

The Pensacola Journal

DAILY. WEEKLY. SUNDAY.
PUBLISHED EVERY MORNING EXCEPT MONDAY

BY THE JOURNAL COMPANY.

FRANK L. MAYES, President and General Manager

MEMBER THE ASSOCIATED PRESS.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES

One Year	\$5.00	One Month	45
Six Months	2.50	One Week	10
Three Months	1.25	Weekly Edition, per year	\$1.00

The Only Pensacola Newspaper From Which a Detailed Circulation Statement Can Be Secured.

Offices—Journal Building,
Corner DeLuna and Intendencia

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

Phones: Editorial Rooms, 38. Business Office, 1500.

FOREIGN ADVERTISING.

ROBERT MACQUOID—SPECIAL REPRESENTATIVE.
OFFICES: New York—404 Tribune Building.
Chicago, 311 Boyce Building.

PENSACOLA, FLORIDA, WEDNESDAY MORNING DECEMBER 29, 1909.

Are all the heroes dead? M—no; not exactly. A Virginia man has offered to marry Carrie Nation and keep house with her on that new fruit farm she has bought in Arkansas.

The unveiling of the statue of Gen. Lew Wallace in the Hall of Fame recalls the fact that this notable Hoosier author made 1,500,000 out of his two novels. "Ben Hur" drove well for him.

The Hon. Frank H. Hitchcock is still winning that the government's postal cards don't look good to him and that they should be printed on paper more highly calendared. Oh, that artistic temperament!

One of the administration's most tantalizing problems is out of the way at last. Mr. Taft has decided what whiskey is. We believe that certain critics of Mr. Charles Warren Fairbanks decided for him two or more years ago what a cocktail is.

The great Pennsylvania, the real model railroad of the continent, has ordered 50 big electric locomotives, the largest ever turned out at the famous Baldwin shops in Philadelphia, for its New York terminal in Twenty-third street. Who shall say that the coming of electric traction on the principal lines of the land is not near, and the obliteration of the puffing, panting, smoke-belching steam locomotive a mere matter of time, when Pierpont Morgan's Pennsylvania, the high monkey-monk of the Twentieth century transportation situation, is going in for electricity, not steam, at one of the most vital points on its whole system.

Mrs. Jeanette Stewart-Ford, who always has said she would take the witness stand and peach on "the man higher up" in the Charlie Warriner stealing case at Cincinnati, goes to trial next week. We soon shall know whether her threats were an idle boast. Warriner was not a Wall street speculator. He was not a player of games of chance where the stake must be money. He was not a man who lived extravagantly or who permitted his family to revel beyond his \$5,000 income as local treasurer of the Big Four. It may be true that Warriner was a tool and a catspaw. If he was, the man above who got the hoodle and who has kept cravenly back and permitted a subordinate to suffer the law's penalty should be unseathed and, if convicted, handed six times the six years that will be Warriner's sentence.

The divorce mill is the more noticeable of late from the fact that so many rich and prominent representatives of Upper Tendom have strayed into its grindings. The Gould case with all its dirt, unsavory chapters was hardly out of Judge Dowling's court in New York when the Brokaw case, not quite so sensationally nasty but fully as suggestive of rotteness when you read between the lines, came before another tribunal in the same city, and the columns of the metropolitan press, clean as well as yellow, have been redolent with the miserable, disgusting details of marital woes endured for a time by two people who certainly did not suffer a mite more than thousands of poor, inconspicuous couples without the means to retain highfalutin counsel and summon witnesses from the four corners of the continent to rectify specific instances of domestic infelicity. The scandalous divorce case for the wealthy is now the expected thing; about all the petitioners tell substantially the same story. Money and its opportunities for indiscreet living are a curse to some men and women, but the thirst of the public for the nauseating particulars shows about as much depravity as these divorce actions in high life themselves indicate.

Paving Grades Should Be Explained.

When Consulting Engineer T. Chalkley Hutton reaches Pensacola he should explain the paving grades which make such an unusual and damaging showing at numerous places throughout the city.

In many places the street paving and the sidewalks are laid to different grades and in some cases the difference between the grades is so great that property owners and the city generally are damaged to an extent that would be hard to estimate.

Some ten years ago, or thereabouts, the city adopted a plan for street grades which cost several thousand dollars and which was prepared by one of the most competent engineering firms in the country. When it was decided to pave certain streets in the city, a consulting engineer in the person of Mr. Hutton was employed to prepare plans for this paving. In making those plans, the original grades were changed in many cases—changed, apparently, without the knowledge of anyone save Mr. Hutton himself. These plans were approved by the bond trustees and presented to the city council for adoption and were duly adopted.

