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PENSACOLA, FLORIDA, SATURDAY MORNING, MAY 29, 1909.

Here rests, his head beneath St. Michael's shade,
A youth who ate things speckled o'er by flies;
Incautious fool, he no inspection made
Of butcher's meat and other food supplies.

Large was his appetite, he didn't care,
Just so 'twere victuals he would eat his fill—
The doctor got what cash he had to spare,
The undertaker mourns his unpaid bill.

DEATH TO THE HOUSEFLY!

Good bye, Bookies" — you have passed into history.

What an opportunity there is for the Congressional Record to get out a "funny paper."

Robert Louis Stevenson couldn't spell, but his writings threw a spell over all who read them.

Students of sociology would do well to keep their eye on the right of way of the Georgia railroad.

The Laird of Skibo came mighty near capturing the Kentucky Presbyterian college. What an unco religious mon he is.

The anti-race betting bill went through the senate with all the precipitation of Nancy Sykes—not a single offer made against it.

Roosevelt must think Haskell is big game. Guess he is, and will be found precious hard to bag even for purposes of study and exhibition.

Sheriff Cazalas, of Mobile, is on the anxious seat. There is no telling what conclusion those level-headed justices of Alabama's supreme court will arrive at.

The office of the DeFuniak Herald has been removed from the Murray building to the "Merry-go-round block"—the very spot for an enterprising newspaper.

Wonder if the regular session of congress in December will continue the tariff debate or conclude to drop the matter in favor of a continuance of the Dingley schedule?

The governor is merciful—refuses to employ the sweat-box method on the legislature by calling a special session, even if the best bills are permitted to go by the board.

The edict of DeFuniak citizens, "Let there be light," does not seem to work with the same promptitude as it did on another occasion of which it is unnecessary to remind the reader.

It seems that John Barleycorn has been doing some lobbying at Tallahassee. He is the most dangerous lobbyist of all and has a way of turning the mind of the best intentioned lawmaker. Shut him out.

Why does not the legislature pass the act validating the incorporation of St. Andrews? It is not fair to hold back that ambitious little town when it wishes to trot ahead with the liveliest municipal race horses of Florida.

Does the Sams bill excluding from the public schools children affected with tuberculosis make any provision for their education? It certainly should do so; for the disease is curable and there is no justice in permitting one of its victims to grow up in ignorance.

The country is about to listen to the eighty-four thousandth report on deep waterways, this time from a board of engineers of the war department, but will this bring us any nearer to deep water so long as every surplus cent of revenue is used for army and navy increase and other extravagant projects of the Republican party—the party of force, fallacy and frenzy?

Commercial Secretaries' Convention in Atlanta.

One of the most important gatherings of the year will be held in Atlanta July 7th and 8th. This will be the convention of the Southern Commercial Secretaries Association. It's deliberations will cover topics of deep concern to every city and should be productive of new energy and achievement on the part of all southern commercial bodies.

Among the more vital subjects to be discussed will be, "Good roads, how to build them," "The work of commercial organizations in municipal betterment," "Co-operation between commercial secretaries," "Municipal advertising," "Co-operation between industrial and advertising or publicity departments of railroads and commercial secretaries," "Commercial organizations and legislation," "The secretary's local troubles—how to overcome them" and "Commission government for cities."

These are truly great questions, and in their proper solution and enforcement of such rules and regulations as will necessarily result from the solution will depend, to a great extent, the future growth and influence of Southern cities.

Nothing is more needed than a great awakening to activity on the part of the business men of every community. In these days of sharp competition the spirit should be just as strong in rival cities as in rival corporations under ordinary business control; and that city is sure to lag in the rear whose commercial body is not vigilant, active, progressive and everlastingly going out after results by means of well considered advertising and tempting offers made to capital and labor to seek settlement within its limits or in its neighborhood.

The Chattanooga Tradesman, commenting upon the Atlanta convention, speaks well when it declares:

As a rule Chambers of Commerce, Boards of Trade and like bodies are unimportant factors in municipal development. We say "as a rule," because few cities give the support necessary to make the business body stand for little besides general matters of only general interest. Periodically some little activity is evidenced. Sporadic advertising campaigns inaugurated, a litte show of actual vitality, and then a return to the comatose condition most generally in evidence. Commercial organizations should stand for everything that spells progress and advancement, and while the secretaries, without the co-operation of their respective bodies, can accomplish little as individuals, still as an organization they can arouse a sentiment that would be for lasting good and decided industrial betterment.

