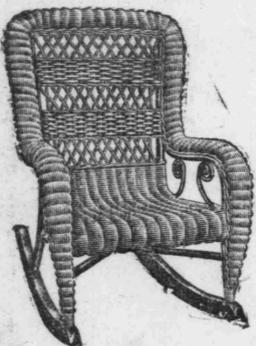


### NEW ARRIVALS.

9x12 Axminster Rugs, beautiful patterns in Orientals and Florals, **\$27.50.** \$5.00 down, \$1.00 per week.



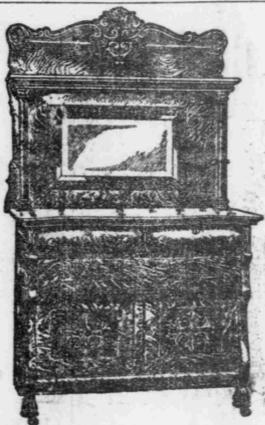
A China Closet, nice enough for any and in reach of all, solid oak, nicely polished, **\$16.** \$1 down, \$1 a week.



Monday special for cash only we will sell 50 of these large \$5.00 Reed Rockers for only **\$1.98.**



Quartered oak 5-drawer ruled and polished Chifferoni, **\$18.00.** \$1.00 per week.



Good values in Sideboards, massive solid plush lined drawers, **\$20.** \$1 a week.



\$1.00 a week gets a fine quartered oak Ladies' Desk, **Price, \$9.00.**



Golden oak, weathered oak and Early English, **\$12.00.** \$1.00 per week.



Mattings, Jap and China in all the latest patterns, **21c to 75c** per yard.

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FURNITURE COMPANY  
**COMPLETE HOUSEFURNISHERS**

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## A THOUGHT OR TWO ON THE FAIR

By BONNIE BURNHAM

Pensacola and Pensacola people surprised themselves considerably during the past week by putting up a considerably better county fair than any body really had imagined, candidly, would be the case.

Of course, there were a few right down good hustling workers all the way along, like Editor Storrs of the DeFuniak Breeze and Uncle Si Lillard of Journal and Pensacolian fame, and Tom Thomas and others of their ilk who probably knew which way the wind was blowing—but for the most part the genial populace preferred to slumber on to the real surprise and rude awakening in store for it.

And it came!

Why? Because everyone caught the real free spirit of the regular country fair followed in the lead of a few whole-souled folk who knew whereof they spoke—ate queer impossible things

and laughed at the jokes without the points—with a bluff that was hale and hearty—unusually infectious.

And didn't you notice this sort of thing?

The toothsome hot tamale and the luscious green peanut, when carelessly mixed, may raise a lot of Cain around midnight time—but that's just what you and I and the rest of us loaded up on promiscuously out there—and Great Scott! the way we feasted!

Types That Were There.

The Tri-County Fair was a great place for types.

There was the fat prosperous land man who, of course, hadn't the ghost of an idea behind his bland smiling face but to show the good people a nice sort of time—not he!

There was the kind of woman who hustles around promiscuously in an effort to run everything and everyone in general—and some people do honestly hate to be "shooed" like a bunch

of chickens—and there were the dear people from the country, who had to be shown occasionally—at these big kind of doings!

Most people, however, ran loose and ate things and laughed and chortled at these little things on the side—after the most approved of style in county fairs!

In fact, you were a mighty grumpy sort of impossible person if you didn't see something amusing—or somebody who secretly provoked interest some how in your soul of souls.

There was Mr. Storrs, for instance, in his circus barking specialty.

Mr. Storrs, be it known, is a right calm sort of tractable appearing little pen-pusher—but he "shore did" have the regular downright Tri-County Fair spirit, being general manager, don't you see!

At given intervals he'd shout the glad tidings and so on to the world through a tired looking phonograph.

We informed him gently (we had re-

spect, somehow, for his feelings) that he'd never, never, never in this vale of tears, make a first-class circus barker with the sort of talk he put out on the soft November air—and he looked downright squashed and dejected in the waste of crushed and bleeding life time hopes he'd had on the subject!

Those of the Pensacola yacht club who were that fortunate (beg pardon, that unfortunate as to not have their wives around on the grounds, flashed around quite brilliantly in scintillating white trousers and caps that were quite as blazing. The effect was right good, and it all seemed to help some!

Small red faced infants squaled their small red faces into the deeper crimson hues effected by babies, and were cared for by fresh apple cheeked country mothers in the fashion effected by mothers!

A fresh looking Turk in a dinky red booth yelled at you and informed



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Butcher and  
Green Grocer  
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Special attention given to ships' trade.  
Prompt Delivery.  
Pensacola, Fla.

you that he possessed the mystic power to impart the crushing tidings of when you'd be married again—and still the show went on.

Great?

It was Great, and it proved this thing: it proved that we're all a bunch of over-grown kiddies anyhow—playing this game of life a lot more awkwardly and with less pleasure, really, than we used to the truth, for sure plays in the dim old golden rule days—because we're more effected, perhaps, and frumped up and afraid of making mis-cues and things!

