The Pensacola Journal

DAILY WEEKLY SUNDAY

Journal Publishing Company

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Published from 1899 to 1915 Under the Editorship and Management of Col. Frank L. Mayes.

MEMBER ASSOCIATED PRESS
Audit Bureau of Circulation.
American Newspaper Publishers' Association.
Florida Press Association.
Southern Newspaper Publishers' Association.

TO ADVERTISERS

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SUBSCRIPTION RATES

One Week, Daily and Sunday	$ .20
One Month, Daily and Sunday	.85
Three Months, Daily and Sunday	2.50
One Year, Daily and Sunday (in advance)	7.50
Sunday Only, One Year	1.50
The Weekly Journal, One Year	1.50

All subscriptions are payable in advance.

The Associated Press is exclusively entitled to the use for republication of all news credited to it or not otherwise credited in this paper and also to the local news published.

Entered as second class matter at the postoffice in Pensacola, Fla., under Act of Congress, March 3, 1879.

Advertising Rates Furnished on Application.
JOURNAL PUBLISHING COMPANY,
Pensacola, Florida.

Washington Bureau: Geo. H. Manning, Manager, Washington, D. C.
Represented in the General Advertising Field by
CONE, HUNTON & WOODMAN, Inc.
New York, Chicago, Detroit, Kansas City, Atlanta.

Office: Journal Building, Corner Intendencia and DeLuna.

TELEPHONES: Business, 1500 — Advertising, 48 — Editorial Rooms, 38

Standard Oil of Nebraska declares 200 per cent stock dividend. Times are hard.

—o—

Mexico appoints an envoy to Russia. They'll have fine times discussing styles in revolutions.

—o—

Hat checker says he wouldn't mind prohibition if it hadn't taken all the quarters out of circulation.

—o—

The sun never sets on the British empire's troubles.

—o—

Burlesque actors say they are playing to small audiences. There's a barometer of business conditions that beats financial experts.

—o—

Dean Mary Potter of Northwestern, has learned what most men long knew —"U. S. A. Girls are O. K."

—o—

Railroads have not a monopoly on "inability to show a profit."

—o—

An empty stomach will knock the backbone out of most any man.

—o—

Labor, it appears, is far ahead of H. C. L. in the downhill price derby.

—o—

Hatred is love at low tide. The joy of life is in the living. Don't cringe—that's cowardly. The "fast life" always kills. Don't fawn—that's despisable.

—o—

One's final judge is one's self. If you can't be a sun be a star. If you've got a "thinker" work it. The fit survive—the unfit perish. Haste often trips on its own heels.

—o—

Just as long as society makes it to our interest to pretend to be what we are not, just that long will we court an hypocrisy in the midst of that self-same society that kills.

—o—

A great many folks around sanitariums are like damaged books come to be rebound. And sometimes in the rebinding one can catch some very tantalizing glimpses of the plot.

—o—

A modern wag says that a good way to remove paint is to kiss it off. And if it were at all permissible, lots of the dear things would never be kissed again and painters' colic would be rampant.

—o—

A far-off spirit—now our idol—once said to us that love is the only earthly thing that the soul may bear beyond the sea of time; that love alone survives each severed bond.

—o—

Content yourself with the common course of things. You will be no exception to the rule. Somebody will sing your virtues when you are a long time dead.

COUNTING THE SHEEP
By Helen F. Carroll, in the Miami Metropolis.

Sometimes when I wake at night I cry
out for my mother,
And then she kneels beside my bed
and takes hold of my hand,
And kisses me and cuddles me, 'sif I
was Little Brother—
And then before I know it I am back
in Slumber Land.

This is how it happens: She says,
"Close your eyes now, Bobbie,
We'll play that it is summer, and
that you and I again
Are standing by the stone wall down in
Grandpa's apple orchard,
And watching all the pretty sheep as
they come down the lane.

"When they reach the broken stone
wall, I am sure they will jump
over;
Then you and I will count and see
how many, just for fun."
So I shut my eyes still tighter and I
see a big black fellow
A-making for that stone wall, and I
shout out, "There goes one!'"