And The Journal would add that the holding of this convention which will be participated in, of course, by the secretaries of every wide-awake commercial body of the South, will go a long way toward arousing a progressive sentiment, besides opening up avenues of action as a natural sequence to combined and intelligent labor.

"The comatose condition most generally in evidence" in commercial bodies, to which The Tradesman calls attention, is often due as much to a lack of knowledge of what is the best thing to do as it is to natural—or unnatural—inertia and a dread of the exertion entailed by going to work to do it.

Therefore, great things are sure to result from co-operation between commercial secretaries; free and full discussion of means to be adopted for city building and the resultant enthusiasm which is sure to be inspired by such co-operation and discussion.

The report of the legislative committee on Everglades drainage will no doubt impress the popular mind with the truth already accepted by the elect, that the project is not only feasible, but will, if carried out, eventuate in an enormous accession of wealth to Florida. The committee's recommendations to build new dredges, to keep waterways open for traffic, to hasten the great work toward an early completion, to hold on to the lands whose future value will mount to the stars are excellent and should be heeded; while the possibility of utilizing drainage canals to the Atlantic and gulf, with Lake Okeechobee a great central reservoir and waterway, as a means of water transportation across the peninsula, although not new, still arouses the imagination and leads the mind to dwell upon future possibilities of vast and beneficent magnitude.

Why Pensacolans Are Always on the Jump.

In an editorial headed "Frogs for Pensacola," the Orlando Reporter-Star pays a compliment to that city in the following language:

The frog industry is on the increase. The Macon News tells of the importation from Germany of five hundred weather frogs, guaranteed to foretell changes in the weather and the Tampa Times contains a lengthy article telling of a contemplated bull-frog farm in Santa Rosa county, Florida. Florida does not need weather frogs because there is always just the right sort of weather and it would take a mighty likely German frog to fortell a rainfall out of a sunshiny sky, anyhow. But according to the Times' articles, Pensacola does need bull-frogs, as in that city the hindermost jumpers of the bull-frog are very essential to a square meal. We understand now, why Pensacola is always on the jump. The bull-frog explains it.

Let us tender thanks to the Reporter-Star for this double compliment: to Pensacola's gustatory discrimination and to its progressive spirit. And it may be, as our contemporary remarks, that there is some mysterious connection between the average Pensacolan's affection for frogs' legs and his irrepressible tendency to jump.

It is a well known fact that different foods produce peculiar results when given to animals. Raw beef fed to a bull-dog, for instance, will awaken his savage nature. It is hard to tell what would happen to a tortoise shell cat if you fed her on gopher. She would probably change her mode of living and seek a hole in the ground.

Well, jumping is a good thing and the consumption of frogs' legs as a means toward that end is a most delectable performance. So it would not be a bad plan for brethren farther down in the state to acquire a taste for this food of highly civilized man and by consuming it freely gain the commendable activity that characterizes the citizens of Pensacola.

Verily, we ought now to be convinced; Ex-Governor Douglass, the mighty man of shoes, has come out in a pamphlet to demonstrate the righteousness of free hides. Go to the Yank, thou sluggard, consider his ways, etc., etc. That is the way Solomon would put it were he living in this day and generation.

Senator Bailey, of Texas, does not seem fond of that word "honor." It does set one a-thinking, but it should not lead up to fisticuffs with newspaper reporters and loss of senatorial dignity. Fact is, a modest tolerance would best become Bailey when all things are taken into consideration.

Special, Saturday Only—Decorated German China Cups and Saucers, 10c. Pensacola Crockery Company.

BRYAN'S TRIBUTE TO MOTHERHOOD.

Tampa Tribune.

Apropos of the recent observance of Mother's Day we recall an eloquent tribute which was delivered by William J. Bryan at Fredericksburg, Va., during the famous campaign of 1896 to the mother of Washington. Said the noted orator:

"Fredericksburg is not a large city and yet it is rich in incidents of great historic value. Here the women of America have reared a monument to Mary, the mother of Washington. I am glad to stand on this spot; I am glad to feel the influence which surround her grave. In a campaign, especially in a campaign like this, there is much of bitterness, and sometimes of abuse, spoken against the candidates for public office, but my friends, there is one character, the mother—a candidate for the affections of all mankind—against whom no true man ever uttered a word of abuse. There is one name, mother, which is never found upon the tongue of the slanderer—in her presence all criticism is silenced. The painter has, with his brush, transferred the landscape to the canvas with such fidelity that the trees and grasses seem almost real; he has even made the face of a maiden seem instinct with life, but there is one picture so beautiful that no painter has ever been able to perfectly reproduce it, and that is the picture of the mother holding in her arms her babe. Within the shadow of this monument, reared to the memory of each one of us, I bow in humble reverence to motherhood."

