

# PEOPLE and EVENTS

Seen, Heard and Done Among Those Who Go, Come and Tarry—Women and Society, Here and Elsewhere.

BY MISS E. NELLIE BECK.  
Telephone 669.

## THE HIGH CALLING OF A NEWSPAPER MAN.

Referring to President and General Manager B. B. Tatum's withdrawal from the active editorship of the Miami Metropolis, the editor of the Ft. Myers Press, says:

"Very few newspaper men in Florida have made money in the newspaper business. A few have, however, risen above the newspaper business and made money in other lines. One of these is our friend B. B. Tatum, of the Miami Metropolis. Mr. Tatum had faith in Miami real-estate, used good judgment in purchasing and selling, and has made a nice thing out of it—more than he could have made in the newspaper business in fifty years. Mr. Tatum is one of the most popular members of the Florida press, and all are glad to know that he has 'struck it rich.'"

Of course, everybody will subscribe to the complimentary references to Mr. Tatum and no one more cordially than the writer who knows from years of editorial association with that gentleman that he would rather be right than both popular and rich. But, the opening sentiments of the Press paragraph need exception and amendment.

The Press man seems to have a poor opinion of the character of the business he is reputed to have conducted with signal success for a decade or more. It is possibly true that very few men in the state have made money in the newspaper business, because very few newspaper owners conduct their papers on a business basis. But—that is not the fault of the newspaper business.

However, if any newspaper man, in Florida or elsewhere, has even "risen above the newspaper business," it would be interesting to know where he went, in what line he engaged, and in what respect it is "above" his former occupation.

There is no higher calling among the vocations of men than newspaper work in all its legitimate phases, and no avocation requiring greater intellectual power, higher moral courage, nor finer business ability than the successful management of a clean, wholesome newspaper.

The successful newspaper man must be born. He cannot be made by all the moulding of Oxford, Yale, Harvard and Princeton, and the Pullitzer millions combined. He must not only know something of everything and everything about a good many things, but he must know how to use what he does know, and just where to find what he don't know at a moment's notice. He must maintain his own integrity while being liberally tolerant to those of different views, and his chief, unwearied study is—mankind.

If some newspaper men devote more study to that marvelous book of revelations than to the commercial side of their business, "That is another story." But—what occupation is "higher?"

If other newspaper men combine sane business methods with their journalism they make money. Still—what occupation is higher?

What preacher or political orator in Ft. Myers is ever able to present his views to as many people at the same time, as the editor of the Press reaches with every issue of his paper? If their tone is higher or their utterances more impressive, it is not the fault of the newspaper business.

What merchant in Ft. Myers could successfully conduct his business to its greatest profit making, without the aid of the Press? If the merchant conducts his business on a "higher" business plane, it is not the fault of the newspaper business.

The editor of Ft. Myers Press ranks high in the councils of the Florida Press Association and we humbler writers have long envied him his ability to turn his newspaper knowledge to financial account, and, if he knows of some business that is "higher," we believe he is too shrewd a man to not "move up," and too benevolent to not tell us less fortunate writers where it is and how to reach it.

**PENSACOLA MAN WEDS DeFuniak Belle.**

One of the most beautiful weddings DeFuniak Springs society has witnessed this season, was that of Mr. Alexander Hamilton Green, Jr., of Pensacola, and Miss Minnie Lee McCall, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. A. McCall of that city, which took place Wednesday evening in the First Baptist church. Rev. W. F. Wagner officiated in the presence of a large congregation of friends.

The church was richly decorated in pink and green, the color scheme carried out in pink carnations, pink roses, ferns and southern Smilax.

Mrs. Dickson of New York, presided at the organ and a fine quartette composed of Miss Thompson of Pawpaw, Mich., Miss Benelia Davenport, of DeFuniak, sang the wedding chorus.

The bridal procession entered in the following order to the strains of the wedding march:

The ushers, Mr. Carl Paderick and Mr. J. M. Stourney, Mr. S. J. McCall and Mr. Robert Winslette.

Mr. Teeter and Miss Bessie Johnson, Mr. Hal Tilley and Miss Kate Landrum (of Pensacola), Mr. Rudolph Rogers and Miss Annie Bert Landrum.

Miss Josie McCall, sister of the bride and maid of honor. She and all the maids wore lovely gowns of white chiffon organza and carried pink carnations and ferns.

