SUBSCRIPTION RATES:
One Year in Highlands County.....\$1.00
One year outside of Highlands County.....\$2.50

Entered at the postoffice at Avon Park, Florida, under the Act of March 5, 1879, as matter of the second-class.

ADVERTISING RATES FURNISHED ON REQUEST

SPORTSMEN TO PROTECT WILD LIFE.

Sportsmen of Avon Park, and the sportsmen of Sebring, DeSoto City, Lake Placid and Venus, have taken a step in the right direction in their move to protect the game and fish in Highlands county. They have acted wisely in their organized efforts to prevent the killing of game out of season.

Highlands county is rapidly getting the reputation as the "Sportsmen's Paradise of South Central Florida," and in order to uphold that reputation conservation measures are necessary. It is practically impossible for a game warden to apprehend all violators in the large territory he covers. To stop the violations it devolves upon the sportsmen not only to educate those who wantonly kill the game out of season, but also convert them to the idea that conservation must be practiced to insure plenty of fish and game in the future.

Representative sportsmen heard Dr. I. N. Kennedy at the meeting at the Jacaranda Hotel on Tuesday evening. They pledged themselves to uphold the fish and game laws of the state. Their pledge is of great import and should have far reaching results.

A great movement is underway and it is hoped that it will gain momentum as the days go by, to the glory and benefit of Avon Park and Highlands county.

As part of the hospitality plan, President Hoover should have a good supply of tobacco on hand for Premier MacDonald. 'Tis said Ambassador Dawes went "broke" paying the tobacco bill of the Premier and himself in their recent conference.

Maj. Gen. Smedley D. Butler is commended by millions for his assertion that the Volstead act is a failure. AND Maj. Gen. Smedley D. Butler is condemned by millions for his assertion that the Volstead act is a failure.

The water in LaBelle has to rise a lot higher before it keeps Mary Hayes Davis from getting out her Hendry County News. It just goes to show the grit of Florida newspaper-women.

One thing you don't hear in this fair state is the crunching of the milk wagon in the snow and the squeaking of the wheels of that vehicle at 4 C. M., indicating zero weather.

What is that rumbling, thundering noise? Oh, that! Just the Florida paRAGraphers working themselves into a frenzy for the next "annual" paRAGraphication.

The recent storm didn't confine itself to Florida alone. It was an all-states affair. And Florida copped the lion's share of publicity.

We have yet to make our bank account jibe with the figures given out in the government's annual per capital wealth stories.

Despite the storm last week, we have yet to hear of reservation cancellations with the railroad or steamship companies.

Giving "lids" to mayors of other cities may be the reason that New York is unable to clamp the lid on its speakeasies.

Hell's a poppin' at Hell Harbor (Tampa). "Killin's and no arrests by the police."

What did this blooming social lobby investigation start from, a Caraway seed?

It's Skipper Knott Bean in Florida's Republican politics.

Tampa is up in the air. It wants a new airport site.

Avon Park is to have a new bank in the near future.

It's now Mother-in-law and Father-in-law Coolidge.

Ott ought to make a good councilman for Avon Park.

Flies that we have and haven't met: Horse and Med.

Crate mills are running full crews. That's crate.

We'd rather talk iodine than take it.

Fall's fall will be heard this fall.

Trotsky is still on the trotsky.

Echoes of the State Press

A NEWSPAPER'S DUTY.

So long as Florida has its hurricanes, California its earthquakes and other sections of the United States their floods and tornadoes, it is likely the newspapers will be criticized for the manner in which they report these events.

It isn't to be denied that first newspaper accounts of disasters are sometimes exaggerated. For a newspaper which will deliberately magnify the details of such an event there can be no excuse whatever. But that ever lurid reports should find their way into print is no more surprising than that individuals should add color to their stories in telling about them.

Newspapers like to print sensational news because that is the kind their subscribers like most to read, but there are some people who seem to have the idea that because news is sensational is a reason why it should not be published. Particularly does this idea prevail regarding storm news.

Although Florida newspapers generally are not subject to the charge of exaggerating hurricane news there are people who object to the publication of the complete facts, presumably on the theory that it injures the state. The best answer to these critics we have seen, appeared in the Daytona Beach News-Journal, which said editorially:

"Why," asked the lady, 'must newspapers publish unpleasant things: details of the storm warnings, for example? Hasn't Florida had enough trouble?'

"The newspaper profession has no formal pledge to correspond to the Hippocratic oath, by which physicians bind themselves to serve those in distress, regardless of circumstance. But in a tradition just as potent which makes it a profession. That tradition is to print the news as quickly and as accurately as possible. The New York Times has made famous the slogan which proclaims its intent to publish 'all the news that is fit to print,' but that newspaper has no exclusive claim on the principle.

"The News-Journal has worked day and night assembling for its readers every bit of available information about impending storms because its readers wanted these details. It was its duty to provide them. It issued extras because hundreds of telephone calls showed the demand for them. It did its job; giving the people of this city the latest available news.

"Amateurs in publicity frequently make the mistake of assuming that by efforts of a few individuals or a few newspapers unpleasant truths can be concealed from the world. The falseness of this position is shown by the absurd efforts of California to conceal from the world that earthquakes are prevalent there.

"For years, southern California denied these earthquakes, but all the world knew of them. People began to picture them worse than they actually are—in reality, they seldom do more than shatter a few windows, and cause a few moments' alarm. And the world began to wonder what other unpleasant things happened in California that nobody heard about!

"It is absurd to believe that by suppressing or underemphasizing news of storms, bank failures, and the like within our own state, that we conceal them from the outside world. The Associated Press and the other news services carry all this information instantaneously over the nation. The storm warnings published in every newspaper in the country were furnished by the government. Any attempt at a conspiracy of silence here would be as useless as it would be short-sighted."—Fort Pierce News-Tribune.

DISABLED VETERANS.

The News is in receipt of data sent it by DeWilton Alderman, who is located at Oteen hospital, recuperating from illness contracted during the World War, which indicates that Uncle Sam has not been entirely fair to all the War Veterans. Printed literature inclosed deals with "Uncompensated War Veterans," many of which it claims are disabled, about 50 percent of whom have been denied government compensation who are suffering from tuberculosis and other diseases.

It does not seem possible that the Government would neglect any of the sufferers of the Late War. If conditions depicted are correct there has been shameful neglect at Washington by Congress and those who are entrusted with the care of disabled War Veterans.—Okeechobee News.

Crowds Hear Games At Radio Dealers

The Cubs and Athletics play their championship battle today at Philadelphia. When the umpire at 2:30 o'clock, cries out "Play Ball," a large crowd of fans, as on Tuesday and Wednesday, will be on hand at the Jacaranda Arcade, where the games are being received through the Stewart-Warner Radio through the courtesy of the Jacaranda Drug company and Jordan and Son, Jewelers, distributors for the Stewart-Warner set. Plenty of seats are available and all are welcome.

