



Spring Suits. Cool suits for warm weather. Two-piece half-lined suits of fabrics that are light in weight and color—cool-looking and cool-feeling—and styled loose for freedom and comfort, but without any sacrifice of shape or smartness.

Ideal suits, these—worsted, cashmeres, chevots and "Priestly" Cravenetted Mohairs, in gray, blue and black. \$15 to \$25.

Have you an extra pair of striped trousers that go well with your suit coat and vest? If not, we can send you a pair to give your suit trousers a chance to meet their pressing needs.

Separate trousers, \$3.50 to \$10. Showers don't make russet shoes look shabby. No blacking to come off. No wonder russets are popular with carefully dressed men for wear on showery days.

Russet Oxfords, \$3.50 to \$6.

The John White Store "The Store With the Reputation." 205-7 S. Palafox St.

THE ATHLETIC CONTESTS END COLEMAN AND E. BARROW TIE FOR FIRST PLACE IN VERY INTERESTING SERIES AT THE Y. M. C. A.

The last of the series of three athletic contests was held at the Y. M. C. A. gymnasium Wednesday night, the finals consisting of five separate events, namely, still dip, standing broad jump, standing high jump, hop, skip and jump, and a sack race.

There were four places to each event, the first place counting 5 points, second place, 3 points; third place, 2 points; and fourth place, 1 point. The winners of the prizes were as follows: Bertram Coleman and Elliott Barrow, each 33 points; Dudley C. Barrow, 25 1/2 points; third place, Guy Williams, 24 points; fourth place, Julian Olsen, 13 points.

It is intended to make this contest a yearly event, and to have the next on a larger scale, necessarily making it more interesting for contestants and spectators alike.

Prizes are to be given the winners of the last contest, but as to the form they are to be in, is a point that has not been decided.

AMBASSADOR BRYCE TALKS. Kansas City, April 30.—James Bryce, Great Britain's ambassador to the United States, addressed the Knute and Fork Club here tonight and gave his belief that no system of making nominations will succeed, unless the citizens are interested in seeing that their will prevails.

STATUE IS ACCEPTED. Washington, April 30.—Congress today accepted the statue of Francis H. Pierpont, of West Virginia. Eulogies were paid in the house and senate. The house passed many private claims bills.

A Breakfast Joy—Sweet, Crisp, Golden-Brown Post Toasties Ready to serve from the package with cream—no cooking necessary. "The Memory Lingers." Pkgs 10c. and 15c. POSTUM CEREAL CO., Ltd., Battle Creek, Mich.

WITH THE MAY MAGAZINES

The saddest words of tongue or pen are these: "The editor regrets, etc." Who steals my books steals trash. Ask the critic. All is not well that ends well—but some editors insist on happy endings. A check deferred maketh the poet sick. Train up a heroine in the way she should go, and when the rattling, swinging climax comes, she will not lose her pretty, red-gold head.

There is no new thing between the cover in eighteen colors by Palettes-lapper, and the full page ad of the Cold Kettle Flour Corporation on the back of the magazine.

A living space writer is better than a dead producer of classics. Sonnet upon sonnet, rondeau upon

rondeau; here an acceptance—there is a rejection. Man shall not live by his literary work alone.

Consider the headlines in the Table of Contents, how they get a dollar word; they toll not in sluggish, rambling phrases, neither do they spin a twenty-word idea into six thousand words of heavy prose.

Rejections are odious. It is a wise poet that knows his own weak feet. A plot, a plot! My kingdom for a plot!—Stuart B. Stone, in May Smart Set.

Why it Shrieked. "Did you hear the shriek that engine gave as it flew by?" asked the first man, as they approached a railroad crossing.

"Yes, what caused it?" rejoined his companion. "I presume the engineer had it by the throttle."—May Smart Set.

"Somebody Wrote to His Congressman." We shall probably never have a real Democracy until we find a way to simplify our government and fix responsibility clearly. Even then it will probably not be effective without some substantial devices of the nature of the initiative, the referendum and the recall.

But until we shall have better devices for insuring that the people shall rule, we have something. We have the postal service. We can send letters, tens of thousands of them—letters of commendations, of criticism and of friendly counsel. The "interests" keep the wires and mails busy. So should we. Not one citizen among us is too humble. These messages would go a long way toward counteracting the influence of those letters and telegrams from the interests.

Good friends, in this idea lies a direct application of the democratic principle. We can make ourselves felt, as thinking, voting democratic units; and if there are enough of us we can even make our representatives represent us.