Two dainty little flower girls, Miss Ethel Paderick and Miss Stella Burks.

The bride entered on the arm of her father, very sweet and charming in her bridal robe of white silk, and wearing the traditional veil and orange blossoms without which a bride hardly seems a bride. She carried white rosebuds and ferns.

Near the altar they were met by the bridegroom and his best man, Mr. E. M. Jewell, and in a few moments an impressive ceremony had made Mr. Green and Miss McCall husband and wife.

A large and brilliant reception had been given the bridal party on the preceding evening at the home of the bride's parents, and after the ceremony Mr. and Mrs. Green and their attendants spent a short time at Mr. McCall's where felicitations were exchanged before the young couple left for Pensacola, where they will reside for the present with the parents of the groom, Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Green, Sr., corner 11th avenue and 10th street, East Hill.

**ARCHDEACON WEBBER.**

Archdeacon Webber, of the diocese of Milwaukee of Wisconsin, who is to conduct the coming mission in Christ church, will be the guest of Rev. Dr. Whaley during his stay in this city.

Several Pensacolians who have heard the archdeacon during his able and effective mission in Jacksonville, are enthusiastic in his praise. In addition to an unusually attractive personality Archdeacon Webber is said to possess the gift of spiritual eloquence in a high degree, and the Jacksonville papers particularly commended his address to and his popularity among the young, especially boys and young men.

**WOMAN'S HOME MEETING.**

There will be a meeting of the board of lady managers of the Woman's Home in the Home, Saturday, February 11, at 4 o'clock in the afternoon.

The regular annual meeting was postponed from Tuesday on account of the inclement weather, and the annual election of officers will take place on Saturday afternoon, instead.

**THE LIBRARY EUCHRE.**

The euchre given at library hall yesterday was an unexpectedly beautiful affair and the hostesses, Mrs. Scarritt Moreno, Mrs. W. K. Hyer, Jr., and Mrs. John B. Jones, were warmly congratulated on their success. They were charmingly assisted by Mrs. Bleeker Forbes and Mrs. Hal Forbes. There were eight tables of six hand euchre and nine games were enjoyed.

Mrs. Max Klein won the first prize, which was a very handsome cut glass bowl.

Mrs. Harry H. DeSilva won the second prize, a very lovely Japanese porcelain loving cup.

Mrs. Fred G. Moore was awarded the consolation prize, a stein. The booby prize of a Li Moge olive dish was awarded to Mrs. B. M. Solomon.

The Country Club will give a dance February 15.

The Ocoola Club's next large affair will be a dance February 22.

Mrs. Evelyn C. Maxwell left Thursday morning to spend a week or ten days with friends in Tallahassee.

Miss Alice Kessler is expecting her attractive cousin, Miss Eleanor Berret, of Baltimore, Md., to arrive in a few days to remain for Mardi Gras.

Miss Berta Hyer, Miss Patti Holden, Miss Colon Smith and Miss Miriam Choate have arranged for a delightful dance for the younger set to-night in C. K. of A. hall.

Mr. Will DeC. Kessler and his mother, Mrs. T. V. Kessler, are enjoying a week's visit in St. Augustine where they are registered at the Ponce de Leon.

Mrs. L. S. Whittaker and Mrs. H. Brummett have arrived from Chattanooga to visit Mrs. W. F. Reed, Jr. Mrs. Whittaker is Mrs. Reed's sister.

Mr. and Mrs. A. Greenhut left last night for New York, Philadelphia and Washington.

Miss Herring, of Brooklyn, N. Y., arrived safely after 28 hours in the storm and is the very attractive guest of her friend and chum, Mrs. J. Walter Higgins.

# THE JOURNAL'S DAILY SHORT STORY

## HER GREAT CATCH.

BY MARTHA McCULLOCH-WILLIAMS.  
Copyright, 1904, by Martha McCulloch-Williams.

"You can stay for the preacher if you like. I'm going fishing," Alicia said, stabbing the spring air viciously with her rod.

