

Official Paper
Of The City Of
Key West Fla.

THE KEY WEST MORNING JOURNAL

Key West
The Cigar
City

VOLUME 4 NO. 93

FRIDAY, MARCH 22 1912

PRICE FIVE CENTS

IT BEHOOVES EVERY MAN, WOMEN, AND CHILD IN KEY WEST TO HELP ADORN CITY.

FLORIDA FIRE AND CASUALTY COMPANY

New Company Attracting
More Than Ordinary
Attention

The Florida Fire and Casualty Company, of Jacksonville, is a new company that has been launched, and that it is going to be a great success in every sense of the word is now a certainty.

The authorized capital of the company is one million dollars, and the company will start business on April 1st, with not less than a million dollars surplus, in addition to the million capital.

Some of the best known business men and bankers of Georgia and Florida are on the board of directors, and the interest that is being taken in the company by these men is a good index of the worthiness of the new institution.

Mr. C. B. Willis, formerly of Birmingham and Lexington, Ky., will have charge of the fire department, while Mr. Geo. W. Carr will have charge of the casualty department. The company will be in the field by April 1st.

Locally Dr. J. N. Fogarty will be on the board of directors, and Mr. E. M. Martin, cashier of the Island City National Bank, will be the local agent of the company. Messrs P. A. Watson, of Chicago, and T. R. Reall, of Dallas, Texas, will have charge of Key West and Cuba, and expect to be permanently located here and in Havana. The company will have the capital and surplus to place it on an equality with any of the older companies, and there is no doubt that it will meet with the success that it merits.

COMMUNICATED.

Editor Key West Journal.

Dear Sir:—Please allow me space in your widely read paper to speak a word of commendation of our excellent telephone system, no city in the country has a better or more polite and accommodating personnel and the service rendered is always of a high order.

Respectfully
A Merchant.

FOR COUNTY TAX ASSESSOR

To the Voters of Monroe County.

I take this method of informing you that I shall be a candidate for re-election to the office of County Tax Assessor and I would respectfully solicit your support.

I believe my discharge of the duties of this office has been such as to warrant me in asking your support for another term. In such a position requiring a proper knowledge of the value and appreciation, (or depreciation) of property, I have endeavored to be just as equitable in the proper assessment of the same, and do not believe anyone has a just cause of complaint in that regard.

I promise, if elected for another term, to give my time and most careful attention to the demands of the office, as I have in the past, and I again beg to assure you that I shall highly appreciate your support.

Very respectfully,
Thos. O. Otto.

FOR PRESIDENTIAL ELECTOR

Jefferson B. Browne

AT THE MONROE NEXT WEEK.

The Monroe Theatre will be the center of attraction next week again. The two plays of interest that will be given there next week will be "The Two Masqueraders" and "Bob, The News Boy." Watch Sunday's paper for big half-page advertisement of the plays next week. The Monroe is fast becoming the popular play house that deserves to become, and Manager Bonnell is sparing no expense to make his theatre the very best.

HAS CLYDE LINE GOT SOUTHERN S. S. CO?

Jacksonville Advices Deny
the Mallory Acquisition Story.

Some days ago, when the Southern Steamship Company announced that after April 1, Key West would be cut out as a port of call for the steamers of that line, Dame Rumor said that the company had been absorbed by the Mallory line. Harvey C. Miller, the president of the company, was here a few days ago. He did not comment on this statement, but said that the action taken by the company was forced by the fact that time consumed and the expense of docking and discharge here were prohibitive.

The Jacksonville Times-Union is responsible for this:

"What seems to be authority for the statement that the Clyde Steamship Company has absorbed the Southern Steamship Company, which has operated a line of freight steamers between Philadelphia and this port for the past several years, and which has recently extended its operations to Key West, is conveyed in a recent circular issued from the office of Harvey C. Miller, president of the Southern Steamship Company."

The Clyde Line whose steamers ply between New York, Charleston and Jacksonville; Mallory Line on which Key Westers need no comment, and the Ward Line, whose steamers run direct from New York to Havana are said to be all under the same control.

NOTICE

I have this day filed with the Secretary of State of the State of Florida and in the office of the County Clerk of Monroe County, in the manner and form prescribed by law the following name and words, to be blown, impressed or otherwise produced upon bottles, siphons, fountain pens, tin or kegs, or the boxes used by me in the manufacturing, bottling or selling of soda waters, mineral or aerated waters or other beverages, to wit:

"Key West Bottling Co. Key West, Fla." in a circle and below the circle the words "Registered"

This bottle not to be sold.

My principal place of business will be in the City of Key West, Fla.

R. O. Thompson. 313w

Charles E. Young,
TAILOR
504 WILLIAM STREET
Cuts and Presses & Suits

ROUTINE BUSINESS WAS TRANSACTED AT LAST NIGHT'S SESSION OF CITY COUNCIL

Question of Codifying City Ordinances Taken Up—
Matter of Supply Wagon Driver's Remuneration Was Not Finally Determined.

The regular meeting of the City Council was held last night with the following members present: President C. F. Kemp, F. H. Ladd, E. E. Ingraham, Wm. B. Curry, Wm. M. Pinder, J. B. Valdez, Chas. W. Lowe. The minutes of the last regular and adjourned meetings were read and approved.

A petition from the Ladies Civic Association, requesting that the lights in Duval street park be replaced, was read and laid over for future action.

This question of codifying the city ordinances was brought up, and, on motion, the chairman of the Printing Committee was instructed to confer with the city attorney, relative to the printing of 1000 copies of the "City Code of Ordinances."

A petition from Walter P. Curry, requesting permission to build an addition in the rear of his residence on Duval street, with plans and specifications, was read, which, on motion, was granted, provided it complied with the ordinances and be under the supervision of the chairman of the building committee.

An ordinance regulating the pay of the driver of the supply wagon was placed on its second reading, amended and ordered laid on the table.

On a motion which was carried the building committee was instructed to confer with the Board of Public Works relative to furnishing a fill for the city jail and market, also for a sidewalk around the City Hall, and also to have the floor in the market and jail raised.

MR. LOUIS LOUIS BACK.

Mr. Louis Louis, of the firm of A. Louis and Son, is back from New York, where he spent several weeks, buying the large Spring and Summer stock for the store of Louis and Son. Mr. Louis, in speaking of his purchases while away, said that he had never purchased so attractive a line before, as he was able to do this time, and those who know the methods of this popular store for doing business, know that Mr. Louis meant just what he said.

WHY HE IS ABSENT FROM THE DISTRICT

Mr. Sparkman Detained in
Washington by Imperative Public Duties

(Advertisement.)

Opponents of the re-election of Congressman S. M. Sparkman are making active and unscrupulous use of the fact that he has not come home to advocate and push his cause before the people. All manner of stories, all widely differing in their allegations, are in circulation, and all are equally malicious and unfounded. The one heard perhaps the ofttest is that he is afraid to face his constituents and confront his opponent. To men who personally know him it is needless to refute this falsehood. There are two main reasons why Mr. Sparkman does not come home and enter upon a canvass for re-election.

