

NOTHING DOING AT THE STATE CAPITOL

Broward Urges the Importance of Exhibits at the State Fair.

WEST FLORIDA NOT REPRESENTED AT LAST EXHIBITION—FAMOUS TALLAHASSEE VINEYARD AND WINERY—VISIT OF BRYAN.

By Jefferson Bell.

Tallahassee, Sept. 1.—Seldom has there been a week at the capital when so little of interest transpired as the last one. The routine work in the departments goes on, but aside from that there is nothing worth noting socially, politically or otherwise. Tallahassee people have, to a pronounced degree, the summer trip habit, so our population is divided among the mountains and the seashore. Panacea Springs, St. Theresa and Lanark—on-the-Gulf, all nearby places, have been very popular during the season. Panacea Springs is fast becoming famous as a health resort as the water there is a panacea for indigestion and stomach troubles, which are the favorite ailment of Tallahasseeans.

The State Fair.

Governor Broward has addressed a letter to the County Commissioners of all the counties urging them to consider the importance of making appropriations for exhibits at the State fair to be held at Tampa in November. In his letter the Governor says:

"The exhibition of the resources of the several counties of the State at the last fair was highly beneficial to counties competing. It has given increased assessments, increased land values, and improved methods in farming. As one of the results of the fair, large irrigation contracts have been made and the fact demonstrated to the world that products heretofore marketed in January and February, can just as easily be produced in South Florida in November and December, thus giving better prices in the market.

"The holding of the fair has also resulted in immense improvement relative to the breeding of fine poultry, and the poultry exhibit this year will be twice as large as it was last."

The Legislature of 1905 appropriated \$30,000 to be used for the payment of cash premiums for two years, and made it a State institution. Unfortunately the counties of Middle and West Florida, with the exception of Washington county, made no exhibits and the State Fair

THESE PICTURES REPRESENT NINE DIFFERENT KINDS OF CLOTH



TO THE BOY OR GIRL WHOSE NAME IS DRAWN FROM THE CORRECT ANSWERS RECEIVED AT THIS OFFICE BY NEXT THURSDAY NIGHT, THE JOURNAL WILL GIVE A SILVER DOLLAR
THE BOY OR GIRL WHOSE ANSWER IS DRAWN SECOND WILL BE GIVEN A BOX OF HUYLER'S CANDY WHEN CALLED FOR AT D'ALEMBERT'S PHARMACY.

became, in fact, the South Florida Fair. A Famous Vineyard. E. Dubois, our famous wine manufacturer, has gone to New York to locate. I understand, however, he has left a man in charge who will carry on his business here. His place two miles west of Tallahassee, is one of the local hot places and until the county was voted dry was a popular resort. A beautiful shaded drive through lanes and over hills brings you to the gateway. Some distance from it, sheltered by magnificent oaks, the handsome old mansion stands

in the midst of an old-fashioned garden. Back of it stretches the vineyard, acre after acre as far as the eye can reach. San Louis was the site of an old Spanish fort before Tallahassee was settled and later was the home of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Randolph. Mrs. Randolph was a daughter of the renowned Governor William P. Duval. She is the gentlest loveliest old lady one can imagine and makes her home with her son-in-law, Captain B. F. Whitner. Years ago it became the property of Mr. Dubois, a Frenchman, who has made

its name famous. Until two years ago it was the fashionable place for convivial little dinner parties and suppers where just a touch of Bohemia gave flavor to the occasion. Bryan Shocked Frenchman. A characteristic story is told of Mr. Dubois. He attended a reception given at the Leon to Mr. Bryan several years ago while he was the guest of Governor Jennings. Mr. Bryan had been hurt by the falling of the porch at the reception given him at St. Augustine a few days previously and was unable to stand to

receive at the reception here. The Frenchman was greatly shocked to see the great Nebraskan receive the ladies seated. Some one explained to him the accident Mr. Bryan had suffered and that he was physically unable to stand during the reception. "That makes no difference," he excitedly exclaimed. "He should stand to receive his ladies; he should stand, if he die from it." Floridians will be interested in a story to appear in McClure's Magazine for November. Mr. Richard Barry of New York, who has won distinction as a

war correspondent and a magazine writer, spent several days at the capital last week gathering data for a story of peonage in Florida for McClure. From here Mr. Barry went to Pensacola to continue his investigations. Mr. Barry was greatly impressed with the personality of Governor Broward. He has interviewed most of the world's great men and says that he considers him one of the most remarkable men he has yet met. We will all watch for the November number of the magazine he represents.

