

The Greatest Reduction

Ever Offered the Buying Public....

Our Extra 10 Per Cent Cut on All our Summer Clothing for Men and Boys.

- \$12.00 Suits, sale price \$ 6.45, now\$ 5.81
\$15.00 Suits, sale price \$ 9.45, now\$ 8.51
\$18.00 Suits, sale price \$11.45, now\$10.31
\$22.00 Suits, sale price \$14.50, now\$13.05
\$25.00 Suits, sale price \$16.50, now\$14.85
\$35.00 Suits, sale price \$19.50, now\$17.55

Now is the time to buy, no such bargains offered every day, many suits in the lot can be worn in the fall. Come in and try on one and look at yourself in our mirror and the sale is made.

STANDARD CLOTHING CO.

Stories of the Streets and Town

The youth was green—the maid was sweet;

He begged her for a kiss. The hammock sagged. The way they sat.

Was Just Like This. About

The kiss prolonged—the balance lost; Well, it is very true, but the cost!

He was a sportively inclined young husband, aware of his looks, not insensible to impressions which he made now and then, and withal, disposed to look on the world, especially the feminine portion of it, benignly.

With the dearest of diminutive wives, and a tiny daughter, who presented a perfect pocket edition of himself, he could lay every claim to self-satisfaction indeed.

His wife was a trifle jealous. He knew that, but he comfortably reassured himself that situations forced upon him were most decidedly not his fault, and anyhow, he had a beautiful and unmitigated confidence in himself to handle any situation, come from whatsoever source it might, and at any time.

He had been cutting around considerably too much of late. He knew it. He wasn't the only one who knew it, either. His wife, he considered, on second thought, was probably aware of the fact also.

He must square things somehow, he thought. It was Sunday morning, and he would retrace his footsteps home and ask her to accompany him over the bay. By George, that was a happy thought! What a sly person he was, to be sure!

On his arrival in the apartments of his wife he was not a little surprised to be confronted by the maid, who announced that her mistress had already joined a party of friends and had gone over to Santa Rosa for the day. "Wore the best looking togs she had in that mob, too," he considered jealously.

Well, anyhow, maybe that pink fluff thing she wore with the drooping rose had didn't look good to everyone like it did to him.

He did have queer tastes. The more he thought of the whole affair, the more he funneled, the longer he funneled and fretted, the madder he became. "I'll fix her," he decided, and sallied forth in the blistering August atmosphere.

The first thing that appealed to his restlessness was a passing car. He boarded it. As he took his seat, a lady quitted her place, alighted from the car, leaving a very dainty, very feminine appearing fan in the seat beside him. "Well, this is luck!" was his mental ejaculation as he placed the toy in an inside pocket.

"Now he could 'pull off a stunt' to be proud of.

When his wife finally returned, she found him preparing for the night, gazing at the while in apparent retrospect at a tiny ivory and satin fan which he fondled appreciatively. "My lady friend's," he explained, abstractedly to her gently veiled sarcasm, "is in the shape of a volley of questioning at the head of her lord."

"Had a fine day," he explained, definitely, and with a deepened tone of satisfaction in his voice. "It was hot—basely hot—but we made out very well; struck a cool place, in our walk, and staid there," and he twirled the bauble he held in his hand in a thoughtful manner.

His wife was exasperated. Womanly curiosity is a flame that refuses to be quenched, and the rest of the night passed in silence between the two.

"Don't misplace my friend's fan," he began again in the morning. "I have decided to commence keeping mementoes," but he was stopped fain in the face by his wife, who with a wicked gleam in her eye, handed him a marked copy of the morning paper which she had prepared for his special scrutiny. The passage marked read as follows: LOST—Yesterday on an East Hill car, a ladies' white satin and ivory

SELF DELUSION. Many People Deceived by Coffee.

We like to defend our indulgences and habits even though we may be convinced of their actual harmfulness. A man can convince himself that whiskey is good for him on a cold morning, or beer on a hot summer day—when he wants the whiskey or beer?

It's the same with coffee. Thousands of people suffer headache and nervousness year after year but try to persuade themselves the cause is not coffee—because they like coffee. "While yet a child I commenced using coffee and continued it," writes a Wis. man, "until I was a regular coffee fiend. I drank it every morning and in consequence had a blinding headache nearly every afternoon."

