

The Pensacola Journal

Daily, Weekly, Sunday.

PUBLISHED EVERY MORNING EXCEPT MONDAY.

THE JOURNAL COMPANY.

FRANK L. MAYES, PRESIDENT AND GENERAL MANAGER.

MEMBER THE ASSOCIATED PRESS.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.

One Year.....\$5 00	One Month..... 45
Six Months..... 2 50	One Week..... 10
Three Months..... 1 25	Weekly Edition, year.\$1 00

Papers on Sale at all News Stands.

THE ONLY PENSACOLA NEWSPAPER FROM WHICH A DETAILED CIRCULATION STATEMENT CAN BE SECURED.

Offices—108 and 110 East Government Street. TELEPHONE No. 38.

PENSACOLA, FLORIDA, FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 24, 1905.

GOVERNOR JOHNSON—A STORY OF SUCCESS.

The life of the new governor of Minnesota is one that every boy in the country may study with profit. It is a story of poverty—poor success; of integrity and character; and it stands out as an example of American possibilities as conspicuous as it is worthy of emulation.

An article in the March issue of Success by W. B. Hennessey contains an admirable portrayal of Governor Johnson's early struggles. The following is clipped from it:

When the elder Johnson (the father of John A. Johnson, governor of Minnesota), was separated from his family for that family's good, there were six children. How they lived on the spare earnings of the boy is known only to the breadwinner and his mother. The ordinary expenses of the household ate up everything. Then, when death came, as it did three times during the minority of the future governor, there were heartbreaking times. Three of the children, girls, died.

Young Johnson was tenderly devoted to his young sisters. He devised little pleasures for them. The family cow was the steed for the juveniles of the household. Attached to a harness fearfully and wonderfully made, the gentle cow drew an old Red River cart, loaded with the little Johnsons, through the meadows of the Minnesota river. The creaking of the great wheels on the wooden axles gave notice to the neighbors that Johnson was giving his little sisters a ride. On Sunday, when the stern work of fighting off the wolf was given over—an opportunity of which the wolf not infrequently took advantage—the boy, carrying one or two of the children, when the cow was out of commission, made excursions into the surrounding country with the family.

For himself he had none of the things a boy's heart craves—if he earned or bought a dainty it was taken home to the little girls. They had nothing but what he earned or bought. The independence of Mrs. Johnson, in which she was stoutly supported by her son, would not permit that the children should accept the most trifling gifts.

Devoted as he was to the little girls, the boy suffered beyond telling when death took the first one. But the event helped in strengthening his character. There was no time for weeping, because extra money had to be earned to pay for the funeral expenses. Every hand and every pocket-book in St. Peter lay open to John A. Johnson and his mother, at that time, but they took nothing. "My boy will pay," said his Scandinavian mother with the Spartan spirit, and the boy set his face resolutely to the work of paying.

The only credit the Johnson family ever accepted, after John became his head, was from the undertaker, and for five years that gloomy personage, by reason of the three funerals, took what might be pinched out of the money needed for the living expenses of the family.

It was to meet this extraordinary demand on him that young Johnson put aside his ambition to study pharmacy, and took a place in a general store, where the work was harder but the pay higher. The present need was his handicap. He worked long enough to get even with the world, then went back to the drugist, managed by some means as he could compel, to obtain a certificate, and registered under the state law. "My certificate was No. 13," he said, "but I never believed much in hoodlums."

ALL HAIL THE AMERICAN HEN.

Government statistics for the year 1903 are responsible for the following interesting statistics of relative financial values: The "egg and poultry earnings" of the United States amounted, during that year, to \$290,000,000. The total value of gold, silver, wool and sheep for the same year was only \$272,434,315. The cotton crop for the same year was valued at \$259,161,640. The 1903 wheat crop was worth \$229,939,735 to the country. The product of the United States hog market amounted to \$186,529,035. The oat crop of the same period attained a financial value of \$78,984,900.

The potato output balanced the oat crop precisely.

Tobacco brought a total of \$35,579,225 to its combined producers. The entire sugar production of the country was worth only \$20,000,000.