HARD TO PUZZLE THE PUZZLE ARMY

Soldiers Failed to Fall by the Wayside as the Editor Expected.

MISS ANNIE R. PFEIFFER, 20 W. ROMANA, WINS JOURNAL PRIZE DOLLAR—SECOND PRIZE GOES TO EDGAR CARNEY, 301 W. GOVERNMENT.

It is a hard matter to puzzle The Journal's puzzlers. Last Sunday, when the puzzle editor looked at the puzzles, that individual thought "there is where I have them, my army will have to do some tall figuring and when they charge many will fall by the wayside," but when the answers were opened, they were, or least a majority correct.

Miss Annie R. Pfeiffer, No. 20 W. Romana street, may stop at The Journal office for the dollar. Miss Annie's coupon was first drawn from the correct answers, and it proved to be neat and well written, as well as correct.

Edgar Carnsey, 301 W. Government street, is entitled to the box of Huyler's candies, and if Edgar likes candy as well as the girls do, he surely has a treat in store, when he calls at D'Alembert's pharmacy to receive it.

Correct Answers.

The answers to last Sunday's puzzle are as follows:
No. 1—Cab.
No. 2—Cylinder.
No. 3—Tender.
No. 4—Smokestack.
No. 5—Cowcatcher.
No. 6—Headlight.
No. 7—Boiler.
No. 8—Sand box.
By following the lines in the puzzle a locomotive was developed and the answers given were its various parts.

Correct Answers Received.

Coupons which bore the necessary date and which were filled out correctly were received from the following puzzlers: Annie R. Pfeiffer, city; Edgar Carney, city; Bessie Bliss, city; Rosley Brown, DeFuniak Springs; Bessie Walker, Brewton, Ala.; Lillian Suggs, city; Byrl Bliss, city; Arthur Blumer, city; Carlise Bliss, city; J. beyond any doubt as pure a man as Florida can boast. Hamilton Diston was a pure, honest, upright man.

(Continued on Page 12.)

Drainage of the Florida Everglades

F. A. Hendry, for fifty-six Years a Resident Along the Frontier, Who is Thoroughly Acquainted With the Situation, Makes Able Argument in Support of Governor Broward's Plan.

The following letter, written by Capt. F. A. Hendry, of La Belle, Fla., who for thirty years was a member of the Senate or House of the Florida Legislature, and who is a man of great patriotism and devotion to Florida, will be read with a great deal of interest, as he is one of the best known men in the state. He was a director on the board of the Hamilton-Diston Drainage Company, which company was at work eleven years digging canals in the Kissimmee Valley and Florida Everglades and he is probably the best posted man in the state on the subject of drainage.

Mr. Hendrick's Letter.

La Belle, Caloosahatchee River, Fla., August 30.
Editor Pensacola Journal:
The Times-Union of August the 10th talking about Gov. Broward and his drainage methods truthfully says: "It is not strange that the men who are to be most benefited by the collection of this (drainage) tax are fighting its

collection through the courts and fighting it successfully?" Your writer believes that it is strange. "They are not asking the State to drain their lands. They are only asking to be let alone." The writer understands that these men to be benefited are organized forces formed into some half-dozen syndicates owning about three and a half million acres of those lands to be drained. The other half belongs to the State, private individuals and to our public schools. "They are only asking to be let alone." Nobody wants to meddle with the fee simple to these lands, but there are other interests involved about which we want to talk.

Want Lands Drained.

About two hundred thousand acres belong to a class of citizens of our State who want their lands drained. The school board want their lands drained. Now if these latter three classes of land could be drained and leave these corporations out, since

they have out such a dash, we would manage do so and let those big fellows do their own drainage—which they would not do because they can raise all the money they need on the face and faith of this vast acreage whether it is covered in water or not. "They are only asking to be let alone." That is just the idea. That is just what the Seminoles of Florida say. "Let us alone. We want no schools, no books, no lands. We hunt, we fish, we kill 'gators skin 'em, we kill otters plenty; we get money. We want no white man talk, Washington man. We want to be let alone."