One is that the Rivers and Harbors Bill introduced by his committee, has not yet passed Congress and become a law. Until that is done it is his supreme duty, devolved upon him by his citizenship, to remain unflinchingly at his post of duty. Not only his district, but his State and the entire South, are deeply interested in the passage of the bill, and he is not the man to flinch from the demands of his people. His inclination has always been to depend upon the approval of the people for his standing among them and for their endorsement to another term in Congress. He has consistently declared that he will fulfill his duty to the uttermost, whether or not it may result in his injury at the hands of unscrupulous opponents and enemies. He will, in the event of defeat, which is really an impossibility, have the approval of his own conscience.

Another reason is the very precarious health of Mrs. Sparkman, who is an inmate of a hospital near Washington in such a condition that his frequent sustaining presence is essential to her comfort and necessary to insure her a chance of recovery. He would rather forfeit the election than to impose upon her the loneliness that his absence would create. This is how, ever, a point upon which it is unnecessary to elaborate to any citizen and voter who has the least spark of manliness, the smallest perception of a man's proper devotion to his family. To use his influence from the field of contest under such circumstances is a disgrace to the man who undertakes it, marking him as utterly soulless and without the human feeling that every man was once naturally endowed with. This charge will react in Mr. Sparkman's favor.

EPWORTH LEAGUE HAS GOOD PROGRAM

Will Be Rendered Tonight
At Stone Church By
Members of League.

"We rise by the things that are under our feet.
By what we have mastered of good and gain,
By the pride deposed and the passion slain,
And the vanquished ills that we hourly meet."
(Holland.)

Program for the meeting of the Stone Church Epworth League, Friday evening.

Opening song.
Prayer
Scripture, Mrs. Lillie Pinder.
Solo, Do they pray for me at home?
Mrs. Geo. Robinson.
Readings.
A Broken Dam, Miss Fannie Nottage.
The Use, Not The Abuse, Mrs. Steve McDonald.
What the girls can do, Mr. C. H. Leach.
Weeks, Mrs. C. H. Leach.
Let us look at a few, Mrs. A. H. Smith.
Hymns, 332.
Selected Scripture Verses, Miss Edna Hertel.
Diamonds and Rags, Mrs. C. F. Chapman.
Roll call. Responded to by verses from the first Psalm.
Hymn.
League Benediction.

TEN NIGHTS IN A BAR ROOM.

The San Carlos was crowded for three big shows last night, showing the popular reel, "Ten Nights In a Bar Room," to thousands of Key West's theatre goers. The reel is in itself one big sermon, and deserved the patronage given last night.

ANOTHER CITIZEN AND TAXPAYER.

Another Tax Payer would like to know why the questions heretofore published in The Journal have not been answered by the Board of Public Works.

Another Citizen and Tax Payer.

Capt. O'Brien Announces.

To the voters of Monroe County:

I am a candidate for Congressman at Large, and take this method of soliciting your votes in the coming primary election.

Should I be the choice of the people I assure that I will always be working for the best interest of the people.

I was born in Key West, in October, 1856, and therefore most naturally feel a deep interest in all that pertains to my native town.

Captain J. Ed. O'Brien.

The best coffee on the market today is Cabrera's coffee. Two grades 30 and 35c per pound. 9f

To head off a headache try Dr. Miles' Anti-Pain Pills. They seldom fail.

REWARD

\$500,000 offered for the
return of the Great Red
Ruby known as

THE POOL OF FLAME

For particulars read the remarkable
tale of romance and adventure

by

LOUIS JOSEPH VANCE

Author of "The Bronze Bell," "The Brass Bowl," etc.

about to appear in this
paper in serial form. A story
that critics have ranked
with Wilke Collins' famous
novel, "The Moonstone."
Full of life and color, dash
and go, thrills and throbs.

Watch each issue until first chapter appears

ANNOUNCEMENT.

Mrs. A. Young of New York City, has opened a Beauty Parlor at Mrs. P. L. Weatherford's Millinery parlors, 524 Duval street. Mrs. Young is an experienced manicurist, and is prepared to administer electrical, facial massage, scalp treatment and hair dressing.

R. W. Harrison
Highest Grade
Photography
215 DUVAL STREET

TAX COLLECTOR'S NOTICE

Your state and county taxes are now due and payable at my office at the County Court House. Tax books close the first Monday in April, 1912.

T. A. Sweeting Tax Collector.

FOR MEMBER HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVE
Marcy B. Darnall

FOR SUPERVISOR OF REGISTRATION
Frank Cates

The standard of quality in Coffee is Cabrera's coffee. It is ground by an expert and is the last word in coffee.

THE FIRST NATIONAL BANK OF KEY WEST

Capital - - - \$100,000
Surplus and Undivided Profits \$40,000

Total Resources, Over One Million Dollars

Depository and Disbursing Agent of the U. S. Government

OFFICERS

Geo. W. Allen, President;
G. Bowne Patterson, Vice-pres.
Geo. L. Lowe, Cashier,
Charles A. Collins, Asst. Cashier,
Richard H. Kemp, Asst. Cashier.

DIRECTORS

John Lowe, Jr.
John W. Allen.
Geo. L. Lowe.
William R. Porter.
G. Bowne Patterson.
Chas. A. Collins.
Geo. W. Allen.

San Carlos

Week Beginning Monday Night Mar. 18th 1912

THE ORIGINAL BERNARDS
Feature Acrobatic Team.

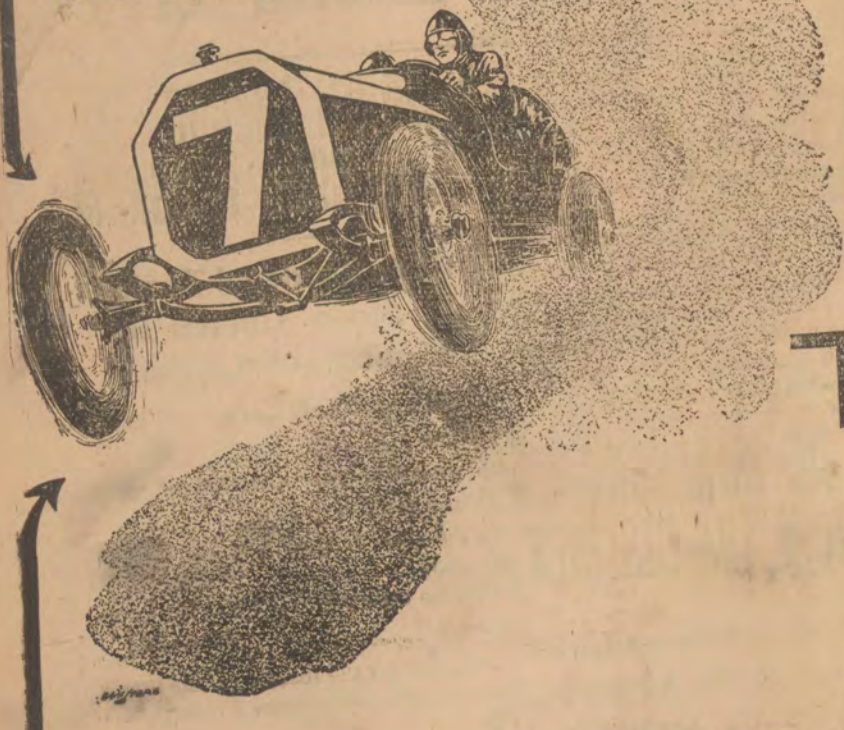
BAYLIE AND BAYLIE
Comedy Singing and Dancing

Friday-Popular Prize Night
SATURDAY: PRIZE MATINEE

Here He Comes

WHO?