At the Smith-McGinnis store the fans have ye-e-e-owed and made whoopee during the first two games. And when the series are resumed this afternoon the gallery and orchestra seats will be filled. There will be plenty of room though, and Fred promises to care for the crowd. Graham McNamee's inimitable manner of describing the games are received through the Sparton Radio, of which the Smith - McGinnis company are agents.

P. T. A. Holds First Meeting.

The first meeting of the season of the Parent-Teachers' association was held yesterday afternoon at the high school auditorium. Mrs. T. C. Hobbs, president, of the association, presided, and the program was in charge of Mrs. G. A. Stebbins.

Mrs. Fred Stevens gave an inter-

esting talk on "The Child, His Nature and His Needs." Little Jean Chance sang "Mighty Lak A Rose," and Mrs. E. E. Melton gave a reading, "Sis Hopkins." Following the program a social hour was enjoyed.

The association's attendance prizes were awarded to Mrs. D. G. Perry's class in the grade school, and Prof. H. J. Mummán's class in the high school department.

President's Day Observed at Woman's Club.

With a large number of members and visitors present, Mrs. M. E. Covington was inducted into the office of president of the Woman's Club last Friday afternoon. The meeting marked the opening of the club's work for the season and was observed as President's Day.

Mrs. Henry Stevenson, first president of the Woman's Club, was chairman of the day. Talks were given by Mrs. Dampier, president of the Fort Meade club; Mrs. George M. Chute, of Babson Park, vice-president of District Nine, of the Florida Federation of Woman's Clubs; Mrs. C. S. James, of the League of Women Voters; and Mrs. A. H. Able, representing the B. P. W. C.

Reports by the chairman of the various committees were submitted, after which refreshments were served. Mesdames S. C. and C. H. Pardee was hostess for the day.

The Avon Park club will be host to the clubs of District Nine in November, and arrangements are being made for the meeting.

FOR RECREATION VISIT THE PARK
BILLIARD PARLOR AND PLAY

SNOOKER

On the Finest and Fastest Table in Florida, which has been installed at great expense.

"Once a Snooker Player, Always a Snooker Player"

George Mostris

Proprietor

PLAY BALL



The words that electrify all baseball fans will be heard again this afternoon at 2:30 o'clock, when the Athletics and Cubs resume their World's Series at Philadelphia.

Be our guest, join the crowd at the Jacaranda Arcade and hear the games broadcast daily via the Stewart-Warner Radio, The Set With The "Punch."



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DRUG COMPANY
"Quality Plus Service"

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Jewelers

Highlands County
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For Stewart-Warner Radios

SOCIAL and Personal News

Marguerite Sheffield
Society Editor
Telephone 37

Surprise Party Tendered Mrs. Bristol.

A very delightful surprise party was given last Saturday evening in honor of Mrs. Katherine Bristol. Mrs. Bristol is leaving soon for St. Petersburg, where she has accepted a position. The hostesses were Mrs. Thelma Dilley and Mrs. Edna Hagood and guest list included members of the Business and Professional Women's Club, of which Mrs. Bristol is a member also, and a few of her other friends.

Mrs. Bristol was required to sit, Chinese fashion, in the center of the floor and raise over her head an umbrella which was handed her. As she did so numerous and sundry packages, of varying sizes, shapes and color, came pouring into her lap. Upon opening these she discovered handkerchiefs, a supply sufficient to last her for many months.

The guests were then handed slips of paper on which were typed the words "Katherine Bristol," and asked to write in the space of ten minutes all the words they could think of made up of letters forming this name. Mrs. Thayer outdistanced all the rest, getting down in this short time 69 words, her nearest competitors being Mrs. Head with 57 words and Miss Jennie Waychoff with 56. Mrs. Thayer was given a pretty hand-painted plaque as a reward for her speed.

The next stunt on the program was to discover who could emulate Longfellow, Tennyson or some of our other great poets, the guests being asked to write, in 15 minutes, poems (the kind that rhyme) about their right-hand co-guests. Mrs. Reeves was voted the best poet in the Club, her poem on Mrs. Grace Raab winning a prize, a miniature cane filled with cologne.

A story was next started by Mrs. Bristol, added to by each guest in turn, and completed by Miss Hettie Hundertmark. While the main characters of the narrative were somewhat garbled, and while the heroine started out as an old, decrepit widow and wound up as a dashing, young widow who captured and married a millionaire and then killed him off in due time to inherit all his wealth, yet the story was sufficiently amusing to reward the tellers for their efforts.

Refreshments were then served, a delicious salad, crackers and cake, and the guests departed, voting this to be the best Club party they had ever attended.

The guest list included: Mrs. Hagood, Mrs. Dilley, Mrs. Frances Clark, Mrs. Clara Correll, Mrs. Pearl Spink, Mrs. Fannie Reeves, Misses Hattie and Clara Hundertmark, Kate and Mattie Tompkins, Wilma Lear, Millie Pearson, Veta Bradley, Jennie Waychoff, Mrs. Grace Raab, Mrs. Ola Head, Mrs. Nellie Thayer, Mrs. Agnes Cox, Mrs. Jo Johnson, Mrs. Helen Mann, and the honoree, Mrs. Bristol.

Methodist Ladies Elect Class Officers.

The Ladies' Bible Class of the Methodist Sunday school was entertained at the home of Mrs. A. H. Hancock Monday evening. The following officers were elected for the next year. Mrs. A. H. Hancock, teacher; Mrs. Kelly Bailey, president; Mrs. C. H. Girard, vice-president; Mrs. J. A. Jackson, secretary, and Mrs. Fred Stephens, treasurer. After the discussion of business, a delightful social hour was enjoyed.

Rev. A. H. Hancock gave two readings, one from Ben Hur, and "Cleaning the Furnace," by Edgar Guest. Harry Hancock rendered musical numbers, after which refreshments were served to the following guests: Mesdames Jackson, Skipper, Stephens, Graham, Gordon, Roberts, Stebbins, Faurey, Phillips, Baily and Gerard.

Miss Wilma Lear and Fred Peden attended the show at Lakeland Sunday afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. Dilley Hosts at Party.

In honor of Mrs. Katherine Bristol, who leaves soon to make her home at St. Petersburg, Mr. and Mrs. Raymond Dilley entertained at bridge Tuesday evening. Mrs. Lee Hagood was awarded high score, the consolation prize going to Mrs. Clara Correll. Mrs. Bristol was presented with a prize by the hostess.

The guests were: Mesdames Frances Clark, Clara Correll, Fannie P. Reeves, Lee Hagood, and Misses Wilma Lear, Veta Bradley, Millie Pearson, Mattie Tompkins and Kate Tompkins.

Methodist Ladies To Stage Party.