We poor men who live out on the frontier and those of us too, living within the pales of civilization who are burdened with our families to support, when the tax collector comes around would like to be let alone, but we are not.

An Illustration.

Jones and Smith owned a whole section of land, Jones one-half and

Smith one-half. It was swamp land, very rich and fertile, but worthless without drainage. A small lake was near it. This lake kept this section of land too wet for agricultural purposes. By opening a canal or ditch a mile long this lake could be lowered and kept lowered and the whole section of land thoroughly reclaimed. Jones was a farmer, Smith a speculator. The taxes on this land were very low in consequence of its worthless condition. Smith kept his mortgage to raise money to speculate upon, lived high and in another State and was a gentleman of ease and leisure. Jones asked Smith to join him in cutting a ditch to get clear of the water which continually overflowed their lands. Jones wanted to clear his land and cultivate it, as it was very rich. Smith, with much complacency and unconcern said: "No, just let me alone. I don't want to go to that expense; let this land be; if we drain it and make it so valuable as you say the

blasted county commissioners will raise the assessment and the taxes will be more than I want to pay." Jones said: "I want my land drained, and I want to cultivate it, but to drain my land drains yours, too, and you should bear an equal burden of the expense." Smith replied: "Just let me alone." Jones asked the legislature to pass a law, a drainage law, which it did, and the land was drained under that law, and Smith has to bear his share of the expense.

Would Benefit All.

The lowering of Lake Okechobee six or eight feet means the drainage of all those lands belonging to the State lands and the school lands. And it is strange, as the Times-Union says, that the six corporate land holders with their three or four million acres of land kick at their drainage and rush into the United States court and pray, as they never prayed before, "to be let alone." Are the

people of Florida to be thwarted in this great drainage scheme because six big land companies say "we want to be let alone?" One of the cardinal points of democracy is to do the thing which is the greatest good to the greatest number. Certainly the people of Florida are democratic to the core. What did the Legislature of Florida, composed of one hundred of its very best men, do? They passed a law, a drainage law, carefully studied, carefully worded, and wisely voted upon. Was this all? No, three-fifths or more of them passed a resolution proposing to amend our organic law, making clear the way for extensive drainage operations. Three hundred men, representing forty-five counties of our fair State and thirty-two senatorial districts ask the people of Florida, at our next general election, to ratify this resolution. Shall we do it or rebuke them by turning a deaf ear to their request, give credence to all this lit-

erature coming to us through the mails gotten up by a bureau organized by the six big corporate powers and vote it down? No, indeed, if the writer knows the people of Florida and he thinks he does, they will adopt that Constitutional amendment.

Purely Selfishness.

"Want to be let alone." They care nothing for those of us who are periodically overflowed, our fruit trees killed, our truck killed, our grazing swamped by that great fountain head (Okechobee Lake) which is to be controlled and lowered by our drainage commission. They seem to care not who sinks so they swim.

It must be understood that the writer does not hate the big land owners. He recalls the sale of four million acres of swamp and overflowed lands to Hamilton Diston, sold to him by Governor Bloxham for the sum of one million dollars. Governor Bloxham is

(Continued on Page 11.)

THE GAME OF GRAFT AT THE NATIONAL CAPITAL

By George Robert Agnew.

Washington, Sept. 1.—Congressmen and Senators are not the only officeholders in Washington who enjoy a lot of perquisites at the expense of the people. Federal officeholders generally of the higher grades, are in a position to get much for nothing. The way is open to petty grafting, and some of the officials find it early in their career. Some of the "perquisites," which are really small grafts more or less questionable, have the respect that comes of great age. It would be a difficult task to root them out, if an extraordinary Congress should be so disposed. With the usual Congress, which is only too glad to have its share of the soft things of life, it is out of the question to suppose that it will put a stop to the soft spots enjoyed by Federal officials.