Read all about him in the fascinating romance of motor racing



THE STORY ENDS TODAY.

On account of the way in which the forms got mixed up in going to press yesterday morning, the chapters that were published yesterday were so arranged that they did not appear consecutively; so we have decided to publish the chapters published yesterday again this morning, and in addition we are publishing the remaining chapters of the story, thus making the story end this morning. This is a most interesting story and we want every reader of the Journal to read the story.

One of the men with a vessel of white, heaving molten metal was trying to pass through the narrow aisle. Dick broke his sentence to rise in hasty avoidance, and his foot slipped in a puddle of oil on the floor.

It was so brief in happening that only the workman concerned saw the accident. As Dick fell backward, Lestrangle sprang forward and caught him, fairly snatching him from the greedy teeth. There was the rending of fabric, a gasping sob from Dick, and reeling from the recoil Lestrangle was sent staggering against a flying wheel next in line.

The workman set down his burden with a reckless endangering further trouble, active too late.

"Mr. Lestrangle!" he cried. But Lestrangle had already recovered himself, his right arm crossed with a scorching and bleeding bar where it had touched the glittering wheel, and the two young men were standing opposite each other in safety. "You are not hurt?" was the first question.

"I? I ought to be, but I'm not. Come to a surgeon, Lestrangle—Oh, you told me not to sit there!"

Lestrangle glanced down at the surface wound, then quickly back at the two pallid faces.

"Go on to your work, Peters," he directed. "I'm all right." And as the man slowly obeyed, "Now will you take my advice and come to the race with me, Ffrench?"

"Race! You'd race with that arm?" "Yes. Are you coming with me?"

Shaken and tremulous, Dick passed a damp hand across his forehead.

"I think you're mad to stand talking here. Come to the office, for heaven's sake. And, I'd be ground up there, if you hadn't caught me," he looked toward the jaws sullenly shredding and reshearing a strip of cloth from his sleeve. "I'll do anything you want."

"Will you?" Lestrangle flashed quickly. He flung back his head with the resolute setting of expression the other knew so well, his eyes brilliant with a resolve that took no heed of physical discomfort. "Then give me your word that you'll stick to your work here. That is my fear; that the change in you is just a mood you'll tire of some day. I want you to stand up to your work and not drop out disqualified."

"I will," said Dick, subdued and earnest. "I couldn't help doing it—your arm."

Lestrangle impatiently dragged out his handkerchief and wound it around the cut.

"Go on."

"I can't help keeping on; I couldn't go back now. You've got me awake. No one else ever tried, and I was having a good time. It began with liking you and thinking of all you did, and feeling funny alongside of you." He paused, struggling with Anglo-Saxon shyness. "I'm awfully fond of you, old fellow."

The other's gray eyes warmed and cleared. Smiling, he held out his left hand.

"It's mutual," he assured. "It isn't playing the game to trap you while you are upset like this. But I don't believe you'll be sorry. Come find some one to tie this up for me; I can't have it stiff tomorrow."

But in spite of his professed haste, Lestrangle stopped at the head of the stairs and went back to recover some small object lying on the floor beneath a pool of chilling metal. When he rejoined Dick, it was to linger yet a moment to look back across the teeming room.

"It's worth having, all this," he commented, with the first touch of sadness the other ever had seen in him. "Don't throw it away, Ffrench."

There is usually a surgeon within reach of a factory. When Mr. Ffrench passed out to the cart where Emily waited, he passed Dick and the village physician entering. The elder gentleman put on his glasses to survey his nephew's white face.

"An accident?" he inquired. The casual curiosity was sufficiently exasperating, and Dick's nerves were badly gone.

"Nothing worth mentioning," he snapped. "Just that I nearly fell into the machinery and Lestrangle has done up his arm pulling me out. That's all."

And he hurried the doctor on without further parley or excuse.

Lestrangle was in the room behind the office, smoking one of Bailey's cigars and listening to that gentleman's vigorous remarks concerning managers who couldn't keep out of their own machinery, the patient not having considered it worth while to explain Dick's share in the mischance. An omission which Dick himself promptly remedied in his anxious contrition.

Later, when the arm was being swathed in white linen, its owner spoke to his companion of the morning.

"I hope you didn't annoy Miss Ffrench with this trifling matter, as you came in."

"I didn't speak to her at all, only to my uncle."

"Very good."

Something in the too-indolent tone roused Dick's usually dormant observation. Startled, he scrutinized Lestrangle.

"Is that why you bothered yourself with me?" he stammered. "Is that why?"

"Shut up!" warned Lestrangle forcibly and ineffectually. "That isn't tight enough, Doc. You know I'm experienced at this sort of thing, and I'm going to use this arm."

But Dick was not to be silenced by his new enlightenment. When the surgeon momentarily turned away, he leaned nearer, his plump face grim.

"If I brace up, it won't be for Emily, but for you, Darling Lestrangle," he whispered viciously. "She don't want me and I don't want her, that way. I've got over that. And, and—oh, confound it, I'm sorry, old man!"

"Shut up!" said Lestrangle again. But though Dick's very sympathy unconsciously showed the hopeless chasm between the racing driver and Miss Ffrench, the hurt did not cloud the cordial smile Lestrangle sent to mitigate his command.

CHAPTER VI.

Emily first heard the full story of the accident that evening, when Dick sat opposite her on the veranda and gave the account in frank anxiety and dejection.

"We're going down tonight on the nine o'clock train," he added in conclusion. "Tomorrow morning he'll spend practicing on the track, and tomorrow evening at 6 the race starts. And Lestrangle starts crippled because I am a clumsy idiot. He laughs at me, but—he'd do that anyhow."

"Yes," agreed Emily. "He would do that anyhow." Her eyes were wide and terrified, the little hands she clasped in her lap were quite cold. "I wish, I wish he had never come to this place."

CHAPTER VII.

Morning found a pale and languid Emily across the breakfast table from Mr. Ffrench. Yet, by a contradiction of the heart, her pride in loving and being loved so overbore the knowledge that only sorrow could result to herself and Lestrangle, that her eyes shone wide and lustrous and her lips curved softly.

Mr. Ffrench was almost in high spirits.

"The boy was merely developing," he stated, over his grape-fruit. "I have been unjust to Richard. For two months Bailey has been talking of his interest in the business and attendance at the factory, but I was incredulous. Although I fancied I observed a change—have you observed a change in him, Emily?"

"Yes," Emily confirmed, "a very great change. He has grown up, at last."

"Ah? I cannot express to you how it gratifies me to have a French representing me in public; have you seen the morning journals?"

"I have just come down stairs."

He picked up the newspaper beside him and passed across the folded page.

"All in readiness for Beach Contest," the headlines ran. "Last big driver to arrive, Lestrangle is in Mercury camp with R. Ffrench, representative of Company."

And there was a blurred picture of a speeding car with driver and mechanic masked to goblinlike non-identity, with the legend underneath: "Darling Lestrangle, in his Mercury on the Georgia course."

"Next year I shall make him part owner. It was always my poor brother's desire to have the future name still French and Ffrench. He was not thinking of Richard then; he had hope of—"

Emily lifted her gaze from the picture, recalled to attention by the break.