"My folks thought it was coffee that ailed me, but I liked it and would not admit it was the cause of my trouble, so I stuck to coffee and the headaches stuck to me."

"Finally the folks stopped buying coffee and brought home some Postum. They made it right for directions on pkg. and told me to see what difference it would make with my head, and during that first week on Postum my old affliction did not bother me once. From that day to this we have used nothing but Postum in place of coffee—headaches are a thing of the past and the whole family is in fine health."

Postum looks good, smells good, tastes good, is good and does good to the whole body. "There's a reason." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read "The Road to Wellville" in pkgs.

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

fan. Finder please return and receive reward.

Business, particularly rushing that morning, called him immediately to the office.

She was the proverbial girl with a past. People knew it; they felt it—they even divined it; but being a worldly young woman, she refrained from talking too much of herself and preferred infinitely to hearing the troubles of other people.

The girl, or woman, was a mystery to those who had not elaborately figured her out, erroneously it was true, but to their great and lasting satisfaction.

Why it was that she did not wish to lay bare an aching heart, and to drag her personal pride in the dust by a recital of her various affairs to an interested public, the people could not see—and not seeing, they misunderstood.

He was the proverbial man about town. He had noted the easy independence of the girl, and watched in vain for a sign from her to show that his glances had been noted at all.

"I'm going to find out," he announced to the "boys," and if I don't come back with her whole family history at my finger's tip, you won't hear of my name again."

He met her and took her to the breezy little emporium for a water. She was pleasant, conversational, and a fair conversationalist, he discovered.

Finally she became aware of the gentle perseverance of a system of quizzing with which the man was confronting her.

"You haven't been in this part of the country long?" he began. She acquiesced.

"Do you know," and he grew a trifle more confidential, and his voice took on a fatherly air. "When I first saw you I knew that there was tragedy mixed up with you somewhere. I was satisfied that you weren't what you appeared—that you had a past, not necessarily bad, but unfortunate, sort of, and that you were doing the independent stunt of earning your own way for reasons best known to yourself?"

"I say, girl, come clean. I've taken an interest in you, and I want to know. What do you think about it; hadn't you better tell me?" and he leered into the face of the tired young woman, who, although exasperated by the impudence of the man, could not but grasp at the humor of the situation and enjoy, somewhat, the discomfiture of her inquisitive companion, as she remarked speculatively, and with her eyes full upon him:

"I think, sir, that it is going to be an exceptionally long dry period this time, if we don't soon have rain! Don't you?"

When the man about town had paid for the sodas, placed her safely on a car, and finally returned to his cronies of the curbstone, he said: "Well, fellows, I found out all I wanted to know. Wasn't any trouble at all, either; she fell all over herself trying to tell it all at once, too."

"But I say, fellows," he added, grandiosely, "there's something strange wrapped up in that piece of calico, and I for one, am going to steer good and clear"—and then he spat upon the pavement in the enjoyment of it all; of how he had "done" the girl for her impudence, and had made good at the same time with the "boys."

Then he strutted back and forth once or twice in front of this audience, and magnanimously allowed the crowd to admire him.

MATERIAL IS NOW ARRIVING

BROWN STONE TO BE USED IN CONSTRUCTION OF THE FIRST METHODIST HAS BEGUN TO ARRIVE FROM PENNSYLVANIA QUARRIES.

Shipments of the brown stone to be used in constructing the First Methodist church building on East Wright street, has begun to arrive from the quarries of Pennsylvania, and preparations to commence the work of laying the stone are now being made by the contractors, and will be commenced as soon as a sufficient amount of the material reaches the city.

The stone is being secured from a quarry near Pittsburg, and much delay has been experienced in procuring it, two contracts having been awarded which had to be cancelled, and now the quarry near Pittsburg has been given the contract, and is getting the stone out, the first shipment arriving a few days ago.

Misunderstood. The busy man stopped before an office building and leaped from his carriage. At the same moment an ambitious urchin ran forward and piped: "Hey, mister, kin I hold yer horse?"