Says a writer in the Chicago Inter-Ocean: "For the sake of gaining a clearer idea of the immense magnitude of the egg product alone it may be stated that the 1,290,000,000 dozen eggs produced yearly would fill 43,127,000 crates of thirty dozen each. An ordinary refrigerator car, with an average length of forty-two and one-half feet, holds 400 such crates. A train of these cars sufficiently long to carry the eggs produced in 1899—and the continually increasing number of each successive year must be remembered—would be 868 miles long, or long enough to reach from Chicago to Washington and have several miles of cars to spare. One hundred and seven thousand eight hundred and eighteen of these cars would be needed to carry the 1899 product of eggs."

GENE DEBS AS RIVAL OF JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

A Terre Haute daily paper, says an exchange, has made the discovery that "Gene Debs drops into poetry occasionally, and the other day surreptitiously got possession of some verses written and dedicated by the great orator to his father, Daniel Debs, who in his younger years was an inveterate hunter. The verses show that Whitcomb Riley has a rival not to be despised. The verses are as follows:

When the frost is on the pumpkin,
And the rabbit's in the oats;
When the quails are in the stubble,
A tunin' up their throats;
When the dog is keen and frisky
Sniffing in the atmosphere,
The old nirood's optics glisten,
And he's mighty glad he's here.

When the hunter's in the stubble,
And the rabbit makes a spurt;
There's a bang and smell of powder,
And the rabbit bites the dirt.
When the dog begins to stiffen,
As he sniffs old Bobby White,
The old hunter's heart throbs keenly
With rapture and delight.

When the rabbit's on the table,
With the noodles mountain high;
When the jaws begin to water,
As the picture greets the eye;
Oh, 'tis then the hunter's family
Is a hale and happy group.
When the frost is on the pumpkin,
And the rabbit's in the soup.

The Journal Printed During January, 1905, a Total of 101,708 Copies Or an Average of 3,912 Daily.

The following figures show The Pensacola Journal's circulation for each day during the month of January, 1905, with the average number of copies daily:

Jan. 1..... 3,750	Jan. 17..... 4,000
Jan. 2..... 3,750	Jan. 18..... 3,800
Jan. 3..... 3,750	Jan. 19..... 3,800
Jan. 4..... 3,650	Jan. 20..... 3,800
Jan. 5..... 3,650	Jan. 21..... 3,800
Jan. 6..... 3,725	Jan. 22..... 4,200
Jan. 7..... 3,750	Jan. 23..... 4,200
Jan. 8..... 3,900	Jan. 24..... 4,100
Jan. 9..... 3,800	Jan. 25..... 4,100
Jan. 10..... 4,000	Jan. 26..... 4,075
Jan. 11..... 4,000	Jan. 27..... 3,950
Jan. 12..... 4,000	Jan. 28..... 3,900
Jan. 13..... 3,900	Jan. 29..... 4,000
Jan. 14..... 3,900	Jan. 30..... 4,000
Jan. 15..... 4,000	Jan. 31..... 4,000
Jan. 16..... 4,000	

Total For Month.....101,708

The total 101,708 divided by 26 (the actual number of issues) shows the average number of copies printed per issue during the month to 3,912 have been.

I hereby certify that the above statement is correct according to the records on file in this office.
HARRY R. SMITH,
Circulation Manager.

How Responsibility Sobers Individuals

By Rev. NEWELL DWIGHT HILLS of Brooklyn

OBSERVATION and experience tell us that THERE IS NO TONIC LIKE RESPONSIBILITY. Men are accountable not simply for the seeds they sow, but for the bundles and sheaves that are reaped, and this thought of responsibility for the harvest SOBERS MEN and braces them. In the realm of the state responsibility has made the radical leader cautious and conservative. In the realm of finance responsibility has changed a boy naturally self seeking into a painstaking and self sacrificing and honorable business man. In the realm of affection responsibility has turned a thriftless and careless youth into A SOBER AND PRUDENT FATHER. Now and then some noble citizen and father is stricken down in the happiest hour of his career. Dying, he leaves behind a wayward son, and on every side arise words of fear. But once the boy is thrown on his own resources HE CEASES TO DRIFT. Now the ship is steered by the fixed stars of principle.

