SOCIAL LIFE IN FLORALA

By Luther G. Ray.

In Florala, opportunities are abundant for the enjoyment of social pleasures. There is the Florala Opera House, to which under the able management of French & Miller, there have come many excellent companies who would have been a credit in many cities many times the age and thrice the size of ours.

The Lyceum numbers, furnished by the Lockala club, have been of the very best, in each one the personnel has been of the highest, each performer has been an artist in his or her line.

In this "Land of the Pines" we have the best of climatic conditions for the enjoyment of outdoor life at all seasons. Riding and driving are always popular forms of amusement, and here where our country roads and driveways are lined on either side by tall, dark pines, where the ground is covered with pine needles, dotted profusely with the many beautiful wild flowers planted and cultivated by nature's own hand, one likes to live close to nature; and there is no more pleasant place than in the woods.

Often a party is gotten together for a visit to some one of the many manufacturing plants in or around our town. These are themselves gigantic monuments to human engineering skill, and one cannot but be delighted to have an opportunity of visiting one of them, and seeing how much of the labor which but a short time since was thought necessary to be done by men, is now done by steam. It is both interesting and instructive in a pleasant way to watch the processes by which yellow pine is converted into yellow coin, which is in turn converted into dwellings and other improvements to make the home of the southerner, which is now the sweetest and happiest home on earth; sweeter and happier. These visits are always looked forward to with much pleasure by both young and old.

We have music and dancing, social gatherings of different kinds, skating parties, hay rides, dominoe parties, moonlight picnics and many other amusements intended for our pleasure. But perhaps the source of more pleasure than any other is Lake Jackson. There are row boats and rowing parties (and rowing couples often, too), naphtha launches and launch parties, both in the daytime and by moonlight.

Perhaps the most popular amusement for the younger set is the "launch party" by moonlight. They gather together a party sufficient to load one of the larger pleasure boats and start for a "jolly trip." They have music and singing and story telling, and here the "sweet old story" is often told, always in an original way, but told for the ears of only one.

Such is the social life of our town as it might be seen by a casual visitor. And well it might be so, for is not the very air laden with life? Health borne on the wings of peace and beauty from the thundering breakers of the Gulf of Mexico. Peace in the moaning needles of the yellow pine; Beauty in the sun-kissed waters of Lake Jackson; Hope from the starry blossom of the laurel; Rest in the fragrant perfume of the grand magnolia with its waxen whiteness and glistening green.

Who could but be happy!

A GROUP OF FLORALA HOMES

Residence of Mrs. Gilmer.

Home of Col. Henry Elliott.

Residence of F. S. Florence.

FLORALA, PAST AND PRESENT

Moonlight on Lake Jackson. It is in the Springtime and all nature seems aglow with the mellow light of the solemn moon as its rays light up the sleeping city and extend out over the waters of the lake a soft and subdued radiance.

Yonder on the northern shore is where a band of gaudy Indian warriors were met by a small company of frontiersmen in a fierce conflict for the supremacy of the region. Underneath that cluster of pines lie the bones of a dozen white mne. Beside these bones lie strange medieval implements of war and the crucifix with its iron-bead chain tells of perhaps a priest that met his death with the others. From the number of arrowheads that lie buried beside these bodies the Indian band must have been very large, and small wonder that the company of explorers met their doom.

Over on the south side we see an old tree with broken trunk and splintered sides shining in the light of the moon. That is all that is left of the gigantic oak that sheltered General Andrew Jackson the night he slept on the banks of the lake. And just beyond that old tree at the top of the hill is where the belles and beaux of ante-bellum Montgomery, Troy and Union Springs, were wont to camp for weeks in the summer while on their annual pilgrimage to the famous fishing grounds. These gay beaux may have angled for something other than the finny tribe; perchance if those old trees could speak they would tell of ardent wooing and the plighting of many a troth in the silent watches of the night.

But all this romantic history has been made long since, and now beside the lake sleeps the little city of Florala. The atmosphere has changed from that of the primeval to the modern, warriors have given place to captains of industry and a part of the beating pulse of the nation lies subdued and quiet after a day of activity. The only thing left to remind us of the days of yore is the beauty of the lake and the touch of romance that is ever present where fair women and noble men are found. For yonder is seen a boating party just emerging from the shadows of the south side of the lake. An old song floats out over the water and we feel our pulses quicken with recollection of the days when we were young and full of sentiment, of song, of story.

The boats glide over the water to their moorings, the young people depart for their homes, and the night is once more still.

Florala peacefully awaits the coming of the dawn when another day's struggle will begin, when the romantic will give place to the prosaic and the citizens start anew the onward march toward the realization of a great city.

