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PENSACOLA, FLORIDA, TUESDAY MORNING, FEBRUARY 9, 1909.

PENSACOLA'S GLAD GREETING TO WILLIAM JENNINGS BRYAN

Mr. Bryan was justified in declaring in his great speech at Tampa that the democratic party is full of vigor and is today gaining new adherents to its principles and policies. Not only was he justified in the minds of those whos occupations, travels or environment particularly fit them to read the signs of the times, but the assertion coming from the lips of a presidential candidate who received nearly six million four hundred thousand votes in the November election should be convincing to all—even those of the dullest apprehension.

The democratic party, as an organization, contains within itself the germs of a new fruition which is destined to feed more fully than ever before the great masses of humanity who hunger and thirst for a complete realization of the liberty which was the very groundwork of the American Declaration of Independence—the chief inspiration of the patriots who threw off the burden of royalty in the War of the Revolution. Such an organization, although suffering defeat many times because of the temporary triumph of expediency over principle, will surely win in the end, and, indeed, although its candidate may lose at the polls, its millions of members control in no small measure the affairs of government; withstanding and beating back the waves of dangerous federal aggressions, which otherwise might overwhelm and destroy our American institutions.

And, today, at the head of this great host, stands the first citizen of America, if not of the world, who thrice has gone down in defeat, but each time has arisen, stronger, greater and better beloved. Mr. Bryan's position in the eyes of the people is far more enviable than that of his successful opponent in the last election. Defeat has been to him but an inspiration for nobler effort and it has at the same time more closely welded the bonds of friendship and genuine affetion which bind him to the multitude. His stainless record in the past, his unselfish devotion to a great cause, his acknowledged sincerity grow brighter as the years roll by and he stands out in signal grandeur as the Chevalier Bayard on the political battlefield of the country—without fear and without reproach.

Here in the south Mr. Bryan must feel that the ground he stands on is holy. These states of Dixieland have been his, heart and soul, from the day of his magnificent peroration at the national convention of 1896, when he fearlessly announced that the shackles with which selfish and oppressive combinations of malefactors had bound the masses of the people must be broken and a new era of fraternity and liberty must be inaugurated. The utterance struck the very keynote of true democracy, and the south, composed, as it is, of a people whose blood tingles with the patriotism which inspired their forefathers, arose in its majestic solidarity and proclaimed him its true knight and the peerless leader of its hosts. In the bitter battles of 1900 and 1908 its allegiance was renewed and still today it sings the praises of one who fearlessly stood forth in an hour when human rights were jeopardized and through the power of the mighty faith that echoed in his eloquent appeal for righteousness compelled his adversaries to trembles and seek safety behind a pretentious advocacy of his policies.

It has been evident that Mr. Bryan during the past twelve years has become more and more imbued with the old time democracy of this section. He has seen that its teachings are based on a deep and strong foundation. While his fickle followers in the north and east and west have often betrayed him, the south has remained fixed and immutable in its earnest support. And he cannot fail to be impressed by this fact and to realize its enormous significance when he reverts to the fact that fully three-fourths of the southern people are scions of a long line of pure American ancestors.

West Florida has a peculiar right to claim Mr. Bryan's warmest friendship. His visit here is in the home of those who have shown an unusual oneness of thought and feeling toward this great democrat. It was here that the Bryan delegates received their largest vote in the primary of last year, and it is here, more than in any other section of Florida, that the love and admiration of his followers have grown stronger with every year that has passed since the historic campaign of '96.

Pensacola welcomes Mr. Bryan today with a warmth of feeling which no other citizen, either in public or private life, could receive. He comes at a time when the excitement and heat incident to a political campaign have passed, and his reception will therefore represent the true place which he holds in the hearts of his friends here, uninfluenced by political feeling.

On behalf of the Civic League, under whose auspices he comes, and of the city, whose guest he is, The Journal extends a cordial welcome to Mr. Bryan today, with the hope that his only too brief stay may be pleasant to him, and that he may find it convenient to make his visits more frequent in the years to come.

The Great American People Each Sixty-one Cents Short.

'Tis sad to have to note it, brethren of our great and glorious republic, but each one of us today is poorer by sixty-one cents than he was a year ago. Today we have—or ought to have, and if we haven't then something's rotten in the state of Denmark and the country's statisticians are at fault—yes, each one of us should slap his pocket with the calm assurance that it contains just thirty-five dollars. But alas! the first of February 1908—can you not easily recall it?—the per capita allowance was $35.61.