"Of?" she echoed vaguely. "Of one who is unworthy thought. Richard has redeemed our family from extinction; that is at rest." He paused for an instant. "My dear child, when you are married and established, I shall be content."

Her breathing quickened, her courage rose to the call of the moment. "If Dick is here, if he is instead of a substitute," she said, carefully quiet in manner, "would it matter, since I am only a girl, whom I married, Uncle Ethan?"

"Oh, you do?" Dick said oddly. "Maybe he will, too, before he gets through with us. We're a nasty lot, we Ffrenches; a lot of blue-blooded snobs without any red blood in us. Are you going to say good-by to me? I won't be home until it's over."

She looked at him, across the odorous dusk slowly silencing as the moon rose.

"You are going to be with him?" Dick smoothed his leggings before standing up, surveying his strict motor costume with a gloomy pride not to be concealed.

"Yes, I'm representing our company. Lestrangle might want some backing if any disputes turned up. Uncle Ethan nearly had a fit when Bailey told him what I was going to do; he called me Richard for the first time in my life. I guess I'll be some good yet, if every one except Lestrangle did think I was a chump."

"I am very sure you will," she answered gently. "Good-by, Dick; you look very nice."

When he reached the foot of the steps, her voice recalled him, as she stood leaning over the rail.

"Dick, you could not make him give it up, not race this time?"

He stared up at her white figure. "No, I could not. Don't you suppose I tried?"

"I suppose you did," she admitted, and went back to her seat.

The June night was very quiet. Once a sleepy bird stirred in the honeysuckle vines and chirped through the dark. Far below the throb of a motor passed down the road, dying away again to leave silence. Suddenly Emily Ffrench hid her face on the arm of her chair and the tears overflowed.

There was no consciousness of time while that inarticulate passion of dread spent itself. But it was nearly half an hour later when she started up at the echo of a light step on the gravel path, dashing her handkerchief across her eyes.

It was incredible, but it was true: Lestrangle himself was standing before her at the foot of the low stairs, the moonlight glinting across his uncovered bronze head and bright, clear face.

"I beg pardon for trespass, Miss Ffrench," he said, "but your cousin tells me he has been saying a great deal of nonsense to you about this race, and that you were so very good as to feel some concern regarding it. Really, I had to run up and set that right; I couldn't leave you to be annoyed by Mr. Ffrench's nerves. Will you forgive me?"

Like sun through a mist his blithe face.

CHAPTER VIII.

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When the long meal was ended and her uncle withdrew to meet Bailey in the library, Emily escaped outdoors. There was a quaint summer house part way down the park, an ancient white pavilion standing beside the brook that gurgled by on its way to the Hudson, where the young girl often passed her hours. She went there now, carrying her little work-basket and the newspaper containing the picture of Lestrangle.

"I will save it," was her thought. "Perhaps I may find better ones—this does not show his face—but I will have this now. It may be a long time before I see him."

Her white, terrified face turned to

me I have not words to speak. But it made it harder to bear the thought of your hurt and risk from the hurt, when I knew that I had sent Dick there, who caused it."

Lestrangle hesitated, himself troubled. Her soft loveliness in the delicate light that left her eyes unreadable depths of shadow, her timidity and anxiety for his safety, were from their very unconsciousness most dangerous. And while he grasped at self-control, she came still nearer to the head of the steps and held out her small fair hand, mistaking his silence for leave-taking.

"Good night; and I thank you for coming. I am not used to so much consideration."

Her accents were unsure when she would have made them most certain, with her movement the handkerchief fell from her girdle to his feet. Mechanically Lestrangle recovered the bit of linen, and felt it lie wet in his fingers. Wet—

"Emily!" he cried abruptly, and sprang the brief step between them.

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Her Accents Were Unsure When She Would Have Made Them Most Certain.

him in the moonlight, but he saw her eyes. And seeing, he kissed her.

The moment left no time for speech. Some one was coming down the drawing-room toward the long windows. Dick's impatient whistle sounded shrilly from the park. Panting, quivering, Emily drew from the embrace and fled within.

She had no doubt of Lestrangle, no question of his serious meaning—he had that force of sincerity which made his silence more convincing than the protestations of others. But alone in her room she laid her cheek against the hand his had touched.

"I wish I had died in the convent," she cried to her heart. "I wish I had died before I made him unhappy too."

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"The boy was merely developing," he stated, over his grape-fruit. "I have been unjust to Richard. For two months Bailey has been talking of his interest in the business and attendance at the factory, but I was incredulous. Although I fancied I observed a change—have you observed a change in him, Emily?"

"Yes," Emily confirmed, "a very great change. He has grown up, at last."

"Ah? I cannot express to you how it gratifies me to have a French representing me in public; have you seen the morning journals?"

"I have just come down stairs."

He picked up the newspaper beside him and passed across the folded page.

"All in readiness for Beach Contest," the headlines ran. "Last big driver to arrive, Lestrangle is in Mercury camp with R. Ffrench, representative of Company."

And there was a blurred picture of a speeding car with driver and mechanic masked to goblinlike non-identity, with the legend underneath: "Darling Lestrangle, in his Mercury on the Georgia course."

"Next year I shall make him part owner. It was always my poor brother's desire to have the future name still French and Ffrench. He was not thinking of Richard then; he had hope of—"

Emily lifted her gaze from the picture, recalled to attention by the break.

"Of?" she echoed vaguely. "Of one who is unworthy thought. Richard has redeemed our family from extinction; that is at rest." He paused for an instant. "My dear child, when you are married and established, I shall be content."

Her breathing quickened, her courage rose to the call of the moment. "If Dick is here, if he is instead of a substitute," she said, carefully quiet in manner, "would it matter, since I am only a girl, whom I married, Uncle Ethan?"

When the long meal was ended and her uncle withdrew to meet Bailey in the library, Emily escaped outdoors. There was a quaint summer house part way down the park, an ancient white pavilion standing beside the brook that gurgled by on its way to the Hudson, where the young girl often passed her hours. She went there now, carrying her little work-basket and the newspaper containing the picture of Lestrangle.

"I will save it," was her thought. "Perhaps I may find better ones—this does not show his face—but I will have this now. It may be a long time before I see him."

Her white, terrified face turned to

me I have not words to speak. But it made it harder to bear the thought of your hurt and risk from the hurt, when I knew that I had sent Dick there, who caused it."

Lestrangle hesitated, himself troubled. Her soft loveliness in the delicate light that left her eyes unreadable depths of shadow, her timidity and anxiety for his safety, were from their very unconsciousness most dangerous. And while he grasped at self-control, she came still nearer to the head of the steps and held out her small fair hand, mistaking his silence for leave-taking.

"Good night; and I thank you for coming. I am not used to so much consideration."

Her accents were unsure when she would have made them most certain, with her movement the handkerchief fell from her girdle to his feet. Mechanically Lestrangle recovered the bit of linen, and felt it lie wet in his fingers. Wet—

"Emily!" he cried abruptly, and sprang the brief step between them.

