A CITY PLAN FOR PENSACOLA

By J. H. Sherrill, *Sec'y Pensacola Park Commissioners Assn.*

One visiting Philadelphia will see a wide street and parkway being cut for miles through business and residence districts alike, with utter disregard of expense. Hundreds of thousands of dollars are being spent for the sole purpose of providing an attractive and direct connection between the homes and shops and the beautiful park on the river. Cleveland has just bought twenty-four blocks of valuable business property for the purpose of properly locating her public and semi-public buildings. New York has spent millions in condemning property for use as small parks, playgrounds and public baths and is now striving to secure at great cost a comprehensive park system which might have been had at a very moderate cost if planned earlier. Chicago, San Francisco, Kansas City, Denver, St. Paul, Providence, Detroit, Memphis, in fact, almost all of the progressive cities have come to realize the great commercial, as well as moral values of beauty combined with utility in a comprehensive city plan.

A Correct Course.

Although other cities may spend more money for beautification, Washington will always be our most beautiful city because it has followed a complete and definite plan laid out to meet the needs of just such a city on that particular location. Other cities have neglected this important matter and are now striving to remedy the defect as best they may. Why not have a city plan for Pensacola right now?

Unless we are to be terribly disappointed Pensacola is on the eve of great development; we look for a large growth in population and in trade by water and by land. This means further congestion in the business district, further extensions in the residential sections. It means greater complications of the problems that now confront us and the creation of many new problems affecting the health, the comfort, the pleasure and the safety of our community. The experience of all large cities proves the necessity for a plan and urges the desirability of making such a plan as early as possible.

Glance at the Map.

One glance at the city map shows that Pensacola was laid out as most cities are—in sections, varying in plan according to the idea of the particular party or company opening that section for development and the treatment of one section will illustrate that wise generosity which makes ample streets and leaves frequent parks, while another section will display that foolish greed which cuts up acres of ground with but one idea—how many lots will it make? But no matter if all the various "tracts," "additions" and "subdivisions" were perfect in themselves, there is still need that they be properly related into a harmonious city plan. Most of our cities are built much like many of the old farm houses that some of us have seen. They started with two rooms and a hall between, then an ell was added. Later a room was cut off from one end of the front porch, shed rooms and lean-tos were stuck on here and there and finally the big boys moved to the "office" out in the yard. The dear old place sheltered the whole family, but it was neither comfortable, nor beautiful nor convenient. It did fairly well in days gone by, but now, if we must live in the same old place, the best architect we can find must tell how to get convenience and comfort and beauty by adding here and readjusting there.

J. H. SHERRILL,
Secretary Y. M. C. A.

Pensacola Needs It.

Pensacola needs just such treatment. Certain sections of our city have ample provision for small parks and fine broad streets for boulevards and parkway drives. There is one large and beautifully located park, which is capable of great development and might offer recreation and amusement of many kinds if it were only accessible.

The broad streets in the center of the city have been telling us for a century that the early settlers of Pensacola believed in a "city beautiful" and trusted posterity to make of Palafox street another Champs Elysees. Hardly a city in the entire country possesses such opportunity as it here at our hand in Palafox, Wright, Alcaniz and Garden streets, but they will never be properly treated until some one who knows tells us how the work should be done.

Better Off Than Many.

With our sixteen or more squares, our wide streets and our fine park Pensacola is far better off than many other cities of greater size, but take the map again and look for even one square west of Palafox street—one-half of the city with no provision for a free breath and some day parks will be greatly needed in just that section. Now look again. When the city is built up tight where are the boys to play ball. Even now there is not one suitable piece of public ground for such purposes and cities are fast learning that it is cheaper to provide playgrounds than to prosecute the young criminals that develop where play is prohibited. Cities fortunate enough to have a water front count that the best of recreation features, and we scarcely have any water front left, that which we have is an eyesore rather than a thing of beauty it ought to be.

Should Acquire Property.

Yes, Pensacola is far better off than many other cities, but we expect to make Pensacola one of the most attractive cities, and to do that we must begin at once to acquire the property necessary to provide parks and drives and playgrounds, and public baths for every section of our present city and for the city that is to be. We must have a plan which will link these units into a symmetrical park system.

