

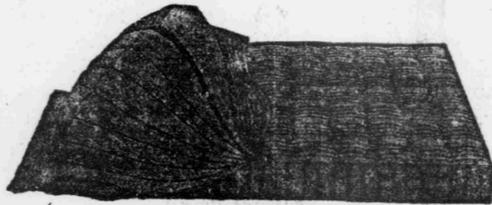
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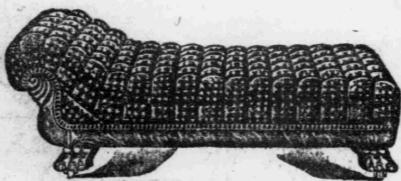


Our Leader.

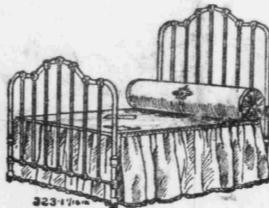
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HOOK WORMS: YES?

By BONNIE BURNHAM

It's a right smart smooth sort of a scientific chap who has the natural born nerve to land on people and tell them straight out and out that they've worms and things, now isn't it?
Hook-worms, mind you—which somehow wriggle into the feet of persons who carelessly form the habit in early youth of going bare-footed, and thus allow these promiscuous crawlers to "work from the ground up"—in their efforts of general devastation and so on!
Are you going to stand for it, really?
And do you think that you and I and the rest of the draggly bunch of common every-day well meaning humans may actually get "wormy"—albeit a scientifically, "hook"-wormy—like a piece of ancient and sportive cheese?
Humph! Will some one feebly, softly tell what's next?—for I can't really!
Wormy, indeed!
Abas, This Thing Science!
Which, if you are a man, would you more gently knock a fellow down for?—If you're a woman, how much sooner would you scratch a person's eyes out: if he said you were plain, every-day lazy—or just had a bunch of these latter day stylish sort of hook-worms?
Difficult, isn't it?
You can feel of your muscle and test your choice!
Several years ago, when it became polite to call plain ordinary thieves and shop lifters "kleptomaniacs"—if the particular maniac in question happened to have a few of the filthy and

made a noise like a social whirl, this delightfully wise old world of ours shook its equally wise old head—and chuckled and chortled with the thinks it had coming on the particular case in view.
When "brain storms" became the rage, later, the effect among good, ordinary common sense sort of people was mainly the same—and now—it's hook-worms! (slow music, please).
A bunch of away off scientists can raise more downright Cain among otherwise sane and sensible gones people, I've noticed, than any of the other rocky propogations which will somehow hob up and ruffle the world and its folks at given intervals; and the best thing on earth to do is to hold on just as fast and tight as you can to the eternally practical common sense business like view of things—and just naturally, easily escape being several particular kinds of a fool and a downright crank.
But returning to WORMS!
If it's hook-worms we have in this lazy, dazy, beautiful, poetic sort of climate and surroundings, when the soft gulf breeze whispers the sweet nothings of nature into our magic-mad hearts—when the whole sweet scheme is as unworlly and witching as possible—then I think we're just the "hook-wormiest" bunch in the world, along about dog days—for how in the world can we naturally help it!
It isn't any more natural to be rippingly energetic away down here on the gulf coast when the summer sun sweetens the earth and the air into purity rare indeed, than it is to dream and sit still and freeze onto things

in the north, when the thermometer is doing the fan-tan with the 18 and 20 degree mark—away on down below zero.
It isn't hook-worms; it isn't even laziness. I'm going to tell you:
It's an unusually appropriate-fitting sort of summer time temperament that keeps people from the fool practice of working themselves to death when they really don't have to, and makes a fellow take things easily, like old Madam Nature would have us do!
High-strung good sounding scientific rot and good ordinary dirt common sense generally DO clash—don't they? They certainly generally do!
"Supposing if"—
Supposing, just for greens, that we'd actually swallowed this hook-worm business—supposing we had!
It would have been a fine handy excuse in a lot of cases—sort of wriggly and crawly and uncanny like, just supposing!
When a bunch of a certain variety of sports, I believe called "two-fers", would naturally herd into the 5-cent shows and fize joints and so on in an economical way by themselves—while certain bunches of waiting femininity tarried at home or hid out themselves to the great glad Palafox street—hook-worms, you see, could really be at the bottom of the whole unfortunate affair.
Because the really worth while sort of a scout nowadays isn't exactly satisfied to hoard in 8 or 10 plunks to the week and to study the proposition of how to look sportive and beautiful of nothing at all—but a man—might have—hook-worms, you see!