Statistics show that there are now in circulation $3,091,312,546 and as it is estimated that there are 88,328,000 people in these United States in general, and in particular likewise, all one need do is to divide the money by the men and there you have it—$35. Should any inquisitive reader ask The Journal what has become of that other sixty-one cents, it cannot answer for sure, so to speak. Perhaps it was spilled overboard when Carnegie sailed south to hitch his boat-hook in the Tennessee Coal and Iron company, with the erratic and rambunctious Teddy as pilot, or it may have been spent for foreign gunpowder to fire salutes at the Rock of Gibraltar. But, as Lord Dundreary remarked with lachrymose voice, "It's one of those things no fellah can find out about"—not with any high degree of certainty.

Says the Tampa Tribune "Madame Calve gave us high notes and took away bank notes." Now isn't that a nice way to talk about a singer of note?

"Fraid cat; 'fraid of the"—Japs.

Qualtrough has been seriously injured—didn't know he was loaded.

And Teddy says he thinks designing politicians are dreadful things. This is the greatest joke of the twentieth century.

Democracy means—believeing in the people as capable of governing themselves, and insisting upon their being permitted to do it.

There's a vast difference between talking democracy and being a democrat. One is often "hot air," but the latter always "hot stuff."

Roosevelt's veto message has been referred to the census committee of the House, presumably to have the words or the consequences enumerated.

The Journal acknowledges the receipt of the biennial report of the secretary of state and the annual report of the state chemist, both of which are filled with well-compiled information of great value.

Was it the political dope he has been forced to swallow in the legislative halls of Florida the Fair which impelled State Senator Frank Adams to go into the drug business at Jacksonville?

The battleship fleet is serving as an escort to Kings Priscus and Dodo on their westward trip. This was considered necessary because of the cargoes of magnificent clothing and jewels contained in their majesties' vessels.

Mark Roasberg, the New Orleans bookie, got it in the neck, or rather in the jug—seven months of it. Governor Sanders evidently means business in his anti-gambling crusade, and is cheered on in his good work by an almost universal voice of public approval.

Well, we have the biggest warship in the world now, but what is it here for? To safeguard the sacred scroll of 1776 bright with the inspired legend "liberty, equality, fraternity" or to satiate the war lust and gold lust of rampant jingoists and selfish commercialists by renewed imperialistic activities?

It is a sad day for the newspaper world if the dispatch from Tampa announcing that Henry Watterson, overcome by grief, has retired from public life is authentic. Watterson has no superior in the world as an editorial writer and hundreds of thousands of readers would bemoan the loss of his sparkling genius from the columns of the Louisville Courier-Journal.

This feeding of Taft on the marsupial and saurian delicacies of the South will most surely incite him to appoint Crum to the Charleston collectorship should the filibuster prove successful and the matter be left in his hands. For, "by their fruits ye shall know them;" and if the "brother in black" discovered the rare merit of these delicious dishes how may any sane president fail to admit his worthiness to hold any office, no matter how exalted?

And why shouldn't the Chicago school authorities put a ban on the singing of "Dixie" at the Lincoln celebration? Can't think of any occasion when the South's great war song would be more completely out of place and its use show a more absurd want of good taste. The antics the New Orleans Progressive Union is cutting up about the matter will awaken the risibilities of sensible Southerners, who are noted for their sincerity and devotion to the eternal fitness of things. They love their song and honestly admire Lincoln, but surely the words of one and memory of the other would not mix any better than oil and water.

UPTON SINCLAIR'S VILE PHILOSOPHY

Memphis Commercial Appeal.

A few years ago a young man by the name of Upton Sinclair wrote a novel about Packington. We do not recall the name of the book; but it should have been entitled "The Slaughterhouse." It was just about the most nauseating novel that has ever been written by an American. It was a compound of blood and filth and slaughter, commingled with vice and shame. It was the kind of book to be handled with a pair of tongs.

It was so exceptionally and riotously disgusting that it attracted a great deal of attention. It probably had something to do with the pure food investigation set on foot by the government. While it was not a legitimate subject for fiction, Sinclair received credit for having called attention to the conditions prevailing in some of the packing houses and for having assisted in the betterment of those conditions.

But recently Mr. Sinclair has aired his views upon matrimony, and what he has to say is simply shocking to decency. He assails matrimony as if it were a crime, and expresses his regret that he and his wife ever submitted to a ceremony so utrly fraudulent and superstitious. If it had not been for the old-fashioned notions of his wife's parents, he declared that he and his wife would never have been married, and he regrets that they were not brave enough to defy tradition.