Of course this whole program cannot be carried out at once, but the plan should be made at once, as an idea which may become a reality, to insure proper expenditure of the present park and street funds and to prevent injudicious work which may later have to be undone and to enable us while land is comparatively cheap to secure in the right location and quantity the property that will inevitable be needed for such purposes.

This plan should be made by some man of recognized ability in that new profession of "landscape architect." An engineer, or an artist, or a gardener, will not do. The man for this work must be all of these, like Kessler, who made the park system of Kansas City and Memphis; Hill, of Philadelphia, or Hare, of Chicago, or any man who has back of him such accomplishments as these men can show in the cities they serve.

To have some such expert visit Pensacola and make a bare plan covering the points mentioned would not be beyond our means. Details of development can be worked out later as the funds come by annual appropriation, but even a large expenditure for such a plan just now would be wise and economical for the present as well as for the future.

Without a plan we can have no "City Beautiful."

Thrilling Lives of Shipwreckers

Robbing Davy Jones's Locker Most Dangerous Occupation Followed by Man—Pay Not Large, But Element of Risk Attracts—Raising the "Yankee"—Making Use of Storms—Walking a Ship to Her Cables.

New York, Dec. 19.—Robbing Davy Jones's locker—that is the business of the "wrecker" whose profession is at once the most romantic, the most thrilling and the most dangerous of all which are plied on the seven seas His part it is to rescue ships which have been wrecked, sunken or beached by the storms which they encounter, and to bring to profitable service once more the vessels at which the ocean has grasped. His it is to grapple and thwart Father Neptune.

Hundreds of thousands of persons throughout the country have read, for instance, of the recent wreck of the United States cruiser Yankee on the Hen and Chickens reef on the Cape Cod shore. To pull her from the rocks on which she was impaled, the government has spent over $200,000 only to see the vessel once saved turn turtle and sink, thus necessitating raising her again. So much the public knows. But of the men who snatched this vessel and who annually snatch thousands of vessels from the devouring maw of the ocean, and of their profession, not one person in ten thousad knows.

Along every mile of the thousands on the coast line of this country, Atlantic, Gulf and Pacific, the wrecker is plying his romantic profession—the most dangerous, as it is the least known, of all marine trades. For the shipwrecker has a profession which he carries out on the wrecking ship where he lives. What his career is its dangers and work, are described by A. W. Rolker, in Appleton's magazine:

A Dangerous Profession.

"The career of the ship-wrecker," says Mr. Rolker, "consists of a series of hardships and adventures and accidents and narrow escapes from the first day he enlists with a big wrecking company up to the time he is brought ashore from the grim ship he calls 'home' crippled or fatally injured. Of all the professions that demand heavy toll of human life, none not even mining or powder making, is as dangerous as the one of these wreckers. Every year these daring men who brave storm and wave and tempest to save the stranded 'liner', to raise the sunken 'ocean greyhound,' to rescue the ship impaled upon rocks and, if nothing else, to salve what valuable cargo may be removed from helpless wrecks, meet death by the score. Many of them, exposed often for days and nights to the icy blasts of winter seas, to driving blizzards and to drenching storms that bite to the marrow, succumb to pneumonia. Others, at work on pitching, tossing barges, have legs or arms shattered during the risky operations of removing masts or of slinging wrecking pumps or other castings that weigh tons. Others have hands or feet so dreadfully frozen that they must be amputated. And still others are wiped out of existence after suffering hours of untold agony and exposure before the eyes of their helpless comrades."

How human creatures may be induced to accept such a life of hardship and to take the risks of working in a profession where it is almost nothing but a mere question of time before they look mutilation or a harrowing death in the face, seems no less than a psychological problem. Still, despit the fact that the wages of the average wrecker are not more than he can earn as a sailor before the mast, none of the big wrecking companies even runs short of good men. The very danger and the very excitement of juggling with death lures strong men into the wrecking crews just as it lures thousands to enlist in regiments during time of war, just as it lures men to risk burial alive within the shield of an under river tunnel. Like these tunnelers, the wrecker has long since ceased to think of the chances he is taking. He has risked so often and has come out of tight places so successfully that he begins to regard the danger of his work as a mere every-day affair, and when, once in a while, he is jolted to the soul by seeing his comrades perish miserably before his eyes, even then to his unimaginative brain there seems no extraordinary chance of danger.