A fellow couldn't very well be expected to have good ready cash and be incapacitated with hook-worms—could he?
What a boon for the cheap economical chap!
He couldn't really have the energy, alone, to be half way worth while and prosperous—with hook-worms! Now how could he?
If a fellow didn't happen to feel like getting down town at the office some cold damp drizzly morning—he could have an attack of hook-worms—and everybody could get sympathetic and beautiful at once.
No more grandmothers nor other ancient relatives of the office boy would be called upon to shuffle off these mortal coils promiscuously when the ball game came round—the hook-worm racket would answer the purpose fully as well—and probably better.
Wouldn't it be a stunner in the way of something doing, though, to see a woman with the hook-worms?
Wouldn't it?
If she were just naturally laid out with an attack of this thing—incapacitated all around and round and round, you see, where'd you suppose her tea fighting capacity would be?
What would she do when some slant-eyed female took a notion to naturally ride her around on the splittling wheel of the whirligig show of a gossiping stunt?
She'd be in the feather truly, to hold her own with the rest of them—think?
She'd be walked over, stepped on, jumped beautifully, and come out a

sort of a human frazzled up jumbalaya—if she'd lost her Al good fighting; instinct—and just had—hook-worms!
For hook-worms do things with your snap and energy and vim, according to the scientists—and it's a toss up really to what extent they'd be heading to if we really and truly got the habit—if we did!!
Hook-worms?? HOOK-WORMS!!
Shucks!

HOW FLAGLER GOES MOTORING

LIKES THE CAR TO GO AT HIGH SPEED—ONCE HATED AUTOMOBILES—MRS. FLAGLER FINALLY COAXED HIM INTO INDULGING THIS SPORT AND NOW HE IS KEEN FOR IT.

"Cholly Knickerbocker", who handles the society dope in the New York American, has the following to say regarding Henry M. Flagler:
"A note from Henry M. Flagler says he is in Lowell, motoring back from Bretton Woods to Mamaroneck—one can't say 'by easy stages' in making known those octogenarian's end-of-season's transitions in his car, for that isn't the way he wants to run.
"Uncle Henry", as the White Mountains know him each summer and as Florida knows him in winter, likes the high speed, and when he takes the wheel, with little showing under the peak of his cap but his white moustache, he keeps it there.
"I remember when it wasn't quite so. That is really putting mildly his former horror of the car that ran not upon safe rails—for he used to threaten with annihilation people and even places that lent themselves to the sport. Ormond and Daytona came near being waste places one time because they gave their twenty miles of hard beach to aid auto races.
"Since he was weaned from coal power to gasoline through the preference of the charming Wilmington beauty, who has added so much to his life for what he lost, he follows the tenet of 'chasseur and much farther.'
"His favorite car will be in the garage at Orienta Point in a day or so, and its owner will remain near New York until time to open the bronze gates of Whitehall, at Palm Beach. He does enjoy life and its friendships, for, despite the many fulminations—few of which he carries beyond the threatening stage—he is really lovable, if that adjective may be applied to a man. Alone of all the Standard Oil crowd, Tom Lawson didn't attack him.
"By the way, Mr. Flagler's conversion to motoring has always been claimed by Albert Eastwick and Clifford Brokaw, then near neighbors on Fifth avenue. They got him into a car one day and took him a few miles out and back in as many or less minutes. On his return 'Uncle Henry' set out to buy a like machine. In fact, the year before this all the roads about the Mount Washington Hotel bore the marks of his wheel chains, for Mrs. Flagler and Chauffeur George early that season coaxed him into her car, and he ever after enjoyed the before hated means of locomotion."
Up Before The Bar.
N. H. Brown, an attorney of Pittsfield, Vt., writes: "We have used Dr. King's New Life Pills for years and find them such a good family medicine we wouldn't be without them." For Chills, Constipation, Biliousness or Sick Headache they work wonders, 25c at all druggists.