BY-LAWS OF THE FLORALA GUN CLUB

A number of representative men of Florala, lovers, more or less, of outdoor life, have formed what is known as the Florala Gun club, and on the tenth day of last November, by vote of all the members present, adopted the following by-laws:

Game.

Object.—The object of this organization is to prohibit the killing of game out of the proper season, viz.: Nov. 1 to March 1 of each year. Excessive killing of the different classes of game and to protect game against non-legitimate hunters.

By-law No. 2.—Any members of this organization shall injure or kill deer, turkey, or game other than quail and squirrel on land owned or controlled by the Jackson Lumber company. On other lands, members will be governed according to the state game law of Alabama and certain conditions on which special permits are issued.

Penalties for violating the above by-law:

First offense—Deer, $10; turkey, $5.

Second offense—Deer, $20; turkey, $10.

Third offense—Forfeiture of permits.

By-law No. 2.—Any member of this club who discover, or have knowledge of person or persons trespassing on lands of the Jackson Lumber company or others, without holding proper license and permits, are bound by their sacred promise to report the name of said trespasser to either the land owner or game warden.

By-law No. 3.—It is strictly understood by all members, and positively forbidden for any member of this club to kill to exceed twenty-five (25) quail or five (5) squirrel on lands of Jackson Lumber company in any one day. On land owned by others, members shall comply fully with the state game law and conditions on which certain permits are granted.

Those violating these by-laws are subject to the following penalties:

First offense, $3; second offense, $5; third offense, $10; fourth offense, forfeiture of permits.

By-law No. 4.—All members joining at the time of organization, or after, will be assessed a fee of $1 to defray expenses of this club. All members applying for membership both at the time of organization and after, will accompany said application with their hunting license (state or county), the latter which will be held in possession of the president so long as the party wishes to remain a member. Should any member discontinue his membership so long as these by-laws are effected this organization reserves the right to make void all permits granted said member through the influence of the organization.

The names of all parties applying for membership, after organization, will be posted conspicuously in the regular meeting room, subject to approval by majority vote of members present at the particular meeting.

By-law No. 5.—After once adopted these by-laws cannot be changed without majority vote of two-thirds of the full number of members, and after a change has been published. Said change shall be read at two consecutive meetings before they are in full force and effective.

Regular semi-monthly meetings of this club will be held on the first and fifteenth day of each month, providing the dates do not come on Sunday. In such cases meeting will be held on the following day. Meeting room at office of Dr. E. L. Adams.

List of members: D. C. Hart, R. S. Larkin, James Burgess, R. L. Miller, M. D., Massey Barden, J. E. Turner, S. A. Hutcheson, D. R Whitcomb, C. W. Congleton, W. C. Smith, G. O. Huckabaa, W. F. Meigs, D. H. McLeod, C. P. Cawthon, E. L. Adams, J. T. Penton, J. T. George, G. W. Barnes, A. C Cawthon, G. W. Watson, G. F. McLeod, J. R. Smith, J. H. Oneal, C. Barnes, J. M. Williams, John Meigs.

J. E. Turner, Sec. and Treas.

D. R. Whitcomb, Pres.

THIS IS WORTH READING.

Leo F. Zelinski, of 68 Gibson St., Buffalo, N. Y., says: "I cured the most annoying cold sore I ever had, with Bucklen's Arnica Salve. I applied this salve once a day for two days, when every trace of the sore was gone." Heals all sores. Sold under guarantee at all druggists. 25c.

Knife Boys of the Philippines.

In the Philippines the little knife boys, toddlers of five or six years, are bound out by their needy parents to remain in slavery until they are old enough to run away, which they generally do by the time they are twelve or fourteen. The duties of a knife boy are to scour the knives and other kitchen utensils, empty the slops, lay the table and fetch and carry for the family. He is a little scullion and receives in return only food and lodging, the food being the scraps left over from his master's table and what he can purloin as he carries the fish, rice, baked chicken and other dainties to and fro and the lodging a ragged mat spread out among the pots and pans upon the hard earth floor of the kitchen. His clothes are hardly worth mentioning, being usually rags, with the original color weather faded and lost in dirt. When the child is furnished with a single garment of a potato sack, made by merely cutting a round hole for the head and slits for the arms, the master feels that he has done his duty by way of providing his tiny slave with a wardrobe.—New York Press.

Six Nights "Go As You Please Race."

How many tired fathers and mothers in this town enter this race every night carrying a baby? And they wonder what the matter is. Chances are the child is starving—worms are eating all of its food. Most children have worms, yours needn't. White's Cream Vermifuge will get rid of the worms and strengthen the child.