Perhaps "the end of Cannonism," slight as the actual victory is, marks not only the destruction of the old but the beginning of the new. Is it too much to hope?—From "Success Magazine."

How Do You Take Your Defeat? The way a man takes his defeat is a pretty good test of his caliber. The strong man uses his failures for stepping-stones instead of stumbling-blocks.

I know a very successful young man who has made it a rule of his life to use every misfortune that comes to him as a point of departure for something better. He has had losses and misfortunes which would have crushed most men, but they only stiffen his resolution, nerve him up for a new start. They only make him more determined to conquer the next time.—From "Success Magazine."

The Wedding of "Miss Chrysanthemum." When the wedding day arrives the bride, with the help of her mother and the maids, prepares herself for the ceremony with infinite care. Her pretty little face is smoothed with rice bran and whitened with powder; her lips are painted red, and the arrangement of her hair is a triumph of the Japanese coiffeur's art.

The wedding dress, according to immemorial usage, must be of pure white silk, and the unwritten etiquette of the country even prescribes the dimensions of the costume. The sleeve of an ordinary kimono is sixteen inches long; the wedding garment has the sleeve thirty-seven inches long. The obi, or sash, is a formidable affair, eleven feet long and eight inches wide. The curious affair on the bride's back, almost like a soldier's knapsack, is part of the obi.

The wedding ceremony does not take place at the church, but always at the house of the bridegroom's parents and generally in the evening, never the morning.

Early in the evening the bride leaves her own home, being carried in a common kago by two coolies if poor. Sedan-chair, if her father is well to do. Her departure from her childhood's home is made the occasion for a display of the symbolism for which the Japanese are famous. As she leaves she is carried past a tiny fire which has been kindled at the door. In this is burned her dolls and playthings, to indicate that she is passing from girlhood to womanhood.

"Well, it's about bedtime," said one pale city man. "And a mighty cold night, too. This is the kind of night I don't like to see who have to sleep outside."

"Pity me, then," said Markham. "Why so?" said the man curiously. "You don't have to sleep out, do you, Mr. Markham?"

"No; I don't have to," was the poet's quiet reply. "But I do." Then he explained that during his annual six months' stay up at the lake he always slept out on the open veranda of his cottage, no matter what the weather.

"Quite a good many do that nowadays, you know," said Markham. "It seems that people are just beginning to discover that they have lungs and that their lungs have to be fed as well as their stomachs."

No one who has thoroughly enjoyed his bed in the open, night after night and summer and winter, ever willingly relinquishes it and is generally eager to get back to it. And here are some of the reasons:

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SAY: Did You Notice

That Pretty Line of Slippers in That Window we Just Passed?

There were some of the daintiest styles I have seen this season. There seem to be such a wonderful variety too.

I simply must have a pair of those cravanette ankle strap pumps. They are the handsomest I have seen.

By the way; whose window was that. 'Let's see: Oh yes; the "Everything to Wear Store." "They usually show the most Up-To-Date line in the city.

Why of course--

Watson, Parker & Reese Co.

"EVERYTHING TO WEAR"

SERVED WITH A NOTICE TO MOVE HOUSE

CITY ATTORNEY HAS TAKEN STEPS TO ENFORCE CITY'S RIGHTS IN MATTER OF LONG-STANDING LITIGATION.

City Attorney John B. Jones has served notice upon the owner and occupant of a house occupying a portion of Palafox street, at the corner of the Palafox street, to move the obstruction of the street within ten days, and unless the notice is observed and complied with, the city has gone so far now that ejectment proceedings will probably be the next step on the part of the city's counsel. It is proposed to settle this matter for good at this time, the question having been raised for many years and is still unsettled.

When a sidewalk was constructed there two weeks ago the building, or a portion of it, was rendered practically useless on account of supports being drawn from the shed in front. The danger was noted by the building inspector and he at once issued an order condemning the building, which meant that it should, if the law was complied with, be demolished. The owner did it was amenable to the city, however, for despite the fact that a repair permit was refused, the shed was strongly braced up and general repairs made to render the building safe. Just who made such repairs is unknown to the city authorities, but whoever did it was amenable to the building laws for doing the work in the absence of a permit.

Nothing else in the way of enforcing the city's rights in the matter will be done until the expiration of the removal notice, or ten days from date. Then another step will be taken on the part of the city, which may prove interesting.

THE WEATHER IN PENSACOLA

Furnished by the local office, United States weather bureau, for The Pensacola Journal of May 1, 1910.

Temperature. Maximum temperature yesterday 74 degrees at 1:50 p. m. Minimum temperature yesterday 64 degrees at 6 a. m.