The Type of Men.

Of what type of men do these wrecking crews consist? Of several distinct types; in general, of the sort born to live by brawn and muscle, or unafraid men who seem to defy the unconquerable elements, men who sometimes for months live together aboard a wrecking schooner without setting foot on shore, men who would not close an eye in a decent bed for want of the feel of a pitching, plunging board bunk beneath them.

"What it means to salve a wreck," continues the Appleton article, "is something that few outside of practical seamen can properly appreciate. The wreck is a ponderous, unwieldy mountain of steel and oak, weighing between three thousand and twelve thousand tons, often dangerous for any vessel to approach, and this must be lifted bodily and floated from the decks of pitching, unstable scows and barges. The wreck may be submerged beneath fifteen or thirty feet of water and so stove in that divers must go down and effect temporary repairs before it can be raised. It may be a wreck so shattered that it is not worth raising so that the wreckers' work consists merely in blowing up the hulk and removing it as a menace to navigation. Or, the vessel may be fairly intact, but sunk too deep to make attempt at raising advisable the wreckers' work consisting in salving valuable cargo. Often, the wreck is one not submerged at all. A ship may have run on to a reef where it lies, nose on a crag and stern afloat, rising and falling on the ocean swell, pounding and pounding and pounding, until the very ocean bottom drones and she is gradually broken to pieces."

Wrecking the Yankee.

It was thus that the Yankee lay, with her bow fast on a rock. Into her stern was poured a thousand barrels of cement in the hope that its weight might lift the forward part of the vessel clear of the rock on which it was impaled. The fact that it did not do so made only more difficult this now famous piece of wrecking, since all the cement had to be removed in order to raise the vessel by compressed air, the wreckers working all the time on a dangerous lee shore.

There are other ways in which a ship gets into trouble which demand the ship doctor's presence. The wreck may be that of a steamer which has pointed its nose shoreward in a fog, finding a beach, plowing a furrow through the yielding sand and never coming to a halt, until it is stuck fast, all but high and dry, a helpless victim to the next storm that comes screeching up the coast to pile breakers against her and crowd her even higher upon the beach.

It is not easy to say which of all the dangerous opportunities of the wrecker is most dangerous, but seldom does any exceed that which in addition to other dangers needs a storm to make it successful—the particular method of wrecking known as "walking a ship to her cables."

Walking a Ship.

When a big vessel like an ocean liner loses its bearings and the giant nose turns shoreward and into the sands, the monstrous hull, backed by the enormous impact of six thousand or twelve thousand tons moving at a speed from ten to twenty knots an hour, gouges into the yielding bottom like a gigantic plow that digs a furrow fifteen or twenty feet deep. It does not come to rest until the steamer is all but high and dry surrounded by water hardly deep enough to float a brick schooner. The wrecker's method for dragging an unfortunate of this sort back to deep water is what is known as "walking the ship to her cables."

To walk a ship to her cables, what the wrecker wants is a storm. Not a cheap, little thirty or forty-knot zephyr, but a real storm. A baby hurricane, the wilder the better, for literally he intends to harness the storm with giant hawsers, whereafter he stakes his life and the fate of the vessel that the sea will pull the wreck back to safety.

To harness one of these storms he takes from four to six twenty-thousand pound anchors, attaches a hawser fourteen inches around to each one drops each anchor into the sea at a distance from two hundred and fifty to three hundred fathoms astern of the wreck and brings the ends of the hawsers aboard the stranded vessel There they are set up tight as fiddle strings by means of the ship's windlasses. Then, unless the storm breaks at once, he takes cargo and everything that is movable out of the ship to lighten her and waits the "blow." As the fury of the storm increases and the seas become higher, up goes the stern, momentarily afloat on the house-high breakers and down she comes with a thud and a crash that threatens to snap out her masts while men in sou'westers and yellow oilskins are obliged to hold fast not to be knocked off their feet. Every time she is lifted and momentarily afloat on a breaker, she is being dragged seaward—an inch—two inches—a foot at a time. For although each time she rises the surf tends to cast her higher upon the beach, there are four or six of the mightiest cables it is possible for humans to make, each of these cables having an elasticity of something like twenty-five or thirty feet, and the combined elasticities, or pulling power, of all the hawsers, is even mightier than the sea. Therefore, instead of the wreck being battered higher up the strand, it is pulled seaward, and merely the occasional setting up of the hawsers is necessary to tauten this harness thrown over the storm.