The ladies of the Methodist Missionary society will give a party Halloween evening at the old Eagle Cafe room at Lake avenue and Main street. Many interesting games will be played, and all the Halloween delicacies, such as doughnuts, coffee, ice cream, etc., will be offered for sale.

The party will appeal especially to the children, an interesting program having been planned for them. There will be no admission charge.

Mrs. Martin Entertains Her Class.

Mrs. B. F. Martin entertained the members of her Sunday school class at her home on Lake Anoka last Thursday afternoon. The following members enjoyed the occasion: Francis and Powell Skipper, Dale and Warren McFarland, Lee Everett Hagood, Junior Watt, Tommy Bryant, Earl Pabor and Gloria Cochoran.

Mrs. Martin was assisted by Mrs. Otto Skipper, Mrs. W. W. McFarland, Mrs. J. D. Cochoran and Mrs. C. W. Pabor.

Mrs. Pringle Host To Dozen and One Club.

Mrs. L. V. Pringle entertained The Dozen and One Bridge Club at her home Monday night.

Those attending were: Mesdames L. E. Thomas, A. H. Able, M. E. Covington, Herbert Beck, D. G. Perry, E. E. Melton, T. A. McNicholas, W. D. Dorniney and Miss Catherine Seagraves, of Memphis, Tenn.

Teachers' Reception at Jacaranda Tuesday.

The reception to the teachers of the city schools by the Parent-Teachers' association will be held next Tuesday evening, at the Jacaranda hotel. A splendid program has been arranged by Mrs. Otto Skipper, chairman of the program committee, and the public is cordially invited to attend.

Winter Residents Arrive.

Mr. and Mrs. Burr E. Cutter, of Milwaukee, Wis., have arrived in Avon Park for the winter season and are residing at the Whitnall home. This will be the third season the Milwaukee folks have spent in this city.

Garden Club Meets Next Friday.

The Avon Park Garden Club will meet next Friday afternoon at 3 o'clock in the Woman's Club rooms. Arrangements have been made for an interesting program on flowers, their culture and when to plant.

Married at Sebring.

Miss Beattie Albritton and Ernest Jones were married in Sebring Saturday morning by County Judge Whitehurst after which they returned to Avon Park.

Music Club Meets This Afternoon.

The Avon Park Music Club will be entertained at the home of Mrs. A. M. Smith on East Bell street, this afternoon.

C. L. Johnson visited Tampa, Sunday.

S. P. Durrance of Waycross, Ga., spent Sunday, here.

Thomas Baldwin, spent the week-end in Tampa.

Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Jones, spent Sunday in Lakeland.

S. R. Morgan of St. Paul, Minn., spent Sunday in Avon Park.

C. M. Hill and L. D. Roberts made a business trip to Arcadia on Friday.

Miss Geraldine Heim and Charles Grace motored to Lakeland Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Twiss attended the camp meeting at Fort Meade, Sunday.

Mrs. W. C. Touchton and daughter, Betty, are visiting in Valdosta, Ga., this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Dudley, of Mulberry, were the guests of Mrs. Swearingen, Friday.

Tampa visitors over the week-end included Mrs. D. G. Perry and Miss Lois Williams.

Mrs. W. A. Roberts, Mrs. Grover Langford and Mrs. Tom Culler, spent Saturday in Tampa.

Misses Inez Dawson and Hazel Cameron, spent the week-end with Mrs. Fred Crews at Lake Placid.

Rev. T. O. Baldwin and Mrs. Baldwin attended the Peace River Assembly at Fort Myers, last week.

Miss Mamie Barnett, a teacher in the Umatilla High school, spent the week-end with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Charles R. Barnett.

Judge and Mrs. Whitehurst accompanied by Col. and Mrs. Lee motored to Tampa, Saturday, to attend the V. M. I.-Pla. U. game.

Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Sheffield, accompanied by Mrs. Sheffield's sister, Miss Wava Godwin, visited Mrs. E. N. Brown of Punta Gorda over the week-end.

Miss Eloise Hayden, Eura Lee Durrance, Veta Bradley, Millie Pearson and Wilma Lear, spent the week-end in Tampa, attending the Florida University and V. M. I. game.

Mr. and Mrs. O. E. Wolf and daughter, Mary, of Sebring, and Oleta Bigbee, of Avon Park, visited Miss Louise Wolf, a student at Southern College, Lakeland, last Sunday.

Mrs. L. D. Roberts and daughter, Edna Booth, spent the week-end with Mrs. Roberts' parents, Mr. and Mrs. B. S. Booth, of Plant City. Mr. Roberts motored to Plant City on Sunday and returned with his family.

Mr. and Mrs. Paul Jett have returned from a belated honeymoon to several southern and mid-western states. They have taken up their residence in the Hobbs apartments. The young couple were secretly married at Dade City, April 27, and announced their marriage last month.

Avon Park students attending the game at Lake Wales last Friday afternoon between the Lake Wales High school and Avon Park were: Carmenetta Fegan, S. P. Durrance, Catheryn Saggus, Wava Godwin, Shirley Sheppard, Elizabeth Chandler, Honey Roberts, Reba West, Gwendolyn Weaver, Gordon Leigh, Walton Touchton, Elizabeth Melton, W. A. Maddox, Robert Roberts, Marguerite Sheffield, Ruby Hargraves, Barbara Weaver, Inez Dawson and Hazel Cameron.

AUDIT IS COMPLETED OF SHERIFF'S OFFICE

Gambling and Liquor Head the List of Warrants Issued

W. R. England has just completed an audit of the sheriff's office for the period from Jan. 1 to Aug. 31, 1929, and this audit was submitted to the county commissioners at their regular meeting Monday for their perusal. The audit is a very comprehensive piece of work and on the last page is a complete list of the warrants handled by the office for the period under consideration. The warrants are classified and shows the number of convictions and dismissals under each classification. The warrants handled are shown as follows:

Charge	Convicted	Dismissed	Total
Gambling	31	16	47
Liquor	40	3	43
Larceny	16	7	23
Traffic, including without license	21	1	22
Search warrants	2	12	14
Assault	6	1	7
Bad checks	4		4
Statutory charges	1	3	4
Fighting	4		4
Operating business without license	3		3
Concealed weapons	2		2
Threat	1	1	2
Possessing rifle	1		1
Varancy	1		1
Total	134	44	178

It will be seen from this report that the greatest number of warrants issued were for gambling but the liquor violations headed the list with the number of convictions, these two offenses totaling more than 50 percent of the convictions.

The sheriff is worrying about how to feed his charges, there being no fines to speak of coming and a large number of the convicted parties doing their time in jail and of course they have to be fed at the expense of the county. This matter came up at the commissioners meeting this week but no solution arrived at as it was pointed out that the fine and forfeiture fund is at a very low ebb and other charges must be met from this fund. The sheriff offered to forego his salary for a while so long as the jail expenses could be met and accepted a partial payment for this purpose.