It is hard for any decent person to understand such an attitude. If there is any one thing that distinguishes man from cats and dogs and other animals it is matrimony. Furthermore, the civilized view of marriage has been undergoing a process of refinement. One can get a good idea of what matrimony was in the days of the Caesars by reading the Sixth Satire of Juvenal. The Roman satirist is advising a friend against getting married, and such a picture of dissolute society has never before nor since been drawn in the literature of any nation. The proper view of marriage did not prevail in Roman society, and of course it was nowhere regarded as a sacrament. With the dawn of Christianity, however, came nobler and higher views of matrimony. We do not doubt that these higher and purer views have had much to do with the growth of civilization.

Of course mistakes are often made in marriage. Men and women, too, are often untrue to their vows. We hear of the dissensions of married couples and the divorce courts teem with piquant sensations. We pay but little atention to the man and wife who live harmoniously together all their lives. It is entirely proper that there should be a sense of obligation and restraint in the marriage relation. It keeps people decent. It safeguards the race. If people lived in promiscuous concubinage then the human race would perish from the earth.

If Upton Sinclair's offensive philosophy should be embraced, it would mean the absolute destruction of family life. A man would take up with a woman who pleased him, and as soon as her attractions began to fail he would abandon her and contract another transient alliance. Life would be a series of liaisons and woman would become the degraded creature of the underworld. Society would become so unspeakably vile that the reason for the existence of man would be gone.

The Sinclair philosophy is the philosophy of lust and animalism and it could only emanate from a diseased and perverted mind.

Cheney's Expectorant cuts coughs and colds short. Cures babies and grown people. 25c., all druggists.

IN DEFENSE OF THE SOUTHERN CRACKER.

Jacksonville Times-Union.

We are getting tired of this eternal lament over the poor man of the South—the man who is what his father was and is content to keep the homely virtues and the living independence that comes to him by inheritance. He is not built in body or mind to shine in the society of the cities, but we are by no means sure that society is not the poorer for that fact than he is—he would be at a loss to fight his way to wealth in the modern markets without other preparation than he can find at home, but it may be that he is too good for a fight with cut-throats and financial assassins. Ask any man qualified to express an opinion and he will tell you that the struggle for wealth in our cities is as ruthless, as pitiless and as conscienceless as the struggle for life among our savages before Columbus came—is it to the discredit of the man born in the South that he cannot win in a struggle like that?

The philanthropists of the cities rush through the south in palace cars and pity or ridicule the shanties or lumber cabins that they see—are they sure the babies born therein are worse in mind or body than theirs? The poor man of the cities is trained to obedience in public, while he lives like a beast of prey by night—the chief charge against the poor man of the South is that he obeys his conscience and will not permit another to violate what he considers his rights, even though the law forbid him to stand with hand upraised in defense or ready weapon against civilization as his grandfather stood against the savage.

At least the man of the primitive regions of the south is of the blood and the conscience from which the best of us have developed. He is capable of greatness in himself—he has climbed to the loftiest heights of usefulness and fame without other training than he can add of himself to that of his home. The north has just enclosed Lincoln's birthplace in a marble palace—what the race has done the race can do again when the need calls imperatively. Time after time the "cracker" has made his mark in history—he stopped Ferguson, who rode through the rich plantations to die on King's mountain—he met the conquerers of Napoleon at New Orleans and history hails him a victor. He is the primitive American still—are we so sure we are better than our fathers that we need scorn those who live as our fathers lived and think as our fathers thought? Can it be true that the men who won this continent are unworthy to keep it? Let the test be made and we shall see our error.

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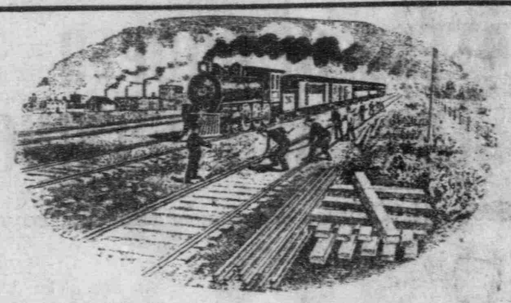