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Nick Apostle, Manager.

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You will be delighted with our charming fall dresses. They're made in all the latest models from beautiful materials in the richest colors and weaves for this season's wear.
MEN—ATTENTION!

Our fall suits are now on exhibition. By far the best we've ever shown. Look them over, you'll save money and be assured of the best styles and materials this town affords.
DON'T FORGET THAT
"If what you want is advertised or sold elsewhere, it's cheaper here."
Note change in our firm name. This will mean better service to all.
JOSEPH GALIN
Successor to
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218 South Palafox Street

"TY" COBB REAL NOISE TO TIGERS

NEW YORK EVENING TELEGRAM FIGURES GEORGIA BOY TO BE REAL STRENGTH OF JENNINGS' TEAM AND THE ONE REAL KING OF THE GAME.

What part does "Ty" Cobb bear toward the success of the Detroit team? Would "Connie" Mack, manager of the Athletics, take him as a player if he could obtain his services?
These questions were sent to the New York Evening Telegram by a baseball enthusiast who wished a little information because he and another baseball enthusiast who had been arguing the matter couldn't agree.
The Telegram answers thusly:
"Cobb's value to the Detroit team as a ball player seems to be worth its present position in the race, its championship last year and its championship the year before. In other words the Evening Telegram would say that Detroit would not have won the championship in two years if it had not been for Cobb, and would not be so high this year were it not for his excellent work as a batter, base runner and fielder.
"True, it is impossible to prove that such is the case. In baseball argument and supposition it is impossible to prove a great many things, but that doesn't prevent one from having a fairly good estimate of the values that together make a winning team.
"Ty" Cobb as a batter is the best, taking him for his general ability, in the American League.
"As a base runner he is one of the best in either league. Sometimes he may be headstrong, but it is fair to figure that he has made more than he has lost in his mad dashes around the bases.
"As a fielder he is of Class A grade and no better; throwing outfielder plays in the league.
"With all these qualifications, it is evident that he is not a player of ordinary ability. Nor is he.
"If 'Connie' Mack should refuse to take him for the Athletic club—granting the possibility that he ever had the chance to do so—it may be said that salary, and salary alone, would be at the bottom of it.
"The Philadelphia club is a thrifty organization, conducted by a thrifty man. It does not run rampant in the baseball world with salaries, and never will.
"Were Mr. Mack at liberty to en-

gage Mr. Cobb it is fair to assume that the salary demanded would be somewhere near high C in the baseball salary register.
"Even though it would be possible for the Philadelphia management to recoup itself quickly, because of the larger crowds which would be drawn to see the games, it is fairly safe to say that Messrs. Mack and Cobb never would come to terms.
"So far as the ability of Cobb is concerned as a player, there isn't a reason to believe that Mr. Mack would not take him in a minute. If he didn't and the Philadelphia public should learn of it, even the faith of the Quakers might be shaken in the infallibility of their philosophical manager."

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Sold by W. A. D'Alemberte, druggist and apothecary, 121 S. Palafox St.
A Worse Fear.
"Sorry, boys, but I'll have to be getting home," said Underthum at the club. "My wife expects me before midnight."
"What's the matter? Afraid she'd go for you if you stayed any later?"
"No; I'm afraid she'd come for me."

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You can realize the fulfillment of your desire if you have a little saving capacity and stamina aided by our helpful plan. You can save on stock in this association and we will lend you money to buy or build a house. It pays both ways. You draw dividends on your stock at the same time you are paying on your home.
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