But Mother says, "Hush, Bobbie, you
must count them to yourself,
dear,
If you call so loud and clear, son, you
will frighten those mild sheep."
So I do as Mother tells me, but before
the sheep are over—
I don't know how it happens, but I'm
always fast asleep.

WIDESPREAD INTEREST IN STATE FORESTRY

State forestry is on the eve of a remarkable development if one can judge from the interest being manifested throughout the country in various phases of state forest legislation, says the American Forestry association of Washington. Most of the legislatures are now in session, and in practically all of the timbered states, forestry bills already have been or are expected to be introduced. Thus in the northeast Maine is considering the regulation of cutting on private lands through the establishment of auxiliary state forests. The New Hampshire legislature has before it bills providing for the leaving of seed trees on pine lands, for compulsory forest fire patrol, and for the disposal of slashings. Massachusetts is planning to continue its purchases of state forests and to acquire the picturesque Mohawk trail. Connecticut is proposing to modify the present system of forest taxation and to enlarge the state park commission into the state park and forest commission.

In the central states, Indiana is endeavoring to improve its present fire protective system and to encourage timber production through tax exemption. The American Forestry association points to the south, where Texas is considering the adoption of a comprehensive forest policy with particular emphasis on fire protection and reforestation, and the adoption of a severance tax similar to that already in force in Louisiana. In the far west, California has established a state nursery, is co-operating with timberland owners in slash disposal, is planning greatly increased expenditures for fire protection and a revision of its present system of forest taxation, and is looking forward to the establishment of state forests.

These are but samples of the widespread interest which the states generally are manifesting in the protection and perpetuation of their forest resources. It is to be hoped that the movement will bear fruit in the enactment of a considerable number of progressive and effective forestry measures.

BUYERS' STRIKE IS BLAMED.

Freight charges on coal now average $2.34 a ton, according to the National Coal association. In other words, it costs about as much to haul coal to market as it does to mine it.

With coal production running along now at about three-fifths the rate in 1920, a good many coal men are wondering if the brakes haven't been put on, to considerable extent, by high freight charges.

Other industries make the same complaint—that railroad rates are very near the prohibitive point.

Discussing which, Daniel Willard, president of the Baltimore Ohio railroad, says:

> I have personally asked many large manufacturers and shippers of goods what effect it would have upon their shipments at the present moment if freight charges were canceled altogether, and if the railroads would move the tonnage offered, free of charge. Invariably the answer has been that it would practically make no difference at all in the volume of business, because people were not buying at the present time.

This, however, does not answer the real question: Would people's buying be stimulated if prices were lowered through lower freight rates?

Some business men, even after months of business depression, are unable to figure out what caused the movement known as "the buyers' strike." Some attribute it to an inexplicable twist of mob psychology.

But the most plausible explanation is that combined prices reached the point where they exceeded the public's buying power, automatically compelling the public to curtail its purchases. The brakes once set, the whole machine stopped.

Until the sum total of prices is lowered to the point where it again is on a level with the public's buying power, there can be no business revival, and this is recognized by business men who have cut prices and written off their losses. Those who do not recognize this and act accordingly are boring holes in their own row-boats.

What happened in "the buyers' strike" also happened in railroad business, according to an idea spreading among some rail executives.

Passenger business is dead because rates are so high that people can't afford to travel. Is this also the predicament of freight traffic? Some railroad executives are beginning to think so. They are wondering if it wouldn't be more profitable to move a big traffic at lower rates than little traffic at high rates.

Just how rates should be reduced, is a separate question. The above ideas merely are offered as part of the general discussion of our greatest domestic problem—the railroads.

HUGE DEFICIT OF CANADIAN GOVERNMENT RAILWAYS

The Railway Age publishes in its current issue an article by J. L. Payne, formerly controller of statistics of the department of railways and canals of Canada, which shows that with the same advances in wages and rates in Canada as have been made in the United States, not a single one of the railways composing the system owned by the Canadian government earned its operating expenses last year, and that the government system has incurred a deficit per capita which, applied to the population of the United States, would be equivalent to over $1,800,000,000 a year.

