

# The Pensacola Journal

BY THE JOURNAL COMPANY.

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PENSACOLA FLORIDA, JANUARY 12, 1905.

**A Song of Bright Days.**  
What's the use in sighin' 'cause the world is gold'n wrong.  
When the birds are jest a-tryin' of a halleluia song?  
Seem' shadders of a tomb,  
When in spite of all the gloom  
The violet in the snowdrift is a-fixin' for to bloom!

What's the use in sighin', when you know a sky of blue  
Is jest behind the shadders, an' a-smilin' sweet for you?  
When the larks on the wing—  
When the sunny rivers sing,  
An' the meadows are a-waitin' on the promise o' the spring!

You jest can't change the comin' o' the goin' o' the year;  
Let the winds do all your sighin'—let the clouds weep all your tears!  
'Spite o' shadders o' the night,  
There is love an' there is light,  
An' the stars that shine above you—  
They bring heaven to your sight!  
—Frank L. Stanton, in Atlanta Constitution.

What a sweet old world this would be if its destinies were entrusted wholly to a Pennypacker or a Peabody.

Griffith's dove of peace is perched upon the dome of Colorado's capitol and ex-Governor Peabody is doing his best to scare it away again.

During the year 1904 forty Iowa banks were forced to suspend and ten bankers suicided in that State. Here is a clue for the Ohio prosecutor who is looking up the record of Mrs. Cassie Chadwick.

The California prune crop this year is 150,000,000 pounds. Heaven help us!—Atlanta Constitution.

The Constitution paragraph will at least find some consolation in the thought that the whole crop will probably not be served at the boarding house which he honors with his presence.

Owing to the deadlock in the Delaware Legislature plans for the inauguration of Governor-elect Lea have been abandoned. Hon. "Gas" Adicks, while he has not given up hope of being elected to the Senate is said to be looking slightly blue around the gills.

Carter Harrison says that Mr. Bryan is the brainiest democrat living. That is a fact which cannot be disputed, but as it is well known that Mr. Harrison has a well developed presidential bee buzzing away in his bonnet, wonder if he can be trying soft soap to secure assistance to pull his chestnuts out of the fire?

### UNCALLED FOR CRITICISM OF GOVERNOR JENNINGS.

The Tampa Herald takes the Barlow Courier-Informant sharply to task for an article that recently appeared in its columns relative to the acceptance by Governor Jennings of a high position with one of Florida's leading financial institutions. Under the caption "Prejudice Run Wild," the Herald says:

The Herald admires political convictions in men and newspapers, but it regrets to see these degenerate into personal prejudices. Honest differences of opinion is but the exercise of a man's right to have a mind of his own.

An instance of political prejudice is noticed in the last issue of the Barlow Courier-Informant. It says:

"Governor Jennings leaves his high office to become a leading official in a million dollar bank. We hope his experience will be somewhat pleasant than with a bank with which he was connected in the past. By the way, Mr. Jennings was loud in denunciation of the national banking law during his campaign for the United States Senate. Evidently he was mistaken in his assertions, or else he has conquered his aversion to this detail of finance which so shocked him for several months on the stump."

Now, can the Courier-Informant give any sane reason for making such a fling as that? The acceptance of his present position need not in anywise be affected by former Governor Jennings' opinions on national banks. He is not engaged in national banking nor is he connected with one. The institution of which he is the president counsel is a state banking trust company, and it has no connection whatever with national banking, yet apparently the previous political enmity toward Jennings by the Barlow paper must follow him into private life even

at the expense of such a wide stretch of the imagination as that referred to. As governor of this state William S. Jennings made a clean record and demonstrated himself to be a business man of unusual ability. He conducted the affairs of the state on business principles, and his work stood out so prominently that the great million dollar banking institution in Jacksonville eagerly availed itself of the opportunity to secure his services. His retirement into private life takes him into a greater and broader field of development than politics. He has shown by his fidelity to its affairs, to be a true lover of his state and in his broader field he will be better enabled to promote its material welfare. His work as chief executive fits him for the new work and is an evidence of what he can do under his new environments and with added opportunities.

### VOX POPULI.

Is the Humane Law a Failure?  
Editor Pensacola Journal:  
From the fact that its daily violation is witnessed on city streets and suburban roads every day an affirmative answer is in order.

One of the most cruel and unwarrentable violations of such a law was witnessed on Wright street at the intersection of Palafox on yesterday afternoon when a spring wagon driven by a well known citizen, had stopped in the rear part of the bed two small calves, each with the four legs drawn together and tied together with strong cords—all in plain view of any one passing near the vehicle.