It was a long reed, cut from the canebrakes down on the river, innocent of reel and equipped with a homemade line, a cork float and bullet sinkers above the cheap hook. Her frock, a clean but faded calico, was short enough to show stout leather shoes, with a glimpse of home knit stockings above. But none of these things dimmed sparkling eyes or paled the wild rose flush in delicately molded cheeks. Alicia was a beauty quite independent of clothes. Her dearest friends admitted it. Susan Kates, to whom she had spoken, was pretty in a way, but largely by the help of artifice.

Susan was also pious, just the girl for a preacher's wife, all Brush Creek neighborhood declared; hence when it was known that the new Methodist minister was a bachelor and something of a beau the amen corner sisters all agreed that it was a clear case of providential interference. Susan herself shared their opinion, albeit she was too wise to say so. She had come the day before to spend a week with Alicia, although the Blair homestead was but three miles from her father's farm.

Madam Blair, Alicia's grandmother and guardian, was the leading spirit in Methodism thereabout. As such she had sent word to the Rev. Paul Redford to make her house his home "until he could suit himself better."

The invitation made gossip, of course. Madam was a keen one. She meant to marry off that flighty Alicia. The new preacher would be sacrificed to her before he fairly knew it. Didn't somebody say he had been to college and was, moreover, pretty well off? Madam Blair had an eye to the main chance, the same as the ungodly. She had broken up the affair between Alicia and that scatter brained young Clark-

Usually new ministers came in the fall. Paul Redford was a "supply," taking the place of the regular itinerant, who had fallen ill. The makeshift parsonage had been rented out, and the supply minister might have boarded around all over the circuit but for Madam Blair. Alicia was angered by her grandmother's interference.

She had not been very much in love with Billy Clarkson until Grandmother Blair had come between them. She was not in love with the real Billy even now, but cherished passionately an ideal she called by Billy's name. Naturally she resented Redford and all his works. Quite as naturally she had inveigled the coy yet willing Susan into this long visit, with a set purpose of flinging the pair at each other's head and if possible compassing an engagement before a fortnight passed.

"I don't think it looks respectful to the gospel nor anything," Susan said primly, sitting down upon the upper step of the porch. Alicia laughed—so grimly it showed she was a Blair all through. "Then you stay here and be respectful—to the gospel for both of us," she said with her chin high, whistling the next minute to Flossy, her pet shepherd dog, and swinging down the path to the back gate.

The creek was less than half a mile away, with Blair fields on either side of it. Alicia knew all the bends and ripples of it and loved them as well as she knew them. She meant to fish first the Blue hole, which lay just inside the upper water gate, going thence downstream and ending at the lower gate so as to go home by the big road.

Only a blind track ran past the upper gate. Stragglers never found it out, not even the most inveterate fishermen who might be lured by this exceptional morning, with water in just the right stage. Something in the day made Alicia want to sing. She did not do it, being firmly of opinion that fish have ears and are mighty wary of human sounds. And today she was bent on catching the patriarch of the pool, a big trout, known to inhabit it these three years or more, which quite disdained to notice the most artistic flies of the gentlemen sportsmen or their liveliest minnows. His special haunt was beneath the roots of the big bending sycamore which leaned far out over the stream. Without a tremor she climbed into the tree's low crotch by a pathway of loosely laid rails, established herself as comfortably as possible and dropped her hook right in front of the big fellow's nose.

She could not see him—the water was just delicately turbid from rains two days back—but she felt him nibble a bit, then saw the water swirl as with an upward rush. Presently she saw him leap half out of the water ten yards away. She drew in her hook, to find half the bait bitten off, and as she put on fresh worms she said, with a smiling nod: "Old man, Sukey ought to have come along. She could have got points on how to hook and land the preacher."

She was too intent on sport to hear a little stifled laugh. Indeed, she had no consciousness of anything just then but the matter in hand. She had cast a little way from where the trout broke. For perhaps two minutes the float lay aggravatingly expressionless, simply drifting a bit in the eddy of the pool; then it went under with a rush, to come up two yards away and go down again almost instantly. The son was poor and likely to stay so. But, then, Alicia would have plenty for two.



"BETTER NOT," A MAN'S VOICE SAID A LITTLE WAY OFF.

## The Journal's Daily Fashion Feature.



Shown here is an early spring model for white straw sailor, trimmed with white ribbon crush crown and pleated ruffle extending over brim. Cardinal velvet folds and knots, together with white wings, complete the adornment.

trout, bold from long impunity, had swallowed the hook.