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Miami - {Nassau 3. Miami Jan. 29, 1912	East- ward	Lv. Miami	Mon.	Wed.	Fri.	On Tide
		Ar. Nassau	Tues.	Thur.	Sat.	On Tide
	West- ward	Lv. Nassau	Tues.	Thur.	Sat.	On Tide
		Ar. Miami	Wed.	Fri.	Sun.	On Tide

Last sailing from Miami, Monday April 8th, 1912

St. Petersburg	Lv. St. Petersburg	Tues.	9:30 PM
Port Tampa	Ar. Port Tampa	Tues.	10:30 PM
Key West	Lv. Port Tampa	Mon.	11:30 PM
Havana	Ar. Key West	Mon.	5:30 PM
	Lv. Key West	Tues.	8:00 PM
	Ar. Havana	Tues.	6:30 AM
	Lv. Havana	Tues.	12:00 M
	Ar. Key West	Tues.	8:00 PM
	Lv. Key West	Tues.	10:30 PM
	Ar. Port Tampa	Wed.	5:30 PM



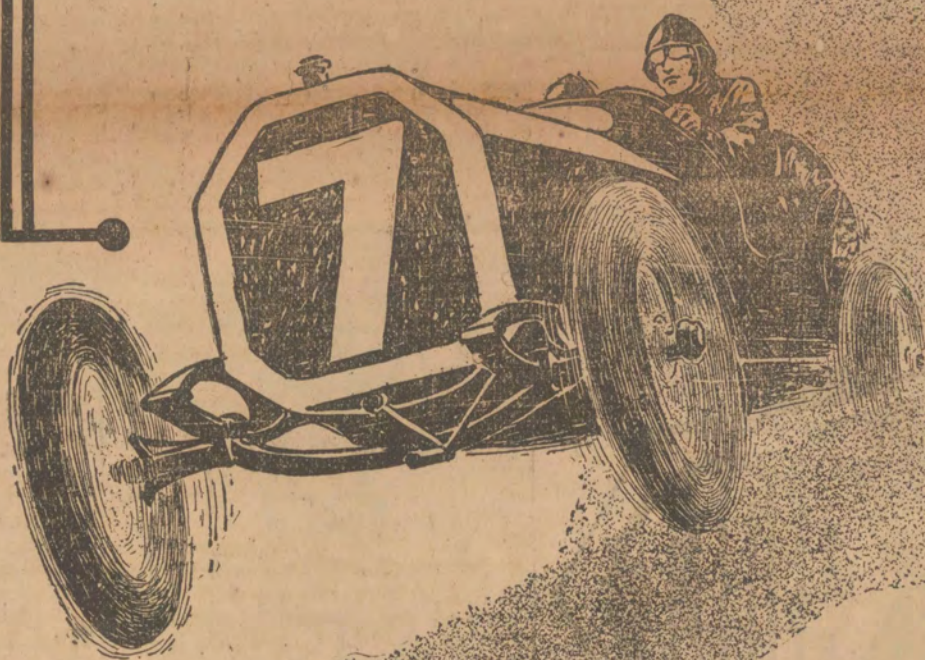
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FOR SUPERINTENDENT OF PUBLIC INSTRUCTION
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"On the track, Lestrage driving," was the prompt response. "Leading by thirty-two miles."

A little of Emily's color rushed back. Satisfied, Bailey lead their way to the tiers of seats, almost empty at this hour. Pearly, unsubstantial in the young light, lay the huge oval meadow and the track edging it.

"I've sent over for Mr. Dick," Bailey informed the other two. "He's been here, and he can tell what's doing. Four cars are out of the race. There's Mr. David coming!"

A gray machine shot around the west curve, hurtled roaring down the straight stretch past the stand and crossed before them, the mechanic rising in his seat to catch the pendant linen streamers and wipe the dust from the driver's goggles in preparation for the "death turn" ahead. There was a series of rapid explosions as the driver shut off his motor, the machine swerved almost facing the infield fence and slid around the bend with a skidding lurch that threw a cloud of soil high in the air. Emily cried out. Mr. French half rose in his place.

"What's the matter?" dryly queried Bailey. "He's been doing that all night; and a pretty turn he makes, too. He's been doing it for about five years, in fact, earning his living, only we didn't see him. Here goes another."

Mr. French put on his pince-nez, preserving the dignity of outward composure. Emily saw and heard nothing; she was following Lestrage around the far sides of the course, around until again he flashed past her, repeating his former feat with appalling exactitude.

It was hardly more than five minutes before Dick came hurrying toward them; cross, tired, dust-streaked and gasoline-scented.

"I don't see why you wanted to come," he began before he reached them. "I'm busy enough now. We're leading; if Lestrage holds out we'll win. But he's driving alone; Frank went out an hour ago, on the second relief, when he went through the paddock fence and broke his leg. It didn't hurt the machine a bit, except tires, but it lost us twenty-six laps. And it leaves Lestrage with thirteen steady hours at the wheel. He says he can do it."

"He's fit?" Emily questioned. Dick turned a peevish regard upon her.

"I don't know what you call fit. He says he is. His hands are blistered already, his right arm has been bandaged twice where he hurt it pulling me away from the gear-center yesterday, and he's had three hours' rest out of the last eleven. See that he up of junk over there; that's where the Alan car burned up last night and



"Here Goes Another."

sent its driver and mechanician to the hospital. I suppose if Lestrage isn't fit and makes a miscue we'll see something like that happen to him and Rupert."

"Not!" Emily cried piteously. Remorse clutched Dick.

"I forgot you, cousin," he apologized. "Don't go off; Lestrage swears he feels fine and gives at me for worrying. Don't look like that."

"Richard, you will go down and order our car withdrawn from the race," Mr. French stated, with his most absolute finality. "This has continued long enough. If we had not been arrested in New York for exceeding the speed limit, I should have been here to end this scene at midnight."

Stunned, his nephew stared at him. "Withdraw!"

"Precisely. And desire David to come here."

"I won't," said Dick flatly. "If you want to rub it into Lestrage that way, send Bailey. And I say it's a confounded shame."

"Richard!" His round face ablaze, Dick thrust his hands in his pockets, facing his uncle stubbornly.

"After his splendid fight, to stop him now? Do you know how they take being put out, those fellows? Why, when the Italian car went off the track for good, last night, with its chain tangled up with everything underneath, its driver sat down and cried. And you'd come down on Lestrage when he's winning—I won't do it, I won't! Send Bailey; I can't tell him."

"If you want to discredit the car and its driver, Mr. French, you can do it without me," slowly added Bailey. "But it won't be any use to send for Mr. David, because he won't come."

The autocrat of his little world looked from one rebel to the other, confounded with the unprecedented.

"If I wish to withdraw him, it is to place him out of danger," he retorted with asperity. "Not because I wish to mortify him, naturally. Is that clear? Does he want to pass the next thirteen

hours under this ordeal?"

"I'll tell you what he wants," answered Dick. "He wants to be let alone. It seems to me he's earned that."

Ethan French opened his lips and closed them again without speech. It had not been his life's habit to let people alone and the art was acquired with difficulty.

"I admit I do not comprehend the feelings you describe," he conceded, at last. "But there is one person who has the right to decide whether David shall continue this risk of his life. Emily, do you wish the car withdrawn?"

There was a gasp from the other two men.

"I?" the young girl exclaimed, amazed. "I can call him here—safe—"

Her voice died out as Lestrage's car roared past, overtaking two rivals on the turn and sliding between them with an audacity that provoked rounds of applause from the spectators. To call him in from that, to have him safe with her—the mere thought was a delight that caught her breath. Yet, she knew Lestrage.