A Timely Touch.

Patron—You get a good many tips, don't you?

Waiter—Oh, yes; most everybody gives me something.

Patron—Then, perhaps, you could loan me five?

Read The Journal's Want Columns this morning.

UNHAPPY FATE OF THE GUILELESS CONSUMER.

Memphis Commercial-Appeal.

The consumer may be regarded as the innocent bystander in our political system. Whoever is shot at by our stern old Roman statesmen, he gets hit.

During political campaigns we hear a good deal about the consumer. Spokesmen of both parties tell us that the time has come to take some thought for the consumer. There are two great classes in this, as in every other country, the producers and the consumers. The former certainly can't get along without the latter. Naturally the consumers are in the majority. In fact everybory is a consumer, but everybody is not a producer.

Thus during political campaigns the consumer is flattered and caressed and made to believe that he is actually alive. So he gets him a flag or a torch and marches along the muddy street, often contracting a case of grip in the interest of the party that is going to give him his rights. At last he feels that he is to be protected against the felonious and tryannical trust.

The election is over and the consumer has enlargement of the chest. The robber tariff that has taken from his hard-earned dollars and handed them over to the trusts and industrial concerns is to be reformed and amputated. An indignant and outraged people have finally brought the politicians to their senses. On bended knee the demagogue is saying his prayers to the triumphant consumer. Justice has triumphed. The Square Deal is a fact.

Well, congress meets, and the ways and means committee organizes and prepares for a reform of the tariff. The consumer wears the smile that won't come off. But it is observable that there is a steady stream of delegations calling on the committee. The champions of zinc, the friends of the cow and the egg, the little brothers of petroleum, the benevolent order of steel manufacturers, the makers of stockings, the evangels of wood all are cordially invited into the committee room and permitted to have whatever they ask for.

The poor old consumer is not invited to these soirees. Whenever he imagines that he is a wedding guest there is an Ancient Mariner just inside the committee room door to hold him with his glittering eye.

As a matter of fact, the consumer has served his purpose in the economy of politics, and he is now a dead one. Instead of securing relief from the big industrial combinations, he is politely informed by one congressman that the trust is a ghost; and he is told to his face by another congressman that he is a myth, and that he only imagines himself alive.

The consumer is one of the most perplexing conundrums in nature. He always wins the marble heart and is handed the lemon. A seeker after pie he is invariably fed on wind pudding. He is always a member in good standing of the party of the Extreme Left. He may nurse a sore toe for a while, but he will almost invariably rally to the fellow who gave him the sore toe. In spite of what has happened to him, he remains a sucker to the end of his days, believing everything that everybody tells him, voting against his own interests under the impression that he is feathering his nest, a perpetual doormat for the large flat heel of the politician, and an easy mark for every fraud and crook. Whenever the government has things to give away, it never sends an underling out to flag the consumer; but whenever it wishes to make a present to one of the infant centenarian industries, it is the consumer's golden opportunity to get thrown down and have what he owns taken away from him.

But he never knows what has hit him or who threw that brick.

NEWS AND VIEWS BY STATE PRESS

A "Luxurious" Trip.

Offenders of the laws of Pensacola will hereafter be transported to "headquarters" in a more luxurious manner, a rubber-tired patrol wagon having been placed in commission.—Gainesville Sun.

Guess it Will.

The Pensacola Journal, always to the forefront in good movements, has inaugurated a fight against the germ-spreading fly, and the state press is taking it up with vigor. Let the good work go on.—Bradentown Journal.

The Only Way.

The Pensacola Journal in commenting upon the legislature's stand against reapportionment, says the only way in which to legalize the formation of new counties is to make provision for a constitutional convention.—Gainesville Sun.

Let Us Rejoice.

Let us rejoice that the red band cigars and legislative booze have completely lost out in Tallahassee, and that a few rotten politicians can't have their way as they once did during the law-making seasons. Hurrah for the cornfield boys.—Marianna Times-Courier.

Dr. Niles in DeFuniak.

Dr. Niles, of Pensacola, held services in the Episcopal church Monday, the 10th, morning and evening. He is on his way to Jacksonville to attend the convention and from there expects to pay a visit to Europe.—DeFuniak Herald.

Unjust Discrimination.