Price 25 cents per bottle.

Sold by W. A. D'Alemberte.

Subscribe for The Journal.

A Baptising on Lake Jackson.

BROKEN LINKS

Some Pointed as Well as Eloquent Comment on Current Events ::

By Vandelia Varnum Thomas, Well-Known Lecturer and Writer, DeFuniak Springs, Florida.

If the School Improvement Society of Pensacola will adopt us we will give it all the land needed, even a 99-year lease on some of our best sand.

* * *

The National Council of Horticulture, which has just met in Chicago, arranged for a general publication of articles with special reference to ornamentation of public school grounds. It also petitioned congress for a law to place horticultural teaching on the curriculum of the public schools.

* * *

This gets at the root of things. The child is living today who will see our public schools so transformed by common sense that they will bear as little resemblance to the institutions of today known as public schools, as old Sol does to a tallow dip. You remember Mark Twain's experience with French. He was going abroad, and thought he would learn the language and shine in "gay Paree" but behold, what was his mortification in not being able to apply the exercises of the text book! All he could surely remember was "Have you seen anything of my grandmother's red heifer?" And this hardly seemd to hit the different occasions.

This is about as much of practical use as some children get out of books. To be sure, book learning we must have to a certain degree, but let each page be illumined by earth and plant and animal and sky, by manual labor, industrial education, agriculture, horticulture, use of tools and machinery, sewing, mending, cutting of garments, cooking, housekeeping, nursing, gardening. Then there will be no dull ones or laggards, for each will find his own.

* * *

Out of the 98 students that were dropped for poor scholarship at the end of the last semester in Stanford University, only two were women. This was the reason why the late President Harper of Chicago University insisted on the separation of the sexes for the first two years of the university course—the girls left the boys so far behind in standing, both in classroom and examination. But then they have fewer other arduous duties—smoking, hazing, fort-balling and the like.

* * *

The committee on elective franchise of the constitutional convention of Michigan recommends that the word "male" be omitted in the new constitution. This resolution, it seems, had been chloroformed in the usual manner, but somehow it happened to come to life unexpectedly. The convention may put it to sleep again but nevertheless the women have done good work in the suffrage campaign in Michigan and it is only a question of time when all who help sustain the state will have a voice in state affairs.

* * *

Four states now give women full suffrage—Wyoming, Colorado, Idaho and Utah, and Oklahoma, too, I think. A man in Florida is worth no more than a woman in these states. Think of it, lords of creation! Feel the ground slipping from under your feet! See your crown drebbling in the dust! Behold the scepter encircled by another hand, smaller, whiter, that "should be rocking the cradle!"

* * *

"Said Smith to Jones in wild debate,
Upon the woman question.
'You've answered well my other points
Now here's my best suggestion.
When women go from home to vote,
For miles away, it may be,
Who then, I pray, will stay at home
And rock and tend the baby?
'Oh since your question's turned
On this on its axis,
Just get the one who rocked it when
She went to pay her taxes.'"

* * *

Did you ever pay your taxes, women? I mean, did you ever go to a court house in a city of any size and pay your own taxes? Well, if you did, you felt as though you should be fumigated for a week thereafter. I always manage to get someone to look after this business if I am lucky enough to own anything. But once I was in Syracuse, N. Y., and a widow lady asked if I had "just as soon step over" and pay her taxes. Certainly I would step, but I did not do the work, though the effort was sincere. There was a mob of all shades and grades pushing and crowding. Nearly all brought the pipes and some brought their dogs. Tobacco to the right and left; smoke too thick to see the ceiling, no ventilation, and that seething mass, redolent with bologna and whiskey! It would take an hour to reach my case and as an hour in that melee threatened to end me, I withdrew.

It is true not all are as bad as this, but it is equally true that few courthouses in the country are decently kept. In the smaller places the walls are marred and stained, the passageways covered with litter, papers, whittlings and tobacco quids. Sometimes the floors are carpeted with dirt and sometimes with sawdust, and always unkempt. In cities, whatever may be the architecture, the air is that of a prison, and one intuitively clutches her pocketbook as when passing a lane in White Chapel. I suppose the reason is man is left alone there in his native barbarism. At home, he is as good as is made, and I think a tiny bit better. In business, he is a gentleman, in church, a saint; on the street a gallant, but there the feminine never intrudes, and the pre-Adamite proclivities have full sway. If that is a type of masculine housekeeping, nation and state, hasten the day when the other half that knows how to use the broom and soap lends a hand.