Mean temperature yesterday 69 degrees. Normal temperature yesterday 71 degrees.

Departure from the normal yesterday 2 degrees. Average minimum temperature for this date 78 degrees.

Average minimum temperature for this date 66 degrees. Accumulated deficiency of daily mean temperature since first of month 55 degrees.

Accumulated excess of daily mean temperature from January 1st to the first of present month 38 degrees.

Rainfall. Total rainfall from 7 a. m. to 7 p. m., 0 inches.

Total rainfall since first of month 1.03 inches.

Normal rainfall for this month 3.16 inches.

Total deficiency of rainfall from January 1st to first of month 4.44 inches.

FUNERAL OF THOS. PEBLEY

BODY WILL REACH HERE MONDAY MORNING AND IN THE AFTERNOON THE FUNERAL SERVICES WILL BE CONDUCTED.

Arrangements are that the body of the late Thomas Pebley will reach the city at 6 a. m. Monday, in which event the funeral will occur at 4 o'clock Monday afternoon. If train connections are made regular, the body will arrive here on train No. 3 tomorrow morning, and from the train it will be conveyed to the home of W. G. Barrow, at No. 110 West Chase street.

The body will remain there until Monday afternoon at 4 o'clock, when it will be taken to St. John's cemetery for interment after services have been conducted by Rev. C. W. Gavin of the First Methodist church. Deceased held membership in that church.

In this race for treasurer there are five good men to vote for, one you must vote against four. But you can vote for me and please everybody.

Yours very truly, Frank B. Radcliffe.

Candidate for Chairman County Executive Committee.

Victor Pitt-Kethley in the May Wide World Magazine.

Distance. A hundred miles between us Could never get us more Than that one step you took from me What time my need was sore.

A hundred years between us Might hold us less apart Than that one dragging moment Wherein I knew your heart.

Now what farewell is needed To all I held most dear, So far and far you are from me —Theodosia Garrison, in May Atlantic's.

Time He Went Home. No more popular figure existed in the old Theatre Royal, Dublin, than Levy, the conductor. He was the father of some very celebrated musicians—one of them was Levy, the cornet player, who made such a sensation with his cornet and his diamond rings at the Promenade Concerts at Covent Garden, under Riviere's direction, twenty-five years ago. Old Levy had a very large family ("Paganini redivivus" was another of his famous sons), and a story is told that when conducting the overture to an opera in the Theatre Royal, a boy jumped up from under the stage and said:

"Misther Levy! Misther Levy! Your wolve has just had a baby!" The Lord be praised for all his mercies!—The conductor, keeping the baton going.

In a few seconds the boy again appeared. "Misther Levy! Misther Levy!" "Well, boy, is anything wrong?" "Misther Levy has had another baby, sor!" "Thank Heaven! All's well!" And the baton waved with greater vigor, working up the orchestra to a tremendous flourish. Once more he was disturbed by the same messenger. "Misther Levy! Misther Levy!" "Git out, boy! What's the matter now?" "Begorrah, there's another. As y' call 'em, trins!" The conductor rose and, putting down his baton, said: "Gintlemen, it's time I wint home and put a stop to this!"—Harry Furniss in the My Strand.

About Alaska. Benj. B. Hampton, editor of Hampton's Magazine, publishes in the May number a series of periodicals, a second article on Alaska, following up one in April. This is called "Shall Alaska Become a Morganheim Barony?" In it Mr. Hampton details the resources in gold, copper and coal and shows the exact status of the railroad situation in Alaska today. He proves that the Guggenheims and J. Pierpont Morgan will have an absolute monopoly of the country unless the government steps in. His plea—which is meeting with high favor throughout the country and in Washington—is for the government to own the railways and give every man a chance, leasing the mines upon a royalty basis. Says Mr. Hampton: "The United States government must build and operate the railroads in Alaska."

The government must lease the mineral lands on a fair royalty basis. "Keep in front of you always the fact that plans are under way (as demonstrated in our April article) to use the credit of the government in building the Morganheim Alaska railroad. Unless the plan we suggest, that is government ownership and operation of Alaskan railroads, is adopted, you will probably learn within a few years that the government has financed the Morganheim roads, but that the Morganheims own and operate them."

The Only Way to Sleep. One chilly evening up at Lake Hopatcong, in the New Jersey highlands, a number of people were loitering about in the hotel sitting room before a big blazing log fire. Edwin Markham, author of "The Man with the Hoe," was there, talking poetry with some literary-minded newcomers.

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"No; I don't have to," was the poet's quiet reply. "But I do." Then he explained that during his annual six months' stay up at the lake he always slept out on the open veranda of his cottage, no matter what the weather.