Every morning, therefore, RESPONSIBILITY CUDGELS THE SLOW INTELLECT. Every night responsibility lifts the scourge and makes the man think. Averse to thinking, he begins to reason, to discuss problems, to take an interest until, lo, a crude lump of ignorance has been transformed by responsibility into knowledge—just as a lump of mud, under the constant pressure of the potter's fingers, takes on the lines of a beautiful vase. What, therefore, has changed the millions of foreigners into American citizens and made them wise, conservative and patriotic to the last degree? Surely it is THE SENSE OF RESPONSIBILITY to the institutions of the republic.

Not less potent is responsibility for the transformation of INDIVIDUAL character. Some years ago a group of citizens assembled in a store in a western mining town to express their disgust over the political dilemma in which they found themselves. One convention had nominated a man who was a grafter and looter and for a year had wasted the resources of the town. The other convention had nominated a man who was not a grafter, but only WANTED TO BE ONE. While these men were talking the situation over the door of the store opened and a youth of twenty-five, who was the town loafer and drunkard, stumbled in. He sank into a chair and fell into a half drunken sleep. Suddenly a banker pointed to the drunken boy and said, "Let's nominate him as an independent candidate!" In a cynical mood all agreed, and they did so. Their plan was to rebuke the other two candidates by showing that a drunken loafer was better than either party. The whole town appreciated the joke AND ELECTED THE INTEMPERATE BOY. One morning his landlord shook the youth and told him to get up, that he was elected mayor.

BUT FROM THE HOUR WHEN HE FULLY UNDERSTOOD THE SITUATION THE YOUTH BECAME A NEW MAN. FROM THAT HOUR WHEN RESPONSIBILITY CAME HE NEVER DRANK ANOTHER DROP OF LIQUOR. When his term began he went straight into the street and watched the workmen toiling on the sidewalk or pavement, on sewer or water-main; he watched contracts like a hawk; he sat up till midnight calling in the best men of the town to advise about the town's business; he halved the town's expenses; HE DOUBLED THE TOWN'S ADVANTAGES. At the end of the year he was re-elected, and today his history is well known in his state.

WHAT PLEDGES, WHAT PROTESTS OF FRIENDS COULD NOT DO RESPONSIBILITY EASILY ACCOMPLISHED. AND THE LESSON IS SO PLAIN THAT HE WHO RUNS MAY READ.

Are you an employer troubled about your clerks? THROW RESPONSIBILITY ON THEM. It will expel the evil and call out the good. Lengthen your vacation and hold your young men up to the task. Make yourself unnecessary to your business BY REPRODUCING YOURSELF IN OTHER MEN. This is the test of a great business man, or a great editor, or a great statesman—that he has multiplied himself in his associates; that when he dies the institution goes on without a shock, because his spirit goes on IN OTHERS, made large and ample and resourceful through responsibility.

PROTEST AGAINST ANTI-PILOTAGE LAWS.

Tampa Tribune. A storm of protest is being made at nearly all of the ports of entry against the bills now before congress dealing with the national pilotage laws. The proposed bills will do away with pilotage to such an extent that when vessels really need the guiding hand of the bar pilot, there will be none to answer the call. These intelligent, skilled and hardy men will not continue to make their homes at the outer bars if the laws are changed so that only foul weather will give them business. This will largely increase the risk of water transportation, both for freight and life, and means a great deal to the public. It will increase the freight risk to such an extent that higher insurance rates will cause higher freight rates, and this will of course put vessels out of business and turn over the transportation business to the railroads depriving the public of the benefit of water competition. It will tend to create an additional monopoly of the railroad freight business, or add greatly to the dangers of the sea. At present there is sufficient business at the ports to maintain a competent staff of pilots, who are compelled by law to give their whole time to the work. Reduce the business and the number of men will be reduced and the business will decline

until every vessel will be at the mercy of the elements in entering ports where pilots are needed. It is a dangerous law and one that will have ill effects so far as the public is concerned.

HEARST'S SOLAR PLEXUS BLOW.

Philadelphia Telegraph.

