

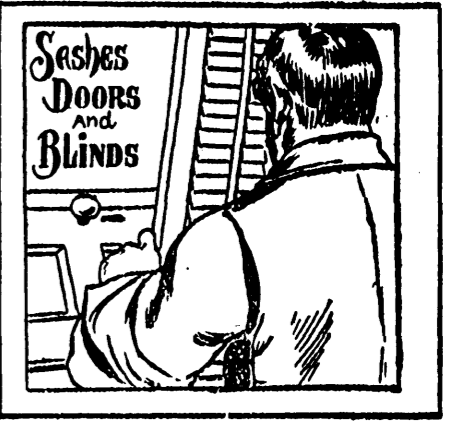


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STIRRING APPEAL FOR A BEREFT AND OPPRESSED PEOPLE

FOR YEARS, A GIFTED KISSIMMEE WOMAN HAS BEEN FIGHTING IN BEHALF OF THE REMAINING VESTIGE OF THE ONCE-PROUD AND POWERFUL SEMINOLE TRIBE, RESIDENTS OF THE FLORIDA EVERGLADES. SHE HAS USED PEN, VOICE AND INFLUENCE TO SECURE FOR THEM THEIR RIGHTS. IN THIS ARTICLE, WHICH WAS PRESENTED BY THIS TIRELESS WORKER, MRS. MINNIE MOORE-WILLSON, AT THE RECENT CONVENTION OF THE FLORIDA FEDERATION OF WOMEN'S CLUBS, AT LAKE LAND, A STRONG APPEAL IS MADE FOR JUSTICE TO THE SEMINOLES.

For the past two months the hearts of the American people have been saddened by the recitals, verbal and pictorial, of the atrocities practiced upon innocent and helpless in the terrible war-conflict of the nations of Europe. Moving picture films show among other distressing sights, old women and little children fleeing from their homes and fleeing before the enemy. Carrying their little bundles, the pitiful salvage from the wreck of their homes, they flee, terror-stricken and starving, to find refuge wherever they can.

In Florida we have a people who have fought no less bravely and honorably for all that is dear to the heart of man, and their history is no less tragic. Hidden in the dreary Everglades, pushed to their last extremity, are to be found a band of Indians—a shattered remnant of the American Aborigines—the Seminoles. Today universal sympathy is going out to the remnant of a people who have fought so bravely for the land of their birth, for their homes, and for the burial place of their kindred.

Their legends and laws have been handed down from generation to generation and, like the secrets of Masonry, have been preserved unbroken and inviolate. A Work For Florida Women The twentieth century slogan for woman is "Help for the needy and uplift for all." All over the United States women are crying that slogan and seeking to give that help wherever it is needed. Their work and successes have been epoch-making and this America of ours stands out today among all the nations of the globe as the apotheosis of the spirit of democracy and humanity. In the words of our honored President, Woodrow Wilson, "The way to succeed in America is to show that you are not afraid of anybody but God and His judgment."

with bearing orange trees. Today, under American rule, although they are worthy descendants of their beloved war chieftain, Ocoela, and in their blood is the same inherent love of home, country and honor, they dwell wretched but uncomplaining in their wild morasses and their very helplessness makes a most touching appeal to our twentieth century civilization and Christianity. The Seminole Land Bill It is a far call from the marshy Everglades to the Legislative halls of Tallahassee, and yet with the affairs of the State in the hands of men willing to serve the highest as well as the lowest of their fellow citizens, it is earnestly hoped that the heart cries of the silent dwellers of the "Glades" will be heard and justice and fair play be given to these red children of Florida.

inhabitable area—yet considered the best available refuge for this frail remnant of the original owners of all this Everglades country. This act of Florida's representative citizens should go down in history as the everlasting praise of that splendid body of right-thinking men. All over the country was the news heralded by the press association, to the Indian Department as well as to the deeply interested friends of these wards of the State. Alas! The pathos of the story, the unhappy sequel, came when this bill was vetoed by the Governor on the last day of the legislative session, when it was too late to pass the bill over the veto; thus leaving the Indians, these distinctive Floridian natives, more helpless and more dependent than ever before. Work For the Future The work before the friends of this helpless people is to secure from the State of Florida a suitable tract of land in the Everglades, with a strong law prohibiting others from hunting or living on the tract—a refuge where in peace, this aboriginal race can readjust their mode of living and become citizens, Christianized and civilized. So today we must know that the future of the Everglades Seminole lies in the hands of the present just and