Lee Acquaints Rotary With City's Finances

Col. J. M. Lee, City Attorney, acquainted the Rotarians with the condition of the city's finances at the luncheon Wednesday, at which the attorney and the city council were guests of the civic body.

A resume of the bond issues for the past 15 years, the tax anticipation notes that figure in the lawsuit against the city, and the collection of delinquent taxes was given. Col. Lee also advised that the city has not defaulted on its maturities, despite the stringent financial situation prevailing, and that by co-operation of the Rotarians and other civic bodies, and the collection of delinquent taxes there would be no default.

He reviewed the acts of former councils as well as the present body and stated that no extravagant expenditure of money could be charged to them directly. He referred to the Title Guaranty Title and Trust company as seeking to deprive the citizens of self-government, and that he would yield to the bond company to do their bidding.

Appoint Mrs. Sherman Grade School Teacher

Mrs. Charles Sherman, a former teacher in the Avon Park school, has been appointed to the vacancy existing on the grade school staff. She has assumed her duties, being assigned to the overflow work of the fourth and fifth grades. Mrs. Sherman's appointment was made by the school trustees.

Imports of leather goods into the United States have jumped more than 50 percent in the last year.

For Your
SATURDAY SHOPPING

Delectable
Home-Prepared
Dainties

CAKES—PIES—SALADS

BROWN BREAD
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BAKED BEANS

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Ladies' Aid
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MEATS

Lane's Specials

Prime Roast Beef, Native, lb. . . 25c
Western Pot Roasts, lb. 38c
Leg of Lamb, lb. 46c
Veal Cutlets, lb. 40c
Swift's Premium Ham, half or whole, per lb. 33c
Pork Sausage—Freshly Ground—deliciously different, lb. . . 35c
Pork Chops, 35c lb.; 3 lbs. for \$1.00

Lane's CASH MARKET

A Complete
Story

STAINS OF GUILT

By Russell Hays

Not a Contin-
ued Story

WITTER let himself cautiously into his cubby hole of a room on the fourth floor of the Mayberry and carefully locked the door. He was nervous this evening, had hardly been able to eat his supper. All foolishness, too, he told himself firmly. Norton's asking him to come out to the house tonight was nothing to get upset over. Norton couldn't be wise—couldn't be.

A cold, malignant light burned in the weak, blue eyes back of the postal clerk's shell-rimmed glasses, a light quite out of harmony with the rest of Witter's plump face. He was a small man, inclined to rotundity, yet quick on his feet with that surprising bounding quality of some fat men. There was nothing conspicuous about him. Only at times like this did the leased tiger in the man break through the barrier of his placid face.

He strode restlessly back and forth across the room, stopping now and then to peer intently at his reflection in the oval mirror above the dresser. There was no way out of it, he supposed. Norton could call him into his office tomorrow if he didn't go. The assistant postmaster must suspect him. Must be planning to grill him. Well—that was all the good it would do him.

He took off his glasses and rubbed his eyes. They looked watery and naked, but a crafty aversion had come into them now. Witter shot a furtive glance at the dingy square of the window, then stepped over and pulled down the curtain before he took the mail from his pocket that the desk man had handed him as he came through the lobby. There were two letters. One appeared to be an advertisement, the other a personal letter.

The clerk's breath came faster now. He seemed to pant, and there was a strange catlike glow in his weak eyes. He picked up a pair of scissors from the dresser and neatly clipped the ends from the envelopes, then shook a thick letter from each. Neither of these had been opened and both were registered. One was addressed to a local jewelry company and the other to G. M. Tate, care of General Delivery.

"Well, well—they must have got lost in the mails!" he chuckled with feline good humor. He tore open the first letter.

His smooth brow knitted in a disgusted frown as he took four one-dollar bills from the envelope. "The lousy cheapskate!" he hissed. Long experience at tossing mail had given him a keen insight into the contents of a letter. A couple of bills had an entirely different heft from a money order. Witter made a point of taking nothing but cash. He was taking no chances of getting caught at his crafty game. It was a sure thing. No one could possibly suspect him. Yet Norton wanted to see him to-night. It was queer, deucedly queer.

He ripped open the general delivery letter. His short twisted teeth showed in a sardonic smile. "Now here's pickin'ins," he whispered, drawing out five twenties and fingering them. "Must have come from a flour mill, all the dust they got on 'em." He brushed it off and laid the money on top of the ones. Crumpling up the letters he burned them painstakingly over the wash bowl, then carefully washed the ashes down the drain.

"Never be able to prove who took those letters," he muttered confidently. "I'd be Greer who'd get suspicious, anyhow—case they was being traced."

He was too clever for them. They'd never be able to get anything on him. Some honest folk might get caught, but never Witter. There were too many men in the office. At least fifteen who could get at the registered mail more easily than himself. There'd probably be an inspector around one of these days. Of course, nothing had been said around the office yet about any missing letters. Still, they must know about it. It wasn't reasonable that no complaints had come in.

His thoughts reverted to Norton

again. The letter would probably be in a position to know that mail was being lifted. Would probably suspect him—just because he knew Witter's weaknesses when they had been kids together. He would be watching Witter, trying to worm something out of him. A lot of good it would do the precious saint! Witter reached savagely for his hat.

"As well go see him, an' get it over with!" he grunted.

He picked up the bills and thrust them carelessly in his pocket. Locking the door behind him he went bouncing confidently to the lobby of the Mayberry. In a secluded corner of the latter he put the money in a hotel envelope and addressed it to a bank in San Francisco where he carried a savings account under an assumed name.

He caught a V car and rode to Chestnut, then transferred to a Mount Olive car and rode to the end of the line. He had no trouble finding the assistant postmaster's house. It was a small bungalow set well back from the sidewalk. Witter bounced up to it and rapped boldly on the door.

A minute later and Norton was opening it. Norton was a tall, lean man with deep-set gray eyes and hollow cheeks. Except for his healthy color he might have been mistaken for a shrunken, fever victim just out of the hospital. He had a low, soft voice which in moments of anger took on a cutting edge.

"Why, yes," Norton was saying. "I thought you would be interested. Might have an idea. Whoever it is, he's smooth as an eel. I'm telling you frankly, we haven't got a thing to work on. To systematize the office to check up completely would cost thousands a year. We have to trust the men. But sometimes—"

He paused and Witter hitched uncomfortably again, avoided his prying eyes. "You know, I know you pretty well, Tubby," he continued softly. "Kids that way get acquainted better than men ever can. They're more primitive, I suppose."

"Whatcha mean?" hissed Witter. "What do you think I mean?" countered Norton.

"You're crazy!" sneered Witter. Yet he knew that Norton was not fooled. Norton knew it was he who had been filching the mails! It was plain to be seen in the man's deep-set eyes. "You said yourself that you didn't have a thing to go on. What you tryin' to do, frame me?"