The three men watched her in keen suspense. The Mercury car had passed twice again before she raised her head, and in that space of a hundred seconds Emily reached the final selfishness.

"What David wants," she said. "Uncle, what David wants."

"You're a brick!" cried Dick, in a passion of relief. "Emily, you're a brick!"

She looked at him with eyes he never forgot. "If anything happens to him, I hope I die too," she answered, and drew the silk veil across her face.

"Go back, Mr. Dick, you're no good here," advised Bailey, in the pause.

"I guess Miss Emily is right, Mr. French; we've got nothing to do but look on, for David French was wiped out to make Lestrage's."

Having left the decision to Emily, it was in character that her uncle offered no remonstrance when she disappointed his wish.

When Lestrage came into his camp for oil and gasoline, near eight o'clock, Dick seized the brief halt, the first in three hours.

"Emily's up in the stand," he announced. "Send her a word, old man; and don't get reckless in front of her."

"Emily?" echoed Lestrage, too weary for astonishment. "Give me a pencil. No, I can't take off my gauntlet; it's glued fast. I'll manage. Rupert, go take an hour's rest and send me the other mechanician."

"I can't get off my car; it's glued fast," Rupert confided, leaning over the back of the machine to appropriate a sandwich from the basket a man was carrying to the neighboring camp. "Go on with your correspondence, dearest."

So resting the card Dick supplied on the steering wheel, Lestrage wrote a difficult two lines.

He was out again on the track when Dick brought the message to Emily.

"I just told him you were here, cousin," he whispered in her ear, and dropped the card in her lap.

"I'll enjoy this more than ever, with you here," she read. "It's the right place for my girl. I'll give you the cup for our first dinner table, tonight."

"DAVID." Emily lifted her face. The tragedy of the scene was gone, Lestrage's eyes laughed at her out of a mist. The sky was blue, the sunshine golden; the merry crowds commencing to pour in woke carnival in her heart.

"He said to tell you the machine was running magnificently," supplemented Dick, "and not to insult his veteran reputation by getting nervous. He's coming by—look."

He was coming by; and, although unable to look toward the grand-stand he raised his hand in salute as he passed, to the one he knew was watching. Emily flushed redly, her dark eyes warm and shining.

"I can wait," she sighed, gratefully. "Dickie, I can wait until it ends now."

Dick went back. The hours passed. One more car went out of the race under the grinding test; there were the usual incidents of blown-out tires and temporary withdrawals for repairs. Twice Mr. French sent his partner and Emily to the restaurant below, tolerating his seat. Perfectly composed, his expression perfectly self-contained, he watched his son.

The day grew unbearably hot toward afternoon, a heat rather of July than June. After a visit to his camp Lestrage reappeared without the suffocating mask and cap, driving bareheaded, with only the narrow goggles crossing his face. The change left visible the drawn pallor of exhaustion under stains of dust and oil, his rolled-back sleeves disclosed the crimson badge on his right arm and the fact that his left wrist was tightly wound with linen where swollen and strained muscles rebelled at the long trial.

"He's been driving for nineteen hours," said Dick, climbing up to his party through the excited crowd. "Two hours more to six o'clock. Listen to the mob when he passes!"

The injunction was unnecessary. As the sun slanted low the enthusiasm grew to fever. This was a crowd of connoisseurs—motorists, chauffeurs, automobile lovers and drivers—they knew what was being done before them. The word passed that Lestrage was in his twentieth hour; people climbed on seats to cheer him as he passed by. When one of his tires blew out, in the opening of the first hour of his driving and the twenty-fourth of the race, the great shout of sympathy and encouragement that

went up shook the grand-stand to its cement foundations.

Neither Lestrage nor Rupert left his seat while that tire was changed. "If we did I ain't sure we'd get back," Rupert explained to Dick, who



Reappeared Without the Suffocating Mask and Cap.

hovered around them agitatedly. "If I'd thought Darling's mechanician would get in for this, I'd have taken in sewing for a living. How much longer?"

"Half an hour."

"Well, watch us finish."

A renewed burst of applause greeted the Mercury car's return to the track. Men were standing watch in hand to count the last moments, their eyes on the bulletin board where the reeled-off miles were being registered. Two of the other machines were fighting desperately for second place, hopeless of rivaling Lestrage, and, after them sped the rest.

"The finish!" some one suddenly called. "The last lap!"

Dick was hanging over the paddock fence when the car shot by amidst braying, klaxons, motor horns, cheers, and the clashing music of the band. Frantic, the people hailed Lestrage as the black and white checked flag dropped before him in proclamation of his victory and the ended race.

Rupert raised his arms above his head in the signal of acknowledgment, as they flew across the line and swept on to complete the circle to their camp. Lestrage slackened speed to take the dangerous, deeply furrowed turn for the last time, his car poised for the curving flight under his guidance—then the watching hundreds saw the driver's hands slip from the steering-wheel as he reached for the brake. Straight across the track the machine dashed, instead of following the bend, crashed through the barrier, and rolled over on its side in the green meadow grass.

"The steering-knuckle!" Bailey groaned, as the place burst into uproar around them. "The wheel—I saw it turn uselessly in his hands!"

"They're up!" cried a dozen voices. "No, one's up and one's under."

"Who's caught in the wreck—Lestrage or his man?"

But before the people who surged over the track, breaking all restraint, before the electric ambulance, Dick French reached the marred thing that had been the Mercury car. It was Lestrage who had painfully struggled to one knee beside the machine, fighting hard for breath to speak.

"Take the car off Rupert," he panted, at Dick's cry of relief on seeing him. "I'm all right—take the car off Rupert."

The next instant they were surrounded, overwhelmed with eager aid. The ambulance came up and a surgeon precipitated himself toward Lestrage.

"Stand back," the surgeon commanded generally. "Are you trying to smother him? Stand back."

But it was he who halted before a gesture from Lestrage, who leaned on Dick and a comrade from the camp.

"Go over there, to Rupert."

"You first—"

"No."

There was nothing to do except yield. Shrugging his shoulders, the surgeon paused the necessary moment. A moment only; there was a no protests, but he himself never left scattering of the hushed workers, a metallic crash.

From the space the car had covered a small figure uncoiled, lizard-like, and staggered unsteadily erect.

"Where's Darling Lestrage?" was hurled viciously across the silence.

"Gee, you're a slow bunch of workers! Where's Lestrage?"

The tumult that broke loose swept all to confusion. And after all it was Lestrage who was put in the surgeon's care, while Rupert rode back to the camp on the driver's seat of the ambulance.

"Tell Emily I'll come over to her as soon as I'm fit to look at," was the message Lestrage gave Dick. "And when you go back to the factory, have your steering-knuckles strengthened."

Dick exceeded his commission by transmitting the speech entire; repeating the first part to Emily with all affectionate solicitude, and flinging the second cuttingly at his uncle and Bailey.

"The doctors say he ought to be in bed, but he won't go," he concluded. "No, you can't see him until they get through patching him up at the hospital tent; they put every one out except Rupert. He hasn't a scratch, after having a ninety Mercury on top of him. You're to come over to our

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camp. Emily, and wait for Lestrage. I suppose everybody had better come."

It was a curious and an elevating thing to see Dickie assume command of his family, but no one demurred. An official, recognizing in him Lestrage's manager, cleared a way for the party through the noisy press of departing people and automobiles.