* * *

Now, it is much easier to cast a ballot than to cancel tax bills. I speak from experience. Once in New York women voted at the regular election. A law was passed that we could vote in all matters pertaining to schools, and the county school commissioner was elected the same day as other county and state officials, i. e., men voted for all the officers, we, for one. They were given a long ballot and we were given a tiny one, too weak to handle the big ballot. Father, mother and I went together, and I never felt more "churchy" in my life. All was clean and quiet, and if someone had started the Doxology, it would have seemed appropriate enough.

* * *

I was glad to see mother vote. She was long past the meridian of life, had seen reforms come and then go to make way for greater ones, and she had believed in and quietly worked for them all. Her progressive spirit shaped the lives of those about her. With few opportunities in early life, yet she kept abreast with the best thought and in touch with all great movements. Like all true women, her home was her kingdom, and her family her life, but because of this, all things commending were of vital interest.

* * *

How sweet to see those who sow reap something of the harvest, too. Imagine Neal Dow or Frances Willard taking a daily paper and reading "Oklahoma, Georgia and Alabama have gone prohibition, only four towns licensed in Kentucky, Tennessee almost in line, Florida close on the way, sixteen cities of Massachusetts voted the saloon out; state prohibition bill in both houses of North Carolina, South Carolina not far behind, Ohio cleaning two-thirds of her territory. My! It makes one swallow hard and fast to think of the great souls who have paved the way for mighty things and passed on before they came. But their reward is no less, nay, more, for blessed are those who work by faith.

* * *

It is needless to say mother voted for the prohibition ticket. What a campaign we made that fall! Our school commissioners had grown so slack that many schools were not visited at all. "When," we would ask, from the platform, "when did the commissioner last visit your school?" "Never, never," came from fathers and mothers. Of course, we lost. The populists joined us and now and then an old party man fell in line, but both old machines strained every button, as they always do, to defeat a third party. The divine right is theirs, and woe be to the pretender that dares lift his head! But we won, in the end. Our schools have never been neglected since, and better material has been selected to lead them.

* * *

What are the results of woman's suffrage in these states? I do not know personally, but judges and statesmen and clergymen bear multiplied testimony of changes for the better. For twenty-three years Wyoming as a territory had given territorial suffrage to woman, and when the word was wired from Washington: "Wyoming will be admitted if the suffrage clause is dropped," the men of Wyoming flashed back the word: "Where we go, our women will go, even to defeat." But this has always been found to be true:

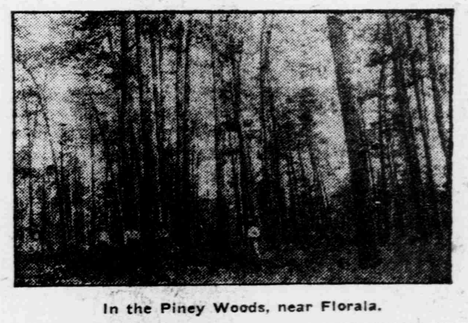
I. The election booth is no longer in a saloon or any questionable place.

II. Men of open unsavory domestic life are defeated; in fact, do not run nor attempt to run for office.

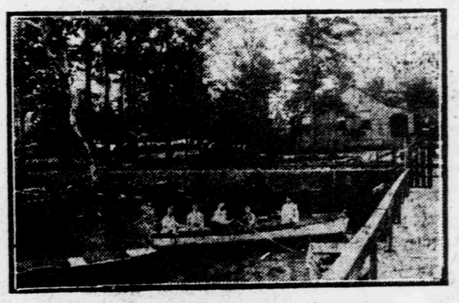
I can name two among the foremost of the country once who went down under woman's ballot. Death has claimed both now, and we leave them in peace.

III. Legislation tends more toward the home, the schools, protection of the weak, looks more closely after the condition of asylums, and poor houses, the care of young criminals, establishment of juvenile courts, safeguards for girls, child labor, lessened hours of work for women, sweat shops, etc. But as these are everywhere gaining ground, I should not attribute them directly to woman's ballot, but rather in a large measure, indirectly to woman's influence. Better claim too little than too much for every innovation.

I am not anxious about the results. I know they will disappoint some, and exceed the expectations of others, but whether much or little, they will make for the upward. Right comes from right. Every citizen who is taxed should have a voice in the disbursement of these taxes. Every citizen held amenable to law should have a voice in framing the law. If this is not right, the republic is not right. Anything less is unjust. To class taxpayers, thinkers, workers, housekeepers, church supporters, with lunatics, idiots, criminals and children wrings our men no less than our women. They need us, the state needs us, and there are very few enlightened men today who would not be glad to place suffrage on an intelligent basis. Politicians object, of course, the saloons object, but nevertheless it will come.



In the Piney Woods, near Florala.



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Vegetables, Cigars and Tobacco.
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