Why should the gopher for West Florida be extended protection that is denied to his brother elsewhere in the state? Is it because greater demand is made for him to supply the need of fractional currency in Pensacola now as of yore? Why should our legislature multiply crimes without moral influence? Thus it is a misdemeanor to take a gopher in West Florida during the summer, while it is strictly moral to do the same thing across the line! It is immoral to take a drink in some counties, and not so bad in another, irrespective of the quality of the fluid imbibed! So many acts are now declared unlawful or wicked that were innocent in the times of the dadies that the children may be excused for the growth of wickedness as defined by the law—suppose all had been criminals who brought gophers into Pensacola in the old days? N. B.—The gopher here taken under protection is a tortoise and not a rat.—Jacksonville Times-Union.

Likes "The Review."

We have this week received No. 3 of the new paper, the Review, recently started in Pensacola under the management of Mr. Ben H. Thomas. It is all that we had expected of a paper run by Mr. Thomas—live, progressive, hustling and filled to the muzzle with pertinent news matter, written in that forceful, easy style for which Mr. Thomas has long been noted. May the Review live long and prosper.—DeFuniak Herald.

Only Wish We Could.

Jacksonville, Tampa and Pensacola and several other cities are after new charters or amendments to what they have. Strange they do not manage their own local affairs? According to the reasoning on some other matters, those cities ought not to even petition the legislature. The boys there know that the people of the sovereign state of Florida, through the legislature, grant, create or amend all charters of cities, towns or corporations.—Arcadia Champion.

A Good Cause.

"The Pensacola Journal, which is leading the press of the state in the fight against the filthy, germ-bearing, deathdealing, typhoid-distributing fly, deserves well of every man, woman and child in Florida, for it never fought in a better cause," says the Courier-Informant. "Here is one of its latest hits from the shoulder:

"Sing a song of bacilli, kitchen full of flies,
Four and twenty thousand lit upon the pies.
When the pies were eaten, germs got busy, very—
Isn't this a jolly way to fill the cemetery?"

—Bronson Times-Democrat.

The Flies of Bartow.

"Wilt thou walk into my house?" said Pensacola to the fly,
"'Tis the prettiest little mansion that ever thou didst spy.
The way into my house, sir, is straight as straight can be,
And thou'lt not find a single thing to interfere with thee."

(Chorus)

"Wilt thou, wilt thou, wilt thou, wilt thou
Walk in, Mister Fly?
Wilt thou, wilt thou, wilt thou, wilt thou
Walk in, Mister Fly?"

And how could Mr. Fly resist such a pressing invitation? He went in and carried along with him several hundred billion typhoid, consumption, dysentery and other germs. Many of these, however, had an unhappy effect upon the inhabitants of the mansion and St. Michael's, St. John's and other cemeteries are making arrangements to enlarge their boundaries.—Pensacola Journal. Just read Oak Hill and Wildwood for St. Michael's and St. John's, in the foregoing extract and apply it to Bartow.—Bartow Courier-Informant.

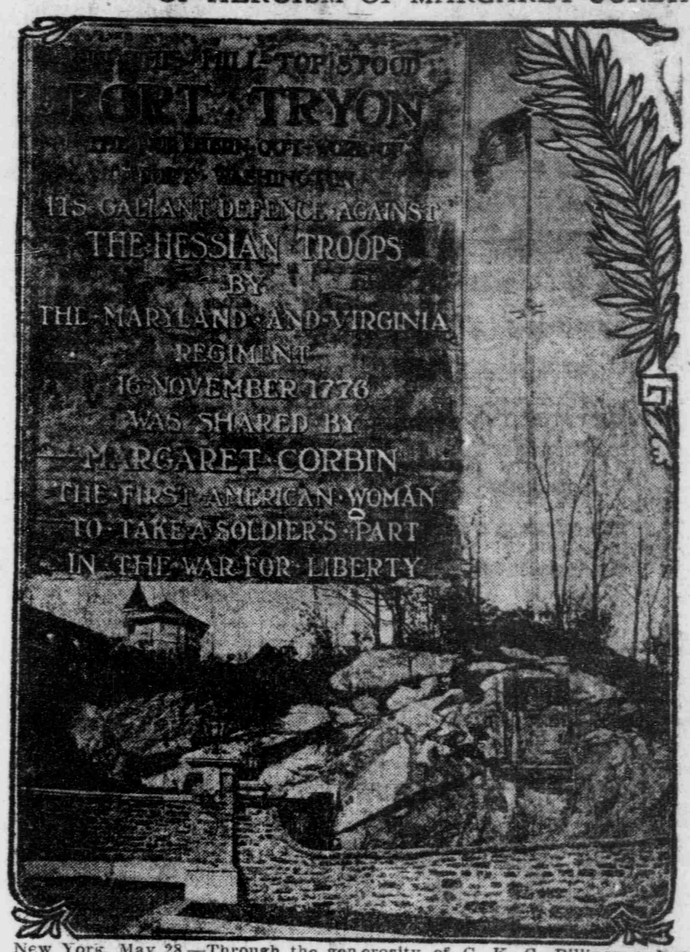
Bring It Up To Date.