The sunset had long faded, night had settled over the molordrome and the electric lamps had been lit in the tents, before there came a stir and murmur in the Mercury camp.

"Don't skid, the ground's wet," cautioned a voice outside the door. "Steady!"

Emily started up, Dick springing to open the canvas, and Lestrage crossed the threshold. Lestrage, colorless, his right arm in a sling, his left wound with linen from wrist to elbow, and bearing a heavy purple bruise above his temple, but with the brightness of victory flashing above all weariness like a dancing flame.

"Sweetheart!" he laughed, as Emily ran to meet him, heedless of all things except that he stood within touch once more. "My dear, I told them not to frighten you. Why, Emily—"

For as he put his one available arm about her, she hid her wet eyes on his shoulder.

"I am so happy," she explained breathlessly. "It is only that."

"You should not have been here at all, my dear. But it is good to see you. Who brought you? Bailey?"

catching sight of the man beside Dick. "Good, I wanted some one to help me; Rupert and I have got to find a hotel and we're not very active."

Emily would have slipped away from the clasp, scarlet with returning recollection, but Lestrage detained her to meet his shining eyes.

"The race is over," he reminded, for her ears alone. "I'm going to keep you, if you'll stay."

He turned to take a limping step, offering his hand cordially to the speechless Bailey, and faced for the first time the other man present.

"I think," said Ethan French, "that there need be no question of hotels. We have not understood each other, but you have the right to French-wood's hospitality. If you can travel, we will go there."

"No," answered David French, as quietly. "Never. You owe me nothing, sir. If I have worked in your factory, I took the workman's wages for it; if I have won honors for your car, I also won the prize-money given to the driver. I never meant so to establish any claim upon Frenchwood or you. I believe we stand even. Dick has taken my place, happily; Emily and I will go on our own road."

They looked at each other, the likeness between them most apparent, in the similar determination of mood which wiped laughter and warmth from the younger man's face. However coldly phrased and dictatorially spoken, it was an apology which Mr. French had offered and which had been declined. But—he had watched



"I Am So Happy."

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Lestrangle all day; he did not lift the

gauntlet.

"You are perfectly free," he con-

ceded, "which gives you the opportu-

nity of being generous."

His son moved, flushing through

his pallor.

"I wish you would not put it that

way, sir," he objected.

"There is no other way. I have

been wrong and I have no control

over you; will you come home?"

There was no other argument but

that that could have succeeded, and

the three who knew Lestrangle knew

that could not fail.

"You want me because I am a

Ffrench," David rebelled in the final

protest. "You have a substitute."

"Perhaps I want you otherwise. And

we will not speak in passion; there

can be no substitute for you."

"Ffrench and Ffrench," murmured

Dick coaxingly. "We can run that

factory, Lestrangle!"

"There's more than steering

knuckles needing your eye on them,

and you love the place, Mr. David,"

said Bailey from his corner.

From one to the other David's

glance went, to rest on Emily's deli-

cate, earnest face in its setting of

yellow-bronze curls. Full and straight

her dark eyes answered his, the con-

vent-bred Emily's answer to his pride

and old resentment and new reluc-

tance to yield his liberty.

"After all, you were born a

Ffrench," she reminded, her soft ac-

cents just audible. "If that is your

work?"

Very slowly David turned to his

father.

"I never learned to do things by

halves," he said. "If you want me,

sir—"

And Ethan Ffrench understood, and

first offered his hand.

Rupert was discovered asleep in a

camp-chair outside the tent, a few

minutes later, when Dick went in

search of him.

"The limousine's waiting," his

awakener informed him. "You don't

feel bad, do you?"

The mechanic rose cautiously,

wincing.

"Well, if every joint in my chassis

wasn't sore, I'd feel better," he ad-

mitted grimly. "But I'm still running.

What did you kiss me awake for,

when I need my sleeps?"

"Did you suppose we could get Lo-

strange home without you, Jack Ru-

pert?"

"I ain't supposing you could. I'm

ready."

The rest of the party were already

in the big car, with one exception.

"Take a last look, Rupert," bade

David, as he stood in the dark pad-

dock. "We're retired; come help me

get used to it."

Rupert passed a glance over the de-

serted track.

"I guess my sentiment-tank has given

out," he sweetly acknowledged.

"The Mercury factory sounds pretty

good to me, Darling. And I guess we

can make a joy ride out of living, on

any track, if we enter for it."

"I guess we can," laughed David

Ffrench. "Get in opposite Emily.

We're going home to try."

SYNOPSIS.

CHAPTER I.—The story opens on Long Island near New York City, where Miss Emily Ffrench, a relative of Ethan Ffrench, manufacturer of the celebrated "Mercury" automobile, loses her Dick. The car has stopped and her cousin Dick Ffrench is too muddled with drink to direct it aright. They meet another car named Lestrangle. The latter fixes up the Ffrench car and directs Miss Ffrench how to proceed homeward, but seeing that her cousin is in no condition to accompany her, he details Dick Ffrench, for which the young lady is thankful.

CHAPTER II.—Ethan Ffrench has disappeared his son, who has disappeared. He is growing old and tells Emily that she is the only one of the family to whom he can leave his wealth. He informs her plainly that he would like to have her marry Dick, who could carry on the business. Dick is a good-natured, but irresponsible fellow.

CHAPTER III.—It appears that a partner of Ethan Ffrench, wanting an expert to race with the "Mercury" at auto events, has engaged Lestrangle. At the Ffrench factory Emily encounters the young man. They refer pleasantly to their first meeting when Dick came along and recognizes the young racer.

CHAPTER IV.—Dick likes the way Lestrangle ignores their first meeting when he appeared to a disadvantage. They become quite friendly and Lestrangle tells Emily that he will try to make something out of her indifferent cousin and educate him as an automobile expert.

CHAPTER V.—Dick undertakes his business schooling under the tutelage of Lestrangle. Dick is shrewd, grit, and in making a test race meets with an accident. Lestrangle sticks to him bravely, and Dick guessing that his friend loves Emily disclaims any intention of marry-

ing her.

CHAPTER VI.—Lestrangle comes upon Emily in the moonlit garden of the Ffrench home. Under an impulse he cannot control he kisses her and leaves him, confessing in his own heart that she returns his love.

CHAPTER VII.—The uncle of Emily, hearing of her attachment to Lestrangle, informs her that the man is his disbarred son, whom she has never seen before being adopted by him. He claims that his son ran away with a disreputable actress, refuses to acknowledge him, and orders Emily to think of Dick as her future husband.

CHAPTER VIII.—A big race is on in the south and Ethan Ffrench takes Emily to see it. The fame of the "Mercury" and Dick running the race.

CHAPTER IX.—There is a stirring run in which Lestrangle and Dick win proud laurels for the famous "Mercury" car, but wind up in a terrible smash-up against the disreputable son is disproven and all ends happily. Dick gallantly marries Emily, and he has learned the business, the same can be perpetuated as Ffrench & Ffrench.

The FLYING MERCURY

By Eleanor M. Ingram

Author of "The Game and the Candle"

Illustrations By RAY WALTERS

(Copyright, 1910, by Bobbs-Merrill Co.)



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All persons having claims and de-
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to the undersigned for payment, with-
in the time prescribed by law, other-
wise the same will be barred.