"Not at all, Tubby. Nobody knows I had you out here. This is just between you and me. We were friends as kids. When your application came into the office I O. K.'d it. In a way, I feel responsible for you. I figured that old as you are now, you had learned that the old stalls didn't pay. But to get at the bottom of this matter. Whoever's doing his thieving will get caught eventually. There's no getting around that. There's an inspector due at the post office tomorrow. For all I know he may

himself.

Witter licked his dry lips, felt his legs tense beneath him. His eyes shifted furtively, guilty, about the simple, homey room; glowed with fiendish viciousness as they fell on a short hunting knife in a leather case hanging within reach on the west wall. Witter recognized it as a Boy Scout knife, probably belonging to Norton's oldest boy. There was tiger blood in the man, ruthless, treacherous, inexorable. His mind snapped to a decision.

He sheathed his eyes beneath lowered lids. Norton must not suspect. "It's hell, anyway!" he groaned. His shoulders slumped dejectedly. "Can't you have a heart, Norton?" He got up from the chair and tramped back and forth across the middle of the room. Norton slowly shook his head as he stared meditatively at the grated fireplace.

Witter was behind him. He slipped the knife out of its case; bounced forward. The light flashed silver on the lashing blade. Norton caught the movement from the corner of his eye, whirled: "Wait, don't—!" he gasped. "Tubby!" The blade bit into his shoulder. He got to his feet. Witter was on him like a madman. Norton, taken by surprise, never got his balance. The blade gashed across his chest. The next blow sank to his heart. He crumpled up beside the living room table with a rattling cry frozen in his throat.



One Crime Often Leads to Another, and That Other May Lead to Strange Complications

"You said you wanted to see me?" Witter asked stepping into the room.

Norton swung shut the door, looked at the little man steadily for a minute. "Yes, Tubby—a little business matter, I wanted to talk over with you."

"You're making me real curious," said Witter. He threw his hat down on a writing table. "Spill it! What's the glad news?"

Norton was not deceived by his air of flippancy. "Have a seat," he said shortly. "It's about the office. One of the fellows has been hooking registered mail." The postmaster's gray eyes bored into the clerk's. The latter shifted his weight restlessly; cleared his throat.

"Is that what you had me come clear out here about?" he asked with well feigned concern.

Damn Norton, he was thinking. Staring at him like a sick fish. Trying to read his mind. That had been his way ever since they were kids. They had lived next door to each other then, had played around together. It was then that Norton had come to know the treacherous demon that was masked by his playmate's placid, deceiving exterior. And knowing the true character of Tubby's little soul he had been able to ferret out the devilry that Tubby had been able to conceal from everyone else.

Witter had grown to hate him then, hated him now. As the other continued to stare at him, he felt again like that small boy. Felt that Norton had again guessed through his guise of innocence.

have been here a week already.

"And—well, you see I've vended for you. You the point? I was watching you today, and it struck me you were extraordinarily careful to get off the main floor to mail a letter to somebody this morning."

Witter flinched. So that was it. Norton wasn't guessing at all, and he wasn't one to play all his aces at once, either. The little clerk's plump face grew a bit sallow. His crime was good for twenty years at least. Twenty years in prison was a long time. It had been a thought he had steeled himself against, willfully put from his mind. "Well, damn you, what you want me to do?" he managed at last.

Norton gazed at him steadily. "Go in and see Carlson tomorrow morning. Turn in the money. Make a clean breast of it. You'll get off a lot easier. I know it's tough."

"Huh! Oh yeah, parson, that's right!" mimicked Witter. A soulless, calculating light had come in his weak eyes. His lips pressed in a straight, set line. Twenty years! Better death. He couldn't stand that! "And s'posin' I don't show up tomorrow?"

"That's up to you. I'll do everything I can to help them find you. You know, really, you wouldn't have much chance. They'd dog you to death, follow you at every turn."

"They would, eh?" It was the man's calm manner that infuriated the little clerk. Except for him—no one would ever suspect. Even this late in the game, no one knew he was here. Norton had said so

"Well, well—I guess that finishes your damn swindle!" muttered Witter defiantly. He balanced on his toes, still gripping the knife. "Damn wage hound! Hell of a friend. Send me to the jug for twenty years. Served him right!"

There was no remorse in the little man's heart; rather a sort of exultation. It was his first murder, yet he had accomplished it with the grace of a veteran—with a natural ability. There was murder in the man's blood. Yes, and blood on his hands, too. He stared down at them speculatively. The thing to do now was to make a clean job of it. There must be no mishaps, no fingerprints.

He licked his lips musingly. "Robbery, that's it. Killed by a housebreaker!" he muttered. "This knife—I'll wash it off. I've got to get this blood off my hands. Won't do to leave any of it on me." He saw that there was a long streak of it across his coat. His brow knitted in a frown. A cop might get interested if he spotted something like that.

With a somewhat ironic glance at the still figure on the floor he pushed out into the kitchen and shoved in the light switch with his elbow. The curtain, he noted thankfully, was already down. At the sink he turned on the water and washed the knife off, then his hands. The blood came off easily enough except for his fingertips. Here it left faint brownish stain. Well, he could wash more carefully when he got back to his room, thought Witter. Hot water and soap would take it off. The thing

to do now was get rid of any fingerprints.

Wrapping a piece of dish towel about his hands in lieu of gloves, he set about very deliberately wiping any places he might have touched. This done to his satisfaction he proceeded to ransack the bungalow thoroughly. He took Norton's watch and ring. In one of the bedrooms he found a roll of bills in the bottom of a dresser drawer. The other drawers he quite comely pulled out and scattered their contents about the room. He worked silently, though, stopping every now and then to steal to a front window and peer out into the night.

No one came to both him. In less than a quarter of an hour he had the house looking as if it had been visited by a cyclone. In the kitchen he found a can of cleaner and very carefully washed the blood splootch from the front of his coat. He then very carefully washed the blood splootch from the front of his coat. A tray of silverware, he also pocketed. He came back then to the front room and pridefully viewed his handiwork.

"Maybe I'll go in for burglary sometime," he told himself. "Only it don't pay like my racket."

His fleshy face fashioned a surly smile. He slid his tongue along the edge of his teeth as he took a last look around. Then he locked the front door, opened a back window and, leaving it open, stole away into the shrubbery that bordered the back yard. Coming out in the alley he turned down it in the direction of the nearest street car stop. Then he pulled himself up abruptly. That wouldn't do. He'd get on the street car a mile or so from here. There wouldn't be the crowd on it now that there had been coming out.

He turned back up the alley and came out on a side street. Ahead of him was a small park. He strolled casually through it until he came to a larger clump of bushes at the farther side. Stopping in the shadow of them he took the hunting knife from his pocket, wiped it clean, and tossed it over in the thick of the clump.