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so good for bronchitis as to sleep out on a nice, big, wet glacier." He went to the glacier country and camped out just as he had promised himself, and within a week his bronchitis was gone.—From "How to Sleep Outdoors," in May Technical World Magazine.

A Happy Father is soon turned to a sad one if he has to walk the floor every night with a crying baby. McGhee's Baby Elixir will make the child well—soothe its nerves, induce healthy, normal slumber. Best for disordered bowels and sour stomach—all teething babies need it. Pleasant to take, sure, and safe, contains no harmful drugs. Price 25 and 50 cents per bottle. All druggists.

Charles A. Dexter, the "Dexland" booster, is authority for the statement that no good corn has been in our local market for months, except a little raised locally, and pertinently asks "Where's Florida's Inspector?" The statement of Mr. Dexter has been supported or corroborated in some quarters, and right now, when it has just dawned upon the south that even the late cotton planting is subject to winter's blights, thus bringing forth another danger to the staple, the idea of planting corn for local consumption and shipment is gaining ground. A statement in The Constitution of Atlanta bears food for thought. This appears

ed in the Constitution of Friday last: "Corn is Condemned. "Since the order went out against the shipment of damaged corn into Georgia, some \$20,000 worth of western corn has been condemned and sale forbidden in this state by Pure Food Inspector P. A. Methvin. "President John Lee, of the Georgia Farmers' Union, makes this startling fact a text for a little heart-to-heart talk to Georgia's farmers. "The people of Georgia are now compelled to pay 2 cents a bushel extra for corn that is guaranteed to pass inspection," said President Lee. "This is a direct tax upon the people of the state for protection from the bad corn and other cereals which are sent to us from the west. "It is a protection that we need and ought to have, but there is in it a lesson which every Georgia farmer should take to himself. "The moral of it is PLANT CORN. Plant cereals and food products. "We can raise the pure article right here at home—an article that needs no inspection. "And the Georgia farmer can get more money out of it than he gets from cotton. "Much of the cotton crop has been destroyed by the cold. In replanting the farmers of this state can do no better than to replace the lost cotton with corn. "They should follow this policy, and do it at once, for it will abundantly pay."

She Loved Him, But—"Don't you like Mr. O'Posley, my daughter?" asked the mother of the pale blonde. "Yes, indeed, I do, mamma," the girl confessed, "and not only do I like him, but I love him. But I can never accept him for my husband—he is too stubborn." "What do you mean by that, dear?" coaxed the mother. "The pale blonde burst into tears, "I mean, mamma," she sobbed, "that he is so stubborn that I can't make him propose."

Something to boast of. First Artist—"The artists of past centuries could beat us to a frazzle painting pictures." Second Artist—"Yes, that's right—but look at our frames!"

Read The Journal's Want Ads and get wise.

CHARLES DEXTER, THE DEXLAND BOOSTER, SAYS BAD CEREAL EXISTS IN LOCAL TRADE CHANNELS.

About a score of lusty school boys from the fifth and sixth grades of school No. 1, and the "Junior Gyms," as they style themselves in a bunch, had a day of it yesterday, enjoying a long walk, or "hike," as they call it, footing it from the Y. M. C. A. building in the city to Bayou Chico, leaving here through West Government street at 9 o'clock and going direct to the boat house on the bayou named. Once reaching the boat house, shifts were occupied and a delightful row to the head of the bayou was taken. Disembarking there, dinner and hot chocolate were served on the beach and shortly afterward a return was made to the boat house, where bathing suits were donned and a swim in the bayou's placid waters was enjoyed by the whole bunch. Returning to the city, they walked along

SCORE OF LUSTY YOUNGSTERS MADE TRIP TO BOAT HOUSE ON BAYOU, ENJOYED ROW ON WATER AND DINNER ON BEACH.

THE TONIC PAR EXCELLENCE Quina-Laroche FOR FAILING STRENGTH

Highly recommended during convalescence from All Fevers, La Grippe, Etc. Invigorating to the Aged, giving new energy to the debilitated. Beneficial in cases of Stomachal Diseases, Anemia, Chlorosis and the consequences of Child-birth. Sold by all Druggists. Agents: E. FOUGERA & CO., New York

ALGRETT'S CANDY. We have just received by EXPRESS a shipment of this famous candy, which we keep in our patent refrigerator, thus insuring fresh candy at all times. Have you tried our Ice Cream? If not, order to-day for dinner. We make a specialty of the family trade. CHIVERS & WOLFE, Palafox and Romana Streets. Phone 1037.

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