These plans, it seems, were made to apply only to the street paving grades and not to the sidewalk grades. Consequently, while thousands of dollars had been spent, were then being spent, and are still being spent on permanent sidewalks, these sidewalks are being laid to one grade (the original one) and, wherever changes were made, the street paving is being laid to an entirely different grade. The result is that in some places the sidewalks are below the street paving and in other places they are far above it.

Mr. Hutton can say, of course, that he had nothing to do with the sidewalk grades and, of course, is not responsible for them. But the question is, why did he permit the adoption of new paving grades without notifying the other departments of the city government what the effect would be? He knew, of course, that wherever the paving grade was changed the sidewalk grade would also have to be changed and he should have known that unless attention was called to that fact the work as a whole would make a botch job.

The Journal will not discuss at this time the various features of the Hutton grade—some of which, in our own judgment, are very bad—but the Journal would, in common with the rest of the public, like to hear Mr. Hutton's explanation of the question we have raised.

Cold Snap Liar Is Still in Evidence.

Every winter, just as regularly as winter comes, Florida as an entire state has the disagreeable experience of being lied about. The "cold snap" artist gets busy and his efforts, generally aided and abetted by newspapers in the North and West that are old enough and bright enough to know better, too often spread over a wide sweep of territory.

The "cold snap" man reads a weather bureau report telling him "it will be much colder in Florida tonight and tomorrow." That is enough for his exaggerative imagination to work upon, and straightway the cold-snap-in-Florida fellow gets busy, the afore-said newspapers helping him, and he makes a few hundred Northern and Western people believe that Dr. Cook's principal shortcoming was committed when he looked for the North Pole in the seas beyond Greenland instead of seeking it in Florida.

One of these cold-snap-in-Florida specialists got on his job last week in Chicago, the city whose damp and raw winds make winter living on the mar-

gin of Lake Michigan a trial to the lungs of the fellow unacclimated to the air of the Western metropolis. He declared that the Florida freeze was state-wide in its scope; that the frost was busy in the orange zone and that all this year's golden crop was doomed to get chilled right off the trees. And some pretty good newspapers printed that wild yarn for him.

The Tampa Tribune was quoted by wire by Chicagoans who winter here, as well as by some who were planning to winter. The Tribune, naturally, telegraphed back the truthful denial of the story and quoted the Florida glass correctly; but the story had a start of 72 hours and it is not always easy for the correction, even when it emanates from a responsible newspaper source, to overtake the libel.

Neither Dr. Cook nor Commander Peary nor Capt. Nansen nor Anthony Flala will ever find that cursed, contradictory pole in Florida. There come relatively cold days, such as are experienced by every Southern state during the progress of a winter season, but days when the freezing point is reached are few and far between. For instance, the coldest morning Escambia county, which does not claim to compete with the East and West coast resorts for mild winter climate, had during last week's coolness saw the glass down to 28 for an hour or so on two mornings—and those two mornings were the coldest Escambia has seen in a dozen years.

We suppose the day will never come when the best state climatically in this country will be absolved from the irresponsible writings of the cold snap man. People North and people West who are interested in Florida are, for the most part, learning to take no stock in his hallucinations, but there will always be some folks gullible enough to believe him. It would not be the most disadvantageous arrangement in the world to have a detailed statement of Florida temperatures and weather probabilities printed daily in about a dozen dependable Northern and Western dailies. The regular table that carries a simple maximum from 40 or 50 stations scattered over the country, from Eastport to Seattle, weighs little. It is an old story and not one newspaper reader out of a thousand slides his eye down that column. Railroad passenger departments and hotel men might with mutual profit get together and arrange for an official table of temperatures and a paragraph or two on the actual climatic conditions at prominent Florida resorts. It would shut the mouth of the cold snap nuisance and destroy his occupation.

The Lakeland News, writing about the Montana man who tired of blizzards and 45-below-zero weather and so started out for Florida on foot when he didn't have the requisite spoolnicks to ride on the train, says that people who have to hoof it to this sunny clime are not especially wanted as settlers in Florida. The News says we want men with money enough to come down in suitable order and, besides, possessed of enough funds over and above traveling expenses to get started in business after landing here. It is true that the man with capital sufficient to get into something is a desirable settler, but we differ from our capable Lakeland contemporary so far as to express our belief that the fellow with spunk and spirit enough to make that 1500-mile journey by shoe leather route will not be idle long after striking Florida or any other good state for settlers. We mistrust that the man who walked in from Montana, unless he did the walking purely as an imitation of Edward Payson Weston, capital or no capital, will be rather of a formidable competitor for the less strenuous individuals who make the trip down here in Pullman cars and who feast enroute on beefsteaks and broiled lobster.