A side street paralleled the street car tracks. He followed it for half a mile before stopping to cache Norton's watch, ring and silverware beneath a deserted shack. The money he kept. He had a weakness for the crisp feel of new currency. Back on the walk again he rubbed his palms together satisfiedly and went bouncing over to the street car tracks.

He got on the street car without attracting more than a casual glance from any of the other passengers. Someone had left an evening paper in a vacant seat. Witter picked it up and commenced reading the headlines. "Hammer Murderer Trapped!" ran across the sheet in seventy-two point. The clerk sniffed. No wonder the police were able to catch suspects when they left trail as this fellow did. Nevertheless, the capture raised a nagging doubt in his mind.

He laid the paper aside to gaze absently at the back of the seat ahead of him. His hands lay in his lap. Suddenly he stiffened, held his breath. He clinched his fists, then very casually glanced about to see if anyone were watching him. He might not have existed as far as the rest of the car was concerned. Taking care to keep his knuckles to the aisle, he slowly unclenched his right hand and stared down at his fingertips.

"My God, it—it's getting darker!" he whispered inaudibly. "What in the name! You—you s'pose? It just couldn't be!"

He opened the other hand. There was no doubt about it. The faint brown stains on his fingertips, instead of wearing off, were getting darker. Why, on his left forefinger the stain was nearly black! A grayish black! He felt a quick pang of terror, swallowed hard. Heaven's name, what kind of blood did Norton have, anyhow?

He lifted his glasses and rubbed his eyes dazedly, took the glasses off and wiped them clean. It wasn't his eyes. The blotches were still there. Furtively he glanced about him. Noted thankfully that no one was paying any attention to him. He'd have to wash it off before anyone noticed it. At that, there wasn't much danger of it being noticed as long as he kept the palms of his hands down. He thrust his hands in his pockets. It was nothing to get excited over.

(Continued on page seven)

STAINS OF GUILT

By RUSSELL HAYS

(Continued from page six)
He'd have to keep a level head. It was mostly imagination. The spots looked more like ink than blood.

"Huh, I'm getting creepy as an old woman!" he told himself angrily. He had a happy thought. Alcohol took off stains. That was it! He'd get some alcohol.

He finally reached his destination. At a pool hall speakeasy, half a block down the street, he bought a pint of alcohol, paying five dollars of Norton's money for it. The idea tickled his sense of humor. Old holy Moses Norton paying for booze to wash his own blood with, that was funny! Curse Norton! He'd got what was coming to him, poking his nose in everybody's business. The fool! Witter clutched the bottle avidly. There would be enough left over for a little drink, too. He needed a drink. He'd done a full night's work.

He let himself into his room and pulled the curtain. Cutting half a tumbler of the poison with water, he added sugar and downed the resultant liquor in three gulps. It was raw stuff. It seared his throat and vaporized through his nose.

"Phew—what a kick! Burn a man up," he grunted.

He poured raw alcohol in the empty glass and thrust his hand in it. The stain seemed to be stubborn. "Huh, damn stuff! Have to let it soak, I guess." He sat down on a chair and held the glass on his lap, scowling.

Already the liquor was beginning to take effect. He shook his head to clear it and puffed out his plump cheeks. Ten minutes he perched there. Then he took his hand out of the glass and examined it, glared at it unbelievably. The blotches were blacker than before. Black blood! God, this was weird! Funniest damn blood he'd ever seen. Well, he'd get it off. There was more than one way to kill a cat. He tried to think. Cleaning shops took off spots: He couldn't go there—but what was it they used? Spot remover! You could get it at drug stores.

He took another drink, a big one, and hurried out. By the time he arrived back at his room, he had ceased to care particularly whether Norton's blood was on his fingers or not.

"U-u-h, I'm tired. All wore out," he sighed, dumping the cans of cleaner on the floor. He slumped down restfully on the bed. His head sank lower and lower against his chest. He lay back with a sigh. Five minutes later he was sleeping heavily.

He awoke sharply at six and reached over to turn off the alarm clock before it should go off. The clock he saw had run down. He groggily, dull-headed. His clothes were still on. What the devil had happened to him, anyway? He remembered with a start, jumped to his feet, then stared frenziedly down at his hands. The blotches were still on his fingertips. Norton's blood! Burned into the flesh, it seemed.

Witter had a sick feeling in the pit of his stomach then. A vacuous, sinking feeling. He moved groggily over and raised the window shade. The clean, bright sunlight poured into the room, brightened the dingy furnishings, cleared his head. He sat back down on the edge of the bed. There was no use getting excited over this. One didn't think straight if he did. One

mustn't make any slips, not now.

Yet there was something uncanny about those stains. Norton's blood! He couldn't shake the thought from his head. He stared down at his hands fascinated. Blood was red. This couldn't be blood. Blood stains would wash off. His reason told him this. Besides, this was black like ink, like soot. Where could he have touched anything like that out at Norton's? He hadn't. He was certain of that. Nor had it been there earlier in the evening.

"It's damn funny!" The clear light of day gave him courage. No one would suspect they were bloodstains. "Blood's red. Sure, it's red. Like paint."

He got up from the bed and changed his clothes. Seeing the cans of cleaner he had bought the night before, scattered about on the floor, his weak, sinister eyes lighted with sudden hope. He couldn't spare much time if he were to get to work on time. Not if he was to eat. But he didn't want to eat. He set to work opening the cans. He tried each of the three brands without success. His thin lips trembled a little.

He grabbed his hat and hurried out of the room, precipitously. In the street, with the traffic rushing about him and the freshness of the new day still in the air, some of his waning confidence came back to him. The thought of food was distasteful. His stomach must be off. He'd walk to work. The walk would be good for him, clean some of the rotgut booze out of his system.

The post office, big and square and grim with its barred windows and thick granite parapets, loomed up from the jumble of buildings. He bounced around to the employees' entrance with well simulated unconcern.

"Mornin', Jack," he said easily to one of his fellow clerks, entering at the same time.

"Howdy, Witter. How's your vitality? You look kind of peaked this morning," the other answered jokingly.

"Huh? Oh, I'm a little under the weather. Something I ate didn't agree with me."

So he looked off color, did he? Well, anyone might get a touch of stomach trouble. That meant nothing. He was a fool to worry this way. He hadn't left a clue. Not a thing. He put on his apron and hurried over to his rack. Huge piles of mail sacks, letters from all over the globe, had come in during the night—were ranged in huge piles about the long, high-ceilinged room. The place was like a great machine with men for cogs and belts.

Half the morning flowed swiftly by. During a lull, he thought almost scornfully of the fears that had preyed on him before coming to work. "Nothing to it," he told himself. "It was that booze got me. Made a fool outa me! I got to lay off it until—"

A frown came between his thick brows. Who was that old Carlson was bringing into the sorting room? A visitor, perhaps. And again—he was a grim-looking customer. Could it be a detective already? Would they be looking for Norton's murderer here so soon? Witter's soothed fears flamed to life.