humane citizens of Florida. This gentle and kindly race must have an abiding place—lands to be theirs forever. While the life of the Florida Seminole has been a turbulent one, and they have ever been aliens to the joys and delights of civilization, there is at the present time an optimistic side for their future, providing always that the State of Florida will do her part and make a grant of land for their use. Their kindred in Oklahoma have never forgotten this remnant and some have during the past few years, visited them in their "Glade homes." The Oklahoma Seminoles are educated Christians and stand ready to send teachers to their brethren in Florida, and to help in their uplift, both in industrial training and along the lines of missionary work. In review and briefly, it is well to state here that the Seminoles have three powerful allies in the field of action for the betterment of their condition. First, the Florida Legislature, whose friendly action in 1913 is new to all and is now a matter of history. Second, the Federation of Women's Clubs, which has championed the Indians' cause and is making the help of the Seminoles a part of their uplifting work. Third, the Florida Press Association, the great mold of public opinion and the motor power of the State, which at its annual convention in the city of Fort Myers held in April, 1914, most graciously and unflinchingly applauded, obligated itself by resolution to further the policy of homes for the Seminoles and to stimulate interest in behalf of these homeless people in a free land.

Of what crime are we guilty if we fall in this, our best opportunity to pay a very little part of the great debt of justice we owe them? There is something more than money involved if these people are wantonly destroyed, or crowded out of existence for the sake of putting a few more dollars into the land speculators' pockets. It will be the foulest blot that has ever soiled the escutcheon of Florida. The Seminoles' Footprints From the northern boundaries of the State to the farthest corner of the peninsula the history and wandering of the old Turbanned tribe of Florida can be traced in the soft rhythmic names they have given to numerous lakes, rivers and towns. From the very name of Florida clings a wealth of legends and abiding words of beauty, memorials left by these pathfinders firmly imbedded in the history of the State. Their traditions are not less interesting and fascinating and retaining as the Seminoles have done through centuries, all the picturesqueness and customs of their ancestors, their folklore is peculiarly rich, and in years to come, students and ethnologists will wake up to a research of their priceless but unwritten records, and their mythology will be one of our most cherished possessions. They have given us an enduring heritage of beauty. Shall we give them less than a related justice? Believing that the people of Florida are eager and anxious to see fair play shown the Everglades Indians; believing that honor and justice should come before the reading and thinking public; believing that the behavior of our citizens at the coming Legislature will dignify human kindness in a triumph for the weak, we place this subject before the reading and thinking public as a matter of the verdict that will be rendered. The Last Great Council When the Last Great Council met and the red brother sits on equal foot with the white brother before the throne of the Glades, and the past is measured by the light that shines on him, may the record of the Florida Legislature of 1915 be not "weighed in the balance and found wanting."

HERE'S PROFESSIONAL MOTHER

"Would you believe that an old maid could be so successful as a foster mother that she could venture to adopt it as a life calling? The woman who asked that question declares that she is thirty-five, yet she looks scarcely twenty-eight—not a day too old to speak of herself as a 'girl,' her disposition has kept her youthful. 'Motherhood' has been her ambition, and she has been waiting for the opportunity to be a mother since she was a child. The woman who asked that question declares that she is thirty-five, yet she looks scarcely twenty-eight—not a day too old to speak of herself as a 'girl,' her disposition has kept her youthful. 'Motherhood' has been her ambition, and she has been waiting for the opportunity to be a mother since she was a child. The woman who asked that question declares that she is thirty-five, yet she looks scarcely twenty-eight—not a day too old to speak of herself as a 'girl,' her disposition has kept her youthful. 'Motherhood' has been her ambition, and she has been waiting for the opportunity to be a mother since she was a child.

months-old baby—who were physically cared for by a hospital-trained nurse and her assistant. "These two women were performing their duties as perfectly as do well-learned machines, but they could not take place with the children of the mother, whose health was so broken down that the doctors had ordered her to spend the winter on the Pacific Coast. She watched her children keenly when I was introduced to them, and, luckily, they took to me at once. In fact, the baby insisted upon being 'taken' from his nurse's arms, and, as he was usually very difficult with a stranger, his verdict in my favor influenced his mother to give me a trial as her understudy as well as their governess. At the end of that week the three elder children were coming to me for everything 'so as not to worry mother.' But for that explanation my first employer might justly have been jealous. As it was, she had then good-bye quite happily. I remained in that household until the return of warm weather and a fully-restored-to-health genuine mother. That was five years ago, but the children I have mothered my first flock of foster children, for their real parent sends for me whenever she leaves home for longer than three days. If I am engaged elsewhere when she writes to me she and her husband delay their visit or trip until I am at liberty. "In looking for my sort of work I have found that it pays to answer a number of advertisements which do not look particularly promising. For, if the people who insert them are well-to-do they are likely to have friends who need or may some day need a temporary mother for their children. The more acquaintance of this kind is extended the greater are the chances of securing employment. Occasionally, through my business connections, I am asked to take a convalescent or very nervous child who needs a complete change of environment into our own home.

