

# The Pensacola Journal

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PENSACOLA, FLORIDA, SUNDAY MORNING, NOVEMBER 14, 1909.

## LET US BEGIN NOW FOR A BIGGER FAIR NEXT YEAR.

The success of the Tri-County Fair has been so marked that it should be continued as a permanent institution.

Beginning with the counties of Escambia, Baldwin, and Santa Rosa this year, the Fair can gradually be extended until it shall include all of West Florida and the contiguous counties of Alabama.

Numerous features that were this year impossible because of lack of time, money, organization, and an adequate conception on the part of the people themselves as to how they could assist in making the exhibition complete can hereafter be added.

One of the first features for next year should be a race track—a mile course if possible. That will mean races—both under harness and saddle—a horse show, an automobile show and parade, and all the interest and gate receipts that such a feature always insures. Pensacola has a great many fine horses and probably a hundred automobiles. They would all combine to arouse an interest that probably no other one thing could produce.

Another feature may consist of a far bigger representation from the business men of Pensacola and of outside towns in the way of booths and special exhibits. There should be exhibits of farm machinery, of commercial fertilizer and feed stuffs, of carriages, wagons, and automobiles, of incubators, patent feed racks, dairy equipment, household furnishings—of everything, in fact, in which the producer, the middle man, and the consumer are interested. The possibilities of such an exhibit are practically unlimited.

Then there can be exhibits of fish, lumber, naval stores, brick, and everything else which is secured from the soil or waters of this resourceful region.

Next year proper arrangements can be made for advertising the Fair. If we can get as large an attendance as we had this year with practically no advertising, it would be unsafe to predict how big the crowd may be next year with the proper advertising.

The Journal believes that the Fair this year marks the beginning of what is going to ultimately develop into a great annual Gulf Coast exposition. The people of the towns and cities have no idea of what can be produced from this soil until they visit a Fair such as we have just witnessed. The farmers themselves have little idea of what they can produce until a spirit of rivalry and pride results in a collection of those products under one roof.

Let us begin at once for next year's Fair and make it just four times as big as the one this year.

### NOW FOR A DEMONSTRATION FARM.

Gentle Castro is getting it in the neck from southern newspapers.

Taft is now "in cap and gown" and may his enemies never place him "in cap and bells."

Which was it, the boy or the dime novel in the Bullock case? Don't all answer at once.

Cairo certainly did the thing to the queen's taste—we won't say what queen, however.

Both Italy and France are taking the lead in the manufacture of automobiles, and Uncle Sam must brace up.

Life hitherto has been altogether too sweet to the sugar magnates—an overweight in fact, but—O, the whole show will get off easy.

### NOW FOR A DEMONSTRATION FARM.

Those New Orleans monkeys that refuse to catch pellagra after inoculation by the scientists are smart enough at least to be missing links.

It has many sins to answer for, but the L. & N. when it gave a ten-cent round trip rate to the fair acted altogether in the interest of that undertaking.

Where's Handy Andy? How about a hero medal for Engineer Horton of the Frankfort and Cincinnati railroad? But that kind of men are not out after medals.

It is certainly a pretty state of things when Aldrich, a member of the national senate, proposes a banking system based on old world ideas, which ideas were so repulsive to the American people that they arose in their might and drove them away from this side of the Atlantic.

Atlanta went auto mad when the big machines and big records and big crowds running into the double thousands all got together to christen her magnificent new speedway. Not only Atlanta but the whole great automobile zone, from Maine to Florida and from Nova Scotia to Oregon, expected that. Best of all, nobody was killed and nobody was seriously hurt.

### The Children Will See the Circus.

The Journal is pleased to know that, in accordance with its suggestion a week ago, the school board has issued a permit for all of the public schools to close tomorrow so that the children can see the circus parade and all who are financially able can see the circus performance in the afternoon.

For generations, the American circus has meant much to the children of this country. It is a big day in the lives of all of them and the child who has never had an opportunity to either see the parade or attend the show is deserving of profound pity. There was a time when some of the straight-laced people used to drive to town to see the parade, but wouldn't look at the show itself for anything in the world. That time, happily, has long since gone by, and now everyone who has the price takes the children to see the animals and the innocent amusements of the saw dust ring.