Alicia did not try to haul him in at once. Instead she let him play up stream and down, taking in the slack with bare hands and letting it go back with a rush that must have bewildered her captive. After a ten minutes' fight she hauled in her quarry, two pounds of gleaming silver, and, holding him fast, made to scramble down to the bank.

Dismay smote her as she turned about. The rails had slipped down. She was fairly entrapped. The tree crotch overlung the water, which was, she knew, well over her head. Although she could swim a little, she did not like to risk a plunge. Yet there seemed no alternative. The landward side of the big trunk was not to be reached from where she sat. She made an impatient little swing of her catch, saying: "There, you'll get back in the water after all and take me with you. I think I'll tie you to me and make you swim out."

"Better not," a man's voice said a little way off. "I don't believe he would swim out. He'd rather keep you down at the bottom."

"Then come and take me down," Alicia said disdainfully, angry beyond words that anything masculine could thus calmly contemplate her plight instead of flying to the rescue. She heard long, firm steps approaching. By craning her neck severely she saw a man, young, handsome, well set up, evidently an athlete, and fashionably dressed. "So you are Alicia Blair, my hostess in part."

"And how came you here when you are looked for at the house?" Alicia demanded severely.

Paul Redford laughed. "Because I had rather be here," he retorted. "My traps have gone on houseward to announce me, but I heard so much of that 'tomboy granddaughter' on the way from town, when my guide, Deacon Estis, who fetched me by the short cut to show me—well, several things—said 'that she is, right now, a-fee-shin'. I simply had to come and see for myself."

"How long since?" Alicia asked, her face scarlet. Redford laughed again. "The point is—immaterial," he said. "Just now the burning question is, 'How shall I get down?'"

"That's easy. Put up the rails and go away," Alicia said.

Redford shook his head. "I can't trust you. The rails might slip," he said. "I know a better way, but first I'll tie you to me."

Obediently Alicia swung idly her gasping prize. He at once slipped a limber pronged twig through its gills and anchored it comfortably in the stream, saying: "Let the example bear fruit, Miss Alicia. Don't give any of your later captives needless agony."

"You don't seem to care about me. I'm very uncomfortable," Alicia said with spirit. "If you won't put up the rails, at least go away. The water is deep—still!"

"You are not going into it," Redford said quickly, stepping upon the leaning trunk and clinging fast to it with one arm. He held the other out toward her, saying with a twinkle: "One, two, three! Here we go! Jump! I'll catch you right as a trivet."

"I won't jump," Alicia said with her grandest air.

Redford looked at her severely. "You will jump," he repeated, "and right straight off! It's going to rain like fun in about twenty minutes, and unless you take me to the house I shall get very wet."

"I think you are—despicable," Alicia pouted. But as he looked at her, smiling more roguishly than ever, she gave a spring, was caught and swung safe to the bank. There Redford said to her, her eyes fairly dancing: "I don't know Sukey, but really she should have come along. She would certainly have got points on—landing a minister."

Which proved to be prophetic. Six months later Alicia Blair was Alicia Redford, and not only resigned to the change, but happy over it.

**Routing Burglars.**  
"You can't lose my wife."  
"No?"  
"Well, listen. I was away from home for three days last week. One night she heard burglars, the same burglars that she has been hearing ever since we were married. I'll make them think there's a man in the house," she decided. So she put on a pair of my shoes and tramped about on the hardwood floors for an hour to scare them away. My wife is a diplomat."—Cleveland Leader.

**Bent Water Pipes.**  
It is calculated that one right angle bend in a pipe through which water flows will make necessary 9 per cent more pressure for a given flow than is required for a straight pipe of like size and structure. With three sharp bends at right angles the pressure needed is 13 per cent more than that which is used in a straight pipe.

**A Careful Judge.**  
This story is related of an old time judge: During a session of court there was so much talking and laughter going on that the judge, becoming angry and confused, shouted in great wrath: "Silence, here! We have decided half a dozen cases this morning, and I have not heard a word of one of them!"

**Dangerous.**  
Binks—That long tassel on the P. D. and Q. is a very dangerous place.  
Jinks—Why, there hasn't been an accident there for years.  
Binks—But with the past week four young couples have started through it free as air and come out engaged.