"Who's the Old Man draggin' around?" he asked the man nearest him from the corner of his mouth.

The latter glanced casually over at the newcomer. "Looks like an inspector to me. One of those icy-eyed gent's."

Witter shifted his weight agitatedly from one foot to the other. Call him an inspector if you wanted to, but Witter wasn't deceived. This fellow didn't have the earmarks of a regular postal inspector. And Norton had been murdered! It was a detective, all right. He didn't doubt that for an instant.

He picked up a handful of letters and shuffled them clumsily. He'd have to act natural, he told himself firmly. He hadn't made a mistake. They could prove nothing. Now was no time to weaken. He ran his tongue nervously along his twisted, uneven teeth and set himself languidly to sorting. Better to seem slow than nervous.

Then the two moved casually, too casually, nearer, until they were standing back of the next man. Witter's pulse jumped. He threw a letter in the wrong pocket and reached for it with frantic swiftness. It wouldn't do to make mistakes like that! He flipped it casually into the right pocket.

He steeled himself. Set himself resolutely to sorting. The Old Man and the detective were back of the man on his right. He could see them from the corner of his eye. He was afraid to turn and look at them; afraid that they might read the fear in his weak eyes.

Then they were standing back of him. Old Carlson was talking casually of the system employed to distribute rural mail.

A sickness came in his stomach. It was that rotten booze! He felt a wild desire to cry out, to do something, anything, to relieve the tension. Then, yes, they were moving on. He drew a gasping breath. Started violently as the detective tapped him on the shoulder.

"Let me see your hands," came the latter's grim, dry voice.

The clerk wheeled, gaping. Starred for an instant into the inspector's small, gray eyes—ferret eyes. Slowly Witter opened the fists that had been clenched so tightly with the flesh stood out white where his fingers had bit into his palms—ghastly white, in contrast with the pitch-black blotches on his fingertips. He licked his dry lips. Swallowed hard. Tried to avoid the questioner's steel-gray eyes, tried not to see the sudden tensing of the man's lips.

The hand inside the inspector's coat whipped out, thrust the blunt muzzle of an automatic against

Witter's chest. "You're under arrest," he said quietly.

The pent-up restraint within the clerk snapped. His plump face went pasty. Terror flared in his weak, reddish eyes. He gave a horrible, rattling cry. "I—I didn't kill him! I didn't, I tell you! You can't prove nothing!" he babbled.

Consternation came in the inspector's eyes. He masked it in that same fleeting instant. "I can't, eh? Look at those hands," he said grimly.

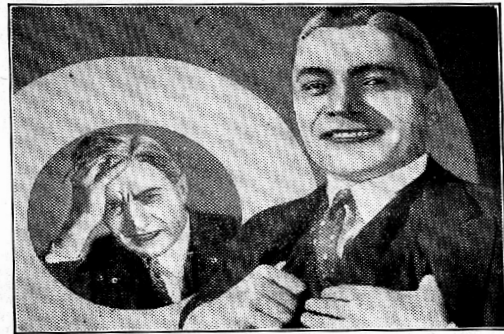
Witter broke down completely then. "God—God, I didn't aim to! It was self-defense. He tried to shoot me first. I swear it. Honest to God! His damn blood got on my hands. Damn Norton, and damn you too! His damn black blood! And it wouldn't wash off. O-o-h, Heaven's name!"

A light of understanding fell

across the inspector's grim face. "Bloodstains are they, eh? So it was blood brought them out. Well, we'll check up on that later. Just now you're under arrest for opening registered mail. I'm G. M. Tate, care of General Delivery. Does that mean anything to you? Those five twenties you stole had silver nitrate on them—a white powder, you probably didn't notice when it stuck on your fingers. Fellows like you never do. It doesn't commence to make a stain until it is moistened." He paused. "So you're a murderer, too, eh? Seems I've caught two birds with one stone."

Witter's plump face was bloodless. His mouth pulled down sullenly. He opened it to say something. Then clamped it shut in a thin, harsh line.

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Headache! Everybody has it once in a while. It may be due to a thousand and one different causes.

The way to cure a Headache is to find and remove the cause. Suppose it takes days or weeks to find the cause—what will you do in the meantime? Continue to suffer?

Why should you, when you can get

DR. MILES' ANTI-PAIN PILLS

They relieve quickly. Use them for muscular pains and functional pains even when these pains are so severe that you think you are suffering from Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Sciatica, Lumbago.

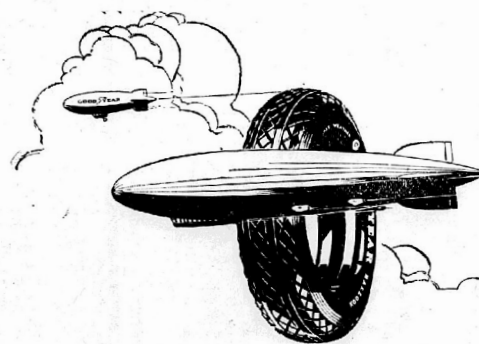
Get them at your Drug Store.

25 for 25 cents

125 for \$1.00

For Sale at the Jacaranda Drug Co.

GOOD YEAR



We thank our customers, new and old, for their patronage which assisted us so greatly in the world-wide Zeppelin Race between Goodyear Dealers.

We have exceeded our 1929 quota and received as an award a model of the New Goodyear Zeppelin, which is on display at Ott and Son's store.

Again we thank you.

Main Street Service Station

I. H. FORD, Proprietor.

Fire Insurance!

We no longer have to "sell" the property owner on the absolute necessity of fire insurance. He knows that it is as essential to his safety as the title to the property itself.

We do want property owners to know what we offer them dependable fire insurance. Our primary interest is in securing for our clients maximum protection at minimum cost.

Avon Insurance Agency

CHARLES R. HEAD, Manager

First National Bank Annex

Phone 144

Cemetery Officials Thank Woman's Club

The Avon Park Cemetery association at its meeting Monday evening adopted a resolution thanking the Woman's Club for their efforts in beautifying the cemetery grounds.

The resolution follows:

WHEREAS the Avon Park cemetery had become badly in need of attention and had proved unsightly because of the lack of proper care,

AND WHEREAS a committee was appointed by the Woman's Club of Avon Park to give the cemetery grounds proper attention to make it a more presentable sight to those passing through our city,

AND WHEREAS the said committee devoted of its time unstintingly, and collected money from citizens in Avon Park to buy and install shrubbery, plants, an archway, etc., which now adorn the grounds,

THEREFORE, BE IT RESOLVED that the Cemetery association extend its thanks and appreciation to the committee of the Woman's Club that so generously aided in the work, and that a copy of this resolution be sent to the Woman's Club, to the press of the city, and that the resolution be spread upon the minutes of the association.