The owner of this helpless mass of agony might have been stopped by an officer, who had the power if not the inclination, to make an arrest.

But if an offender ever deserved an overwhelming of the severest nature he did. Why he was not halted as he passed the depot, where one or more officers are always on duty, it is hard to understand.

How many more such outrages against the decency of an enlightened community and on dumb animal before the inactive, if not dead Humane Society can be aroused to the importance of punishing some of the high-handed offenders against the law.

An Offended Citizen.

### PLEAD FOR DEMOCRACY. THAT MEANS SOMETHING.

Birmingham Age-Herald.

William Jennings Bryan at Memphis and John Temple Graves at Cincinnati both pleaded for a democracy that means something and stands for something instead of a democracy that simply opposes. Instead of a party of negation both desire a party that believes something. "We are going," said Mr. Graves before the Duckworth club at Cincinnati. "To find and follow real leaders if we have to smash every slate and annihilate every politician that has fattened upon our suffrage for forty years. We are going to make a platform that will be an open opposition to the republican creed everywhere."

Mr. Graves holds that in the present stage of politics defeat is discipline and disaster. "Out of the wreck," he goes on to say, "of fortune we will build a nobler and more enduring party of usefulness. The democratic party is going to be reformed, reformed and reconsecrated to the constitution and to popular rights and liberty. We cannot afford any longer to be a party of mere negation, a party of opposition, or a servile imitation of the party in power."

If the country is to be rescued from the grasp of Dingleyism and monopoly, it must come through the lines of democratic party rebuilt on the lines of Jefferson and Jackson, and much depends now upon the adherence by the rank and file to true democracy. The leader will come if the democratic army itself holds faithful to its traditions. It was not in the old days that the party of privilege. It did not favor monopoly. It did not believe in plundering the many for the benefit of the few. It stood forth the champion of the masses, and that is what it must do if it is to regain control of the country and the confidence of the people.

### Nominated For Ambassador.

Washington, Jan. 11.—The president has sent to the senate the nomination of David E. Thompson, of Nebraska, to be ambassador extraordinary and minister plenipotentiary to Brazil. Also the nomination of Ernest Caldwell as collector of internal revenue, Fifth district of Tennessee.

### THE DISCOURAGEMENT OF MR. CRUMPACKER.

New Orleans States.

Tons of discouragement it seems is being piled upon the unhappy Congressman Crumpacker, of Indiana, who has been endeavoring to gain some notoriety on his proposition to cut down the representation of the Southern States in Congress because of the disfranchisement of the colored brother. He has admitted that he is thoroughly discouraged, and that the source from which the discouragement is coming in large lots is his own party associates and newspapers. It is quite true as he complains, that the Republican party is committed by its national platform to the action he desires, but there is evidently no intention on the part of a very large majority of the Republican Congressmen to pay any attention to it. Poor Crumpacker with his little bill finds himself thoroughly deserted. He seeks aid for sympathy and co-operation, but they have vanished with the election, and he is left all alone and helpless. The Providence Journal, a leading Republican newspaper of Rhode Island, has harrowed the feelings of Crumpacker by advising him to drop his bill for the reduction of Southern representatives and address himself to some better and more profitable task. The Journal says:

"The resolution looking to the reduced representation that was adopted by the Chicago convention may possibly have served some useful purpose in the campaign, but Mr. Crumpacker is almost alone in interpreting it as a sacred promise. Even if it is, there are some promises that, like some customs, are better honored in the breach than in the observance.

Our Providence contemporary is quite right. The resolution in the republican national platform served "the useful purpose in the campaign," of holding the negro in the doubtful States in line for Roosevelt, and having served that purpose has been relegated to the scrap heap of campaign pledges. It now has its place in the debris, although Crumpacker may in his indignation cry out that it was a solemn promise made to the colored patriots, and that it is damning evidence of the insincerity of a party which professes to be guided by party principles. Crumpacker may raise this with dramatic effect, more or less, but the fact remains that the resolution which so enthused the negroes of the land and for a time filled them with bright dreams of high aspirations will stay on the scrap pile where it has been cast until such time as it may be needed to again rally the negro vote to the support of the party of moral ideas. Crumpacker, the disappointed, the discouraged, may gaze upon it and weep, but there is no mistaking the fact that it is now one of the many campaign pledges of the Republican party that were made to be broken and to become an addition to other political junk.

### SLEDD-McBEATH PENCIL DUEL.

CHALLENGE OF UNIVERSITY PRESIDENT ACCEPTED BY EDITOR OF FLORIDA SCHOOL EXPONENT.