The ordinary Congressman is slow to discover that when the Hon. William Randolph Hearst gets upon his feet in the House of Representatives he is loaded for bear. The extraordinary congressman that is the wise one has long been abreast of this danger, and therefore keeps at a distance. Occasionally personal animus goes to the extreme of tabulated figures to show how frequently, as compared with men afflicted with the disease of oratory, Mr. Hearst makes a speech; but it has come to be recognized that when Mr. Hearst is moved to speak he has something to say, and that something is neither hypothetical nor platitudinous. The Hon. John A. Sullivan is a Bostonese. He is an alumnus of a Bostonese law school, and in the Encyclopedia of Congressional Biography his cognomen is adorned with this elaborate and impressive caudal termination—J. L. magnacum laude. In addition to his varied native and acquired possessions, the Hon. J. A. Sullivan is a Bostonese democrat with large anti-imperialistic stripes chasing themselves around his corpus. Springing from a community lodged in the very dome of Advanced Thought, Mr. Sullivan can no more refrain from criticizing those unfortunate who have not been refined by Bostonese intellectual processes than from believing every Bostonese was ordained by the great First Cause as the true and only standard of human excellence. However, in an evil hour, he rose on place and hurled censorious words upon Mr. Hearst, not as a constructor of statesmanship but as a newspaper publisher. He also used in his diatribe the word "cowardly."

Now, whatever the ethics of Mr. Hearst as a journalist, he certainly is not a coward. He may be an extremist in his policy as an editor and a publisher, and yet it is to be noted that nearly every other paper in the land has in lesser or greater degree copied it, but no one can say that he has not the courage of his convictions Wrong or right, if there is any man who fights straight from the shoulder it is William Randolph Hearst; and it was so like him, when he was thus publicly attainted of cowardice, to give the Hon. John A. Sullivan a hot one right off the bat. This Bostonese authority on morals and type of intellectual maturity had been indicted and convicted with his father of manslaughter in that father's rum-shop, and lo! and behold, here were the documents to prove it. Is it not really a reproach on the prescience of that colony of the elect on Massachusetts Bay that this representative did not know that this was the way William Randolph Hearst always fights! That he always has the powder and keeps it dry! And can't even Boston learn that it can't even use its "L. L. B. magna cum laude" to monkey with the Hon?

A Ringing Speech.

Grayce—In a ringing speech last night George declared that he could not live without me, and asked me to be his wife. Gladys—in a ringing speech, eh? Grayce—Yes; and if you don't believe it, there's the ring!—Pittsburg Post.

Pride.

"Why did you tip that waiter? You can't afford to give away money." "I know it, but I didn't want him to find it out."—Detroit Free Press.



We have the finest stock of Guns in the South—L. C. Smith, Parker, Syracuse, Remington, Browning, Winchester, Lefevre, Ithaca, and other makes.

REVOLVERS. Colt's, Smith & Wesson, Iver Johnson, &c. AMMUNITION. All loads, U. M. C. and Winchester, both black and smokeless powders. FISHING TACKLE. Everything to catch fish, from minnows to tarpon—Trotlines, Reels, Lines, Artificial Bait of all kinds. Guns and Tackle selected by experts and fully guaranteed. SPORTING GOODS A SPECIALTY. Chafing Dishes, Fine Carving Sets, Table Cutlery, Pocket Knives, &c. De Muth's Biscuit Machines, Refrigerators, Freezers, Stoves, Ranges and Heaters. No necessity of sending east or west for goods when you can get them nearer home at lower prices. Mail orders a specialty. BARNEY-CAVANAGH HARDWARE COMPANY MOBILE, ALA.

No. 5603.
H. L. COVINGTON, President. M. E. CLARK, Cashier.
C. W. LAMAR, Vice-President. JNO. PFEIFFER, Asst. Cashier.

The American National Bank

OF PENSACOLA, FLA.
DESIGNATED DEPOSITORY OF UNITED STATES.
Capital Stock, \$200,000. Surplus, \$40,000.