Some of our best men note with alarm the indifference paid to voting upon constitutional amendments and with Governor Gilchrist are seeking some way to remedy the evil, for such it verily is. The necessities of the state in the way of future advancement in many ways, demand that the constitution be brought up to date. The attempt to evade its requirements has already jeopardized the acts of two sessions of the legislature, thus creating a condition that may prove of incalculable damage to the state. Probably the sanest way out of the muddle, or possibly crime, is to hold a constitutional convention. This would require time, and if it is to be done, should receive attention at this session of the legislature.—Panama City Pilot.

FAIRBANKS' FRIEND NAMED BY TAFT AS AMBASSADOR

The appointment of George H. Moses, editor of the Concord (N. H.) Evening Monitor, to be minister to Greece is taken as a strong indication of President Taft's attitude toward the "allies" who opposed his nomination in the Chicago convention. Mr. Moses was a delegate to the convention and, with Senator Gallinger, voted to the last for Vice President Fairbanks. Of all the "allies" none was more active than Senator Gallinger, and up to the opening of the convention the Evening Monitor was equally ardent as a Fairbanks organ.

TABLET ERECTED IN MEMORY OF HEROISM OF MARGARET CORBIN



New York, May 28.—Through the generosity of C. K. G. Billings a large bronze tablet is being placed on the site of old Fort Tryon under the auspices of the American Scenic and Historic Preservation society as a fitting permanent memorial of the Hudson-Fulton celebration. It will be unveiled during the celebration next fall as a part of the official program. The tablet is eleven feet three inches in height and seven feet three inches wide. It is mounted on dark black highly polished granite and bolted permanently to the living rock on the exact site which is a prominent landmark on Mr. Billings's property. It bears this inscription: "On this hilltop stood Fort Tryon, the northern outwork of Fort Washington. Its gallant defense against the Hessian troops by the Maryland and Virginia regiment Nov. 16, 1776, was shared by Margaret Corbin, the first American woman to take a soldier's part in the war for liberty." Fort Tryon was one of the outer works of Fort Washington, situated about six-tenths of a mile north of Fort Washington on what is now the west side of Fort Washington avenue between the lines of One Hundred and Ninety-fifth street and One Hundred and Ninety-eighth street. It stood on the summit of the hill overlooking the Hudson River.

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Does not Color the Hair

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Ice Boxes and Refrigerators.....$6.00 to $37.50

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Two Too Valuable.

The late Henry Miller, who was guide, philosopher, and friend to man booklovers within a thousand miles of New York, was a most successful salesman. One day, according to Harper's Weekly, he called on Collis P. Huntington and showed him a rare copy of ——.

"There are two volumes of this," said Mr. Miller. "The other volume is in perfect order, as you see this one is. You cannot possibly let them escape you, for you know you have nothing like this in your library."

"What is the price?" asked the railroad king.

"Seven hundred dollars," said the bookman.

"Those are too valuable volumes for my library," Mr. Huntington exclaimed.

Mr. Miller went back to his place, and sent the books to Mr. Huntington's house with a bill for seven hundred dollars. Next day the railroad king sent for him.

"Why did you send me those books?" he demanded, sharply.

"Because you bought them," was the bookman's calm reply.

"I certainly did not," cried the millionaire.

"Oh, yes, you did," answered Mr. Miller. "You'll remember perfectly well when I tell you what you said. You told me distinctly, 'Those are two valuable volumes for my library.'"

The Politician.

"Don't you know that no one listens to or reads your speeches?"

"Yes," answered Senator Sorghum; "in that way I avoid making enemies."—Washington Star.

Read The Journal's Want and learn what is going on.

WOMEN

Because of their inborn sense of things beautiful are greatly interested in the graceful lines and curves of the $3 and $3.50 Oxfords and Ankle Strap Street Pumps—all leathers.

Our $4 Men's Summer Oxfords are winning a high place in the estimation of men who want comfort and style combined.

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