(Jacksonville Times-Union.)  
Florida educators generally will be interested in the duel over the question of compulsory education between Dr. Andrew Sledd of the University of Florida and Tom F. McBeath, editor of the Florida School Exponent, mention of which challenge was made in the Times-Union of last Friday. Following is the challenge and the acceptance of same, giving the plan of the contest:

**The Challenge.**  
"Jacksonville, Fla., Jan. 6, 1905.—Hon. Tom F. McBeath, Editor F. S. E., Gainesville, Fla.: My Dear Sir—I received your copy of the Exponent on yesterday, and have read with interest your remarks on 'Compulsory Education.' As we seem to differ in our views on this subject, and as the subject seems to me to be one of great interest and importance not only to the professional educator but to the people at large, I hereby challenge you to debate the subject with me, either through the columns of the Exponent or those of the Times-Union, or at any time, place or manner that you may choose.

"I extend you this challenge in a spirit of perfect friendliness, believing that nothing but good can come from such a frank, fair, thorough and friendly discussion as I now propose. I trust that you will do me the honor to accept my proposal.

"Very respectfully yours,  
"ANDREW SLEDD."  
**McBeath Accepts.**  
"Gainesville, Fla., Jan. 8, 1905.—Dr. Andrew Sledd, Lake City, Fla.: Dear Dr. Sledd—I beg to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 6th instant. In the same friendly spirit in which it was tendered, I accept with great pleasure your challenge to discuss with you the subject of 'compulsory education.'

"The code duello, I believe, allows to the challenged party the choice of weapons; nevertheless, I desire to thank you for your courtesy in reminding me of my rights in the matter. So, knowing you to be an accomplished speaker, and being but an indifferent one myself, I chose the pencil as my weapon, in the modest hope that we may thereby be somewhat less unequally matched.

"The medium will be the Exponent; the time, whenever you are ready to begin. Copy for any issue should reach me by the 5th of that month. I assure you fairest treatment, and would suggest that we agree upon a limit of three pages, more or less, as you may elect, for each article. The Exponent runs about 1,200 to a page.

"Fraternally yours,  
"TOM F. McBEATH."

### The Journal's Daily Short Story.

### Spring's Fairy Wand

By KEITH GORDON

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It was the English sparrows that put it into Mowbray's head, though perhaps the rhythmic beating of carpets and the sight of winter garments out for their last airing in the sunlight may have prepared his mind for the idea.

The world, so far as he could see it from the windows of his back room, had grown suddenly domestic. Every time he approached the window some new sign of household unhealed greeted him. Every one seemed distractedly busy putting his house in order, and, without realizing precisely what was the matter, Mowbray had a vague, injured sense of being out of it.

Then one morning there was a deafening clatter outside the window where on an adjacent wall the ivy leaves were already changing from russet to rich green and the plumes of the wistaria vine waved with languid elegance in the spring breeze. True to their nature, the sparrows were wrangling fiercely.

"Evidently fighting for the hand of the same lady or disagreeing about the advantages of a building site," chuckled Mowbray as he eyed the reflection of his lathered face in the mirror and, puckering his mouth to the left, drew the razor skillfully across his right cheek and viewed the result with critical attention.

It was a homely moment for self-revelation, but so it happened, and so it must be set down. An instant later he was thinking that it wouldn't be half bad to be one of those married fellows who at this season were receiving such injunctions as, "Now, John, don't forget to telephone the paper hanger," or "Just stop at the carpet cleaner's on your way to the station and hurry him up."

During the rest of his toilet Mowbray grinned at himself in the glass, more or less humorously. Up to the present moment the serious game of money making, with occasional gay hours, had seemed to him as satisfactory



IN A MOMENT HE WAS BY HER SIDE.

ing an occupation as any man could desire. Now it had ceased to be all absorbing. He wanted to be consulted about the color of wall papers, the designs of rugs and the style of furniture. He wanted to hear some soft, feminine voice saying, "But do you think we can afford it this spring, dear?" and to answer grandly: "Certainly, madam. Do you suppose your husband is such a duffer that he can't pay for a few luxuries now and then?"

Queerly enough, the eyes that looked into his as in fancy he said this speech were of a clear, lucid gray, with long, dark lashes and beautifully penciled brows. To be candid, they were the eyes of Elinor Grant, one of the few girls of his acquaintance whose society he had ever found as entertaining as business. It seemed a sort of miracle that they should appear at the particular juncture. Decidedly fate was giving him a tip.

When he called that afternoon Miss Grant was out, and he had a childish feeling that the bottom had dropped out of things. A dark suspicion that other men besides himself might have received tips from fate also haunted him, and the thought made him a trifle uneasy.