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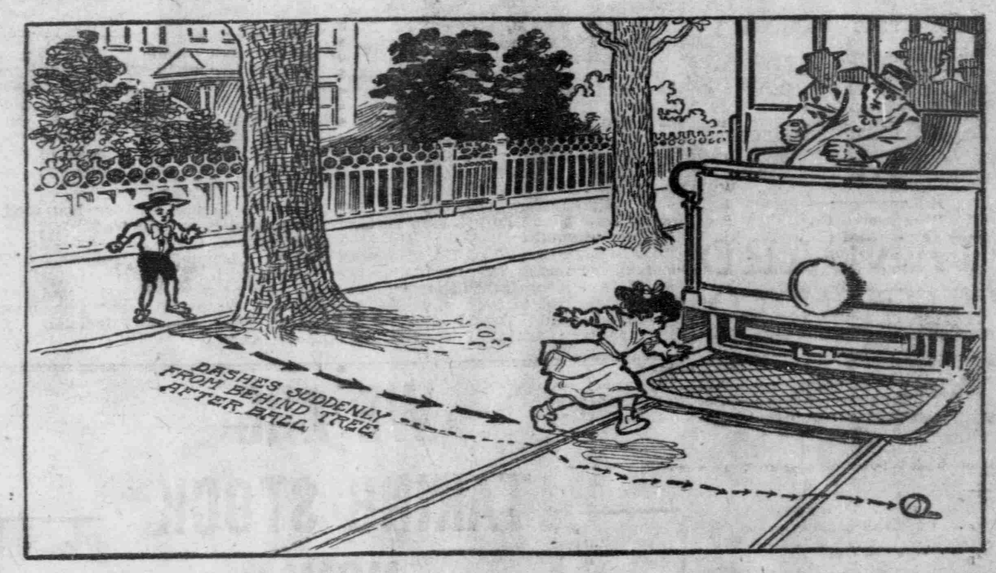
HOW IT MIGHT HAPPEN. IV.



The motorman knows that this is the saddest accident in the whole list. A little child comes out suddenly from behind a tree or wagon and runs quickly across the track—after a ball perhaps. The child is busy—intent upon its play. The motorman is straining every muscle in his body to stop the car! But it simply CANNOT be done in time. Not with the best car ever built or the best motorman who ever handled a brake. The wheels go over and ——. Suppose it was YOUR little boy or girl.

Keep the children from playing in the streets. Tell them EVERY day to look out for wagons and street cars.

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PENS ACOLA ELECTRIC COMPANY.

Builds up waste tissue, promotes appetite, improves digestion, induces refreshing sleep, giving renewed strength and health. That's what Hollister's Rocky Mountain Tea will do. 35 cents, Tea or Tablets. Hannah Bros.

NEWS AND VIEWS BY STATE PRESS

Florida's Best Crop.

The present winter has been all the truckers of the state could wish for a full early crop, and the yield up and down the East Coast as well as in the Gulf counties will be immense this spring. The value of the vegetable crops of Florida exceeds that of the orange, grapefruit and tangerines by many thousands of dollars.—DeLand Record.

How They Do Grow.

Perry is such a new town that it is hardly known outside of its own confines. Officially about six years old it now has close to 3,000 population and is still growing. It has four railroads with fourteen passenger trains arriving and departing daily, the finest court house in middle Florida, one of the finest school buildings in the state and any number of handsome brick and stone business blocks, and enterprising business firms. We regret that the advertising columns of the Herald do not make a better showing of the town than they do. It is not our fault that with over fifty business concerns less than a dozen are represented. Many of the business men evidently do not realize the value of printer's ink, notwithstanding the fact that a large majority of the most successful business men of the age paved their way to fame and fortune through it. We have not despaired, however. They are bound to accept the worldwide fact that advertising pays. And when they do—well, we'll give Perry a paper that she can be proud of and live on something beside hope.Perry Herald.

A Nice Compliment.

There is one man whom defeat did not sour, and who is just as kindly and as considerate as when he was a candidate. That man is W. B. Lamar.—Lakeland News.

Now's the Time.

The time for planting trees will soon be past. Everybody who can spare the ground should plant a few fruit trees or some attractive evergreen to hide the ugly corners in the yard. The cost and labor of making the home beautiful with evergreens and shrubbery is practically nothing. —Sopchoppy Argus.

$10,000 Airship Prize.

Wide interest in both Europe and America has been attracted by the New York World's $10,000 airship prize for the person who duplicates in the air in a mechanically propelled airship the trip of Robert Fulton's first steamboat from New York to Albany a century ago.

This is the first prize of importance offered in America. There have been a dozen or more entries already. A Clement-Bayard air yacht is to be brought over from Paris to compete. Capt. Thos. S. Baldwin, the veteran aeronaut, is building a new dirigible especially for the contest. The Wright Brothers have cabled from Paris asking for the conditions of entry.

There is every prospect that the contest will be a great success. The spectacle of eight or ten huge dirigibles rising from New York harbor and heading for Albany will be a sight never to be forgotten.

FACTS

Why waste time and money using old fogy treatment that has been proved worthless many years ago or trying cheap and worse than worthless nostrums with all kinds of schemes to offer, free treatment, bank guarantees, etc.

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