### NOW FOR A DEMONSTRATION FARM.

The Alexandria, La., grand jury which pounded the petit jury system so unmercifully in its report Friday might better have turned its attention to the obscurity of laws which offer a chance for every small scamp who parades as an attorney to strangle justice in a web of technicalities. The jury system is by no means so much at fault as the statutes. Make the latter clear and effective and all classes of citizens, including those who sit in judgment in the court house, will be more observant in both obedience to and enforcement of their provisions.

Public opinion, on any subject is a difficult thing to get in touch with; hence the amusing mistakes made so frequently by retired capitalists, pedagogues and others of a similar strain. It was no wonder that ex-President Elliot, of Harvard, deep student and philosopher though he be, should

have given the result of his studies to the world. He told us what to read; he gave us his idea of what the future religion of the world will be—but he advanced these opinions without having been in actual touch with the people who he expected would adopt them and who were, no doubt, according to the opinion of the venerable ex-president of Harvard, extremely butt-headed and disagreeably "set" in their own notions. To the relief of the situation, however, comes Episcopal Bishop Thomas F. Gailor of Tennessee, who stated Friday at a missionary meeting in Montgomery that "the religion of Dr. Elliot is nothing else than Unitarianism of another day, now practically worn out and extinct." And the bishop declared that "what is needed today is a broad spirit of education and relief from sectarianism, now the bitterest and most grotesque since the civil war." The Journal does not claim to be much on theology, but Bishop Gailor's statement sounds reasonable. For there surely is nothing that will give religion greater strength, purity and dignity than education of the most comprehensive kind.

### NOW FOR A DEMONSTRATION FARM.

### Unnecessary Fear of The Comet's Approach.

The American astronomer, Father Searle, after a series of calculations tells us that May 18th Halley's comet will pass directly between the earth and the sun. Now there is a singular thing in connection with a comet's tail. In fact it is questionable whether this luminous appendage ought to be called a tail as the word is ordinarily understood. It does not bring up the rear end of the comet unless the visitor be traveling toward the sun, for it extends in a line away from the orb of day and, so, when the comet is moving away from that great central body it travels with its tail before it.

For this reason it is possible that the tail of the comet may sweep the face of the earth—a disagreeable thought, no doubt, but the event would not be fraught with danger. In fact, it is doubtful whether the inhabitants of our globe would even be conscious of this addition to its ordinary atmosphere. It is believed that in 1819 a comet's tail actually did reach the earth, the calculation of the position of the comet that year and the length of its caudal appendage making that fact a theoretical certainty. But no one was the wiser through evidence of the senses.

The tails of these mysterious visitors are composed of a most attenuated gas. Stars may easily be distinguished through them. Many Journal readers will no doubt remember having observed this phenomenon during the period of the comet of 1882-1883—a comet with a magnificent spreading tail, brilliant itself yet of not sufficient density to shield from view the brighter stellar bodies beyond it.

The composition even of the head or nucleus of a comet is not generally regarded as being a compact body, and it is considered doubtful whether its collision with a planet would seriously hurt anything except the comet itself. This should be reassuring to those whose nerves have been set on edge by certain recent prophecies of alarmists that the Halley comet would come in collision with the earth. Regarding this The New York Tribune says:

There is reason to think that the nucleus is a loose aggregation of solid fragments resembling meteoric stones, from which, under the influence of solar heat, an enormous volume of luminous vapor is emitted. Yet Herschel reported seeing faint stars through the head of a comet which measured 50,000 miles through. A collision between the densest portion of a comet and the earth might slightly disarrange the material in the comet, but it may be questioned whether anything would happen to the earth besides an unusually brilliant meteoric shower.

So let us await with calm minds but with delightful anticipation of an inspiring sight this brilliant wanderer which will so soon add its glory to the sparkling depths of the heavens. Its past record, traced back for over two thousand years, is most impressive. Its visits have caused consternation to our forefathers—the mighty sweep of its resplendent tail stretching from zenith to horizon. And although it is said to have lost somewhat in grandeur in its more recent visits, it will doubtless still call forth

### SPLIT, BRITTLE, DULL HAIR.

All Come From Dandruff, Which is Caused by a Germ.

Split hair, hard hair, lusterless hair, brittle hair, falling hair, all owe their origin to dandruff, which is caused by a measly little microbe that burrows into the scalp, throwing up the cuticle into dandruff scales and sapping the vitality of the hair at the root, causing the several diseased conditions of the hair till it finally falls out. Modern science has discovered a remedy to destroy the dandruff microbe, which is combined in Newbro's Herpicide, the delightful hair dressing. Always itching instantly and makes hair soft as silk. Take no substitute; nothing "just as good." Sold by leading druggists. Send 10c. in stamps for sample to The Herpicide Co., Detroit, Mich.