He wandered back downtown, feeling rather glum. There were other girls, of course, always, but he wanted to see her and no one else. Some way of all the girls he knew she was the only one he could think of in connection with the household details that had suddenly appealed to him with their homely charm. In imagination he could see her bustling about her little domain, one of those narrow brown-stone houses huddled timidly between more pretentious ones on some side street, directing her maids and taking a lively interest in the affairs of her little household.

The fancy pleased him immensely, and he was going on to elaborate it when the gay colors of a display of wall paper in a window he was passing caught his eye. He slackened his pace, and then and not until then did he observe the figure of a trim young woman standing before it, absorbed in contemplation. In a moment he was by her side.

"One would think you had an establishment of your own and were getting ideas for having it done over," was his laughing salutation as he looked down at her with a pleased warmth in his

eyes and enjoyed the startled glance she turned upon him.

It seemed the sweetest thing that he should have come upon her like this—as if some subtle influence had turned her thoughts into the same channel with his own. Decidedly, things were coming his way. He felt exhilarated, triumphant, boyish. Miss Grant laughed rather foolishly as she greeted him.

"I was playing a game that has been a favorite of mine since I was a small girl," she explained as they turned away from the window together, "a game of 'make believe,' in which I arrange everything in life to suit myself. Nettie and I—Nettie was my best friend, you know—used to spend hours describing our husbands, houses and children to each other. It was great fun, I can tell you, and we entered into details until it actually seemed real."

She paused and glanced up at him to see if he understood and then continued, "When you came up I was just furnishing a love of a house in thought, selecting the color scheme for my walls, you know."

Mowbray listened, almost too rapt to speak. There was something thrilling in the knowledge that her thoughts had been the very complement of his. A strange, strong happiness and certainty possessed him.

"Would you mind telling me whether the husband that you planned bore any resemblance to me?" he questioned daringly.

She regarded him critically, then shook her head. "Don't think me rude," she murmured; "but, to tell you the truth, he was always six feet tall and blond. Once I remember when we had reached the end of a game—that is, seen our daughters grow up and marry—we began all over again, and for a change I chose a dark, cold man who filled me with a delicious fear. But I was always forgetting and harking back to my favorite type, so at last I gave up."

"Too bad, too bad!" murmured her companion, but his tone implied that his pity was for her disappointment rather than his own. They walked along in silence for awhile, absorbed in their thoughts and the lively scene about them, yet strangely conscious of each other. At last Mowbray spoke.

"I don't see how the thing is coming out," he began, with feigned bewilderment, "for when the sights and sounds of early spring suddenly made me homesick for the thing I've never had—a home—"

His voice grew low, and he paused a second, as if the thought were too sacred to be mentioned lightly. Elinor's heart went out to him, though she stubbornly kept her glance fixed indifferently on the crowd about them.

"It was your face that rose before me instantly; your eyes that looked into mine; your dear presence that I felt in the house that I planned, like a benediction, a caress. You were the spirit of the place, its queen, the gracious woman to whom I fancied myself coming home each night with a deeper, fuller love."

A heedless pedestrian jostled them, all unconscious of the fact that in doing so he had rudely brushed against the sweetest thing in the world—a love story. They continued their way, almost in silence, until the bewildering greenery of the park turned by spring magic into fairland confronted them.

In a flash Elinor seemed to see her life stretching away into the future, transformed into a beauty as matchless as that before her, by love.

She laid her hand upon Mowbray's arm and gazed at him for a moment with her soul in her eyes.

"After all," she said very softly, "I believe that you 'dreamed true!'"

**The Journal Printed During 1904 a Total of 1,111,491 Copies Or an Average of 3,540 Daily.**

The following figures show The Journal's circulation by months for the past four years:

Years	1901	1902	1903	1904
January	1,324	2,255	2,612	3,293
February	1,446	2,352	2,681	3,296
March	1,655	2,423	2,992	3,517
April	1,733	2,372	2,892	3,771
May	1,854	2,376	2,930	3,773
June	1,931	2,399	3,024	3,640
July	1,925	2,458	2,970	3,537
August	2,007	2,451	2,978	3,492
September	2,204	2,516	2,915	3,456
October	2,192	2,527	2,914	3,526
November	2,183	2,586	3,000	3,558
December	2,187	2,568	3,190	3,600
Averages	1,887	2,441	2,929	3,540

I hereby certify that the above statement is correct according to the records on file in this office.  
FRANK L. MAYES,  
Editor and Manager.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 31st day of December, A. D. 1904.  
J. P. STOKES,  
Notary Public.

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