What is nicer after a hard winter, than a trip to Europe, with all expenses paid? Many office holders seem to think nothing is so pleasant. The bugologist-in-chief of the Agricultural Department, for instance, hears of a new, strange worm in Egypt, and in the pleasant springtime arranges to take his wife and go on a hunt for the reptile. The hunt is tedious and tortuous, and leads up the Nile, across to Sicily and Greece, and back through the Riviera and France. The people pay the bill. Sometimes the worm is captured, and sometimes the trip bears no further fruit than an elaborate report, with photographs of scenes along the Nile, and a sprinkling of bugological terms.

Alaska a Fertile Field.

The agricultural and geological mysteries of Alaska have a great charm to the scientific corps in Washington—in summer. No one ever heard of a scientist leaving Washington in winter. But when the asphalt begins to squirm, and the Potomac turns to muddy vapor, and horses don their

coquettish bonnets, the scientist hies to the Muir glacier, and frolics with polar bears until it is safe to return to Washington. Of course, Uncle Sam pays the bill. It would not be right to subject scientists to the scorching Washington summer. Only department clerks are capable of withstanding "the heats of July," to use Senator Hale's phrase. Cabinet officers, if they are inclined to graft at all, find the opportunities ready made. Their underlings take delight in showing them their "perquisites." A cabinet officer need not hire a coachman, a footman, or a chauffeur unless he chooses. If he is a little easy in such matters, he will find such servants at his elbow, smiling and ready, and drawing their pay from the Treasury. Formerly it was common to see men carried on the rolls as "clerks" and "messengers" who were kept busy hoeing the garden, currying the horses, driving the

wife and baby, waiting on the table, doing the marketing, and otherwise smoothing the thorny path of a Cabinet officer. Of course, no such horrible examples can be cited nowadays—or if they can, the writer prefers to let somebody else cite them. The pleasant graft of free horses and carriages has been largely curtailed by Congress, which, finding that the graft did not extend to Senators and Congressmen, indignantly put its foot down upon this luxury of the office-holding class. Until recently the assistant secretaries sported their own carriages or commanded those of their superiors when their superiors were out of town. They do so yet, once in a while, but as a rule the horse-and-carriage perquisite is confined to cabinet officers.

Loeb Has His Carriage.

Of course, the President's secretary has a spanking little rig at his beck and call, and the President's assist-

ant secretary, who carries messages to the capitol, does not have to foot it up Pennsylvania's avenue. But the good old carriage graft is not what it used to be. High officials in the departments do not say much about the flower and fruit graft. They are modest, retiring fellows, and then don't care for cheap notoriety. They would be envied, naturally, if they were known to enjoy free of cost the choicest roses, chrysanthemums, orchids, etc., from the government gardens, as well as rare plants, bulbs, and imported shrubs and trees. They do not care to discuss the baskets of grapes, with the bloom still upon them, which may be delivered at their doors from the government propagating gardens. The peaches, pears, guavas, apples, quinces, and various other fruits grown at the people's expense are all very nice, but they would rather do without them, presumably, than to

have the matter gossiped about. They do not seek the envy of their less fortunate fellow-citizens who are forced to pay for what they eat. So there is not much talk about these things in Washington. Even when a cabinet officer boxes up several hundred dollars worth of government plants and shrubs and sends them to his Western home for transplanting the matter attracts little attention. Possibly the public is busy discussing the case of the Congressman who was so unfortunate as to be detected sending his laundry home under his frank.

Billiard Table in Mails.

Last winter the easy-going Washingtonians laughed when it was discovered that certain army officers at a Western post had sent a billiard table through the mails without paying postage, under the government frank. The laugh was caused not by the absurdity of the graft, but because the officers had been so clumsy as to be

found out. There is nothing absurd, of course, in sending a billiard table through the mails, if it can be smuggled through without detection. When the playful insinuation was made last winter that cows were sent through the mails under Congressional franks, the Congress thought it was time to call a halt, and actually made an "investigation" of the charge. The cows could not be produced, and the committee triumphantly reported that the charge was baseless. So it is officially established that cows, at any rate, are not smuggled through the mails. No investigation has been made regarding the mailing of other things, and it is not unreasonable to presume that everything except cows can be sent free by a Congressman or government official.

One of the most remunerative grafts of the scientific branches is the

(Continued on Page 12.)