One dollar bottles guaranteed. W. A. D'Alemberte, druggist and apothecary, 121 South Palafox street.

### expressions of surprise and admiration from all the dwellers of the earth. Rockefeller's Million Is National In Application.

The news that comes from Nashville, Tennessee, to the effect that Miss Susan Lawrence Davis, a "hygienic expert" of New York, has declared that there are ten times more sufferers from the hook-worm disease in New York than in the factory district of Alabama, may soothe the wounds of Bishop Candler, of Mississippi, and those among The Journal's contemporaries who have seen in the war against ankylostomiasis and in Rockefeller's gift of a million dollars toward that end an evidence of sectional hate or of selfish interest.

This Miss Davis has spent the past two months in Alabama, but, before then, also visited Texas, Missouri, Arkansas, Tennessee, Georgia, South Carolina, Ohio and the District of Columbia in her pursuit of information regarding the dangerous parasite—the breeder of laziness. That her efforts have resulted as stated in the Nashville dispatch will, of course, be a surprise. It will at once dissociate the disease from its heretofore proclaimed environment and will make it a national problem.

It is not likely that anyone will have misunderstood the position of The Journal with respect to old Uncle John D. and his nefarious practices as the head of the Standard Oil company. Many of his gifts to colleges and educational boards have been regarded as selfish in character—intended to warp the growing mind and thus fix within the moral apprehension of America's youth principles at variance with the highest and purest conceptions of right and wrong.

Concerning this charge it is not necessary to enlarge. Judgment has been given, and popular judgment seldom goes astray. But in his donation of a million dollars with no string attached to aid in stamping out a disease which science recognizes as one of the worst enemies to American progress and which, if the Nashville dispatch be worthy of belief, invades the North no less than the South, he most certainly deserves the thanks of the people.

There's no getting around this. "Give the devil his due," good brothers.

The most charitable critic of one Warriner, until lately the pursuer of the Big Four in Cincinnati at a generous salary and under bonds supposedly adequate for his trust, may stick to it that the young man took money to speculate in Wall street and spent every copper of it, the way so many poor deluded fools have done before him and will do after him. The wretched man himself may say he was systematically blackmailed for years and years by two or three wo-

men, as well as by at least one person of the male persuasion, who knew things about him that for certain monetary conditions they might refuse to tell. But the more the story unfolds and the more the sum total of the admitted Warriner stealings swells and rises, the more clear-headed people are coming to realize that it's probably the same old, miserable story of the good fellow to whom somebody else's money came easily and from whom it went easily. Two women implicated, you notice, speak of the defaulter with infinite interest and tenderness; one of them, we note, refers to him every chance she gets as "poor Charlie Warriner." Poor, indeed, he seems to be in both purse and health these days; but we expect, when the whole thing is out, to know that Warriner was weak enough to steal money steadily and as steadily to blow it in on his supposed friends.

It's sweet at last to learn that a high official of the sugar trust has probably been landed.

The Montgomery Journal claims that 130,000 Alabamians will lose their votes in the election of the 29th through failure to pay their poll tax.

Those eastern bakers who are going to send President Taft a pie six-feet in diameter must have heard something of the meagre feed he got at Charleston.—Exchange.

Perhaps. And then, again, they may have been impressed by the not inappropriate idea that a six-foot pie must, after all, be a mere bagatelle in the pastry line for a man of the White House tenant's girth and avoirdupois.

It looks as though there were other reasons than those of health and wealth why the farmer boy should stick to his plow and avoid the life of a city. W. J. Spillman of the United States department of agriculture has compiled statistics showing among other things that 92 per cent of the presidents of the country have been raised on the farm. There is a popular saying that every little lad in all the land has a chance some day to hold its most exalted office, but these Stillman figures give only small hope to the city-raised boy. So it would be well to add to the common advice "Young man stick to the farm" the words "that is, if you wish to be president."