"When that sort of offer comes my compensation is always large and my mother and I have an establishment in accordance with it. The location of that temporary home depends upon the age of the child and the wishes of its physicians. We prefer to be in the country when jointly mothering a nervous boy or girl, as the outdoor life there interests it more than any city diversions can. But if a medical or surgical specialist must see it frequently, this plan is not feasible. "My prices? No, I don't mind telling them, but they should not be taken as a precedent for everybody else to charge. For being a resident foster mother for two small children I get \$25 a week, and for every extra child in the household \$5. Any well-to-do family will pay that much for a temporary mother, who, although not made responsible for the care of the house, is in duty bound to keep a sharp eye upon its management insofar as it affects the health of her children. This wage is for twenty-four hours of time every day of the week. She plays and eats and studies with the children, and at night sleeps with one ear open. For a boarder we charge \$40 a week, because the expenses of running an establishment for an invalid child are more than double what it ordinarily costs my mother and I to live when alone. "Physicians tell me that households like my mother's are hard to locate and that if they knew of a dozen such they could put little convalescents into them. There must be any number of bachelor girls and widows in need of change from the home environment to one of equal quiet and refinement. Doctors also assure me that good foster mothers are rare. 'I can't believe that. There must be hosts of them. I have heard of a lady in an American city who would make ideal temporary mothers if they could get into touch with parents in need of that sort of mothering for their little children."

Millions of Acres Unattended There are today scattered all over Florida, drained, fertile and of excellent soil, millions of acres of land, within easy reach of the homeseeker and close to transportation, with reasonable taxes and at a moderate price per acre—then why follow the rainbow for the uncertain prospect of the tropical swamps of Okeechobee, when fertile fields adjacent to schools and churches are within easy reach? The drainage scheme of the Everglades of Florida continues to be problematical and uncertain. This vast saw-grass wilderness of four thousand square miles is overcharged by the overflow of Lake Okeechobee. This re-creates its floods from a watershed of 5,500 square miles, and spilling over its southern edge makes the country a vast aquatic jungle. With the stupendous amount of money that must necessarily be paid out for canals, with pumping stations rock and roll as long as the country is inhabited, with cross-country ditches and lateral canals, together with the diking of thousands of acres—with a "DRAINAGE TAX" that may continue for half a century, the drainage of the Everglades is a problem so vast as to stagger the average mind. And of the taxes, no adequate estimate can be made. They why the enormous expense of draining the Everglades when so much good land is yet unoccupied. Broadly speaking, the Seminoles Indians are the only race which could ever successfully make its home in these marshy fastnesses and they would take them as they are. These lands and possessions we have taken from them, and now we have no duty to perform toward them? Surely, out of our abundance we may let fall a few crumbs to help sustain them in their unequal struggle for existence.

THE INNUMERABLE CARAVAN Where are all the old-timers, the darlings of the yellowed front pages, the headline heroes and heroines of yesterday? What has become of Lord Dunraven? Amos Rusie? The Chief Barle? Edouard de Rezske? The Cherry Sisters? Karl Decker? Evangeline Cisneros? Tod Sloane? Dr. Lorenz? Danny Maher? Keller the magician? Mon Robert? Ballinger? Henry George, Jr.? Gen. Warren Keifer? Santos-Dumont? Gen. Kuropatkin? Dr. Cook? Jack Rose? Lotta? Jake Kilrain? Hily-ly-Dink? Link Steffen? Gen. Zelazny-Adam Bede? The Earl of Yarmouth? Lawson? Gas Adicks? Abdul Hamid? Tama Jim Wilson? Dr. Friedman? The Rev. Billy Sunday? John Lawrence Sullivan? Debs? Maud S.? The McNamara Brothers? Padorowski? J. Butler Weaver? Joe Leiter? The Duke of Castelanel? Henry Watt? The Duke of the Abruzzi? King Manuel? Oscar Hammerstein? Eleanor Duse? The Rev. Charles H. Sheldon? Hall Chadwick? The Earl of Shaftesbury? Charles W. Fairbanks? Gauncey McDew? Simon Ford? Lottie Collins? Gen. Coxy? Owen Hatters in December Smart Set.