But however he works, whether it be in dragging a vessel from a sandy beach, raising her from deep water, or blowing her up with dynamite for the benefit of navigation, the wrecker's life is in danger. What he has done the public sometimes reads, how he does it, seldom or never.

MY First Examination To Become a Teacher

—BY PROF. I. E. ALLEN—

A teacher who has taught for fifty-eight years has no need to draw on his imagination for material to write a story, for he certainly has experience in actual work sufficient for the task.

In 1858, on the second of December, I left my home, which was at that time in Alabama, just above the Florida line, for the purpose of standing an examination to become public school teacher in Conecuh county, Ala. Hon. J. V. Perryman was county superintendent of public instruction and resided at Evergreen, Ala. Late in the afternoon I arrived at his home and was told that he was about three miles from town, engaged in grading on the Pensacola and Montgomery railroad, which at that time was in course of construction.

I proceeded up the road as directed until I came upon Mr. Perryman at work with his hands. Mr. Perryman asked me to dismount and extended a very cordial greeting. As it was nearly sunset he told one of his laborers to bring his horse, which was

PROF. I. E. ALLEN.
Molino, Fla.

feeding at some distance from where we stood, and he and I started to return to his home in Evergreen. He soon asked me my business with him and I told him I wished to be examined as a teacher for a certain school in my neighborhood. His first question was: "Are you competent?"

"Sir, that is for you to find out," was my reply.

This seemed to stump the old gentleman and we proceeded for some distance before another word was spoken. I asked him what was the product of 50 cents by 50 cents. After some deliberation he said $2.50. I told him he was wrong. He said:

"What is the answer?"

I said that was for him to find out.

In a short time we arrived in Evergreen and stopped at the store of a Mr. Barnett, who had recently married and set up in business.

"Mr. Allen," he said, "we will stop here for a few moments."

Mr. Perryman introduced me to Mr. Barnett and I told him I wanted to be examined for a teacher, and further that he could not examine me in English grammar. Mr. Barnett said he had studied only Latin grammar and could not examine me in English grammar.

"Tut-tut," said Mr. Perryman, "here is a man just graduated from college and can't examine a man in English grammar." Mr. Perryman then gave him the problem of 50 cents by 50 cents and he gave the same amount of $2.50.

While we were waiting with everything at a standstill, Prof. Robert Bruce Wetter, who was teaching in Evergreen at that time, chanced to be passing and was called in by Mr. Perryman, who requested the professor to examine me in grammar. A grammar being produced, Mr. Wetter opened it at random and proceeded to give me many sentences to parse, which I did without a hitch.

"Gentleman," said the professor, "I am perfectly satisfied Mr. Allen knows grammar." Judge Perryman took me to his pleasant home, and a delightful night was spent with him and his family. Next morning, being the 3rd day of December, 1858, Judge J. Perryman granted me a first grade certificate, giving me leave to teach any and all branches taught in the Alabama schools in those days.

Now Old Evergreen.

The Evergreen of 1850 is now known as "Old Evergreen." Perhaps some of the persons mentioned in this story may be living at this time, and be able to recall the facts mentioned in this article.

Judge Perryman, who was a very conservative, high-toned gentleman, I've been told, has long since passed to his great reward. Should Mr. Barnett still be on the mundane shores, I hope he will signify by writing me at Pensacola, Fla., R. F. D.

AN UNPURCHASABLE PRESS, GIANT STATESMEN AND EVERGLADES

(Continued From Page Forty-One)

West, and he stated that this whole amount of sugar could have been produced in South Florida, and I will add that every pound could be produced from sugar cane grown on one-half million acres of ground.

The work of draining the Everglades is progressing satisfactorily. We have sold to two companies, one in June and one in October, over thirty-three thousand acres of land. We now have on hand and ready for sale and cultivation seven thousand acres of thoroughly drained land, safe from overflow, and the dredges are proceeding on toward the westward in parallel lines from Ft. Lauderdale, and one is soon to go to work at Miami, and another in the Caloosahatchee river The work of reclamation will now make great progress.