Edelmira Morales,
Executor Last Will and Testament of
Juan Rodriguez. Mar. 15-6m

Watch Sunday's Journal

E. A. WADD ELL

Watch Sunday's Journal.

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Also the furnishings of the adjoining house, 320 Simonton, with furnished rooms, barber shop and coffee shop.

Also two nice lots near Louis pavilion. Proprietor wishes to leave the city, and wants to make quick sale.

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It is because of your breakdown your fair one was fretful and said the No. she didn't mean.

BRING US YOUR WHEEL, and we will fix it good as new. It won't take long and shant cost much. After that call in the minister and she'll say Yes that will make two of you one, and may you live long and be happy, and not forget our shop.

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PERSONAL PARAGRAPHS

The dance at the Centro Asturiano last night, was on a par with the delightful affairs so frequently held there. There were delicious refreshments, and everybody had a really good time.

Mess. C. T. Collings, J. W. Bell, and W. W. Zackery, Standard Oil officials, who were in Key West, a few days ago, were passengers, last night, on the Mascotte for Tampa.

A fierce snow storm was raging over Nebraska, yesterday, and the minimum temperature at Key West was 73. Nuff sed.

Easter will soon be here, see the beautiful line of wools the Philadelphia Tailors have on hand to make your suit selection from.

The funeral of Alexander Key, 73, who died Wednesday, at his home, 817 Eaton street, was held at 3:30 o'clock yesterday afternoon from the Stone Church. Rev. T. H. Sistrunk officiating. Burial under Undertaker Benjamin Lopez, was in the City Cemetery.

George Nottage, charged with embezzlement, was acquitted, yesterday, in the Criminal Court.

The Mallory line boat, Sabine, will get here from New York, on Sunday, with passengers, and a big cargo for Key West merchants, and points up the state.

V. A. Johnson is manager and Michael Rossi of Philadelphia is the cutter of the Philadelphia Tailors 122 Duval street.

The Pilot boat J. E. Jenett, Capt. Oscar Clifton, is on Curv's ways for usual quarterly scraping and painting.

The street car company will have cars running around the loop by Sunday.

"Scotch Kid" of Key West and Kid Ellis of Philadelphia will fight 20 rounds tonight at Odd Fellows Hall. Fight fans will be there in force.

The Concho from Tampa and Mobile for New York is due tomorrow.

Come in and make your selection for your spring suit. The Philadelphia Tailors will make your suit as you want it.

S. F. Lowe is in Miami on business.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Vining Harris left yesterday on the yacht Everglades for a key cruise.

See the Philadelphia Tailors

Capt. Armada, of the well-known steamer Mildred, wishes the public to know that his boat will leave Taylor's dock, every Wednesday morning, at 5 o'clock, instead of 6 o'clock, for Fort Myers.

Lieut. R. B. Farnham, late of Boston, is now assisting Capt. F. S. Wiltsie at the Marine Barracks.

D. Y. Brinker of Epstein & Bro Savannah, Ga., was in Key West yesterday, on business.

On the Halifax to Havana yesterday were: Robert Popobuci, Miss Cunningham, Miss Mackey, Mr. and Mrs. G. M. Hamer and 3 second class.

Troop No. 2, Boy Scouts, will meet at 7 o'clock tonight, at the Guard's Armory. A large attendance is requested by Capt. Gabriel Lowe.

On the Mascotte to Port Tampa last night were these passengers: C. T. Collings, J. W. Bell, W. W. Zackery, D. C. Pope, G. L. Bidwell, L. N. McNatt, Frank Bethune, Mr. and Mrs. John Aldred, Mary J. Aldred and 11 second class.

Ladies, read the advertisement of the Lawson Mfg. Co., in this morning's Journal, and if you want to see the dandiest kitchen cabinet ever shown in Key West, visit the demonstration room at 124 Duval Street.

For fine tailoring see the Philadelphia Tailors.

Just a week's trial of one of our lights will convince you that you're using your own gas plant. The Best Light Agency, Cleveland R. Pierce, Agent.

ATTENTION

Sale of Portland Cement postponed until Monday, March 25th, 1912, at 11 o'clock a.m.

All parties interested please take notice. Place of sale at Wm. Curry Sons' company warehouse.

A. T. H. Russell, Auctioneer.

3-21-4t.

The Pelican of the fish dock is back. He has not much to say, but he carries a lugubrious air. He may have lost money, piscatorially speaking—but if so, he has not disclosed the fact by word of beak. No doubt, he has his own troubles, like all of us; but he has the tact and the good grace not to shoot them into our faces as so many people—whom we all can name offhand, are constantly doing. He may have never heard of that splendid philosophical coterie, the Stoics, whose fame has been handed down in song and story for nigh three thousand years. But, nevertheless, Mr. Pelican, grand in his aloofness, his independence, his solitariness, possesses that characteristic which, in more modern times, has made immortal the former masters of this continent—the Red Men. Could he talk, this wily pelican, whose voyages among the keys are, doubtless, Ulysses-like, from the point of extent and adventure, could teach us many things of moment.

Kid Ashe and Young Johnson, were supposed to meet last night at 8:30 to sign articles for another fight. Kid Ashe did not appear. That's all.

LOCAL WEATHER REPORT

U. S. Department of Agriculture, Weather Bureau, March 21, 1912.

Barometer	7 a.m.	7 p.m.
	30.11	30.10
Temperature	77	76
Wind velocity	8	8
Wind direction	E	E
State of weather	P Cloudy Clear	

Highest temperature	81
Lowest temperature	73
Mean temperature	77

Almanac March 22

Sun rises	5:29 a.m.
Sun sets	5:39 p.m.
High tide	10:04 a.m., 11:21 p.m.
Low tide	3:51 a.m., 4:51 p.m.

H. B. BOYER, Local Forecaster.

\$\$\$\$\$\$\$\$\$

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ELECTRIC FLATIRONS

From March 20th to April 20th we will sell six pound electric irons for \$3.00. After the last day of this sale iron will be sold at the regular price of \$4.00.

Each iron is guaranteed to last until Jan. 1st, 1917.

The Key West Electric Co.
SALES DEPARTMENT**FOR SPRING AND SUMMER**

Bright, New, Stylish, Spring and Summer wearing apparel are being received most every day.

DRESS GOODS, SHOES, HOSIERY, MUSLIN, UNDERWEAR, CORSETS, LACES, EMBROIDERIES AND TRIMMINGS OF ALL KINDS

The real rush for spring goods is just beginning, and a rush it will be for Easter falls on April 7th this year, and all the buying will have to be crowded into a very short time.

Hundreds of different styles, of shoes, for Ladies, Misses and children in white, black and brown leather, and patent leather, canvas and buck skin, are awaiting your inspection.

DOROTHY DODD SHOES

As durable as they are fashionable, a dainty as they are durable. When the work is considered the prices are most moderate.

MRS. A. R. KING
KANT SLIP SHOES

For children have just arrived in a large variety of styles, among them a big assortment of white canvas pumps and high button shoes from \$1.25 to \$3.00.

La Crecque Corsets

Makes shapely the stoutest women permanently holds its stylish shape being heavily boned with non rustable double aluminum boning. A large assortment of styles, and many other pretty spring and summer goods are always awaiting you at

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