One of the brightest men that ever lived in this country, despite the mean disposition he displayed in the Sampson-Schley case, was the late Samuel C. Blount, judge-advocate-general of the navy and the man who once said he never made any New Year's resolutions except on April 1.

BLOUNT'S WITHDRAWAL.
Tampa Tribune.

Hon. W. A. Blount's withdrawal from the race for the United States Senate, announced in yesterday's Tribune, came as a surprise to the people of Florida, but, when his reasons and prospects are analyzed, it will be readily seen that the able Pensacolan's decision was one of wisdom, based upon accurate foresight as to results. Mr. Blount would not have received the nomination for Senator, but by remaining in the race, he would have probably made a second primary necessary, without improving his own chances. His withdrawal will simply hasten the final verdict of the people in the matter. Senator Tallaferra will be nominated in the first primary. Mr. Blount is one of the ablest, best-poised and eminent attorneys of Florida. He is a man of high standing

A TRIBUTE

BENJAMIN SULLIVAN LIDDON

By Francis B. Carter.

Would you hear a simple story about an orphan boy, uneducated without means, without ambition, and a young attorney and editor who had just become assured of success in his profession? Then listen. That man had been left fatherless and penniless when a mere boy, but he had by his own exertions on a farm managed to care for mother, brothers and sister, and by study and reading and reflection had educated and qualified himself for the practice of the law. The boy applied to the man for a position as printer. He was nothing to the man. They were not related, but were there ties of friendship demanding of the man an interest in the boy's welfare. The boy knew not the meaning of ambition—was content to secure employment affording a bare living merely, with never a thought of success in a field higher than that of printer on a small country newspaper. But the man knowing from experience what might be accomplished even by one without education or means if he only could be induced to make the effort, anxious to aid and encourage others, declined to employ the boy as a printer; told him the story of his own success under difficulties similar to and no less discouraging than those which beset the boy; and appealing to the unambitious boy to make the effort, by his fatherly advice and encouragement fired the spark of ambition for higher things which had until that moment lain dormant in the breast of the boy by advising him to study law. He knew the boy lacked education, and the boy frankly told him he was absolutely without means to attend a law school or even to pay the expenses of living while reading in a private office, but the man knowing from experience that these obstacles, though apparently insurmountable, could by proper effort be largely overcome, would not listen to the suggestions of the boy, offered to take him into his home, teach him in his office, all without compensation, advancing the specious argument that the boy's services in the office would be ample recompense for his board and tuition, in order that the boy might not feel that the act was one of mere kindness and charity, and consented to advance to the boy from one to two hours each day to painstaking instruction, literary and legal, so necessary to qualify the boy for the profession he had chosen, and by precept and example endeavored to teach him the value of education, a good name, and of industry and attention to matters of business entrusted to him. That man was Benjamin Sullivan Liddon, of Marianna, Florida, who died on December 21st, 1909, on the eve of the Christmas holidays.

Many regard this man great as a

and one who must by nature and training be averse to the scramble of politics, of personal office-seeking. The Tribune was surprised when he announced his candidacy for office, according to its idea of things. W. A. Blount was the last man to be thought of as a candidate for office. His dignity, his high regard for and devotion to his profession, made his participation in a campaign like the present seem an unnatural and illogical thing. He is not a "fighter" and while he would have received a considerable vote, a tribute from friends and admirers, he would not have proved a successful vote-seeker with the great body of the Florida electorate. And Mr. Blount recognizes and admits this fact in his announcement of withdrawal. He says that he abhors the necessity of appealing to voters, and will not make a race wherein he does not believe he is supported by the best element "without solicitation."

Under our beautiful primary system, no man can be elected to office "without solicitation" of votes, nor can he be elected without appealing to and considering the voters to whom Mr. Blount seems fit to refer as "less enlightened." The general public will not readily understand the distinction Mr. Blount draws between the "best element" and the "less enlightened"—but it is enough to say that the candidate who expects to be placed in office in this state without seeking the votes of all classes into which he may be pleased to divide the Democratic electors of Florida.

Mr. Blount would make the state of Florida an eminent and a distinguished representative in the Senate of the United States. Under different methods of election he could doubtless wage a successful campaign. In the present contest he was foredoomed to defeat.

The people of Florida, without regard to party, will hail with real satisfaction the prospect that the Senatorial fight will not be the bitter, long-drawn out contest that was anticipated up to the present moment. It will be all over at the first primary. Mr. Tallaferra towers head and shoulders above the other candidates, not only in the record which he has made and which entitles him to the honor of reelection, but also in popularity with the masses of the people. He will get 90 per cent of the Blount vote and he will be returned to his post of duty at Washington by an overwhelming endorsement of his constituents for all of which good citizens, who desire to see the good work thus far done at Washington continued to the glory and the credit of the state, should be profoundly grateful.

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