"Mr. Payne's article," says the Railway Age, "discloses a situation which should be very interesting and extremely instructive to the people of the United States at the present time.

"Owing to the excessive operating expenses and the unprecedented decline of freight business, the railways of the United States have been doing very badly financially since the present freight and passenger rates were fixed. Many persons have persuaded themselves and are trying to persuade others that the only solution of the problem presented is to return our railways to government control.

"In Canada, 52 per cent of the railway mileage is owned and operated by the government, and the other 48 per cent, which is made up almost entirely of the mileage of the Canadian Pacific, is privately owned. The same advances in wages and increases of rates have been made in Canada as in the United States. The Canadian railways, fortunately, have not had applied to them the national agreements with the labor unions that are in effect in this country.

fect in this country. Under these conditions, as Mr. Payne shows, not a single railway of the system owned and operated by the Dominion government earned its operating expenses. Their expenses were from 109 cents to 410 cents for every dollar they earned. While the minister of railways has conceded that the government system had a deficit last year of over $70,000,000 Mr. Payne, who was formerly controller of statistics of the department of railways and canals shows that a proper allowance for interest on the total cost of the railways would make the deficit $140,000,000. This is $17.50 for every man, woman and child of the country's population. An equally large deficit per capita for the railways of the United States would be $1,837,500,000. It must be borne in mind, also, that this deficit was incurred by only half of the railways of Canada.

"All railways of Canada have been very adversely affected by the increase in operating costs, unaccompanied by advances in rates. The Canadian Pacific, however, under private operation, succeeded in keeping its expenses down to 85 cents for each dollar of earnings, and had net earnings of $33,000,000. The present management of the Canadian government lines is not responsible for the bad financial results. They are partly due to unfavorable conditions which are affecting all the railways of the United States and Canada, and partly to the extremely unwise policy which the Canadian government has followed for fifty years in building and operating state railways in disregard of sound business principles. Certainly, however, the comparative results of government and private operation in Canada suggest anything but the desirability of consideration of a return to government operation in the United States. What they do very forcibly suggest is the imperative need, in both countries, of government aid to the railways, whether under public or private management, in bringing about a reasonable relationship between operating costs on the one hand and earnings on the other hand."

PRESS COMMENT

Publicity As the Cure For Present-Day Evils—

Rev. John Roach Stratton of New York in a recent discussion of the divorce problem in this country, said: "Sickening as the details are, I am glad the newspapers are publishing them. Let those who are guilty of these infamies be brought to the bar of enlightened and righteous public opinion."

This is a viewpoint widely at variance with the viewpoints of many people, who seem to think that a newspaper should only print social items, announcements, births and deaths and the weather reports. Publicity in itself is not a cure; but it does present the facts to the public—the supreme body of judges. If the moral people do not know that immorality exists, where are they to preach morality?

Newspapers do not form the morals of a nation. It is not their business. True they can exert a moral influence, but their primary purpose is to print the news—and let the chips fall where they may. A man is entitled to know what is going on. If it is a scandal the details should be available to him, or if it is a business transaction of general interest it should be his privilege to know about it. He hasn't time to dig up the facts for himself. A newspaper does not create facts; it prints them, where all the world may read.

The Springfield Republican in this connection, says: "Publicity can at least be said to put the responsibility squarely up to society. If society shirks that responsibility and amiably condones the offenses of people of social prominence, nothing further can be done till a wave of reform clears the moral atmosphere. The actual conditions may not be so bad as Mr. Stratton depicted them or as an occasional sensation case aired in the courts and the newspapers would suggest. But it is admitted that the moral tone which prevails is far from ideal, and it is rather generally felt that laxity is increasing. If this is the case the cure is qnite certainly not to be found in the suppression of the facts; it may perhaps be found in publicity, but only if public opinion gives firm support to the cause of morality."