"My boy," says the father of young Hoil, the 17-year-old terrorizer of banks and murderer of at least one banker, "isn't crazy at all. He's got the mean disposition—that's all." We are glad that one man in Indiana is so palpably frank and so probably truthful. We do not like to write it, but there are too many tough boys in that Ohio valley. If children's courts, in session seven days to the week, are needed anywhere, they are needed in the southern tier of lake states, which

produce more young rowdies and young criminals to the square mile than Montana or Wyoming. The conviction and punishment of Hoil, if these shall eventually come, will teach a salutary lesson to a certain class of juvenile ruffians who long have menaced that part of the country with their always boisterous and frequently desperate conduct.

COTTON'S TRUE VALUE WILL RULE ITS PRICE  
New Orleans States. . . . .

Notwithstanding the fact that the price of cotton was forced down for a few days by liquidation on the part of speculators, on Tuesday the "bears" were put to flight ignominiously and the "bulls" boosted up the market which recovered all that it has lost and more too. There were those who, when the bottom fell out of the market last week, predicted that the top notch in cotton prices had been reached and no much such prices would be seen this season.

The logic of the situation which has entirely against such a theory, for the world's demand for cotton must be met and the short supply makes high prices inevitable. It is somewhat amusing to note the comments of Eastern and foreign spinners on the injustice of the situation which has brought about this unusual price for cotton. Judging from these comments one might suppose that the Southern cotton planter is taking a mean advantage of the spinners and that he ought to disregard the law of supply and demand, forget about the market price of the staple and sell his cotton at figures to be named by the spinner. Because the farmer insists upon getting all that he can for his cotton the manufacturers are "punishing" them by operating their mills on short time and thereby reducing the output.

This will not avail them, however, but, on the contrary, it will only accentuate the trouble of the manufacturers when the time arrives for the law of supply and demand, for the law of manufactured goods. There will, of course, be periods of liquidation in which the market will fluctuate and the gambler will be squeezed, but the man who owns real cotton possesses a solid asset the value of which is fortified by the comparative scarcity of the staple in the world's markets.

Herein is shown the beauty of diversification. The shortest cotton crop that the South has produced for years is going to bring a reater volume of money to the farmers than was realized from the greatest crop that was ever produced. In addition to this, diversification has enabled the farmer to produce his crop more cheaply than ever before and, besides, to produce other valuable crops from which he has realized handsome profits. The lesson ought to be plain to every farmer who is willing to think a bit.

A small cotton crop brings in more actual cash money than a large one does. Ten acres can be cultivated and gathered for about one-half the amount it costs to produce twenty acres. Therefore, it also saves the farmer much in the expense of cultivation and gathering and gives him time to cultivate other profitable

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who want stylish, dainty, graceful fine fitting footwear with the positive assurance of the best wear to be had in shoes. That is our

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**BOSTON SHOE STORE**  
Stylish Foot Fitters.

Intensive farming and diversification will make the South the richest section of the country; and the high prices prevailing for cotton today should have the effect not of stimulating the farmer to put in a big acreage next season, but rather to reduce it, in order to keep up the price of cotton and to enable him to diversify, to live at home and to realize greater profits from his farming operations.

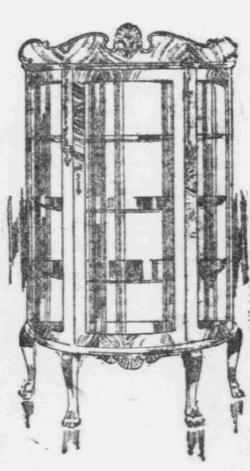
### A TINY BABY

can't tell you in words what the trouble is; but if its complexion gets pasty, if it gets weaker and weaker, loses flesh and is cross and peevish you can be certain that it has worms. Give it White's Cream Vermifuge, guaranteed harmless. Expels the worms and puts the baby in a healthy normal condition.

Sold by W. A. D'Alemberte, druggist and apothecary, 121 South Palafox Street.

Keep your lawn green. Get English rye grass seed—the winter grass. The Crystal Pharmacy.

For goodness sake, eat Mother's Bread. Hughey's, 133 West Intendencia. Phone 855.



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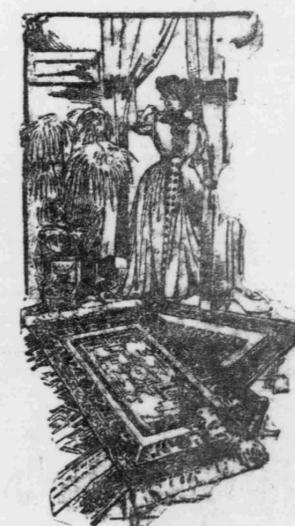
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