Model of Zeppelin Awarded Irvin Ford

A model of the new Goodyear Zeppelin moored to its mast has been awarded Irvin H. Ford, proprietor of the Main Street Service Station, by the Goodyear Tire company for having exceeded his 1929 quota. This award is now on display at Ott & Son's store.

Mr. Ford is equally as proud of the model as he is of the record sales of Goodyear tires, and extends his appreciation to his customers, old and new, whose patronage has made his record possible.

SPORTSMEN ORGANIZE PROTECTIVE LEAGUE

(Continued from page one)

Dr. Kennedy. After a short introductory talk Dr. Kennedy was presented to the assembly. The deputy game commissioner has been in office less than 30 days, having accepted the appointment at the request of Commissioner Woodward. Dr. Kennedy has been mayor of Eustis for nearly 14 years and for six years has represented the First Congressional District in the House of Representatives at Washington.

In opening his talk the Deputy Game Commissioner said that he did not want Florida, as other states have done, to deplete the fish and game before conservation measures were adopted. In other states where the former practice is in vogue, the sportsmen are great advocates of conservation and protective laws, he stated.

Enforcement of the game and fish laws would be impossible with even 10 times the number of game wardens, and the only means left is the appeal to the hunter and fisherman to obey the laws. In this way the protective league will be of the greatest assistance to the state and the enforcement officials, Dr. Kennedy said.

The speaker remarked that the sport of kings was horse racing and that the sport of presidents was fishing, referring to Cleveland, Coolidge and Hoover. Ex-President Coolidge, he said, started to fish late in his last administration, and from the time he started to wield the rod and reel he appeared to smile more often and seemed more congenial after taking to the streams.

At the close of the talk a forum was held and many questions regarding the policy of the state fish and game department and the attitude of the department on various conditions were asked. With reference to the seining of lakes for predatory fish, Dr. Kennedy told the sportsmen that his department was heartily in favor of seining, provided it was under the supervision of the counties. The department, he stated, was bitterly opposed to the sale of fresh water fish, bass in particular. When the

sale of bass taken from Lake Kissimmee was brought up for discussion, Dr. Kennedy said that inasmuch as an abominable local bill had granted permission to sell the bass, the department opposed it, but would be powerless to act for two years.

A number of incidents were told of local men taking to the woods during the closed season and making a kill of turkey and quail. The names of the violators are known, it was said.

Such unsportsmanlike activities in the future, should they be discovered by members of the league, will result in the violations being reported and subsequent prosecution.

Fromiscuous shooting of game out of season will be vigorously prosecuted by Col. Lee, county attorney, where the violations are reported and affidavits sworn out against the offenders, Col. Lee stated. And Deputy Sheriff Helms promised his support in the campaign to protect the game.

The Jacaranda manager told the members of the activities of sportsmen's organization in Northern Michigan, where the youngsters in the public schools have conservation ideals drilled into them at school. James Oliver Curwood, the author, Mr. Thomas said, was one of the most active in the sportsmen's organization.

No date was set for the next meeting, but the information will be given by mail and through the press.

India will build a dam across the Arkavati river, near Bangalore, at a cost of \$1,300,000.

BONDING HOUSE PAYS \$10,077 TO THE COUNTY

(Continued from page one)

parently been overlooked by state auditors for several years. These items related to Special Road and Bond District five and the 1926 issue and were \$3,000 apparently overlooked somehow being transferred from one bank to another, \$1,077 paid for two \$500 Zolfo City bonds when they were past due and \$1,000 involved in a certificate of deposit. These items, together with \$5,000, the amount of Mr. Lanier's bond, make up the \$10,077 received by the county.

The county turned over to the bonding company the Zolfo bonds, the certificate of deposit and the \$3,000 amount mentioned above. The money received by the county will be used to take up bonds of the 1926 issue and of district five that are in arrears.

All the bond trustees bonded by this company are released by this agreement with the bonding company and the county commissioners at their meeting Monday named H. J. Chance, J. Lee Johnson and Jack Sims to be recommended to the governor for appointment as bond trustees.

Other matters at Monday's meeting was a resolution authorizing County Attorney Lee to represent Tax Collector D. F. Canfield and the county in Federal court at Tampa if necessary in a suit filed by Harold S. Day, receiver of the First National Bank, to restrain the tax collector from selling a county time warrant held by him as collateral for funds on deposit in the bank. The time warrant is

for some \$6,000 and it is proposed that district number one purchase this warrant until the county can redeem it. Another resolution authorized the sale of this warrant to district one.

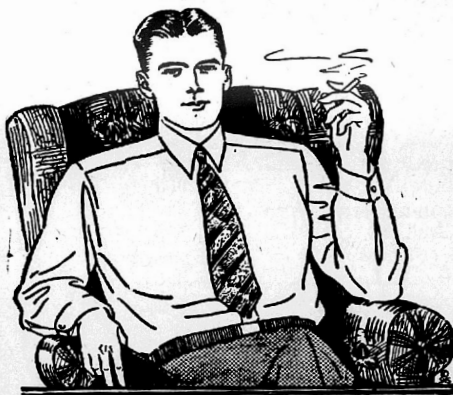
County Agent Louis Alsmeyer invited the commissioners to take a trip to the experiment station at Lake Alfred to view the fertilizer experiments being conducted there. Mr. Alsmeyer stated these experiments gave him new courage for the citrus industry in the county and the commissioners accepted the invitation and agreed to go Wednesday.

The county agent also stated that the time limit for the application of loans for truck growers who suffered in the storm last year had been extended until next Monday and all applications must be in Columbia, S. C., by Tuesday noon. At this meeting also was presented the error and insolvency report of the tax collector for the commissioners examination and for their acceptance or rejection. The commissioners did not accept this report and passed a resolution to that effect.

Bake Sale Tomorrow.

The folks who are responsible for planning Sunday dinners in Avon Park have been finding that the Saturday home-baked food sales of the Congregational Ladies Aid saves them brain-fag and provides good things that their kin-folks eat easily. There will be another sale on the Mall next Saturday in the First National Bank store.

Malta, with an area of only 117 square miles, has 290 auto buses.



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GUARANTEED NOT TO FADE

Shirts of High Quality; Neck Band and Collar attached.

Especially priced at
Newest Styles in Colors and Patterns.

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On the 50-Yard
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YES, SIR, the SPARTON scores a touch-down on every play. With the SPARTON at your elbow you may sit in your armchair and visualize every play as though you were sitting on the 50-yard line. Football is the sport of the hour—and SPARTON is the set of the century!

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\$179.50

With built-in
Speaker and
Tubes

MODEL

301

\$274.50

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Speaker and
Tubes

Liberal Terms

Step in our store—
Make yourself at home
and hear the World
Series broadcast. You'll
marvel at the wonderful
reception.