DIRECTORS
Henry L. Covington. S. J. Foshee.
J. M. Pfeiffer. A. M. Avery.
Bryan Dunwoody. W. H. Milton, Jr.
Frank Reilly. U. E. Maury.
W. S. Rossaco. W. L. Cawthon.
T. F. McGourin. C. A. O'Neal.
F. E. Brawner. Dr. W. J. Hannah.
C. W. Lamar. McKenzie Oerling.
J. R. Saunders. Alex. McGowin.
C. M. Covington.

Accounts of Banks, Individuals, Corporations, and Firms Solicited.
Four per cent. interest paid on Time Deposits.

No. 4837.
L. HILTON GREEN, President. T. E. WELLES, Vice-President.
R. M. BUSHNELL, Cashier. MANSFIELD MORENO, Asst. Cashier.

Citizens National Bank,

Pensacola, Fla.

DIRECTORS
George W. Wright. Morris Bear. T. E. Welles.
Rix M. Robinson. L. Hilton Green.

A GENERAL BANKING BUSINESS TRANSACTED.

The directors and officers of this bank solicit correspondence and accounts upon terms consistent with conservative and prudent banking principles.

WM. H. KNOWLES, PRESIDENT. W. K. HYER, JR., V.-PRES. AND CASHIER.
THOS. W. BRENT, ASST. CASHIER. W. N. ROBERTS, ASST. CASHIER.

FIRST NATIONAL BANK,

of Pensacola, Fla.

DIRECTORS: F. C. Brent, W. A. Blount, Wm. H. Knowles, W. K. Hyer, Jr., D. G. Brent.

FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC EXCHANGE BOUGHT AND SOLD

We draw our own Bills of Exchange on Great Britain, Ireland, Germany, France, Austria, Italy, Holland, Spain, Belgium, Russia, Norway, Sweden, Denmark, and other European countries.

Vessels disbursed upon the Most Favorable Terms, and their obligations taken Payable at Port of Destination Ten Days After Vessel Arrives there.

Safety Deposit Boxes For Rent, in Connection with which we have a Private Department for the use of Renters.

Savings Department—Interest Paid on Deposits at Rate of 4 per cent per Annum.

J. S. REESE, President. E. W. MENEFEY, Cashier.
R. M. CARY, Vice-President.

THE PEOPLE'S BANK OF PENSACOLA.

Directors—L. J. Reeves, J. S. Reese, W. DeC. Kessler, R. M. Cary, W. A. D'Alemberte, T. A. Jennings.

TRANSACTS A GENERAL BANKING BUSINESS.
YOUR ACCOUNT IS RESPECTFULLY SOLICITED.

R. M. CARY, COAL

Jellico, Little Cahaba, Brookwood.

Orders left at either
Office: 43 S. Palafox Street, Phone 93, or Retail Yards: Cor. Taragona and Gonzalez Streets, Phone 6,
will receive prompt attention.

Our Tourist Friends

You have come to Pensacola because someone or something interested you in the Deep Water City. You would not have come if you had not been interested and you would not stay here now if your later impressions did not justify your previous decision to spend the winter here. It follows, therefore, that you are not only interested in Pensacola now, but you will in all probability continue to be interested after you leave and may possibly desire to return here for future winter seasons. This being the case, you will want to keep in touch with the doings and developments in the Deepest Harbor on the Gulf, and no way can that be done so cheaply, easily, or satisfactorily as through the columns of

The Weekly Journal at \$1.00 Per Year

The Weekly Journal is a consolidation into one paper of all the local and latest telegraph news contained in the daily, and it furnishes a medium for keeping posted on Pensacola affairs which can not be excelled in any other way. You will probably want something of an artistic nature to carry home with you or to send to your friends. The Journal's last year's Progress and Prosperity Edition is filled with beautiful illustrations of the city and harbor, and can be purchased at any of the book stores or at The Journal office for 15 cents a copy. The Journal will also shortly issue a special Pensacola and Panama Canal Edition. If you are not going to stay until it is issued you can have your orders now, and copies will be mailed you at 15 cents a copy as soon as the edition appears.

You Are Invited

to call at The Journal office while in the city, get acquainted, and secure any information which you may desire about the city. The Journal office is open night and day, and you will always be welcome.