**Arms and Their Uses.**  
Jessie—What made you remain such a long time in the conservatory with that young lieutenant?  
Bessie—Our conversation turned to war, and he was showing me how an officer should use his arms.

## In the Choosing of Gifts

have an eye always to the appropriateness of your offering. Our displays of Jewelry, Precious Stones, Silverware and Art Goods are so varied, so admirably adequate to the needs and the fancies of those who are seeking beautiful things, that we're sure you will find the needed inspiration here.

Our Catalog—just out—is a splendid thing. The illustrations and descriptions will render your ordering thoroughly satisfactory, and we can do all the rest.

## MAIER & BERKELE ATLANTA, GEORGIA

**Right Shoes for Children.**

**Meyer Shoe Co.**

Foot Furnishers For Folks, 102 South Palafox Street.

GOOD looks and good wear, that's the combination. Some shoes made for growing feet look fine, but won't wear a week. Others wear fairly well, but look like crabs. Our shoes look well and wear well and cost little, the three cardinal virtues in children's Shoes. We buy from special makers who know their business. Children's Shoes are often slighted. It's a case of anything is good enough. Not so here. Children's Shoes are subjected to the hardest wear and should be made to withstand it. We have the right kind. Come and see them, and bring the boys and girls.

IF WE HAVE IT, IT IS THE BEST.

**DAINTY SWEETS PUT THE FINISHING TOUCHES TO THE MEAL.**

These are the best, are put up with the best sugar, and we can recommend them as being perfectly pure.

Royal Scarlet Marmalaid, jars.....30c  
Scotch Marmalaid.....30c  
Jams, all kinds, Cross & Blackwell's.....30c

All kinds of Jellies and Preserves in tins and glass jars.

**Sol Cahn & Co.**

The Pure Food Store. The Store that Feeds the People.  
Phones 178 and 480

## \$2.50 LADIES' Shoes for \$2.07

This sale includes all our Ladies' \$2.50 Shoes, all newest styles, all leathers, and all the best you ever saw for \$2.50 and a BARGAIN at \$2.07. See the window.

## THE BOSTON SHOE STORE,

Phone 690. 117 S. Palafox Street. Pensacola

**FLORIDA CURIOS,**  
Live and stuffed alligator sea shells, Orange wood and palm souvenirs of every description.

**Mrs. C. M. McClure.**  
Opera House Building, 107 East Government Street.

**The Grienauer Recitals**

**Library Hall, Friday Night, Feb. 10**

HERR CARL GRIENAUER,  
Cello Virtuoso.

MME. ELISABETH GRIENAUER,  
Dramatic Soprano.

AN EVENING OF DELIGHTFUL MELODY.

THE MUSICAL EVENT OF THE YEAR.

FOR THE BENEFIT OF THE LIBRARY ASSOCIATION.

**If You Dine at the Kandy Kitchen**

you will be satisfied and your health improved. The best in the market prepared in a tempting manner and served very promptly.

Quick Lunch 12 to 3 p. m. 35 cents.

**Kandy Kitchen Cafe**  
104 S. Palafox. Phone 999

Have you read The Journal's Want Columns this morning?

**NEAT APPEARANCE**

A Good Recommendation FOR \$1.00 PER MONTH. WE WILL KEEP YOUR CLOTHES IN GOOD SHAPE

**Pensacola Pressing Club**  
E. L. REESE, Prop. J. E. WEBB, Manager.

**BERRY'S COMPLEXION BEAUTIFIERS**

LEAD THE WORLD—ALWAYS RELIABLE—NEVER FAIL TO PLEASE THE MOST FASTIDIOUS

**BEAUTIOLA**

Guaranteed to remove Liver Spots, Freckles, Small Pox Pimples and Deep Wrinkles. Price, 50c. BEAUTIOLA CREAM is a white tissue builder. BERRY'S MAKEUP CREAM is pure skin food. BERRY'S CO-YOU-CAR, (queen of all face and toilet powders). BERRY'S COMPLEXION SOAP (1 machine). BERRY'S CIRCLE TIA, cures chloasma, liver and skin troubles. Bottle, 10c; Tablets, 25c

AT ALL DRUGGISTS

50 and 75c AUTOMOBILE and TOURIST CAPS. LATEST STYLES, at Mrs. Nordstrom's Millinery, No. 11 E. Intendencia.