The Woman's Department.

There was a group of right clever little wide of wake ladies running things in the Woman's Department which was in charge of a charming Alabamian, Mrs. Reid.

A great deal of the success attending the fair, by the way, had been due to the efforts of a woman—Miss Cella Robinson, whom everyone knows is a clever little authoress. Miss Margaret McIntyre (who, by the way, objects strenuously to seeing her name in print) also labored zealously and well in the cause, and charming little Mrs. Bear was here and there and everywhere—making herself well nigh invaluable.

Across, in The Journal booth, was Miss Celestine Hirscher, a good looking child, and the best little business woman imaginable.

The trouble about tarrying in the Woman's Department, with its array of fine things to eat—was that you got so all mighty—hungry—and people in there didn't appear to be overly charitable, either—that you didn't tarry long, unless you were right strong minded, but made a fresh break, rather, for the great out of doors, to frisk noticeably among the impossible rot that some vendors put up to eat!

Once out of doors, you began all over again—threw rings at ducks and watched horse shows and live stock and people—and so on and so on!

It was a mighty dead—mighty hopeless sort of Pensacolan who didn't hustle hence at least one day out of the "big four" last week to see the show.

Weren't one of those really dead ones, were you?

Thought not!

Lived 152 Years.

Wm. Parr—England's oldest man—married the third time at 120, worked in the fields till 132 and lived 20 years longer. People should be youthful at 80. James Wright, of Spruick, Ky., shows how to remain young. "I feel just like a 16-year-old boy," he writes, "after taking six bottles of Electric Bitters. For thirty years Kidney trouble made life a burden, but the first bottle of this wonderful medicine convinced me I had found the greatest cure on earth." They're a godsend to weak, sickly run-down old people. Try them. 50c at all druggists.

Keeping up Appearances.

Eugene Higgins, at a dinner in New York, was questioned by a young lady about the bath net of his yacht Yarna.

"It is a simple contrivance," said Mr. Higgins. "I let it down into the sea, and that enables my guests and myself to bathe. It is a simple contrivance, but the newspapers of late have made me prate so much about it that, really, I seem like Mrs. Finletter."

"Mrs. Finletter and her husband had just moved into a \$15 seven-room house. The first Sunday morning there, as Mr. Finletter sat with his enormous newspaper on his little porch, and all the neighbors on both sides of the street sat with their newspapers on their little porches, Mrs. Finletter suddenly came to the front door and shouted at her husband in a loud, vexed tone:

"Hilary Finletter, will you or will you not come in to luncheon? The champagne is nearly flat and you know how soon a dish of terrapin gets cold."

Finletter tossed down the comic section and hurried indoors with a dazed smile.

"What are you kidding me for?" he asked, as he looked at the rump steak and potatoes on the dining table.

"It's not you, Hilary, I'm kidding," said his wife. "It's the neighbors."

His Awful Cheek.

Peerless Pierpont—Your feed's all right, mum, but will you parding me if I asks yer ter step over ter de lady next door fer de pies? She's great on pies!

## FAST HORSES FROM UP NORTH

RACING AT SARATOGA, GRAVESEND AND OTHER BIG TRACKS BEING OUT OF WAY FOR SEASON, SPEEDY NAGS ARE BEING SHIPPED TO FLORIDA FOR WINTER SPORT THIS WINTER.

Special to The Journal.

Jacksonville, Nov. 12.—With the closing down of the Aqueduct track, racing at the metropolitan tracks came to an end, and the closing down of Baltimore yesterday puts a quietus on racing in the East for the season, leaving only the track at Latonia for the horsemen to race over, and there the meeting has been extended until Nov. 25, which is the opening day at Moncrief park. The moment that the racing there is over nearly all the horses that are now there will be shipped to Florida, and many of the stables will not even wait for the racing there to close before they make their get-away.

Twelve carloads of horses will leave Aqueduct this week for Jacksonville, and the chances are that as many more will leave the Pimlico track at Baltimore having the same objective point. This week, too, will witness the coming of a lot of horsemen, bookmakers, and bookmakers' clerks, many of whom will bring their families with them and who will be looking for a place to room, board or keep house as the case may be. Already Secretary F. J. Pons, of the association, is being deluged with requests to look up rooms for those who intend coming and the people who have rooms to let will confer a favor on him if they will send him a description of the rooms that they have to let and the price that they want for them in order that he may send inquirers out to look at them on their arrival.

The horses of Dick Williams, S. C. Cloper and others have arrived from Salt Lake, there being 31 head in all. Among them is the bay gelding Jack Nunally, who has the record of running five furlongs in 58 3-5, a world's record, he beating Sam Hildreth's good horse Heelick in the race. He is the property of A. F. Dayton, whose horses came in at the same time, all of the horses arriving here in good shape.