The great trouble with so-called reformers today is that they appear to think that a concealing of the facts is a removal of the rotten spots. It is not. Cures must begin from the decadency is held up for public inspection, the responsibility then rests upon the public. The newspapers have done their part when they present the facts—and the facts must be presented before reformation can begin. Considered as a whole and as an institution, there is no institution in America today that follows out its purpose more than the press. It is constantly attacked and yet when the occasion arises it is the recognized power in unearthing the things to be reformed. Publicity is the life or death of every business and practice; the people decide—the papers just print.—Jacksonville Metropolis.

Providing Funds For Schools—

The problem of furnishing the requisite amount of money to carry on the imperative work of the public shools is one that is not peculiar to any one locality, being general throughout the country. St. Louis, Mo., held an election last Friday to decide as to whether authority should be granted to levy a total tax of 85 cents on each $100. Sixty cents is the maximum tax the board of education in that city may now legally impose and of the additional 25 cents for which sanction was desired, 15 cents is for increasing the pay of teachers.

The situation which the voters of St. Louis were called upon to face is similar to that which confronts almost all the communities, little and big, of the United States. The public school question is no longer a local one; it cannot be now viewed from a purely local standpoint. Of course, in every community there are influences, even a nation-wide problem.

Teachers are coming and going. One community will attract a particularly successful teacher from another by offer of increased salary, and then the second community must either accept an inexperienced teacher or be satisfied with a less efficient one. In this manner all the schools of the country are brought more or less into contact and affect indirectly, if not directly, one another.

The new teacher-material which is now coming into the schools is scant in quantity and often lacking in quality, owing, mainly, to the insufficient remuneration which is paid them for their services. Much of the best teacher-material has left the schools and gone into business, while the new material which has come in is not, in the main, up to the standard.

To show how the people throughout the country realize the need of coming to the assistance of the schools, we will cite the instances of Atlanta, Ga., and Louisville, Ky. In Atlanta recently an election was held to vote bonds for school purposes, and by the largest majority ever given in that city in any election a bond issue of $4,000,000 was voted, one-fourth of the sum to be used this year by the board of education. One million is asked for by the school authorities of Louisville, Ky., all of which is to be used in making improvements in the schools of that city, and this sum is to be provided without contest. These things go to show that the state of Florida is not the only one with the problem to solve of raising the necessary funds to carry on efficiently its public schools.—Miami Herald.

A DAILY MESSAGE
BY DR. WILLIAM E. BARTON

IN THE SPIRIT OF SERVICE.

When the community hires a soldier, it says to him, "Your first duty is to give your very heart and life to the spirit of patriotic service, and your country will feed and clothe you, take care of you if you are sick and when you grow old, and bury you decently when you die; and you are to stand ready to face danger or death for the common good."

When the community trains a man to be a physician, it says:

"You are to be paid a fee for your service, but you are not to work for your fee; you are to be ready to go, whether by day or night; you are not to shrink from the personal danger of contagion, nor from the exposure incident to wind and storm; we hope your fees will yield you a living and perhaps something more, but you are first of all a servant of the community."

When the community trains a teacher or a minister, it tells him that he can never be rich, and must take upon him vows of poverty for the sake of a great ideal; but that he will probably be sure of daily bread and a small retiring fund.

By what rule of ethics or of sound economy is the farmer, or the miner, or the manufacturer or the merchant to assume that he has a right to think primarily of his own compensation, his own accumulating.

How can such a man look the soldier or the doctor or the teacher or the artist or the minister in the face, and say:

"I contribute by taxation or voluntary contribution to your support, but you and I are on a wholly different basis, and our lives are to be ordered by wholly different ideals?"

There is no such line of demarcation between the bricklayer and the school teacher, between the soldier and the shoemaker, the minister and the merchant. The same rule of service belongs to every man and mother's son of them.

One man is to make brick for the glory of God and the welfare of the community, while another man for the welfare of the community and the glory of God teaches school. The brickmaker and the bricklayer, so perverse is the world, and so obtuse to the finer values, will probably be paid more in money than the school teacher; but the same spirit belongs to them all.