Reasons Made Plain.

The present administration has been severely criticized for undertaking the work of reclaiming the Everglades, and the reason for this I propose to make plain, though I leave the language in which they shall be condemned to each reader.

Every other piece of work being done by the administration; whether by the comptroller, in passing upon bills, auditing accounts, examining banks, or as a member of the board of commissioners of state institutions, which board controls the hospital for the insane, and under whose charge and control are all of the convicts, or whether it be the adjutant general endeavoring to organize and discipline troops to support the civil authorities, or whether it be the commissioner of agriculture, visiting convict camps or tending board meetings; or whether it be the attorney general, writing opinions upon law, or representing the state, or as a member of the state board of pardons; or whether it is the state treasurer, working in the regular routine or his office, or on the state board of education, or on the board of commissioners of state institutions, or the state board of pardons, of all of which boards he is a member, or whether it be the secretary of state attending to the many and varied duties of that office, or as a member of one of the boards; or whether it is the superintendent of public instruction, who has the responsibility of caring for the educational matters of the state, as well as being a member of several boards; or whether as the governor, making appointments, signing commissions, or acting as chairman at cabinet meetings, or any other of the many duties that devolve upon the encumbent of that office, they are not making any money, or creating any wealth for the people of the state; they are only seeking to enforce the law and protect the people, so far as their tax money is concerned, that they have already paid, or enforce the collection of taxes. They make no money, but they draw their pay for their services.

The service that the trustees have been abused and criticized for, is the only work that is being done, or that can be done, under the laws of the state, that can make a dollar, or add a dollar's value to the property of the state—for which service they receive no pay—that of reclaiming a wilderness and putting it in reach of the people, who have borne the burden of the battle in the heat of the day, but which people have had taken away from them and donated to foreign corporations an empire.

Further, not one dollar of the money that has been paid for taxes has been, or can be, used for draining lands, and our critics know it. Not a dollar of the taxes that was levied for the purpose of defraying the expenses of drainage, and which was levied entirely within the Everglades drainage district, has yet been used, and no one pays a drainage tax, unless he lives in the edge of the Everglades, or very near it.

Furthermore, every dollar that has been expended in draining the Everglades has been brought into the hands of the trustees by the sale of some of the very lands that are being drained, which lands were given away many times over, and even the residue, if there was a dollar and a half left in the treasury, after drainage operations were complete, would have gone to the railroads, under the laws upon the statute books today, had it not been for the work of the trustees of the present administration, and the only work, as I see it, that is being done by the present trustees, or that can be done by future trustees, that can directly benefit the people of Florida, and inure to them as a public asset, is the work that they are doing in reclaiming the Everglades. By this means, making a territory that was worth nothing, worth many dollars per acre, and making a territory, even outside of that owned by the public, worth millions of dollars, and go upon the tax books as such.

Abused for Persistent Work.

In other words, we have been abused for the persistent work of the trustees, who are the attorney general, Hon. W. H. Ellis; the comptroller, Hon. A. C. Croom; the commissioner of agriculture, Hon. B. E. McLin; the treasurer, Hon. W. V. Knott, and the governor, Hon. N. B. Broward. For endeavoring to make valuable this great asset of the people, one-fourth of it going monthly to the school fund and the remainder of it to go there when the expense of reclamation is completed, has the whole state administration been denounced.

Though this article may appear to have a tinge of regret that we have been criticized, the trustees realize that no great work was ever entered upon, or attempted, but that in the outset, those who attempted it, were either swallowed by whales, or nibbled to death by minnows.

We are glad to report to the sovereign people, whose servants we are that the dredges are going ahead at a good rate, and the people are tilling the ground. The sugar men of the great northwest are investing their money, preparing to produce the sugar needed for the markets of the United States, and to supply the home market, it will be necessary that there be produced in Florida $15,0000,000 worth per annum.

Sweet Sorrow.

"I can't please my friends," sobbed the young bride.

"What's the matter, pet?"

"They insist that I can't be happy with a fathead like you, but, oh, husband, I am!"—Washington Herald.

Domestic Amenities.

Knicker—I've waited an hour for you to get your hat on straight. Mrs. Knicker—Well, I've waited longer than that for you to get your feet on straight.—New York Sun.