J. F. Kizel, of the firm of Oats & Kizel, pool room operators at Oklahoma City, who has been booking all through the North, is already on hand, and will hang up his slate in the ring at Moncrief Park when the meeting opens.

The stake entries of the St. James stable, who have reserved accommodations at Moncrief park for 12 horses, arrived from London, England, yesterday, having been mailed there by Irving I. Wheatcroft in person on Oct. 27. This stable makes a total of 106 entries, tying Phil T. Chin for second place, the corrected list cutting down the number of the young Kentucky's entries down to same figure. In the matter of class the St. James stable ranks with any that have been named, as there is not one of them that is not a stake winner. The best horse of the lot is probably Woolflader, who ranked as one of the best 3-year-olds that raced on the Canadian circuit during the past season, and who is named for the "Florida Special" as well as for other valuable handicaps. This son of Woolsthorpe should develop into a good handicap horse, and Mr. Wheatcroft is evidently of that opinion. In several of the handicaps and many of the first horses to carry the orange and white of the St. James stable, is entered, while his other entries, embracing Lotus Flower, Elizabeth Harwood and others, with the exception of three yearlings, the get of Woolsthorpe, Cesarian and Sorcerer, have all been tried out and have not been found wanting.

The dying horse John Griffen, who has been racing through the bushes of Oklahoma and Texas, has at last been registered and will be raced in Florida this winter. He is said to be one of the fastest sprinters in the country, and many good judges predict that if he and Jack Atkins ever meet in a sprint the bush horse will be returned the winner.

Taking.

The Crook—I take things as they come.

The Cop—Yep; and I take people as I find them.

Heard in Birdland.

Bill Hawk—But why have you chosen Mr. Owl as your biographer, Mr. Eagle?

Jim Eagle—Because I think he must be a good biographer. At any rate he keeps repeating 'who's who, who's who.'

Do Not Speak Now.

Lady Visitor—She looks like her father, but she has her mother's hair.

Hostess (in next room)—Gracious! Take it away from her, please! I must have left it on the chair.

One Better.

Boastful Fido—Yes, I once saw a dog kill a rat six feet long.

Sharp Tabby—That's nothing; speaking about your race killing large things, may I ask if you've ever seen the Catskill mountains?

Eternal Fitness.

Myer—According to reports there are no cats in the arctic regions.

Gyer—That's a fortunate thing for the natives, isn't it?

Myer—How so?

Gyer—Well, just imagine cats in a country where the nights are six months long.

## BABY-EASE

A LIQUID REMEDY FOR CHILDREN'S ILLS  
PLEASANT—HARMLESS—EFFECTIVE

RECOMMENDED FOR Constipation, Diarrhoea, Convulsions, Colic, Sour Stomach, etc. It destroys worms, allays feverishness and Colic, it aids digestion. It makes Teething easy, promotes cheerfulness and produces natural sleep.

BABY-EASE is as good for older children as for babies—especially for school children whose sedentary habits make a mild laxative often necessary. It takes the place of calomel, castor oil and other drastic purgatives that often seriously derange the system. It is mild and gentle in action.

25c at all drug stores.

## Are You Satisfied

with the way you look, or do you believe in improvement? If so, why not come to us and see our new styles for this season's wear.

The handsomest fabrics we have ever seen; the colorings and weaves are marvels of the weaving art.

These Beautiful Clothes must be seen to be appreciated. Come now; come while the assortment is complete.

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## The Best Recommendation This Association Ever Had

8 per cent. per annum?

was the voluntary payment of an extra dividend of 2 1/2 per cent. on the last regular semi-annual dividend, making the earnings for six months 4 per cent.

How many investments for the small saver do you know of that pay this one is the best for you, your child or younger brother or sister. Come in and talk it over.

## Pensacola Home and Savings Association,

R. M. CARY, Secretary.  
14 East Government Street.

## CITY TAXES

### Discounts, Interest and Penalties.

Discounts.

2 per cent. if paid in October.  
1 1/2 per cent. if paid in November.  
1 per cent. if paid in December.  
January, net.

Interest Added.

3/4 per cent. if paid in February.  
1 1/2 per cent. if paid in March.  
2 1/2 per cent. if paid in April.  
3 per cent. if paid in May.  
3 1/2 per cent. if paid before June 15.

Interest and Penalties Added

1 1/2 per cent. June 15 to July 1.  
1 1/4 per cent. July 1 to Aug. 1.  
1 1/2 per cent. Aug. 1 to Sept. 1.  
1 1/4 per cent. Sept. 1 to Oct. 1.  
Statements may be obtained at any time by calling at office in city hall. Under the law no more statements will be mailed.

J. C. WHITING,  
Tax Collector, City of Pensacola.

What Happened.

When Jack and Jill went up the hill Both were filled with laughter; When they came down each wore a frown— And the fall came tumbling after.

Another Change.

The juicy watermelon's fled,  
The summer vegetable sped;  
In their place the sausage looms,  
And the dyspeptic mince pie booms.