No man has a right to assume that his first concern is to get as much money as he can. His first duty is to render the largest service he can possibly render. In the rendering of that service, he is to be paid a reasonable living and in some callings he will be able to secure for a limited time rather more than that. But he cannot honestly live in the same world and breathe the same air with men whom he asks to give themselves in the spirit of service while he orders his own life by another rule.

One common law of service belongs to all human life. Equality of reward is not to be expected: even equity is not at present in sight. We are to work toward an equitable distribution of reward; but for every man is one common duty of service.

"THE OLD HOME TOWN" By Stanley

REVELATIONS OF A WIFE
BY ADELE GARRISON.

Who Was It "Tipped Off", the Constable to Dicky's "Quiet" Fishing.

Dicky, I think we ought to tell the Cosgroves of our suspicions now before waiting any longer."

"Why the sudden qualms?" Dicky looked up at me wonderingly from the rocking chair in his bedroom in which he had ensconced himself with bathrobe, slippers and a book.

"I thought you agreed with me," Dicky went on querulously, "that we were to carry this thing through on our own. I, for one, want the chance of spoiling this little game myself. Time enough to let the Cosgroves in on in on it when we have the villian corralled."

Dicky's tone held the set obstinate note which I knew there was no use combating unless I wanted a scene. So I did not answer him, only sat down close to the stove and warmed my hands, which were trembling as much with excitement as from the cold.

When I looked up I found Dicky watching me narrowly.

"Something's troubling you," he said. "What's the great idea?"

"I'm afraid of that woman in there, Dicky," I returned. "She had such a queer look in her eye when she found I wasn't coming in for tea."

"She'll have a queerer one when we catch her red-handed, trying to get those pictures," Dicky said grimly. "I've got everything doped out for tomorrow night. We'll throw her off the track completely.

"I'll plead a headache, and you go in and ask her prettily for two cups of tea, saying that you think one will do me good, and that you'll drink yours with me. Look at something in the room so as to give her a chance to fix up the cups, then bring them back in here and we'll empty them and return her the empty cups. She'll think we're doped for fair. It will throw her completely off the track.

A Long Night.

"I hope so," I returned, making a mental reservation, however, to the effect that it would be very hard to pull the wool over Mrs. Allis's eyes.

Dicky and I spent the night as we had planned in alternate watches of three hours each. When the first rays of daylight came we were both awake—Dicky, because it was his watch, and I because the excitement of waiting for we knew not what, had caused me to waken.

"I'm sure there hasn't been a mouse stirring," said Dicky, "but I'll just take a look downstairs. I can pretend to be finding out what kind of weather it is."

He went down the stairs without any attempt at concealment. I heard him open the front door, go out on the veranda, and a moment later come back in again. I knew he had stopped in the living room, and a moment later he came nonchalantly upstairs again.

As he reached the top of the staircase I heard his voice and that of a woman—Mrs. Allis's I was sure—and then he came into the room, closing the door quietly after him.

"I wish I knew what that woman was up to," he said thoughtfully.

"Why?" I asked.

I just met her, fully dressed, going down the stairs. She said she had to make a trip down to Kinston, wouldn't be back until late, and that she was going down into the kitchen to get some breakfast. I heard the rattling of the kitchen stove, so I suppose some of the Cosgroves are on the job."

"Something Tells Me—"

"But if ever I read deviltry in a woman's eyes it was in hers," Dicky went on, thoughtfully. "The pictures are all right so far. I just took a look at them. But that stunt will be pulled off tonight I'll bet a cookie."

"And something tells me she'll pull some little private game of her own on us. I don't know why I have that impression, but I have."

It was the middle of the forenoon when Dicky's words were brought back to my remembrance in a manner that I shall never forget. The forenoon had been a dreary one, with a cold, drizzling rain effectively preventing our leaving the house. Mr. Cosgrove built a glorious fire of logs in the living room, and Dicky and I and our two young masculine fellow-boarders loafed around it reading after breakfast.