Decision of character is one bright golden apple which every young person should strive in the beginning to pluck from the tree of life.

W. G. PORTER AND HIS BAZAAR

Bazaar's Proprietor Tells The Journal Bits of History For Its Christmas Edition.

A glance at the past at this Yuletide season is always a pleasure particularly when difficulties have been overcome and one has emerged into a period of healthful growth attended with that charmed word "SUCCESS."

When The Journal representative called upon the big genial proprietor of the well known "The Bazaar" store, W. G. Porter, yesterday, he was literally buried among his immense stocks of holiday goods.

At this period of the year, the rush of the holiday season, under ordinary circumstances it would be impossible for anyone to obtain Mr. Porter's attention on an interview proposition, but a Journal representatve is not to be denied, and so when the Bazaar proprietor was asked to tell a bit of his history of which success this big Christmas edition of The Journal would carry to all in this section of the state, many already his customers and friends, he consented and became reminiscent.

"Seven years ago I conceived the idea of this store and started with one hundred and ninety dollars as cash capital," remarked Mr. Porter "and you can see what seven years growth has meant for me. In 1901 I had a small building, twenty-three by fifty feet, and I was my sole employe I believed I could lessen prices by reducing expenses. The first year's gross receipts totaled $6,562. And now 1908 is closing, the dreams and visions of seven years ago are rapidly materializing—in fact, the realizaton surpasses the anticipation. I have never known what it is to look at the clock. Old straw is not threshed in our machine, hence the tireless push, and here you see what all this has brought me," and Mr. Porter paused to point out the sweep of his floor space as he continued, "I have now four buildings, a dozen and a half employes, four well stocked departments and thus far my cash sales for this panicky (?) year total $69,482.

"I sell glassware, crockery, enamelware, general kitchen supplies, hardware of all kinds, shoes, men's furnishings, hosiery, fancy and staple dry goods and notions, stationery, toilet and school supplies, candies, toys, jewelry, and all kinds of ornamental wares, staple and fancy groceries, feedstuffs, etc., etc."

"But, say Mr.——", and he turned to leave for another section of his busy store, "I can't give you any more time today; extend the greetings of the season to all of The Journal's readers from The Bazaar, my corps of salespeople and yours truly."

A Calm Witness.

A lawyer was cross examining a witness with a view to getting him muddled in his testimony. The following questions and answers occurred:

"Did you see the plaintiff faint a short time ago?"

"Yes, sir."

"People turn pale when they faint, don't they?"

"No, sir; not always."

"What! Do you mean to tell me that a person can faint and not turn pale! Did you ever hear of such a case?"

"Yes, sir."

"Did you ever see such a case?"

"I did, sir."

"When?"

"About a year ago, sir."

"Who was it?"

"'Twas a negro, sir."

The lawyer excused the witness.—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

The Moabite Stone.

The so called Moabite stone was discovered by the Rev. F. Klein in 1868 among the ruins of Dhiban, the ancient Dibon. The stone was of black basalt, rounded at the top and bottom, two feet broad, three feet ten inches high and fourteen inches in thickness, but was unfortunately broken by the Arabs, whose cupidity had been aroused by the interest that was taken in it by the explorers. The fragments were afterward collected and laboriously fitted together, and the stone now stands in the Louvre at Paris. The inscription of thirty-four lines is in Hebrew-Phoenician characters and appears to be a record of Mesha, king of Moab, mentioned in II Kings iii, referring to his successful revolt against the king of Israel.—New York American.

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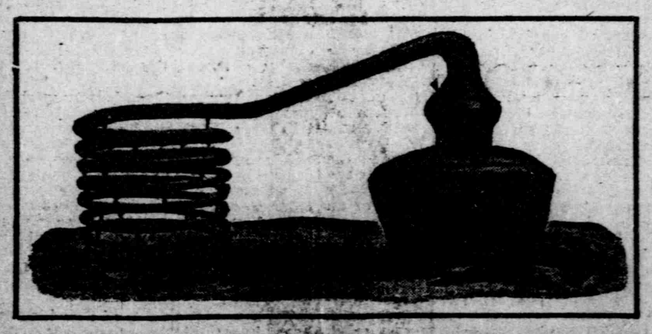

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