It was I who first caught the glimpse of the spare, stern-looking countryman in conversation with Mr. Cosgrove upon the veranda. As they turned and came in through the front door. Mr. Cosgrove's voice was pitched lounder than I had ever heard it.

He kept the man in conversation for a long minute in the hall before he brought him into the living room, and as I caught his first words I knew intuitively that he was giving Dicky and me a covert warning.

"I tell you, Drake, you're barking up the wrong tree," he said. "Of course, Mr. and Mrs. Graham are stopping here. I'll take you right in to see them in a minute. But they haven't been breaking any laws or doing any trouting that I know about, and I guess I'd know it if anybody did."

"Tie a can to that line of talk, Cosgrove," the other man admonished grimly. "I've got the goods on these folks. I've got a warrant for their arrest, and I want 'em."

(To Be Continued.)

Coffee is grown best where the temperature, throughout the year ranges from 60 to 90 degrees.

ADVENTURES OF THE TWINS
BY OLIVE ROBERTS BARTON

"THE MONKEY'S SONG"

Mr. and Mrs. Monkey were singing a loud duet, not a bit musical or pretty the twins thought, and Flippety-Flap too, made a wry face. It was a mixture of frog-croaking, dog-barking, cow-mooing, and the squealing of 10 pigs, perhaps 41, also the chattering of parrots.

And the words! Here they are:

We're the smartest things that live
above the ground,
On the top of all the world so big
and round.
We can jump from tree to tree
Just as easy as can be,
It's the finest way of traveling,
we've found.

We use our tails, a most convenient thing.
Without them we could never,
never climb nor cling.
In this (jungle-aceous) tangle
We can safely hang and dangle,
Tails are far ahead of rope to make
a swing.

Some night we're going to swing
far out and jump,
And land upon the moon kerflop
kerflump,
And we'll fetch it down much
nearer,
And we'll use it for a mirror,
And we'll keep it hid within a hollow stump.

And we'll ask it all its secrets to
disclose,
Where that stuff that folks call
rice so thickly grows,
Once a circus-man officious
Fed us on this food delicious,
And we hope the moon will tell us
all it knows.

"Land save us," exclaimed Flippety-Flap. "They don't like themselves a bit, do they. Not a bit better than I do my—my nose! If the rice doesn't do the business, the looking-glass will!"

The twins looked puzzled and the fairyman laughed. "Just be patient and you'll find out everything. We've got to get these two monkeys back to the circus someway and I'm counting on two things, their appetites and their conceit."

(To Be Continued)
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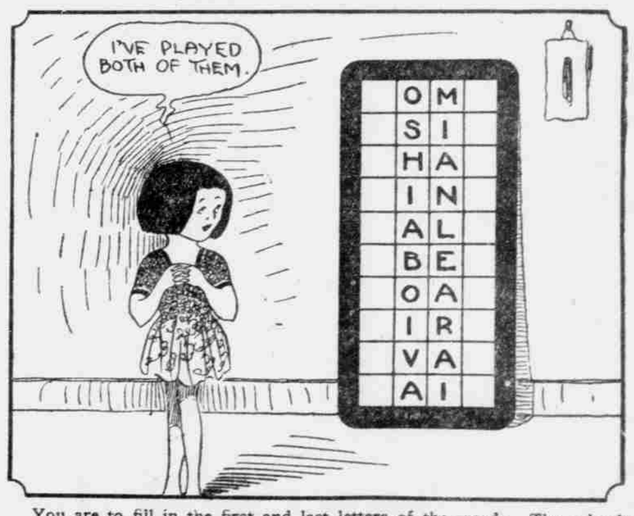
WHAT GAMES ARE THEY?



You are to fill in the first and last letters of the words. The primals will then spell one game, and the finals another. The meanings of the words are as follows: An explosive shell; an eastern country; abbreviation of a boy's name; a sharp bend; a high wind; to aid; an ancient kingdom; a girl's name; elliptical; used to hold boards together.

Answer to yesterday's puzzle: (pea as A) Piazza. (claws ET) Closet. (p oar ch) Porch. (fern ace) Furnace.