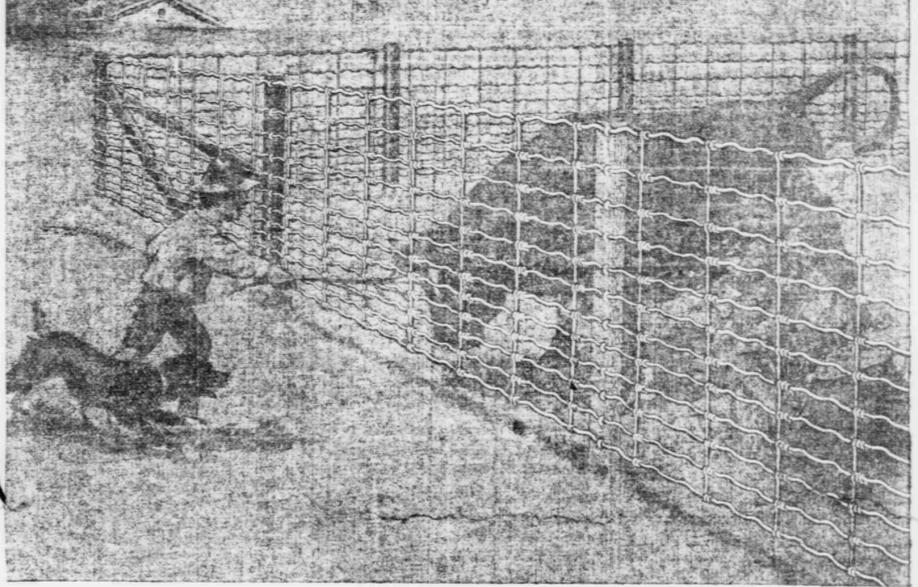
"No, you can't," snapped the busy man. "Won't charge y' much," insisted the urchin.

"I don't care about the charge," impatiently responded the man, throwing a blanket over his ebony steed. "My horse will not run away."

"Gee, mister, I didn't think he'd run away."

"No, I thought he might fall down."—Argonaut.

AMERICAN FENCE



GIBBS, QUIGLEY & MORGAN

have just received a car of this fence. Made of large, strong, high-grade steel wires, heavily galvanized. Amply provides for expansion and contraction. Is practically everlasting. Never goes wrong, no matter how great a strain is put on it. Does not mutilate or injure stock.

Turns Cattle, Horses, Hogs and Pigs. EVERY ROD GUARANTEED by us and guaranteed by the manufacturers. Call and see it. We can show you how it will save you money and fence your fields so they will STAY FENCED.

And by all means don't lose sight of the fact that we are headquarters for Everything in Hardware.

GIBBS, QUIGLEY & MORGAN, Inc. 27 South Palafox Street.

NEWS AND VIEWS BY STATE PRESS

The Platform and the Candidate.

The republican party has always stood for the supremacy of the idea over the law. Then by embodying the higher law in some individual excuse for personal domination is afforded—a spectacle always dear to the hero-worshipper and especially capitulating to those new Americans who have not yet emancipated themselves from the mental domination of their emperors, kings or kaisers nor yet from the conception that a good government is one always busy with personal salvation. It was to have been supposed that Mr. Taft trained to the law, experienced in the administration of justice and habituated to broad considerations of people and nations, would have emancipated himself from a political heresy to which the crude philosophy and raw philanthropy of Roosevelt left him a ready victim, half conquered by his vanity before he met the foe.

But Mr. Taft disappointed us. His first act as a candidate was to set up his own will above the law—provided with a platform which his advice must have helped to frame, and which Mr. Roosevelt "heartily approved." He set himself to the task of revision, application and construction. The platform was the law of his party—he set his own will above the party's law. Mark the different attitude assumed by Mr. Bryan. With the democratic candidate the platform is not only binding in its expression but in its silence—he denies himself the right to amend, to add or subtract. More than this—he declares that the platform sets the limit for party legislation during the term to which he looks forward—to him the will of the party is law that binds and he is but the agent to execute and to enforce the law which is the expression of the party's will.

Have we not had enough of personal government? Is it not time that law be vindicated in the land since we have seen official propositions to amend or reconstruct the constitution itself outside the law and beyond the limits assigned to executive authority? Shall it be longer endured that an autocrat, however wise or good, place himself above the law in a republic and make of the White House a clearing house for all sorts of opinions and a nursery for every bad? By its own confession the Republican party has failed utterly and completely because it laid the law under the feet of a boss who should have been its servant—is it to be endured that we give it another lease of power while it proves an even greater willingness to abuse the law and enthrone the official?

Do we want a president or a despot in the White House? Mr. Taft begins as a candidate by demonstrating his opinion that he is above the party's law—how short a step to the position that he is above the constitution since he endorses the opinion that Roosevelt was?

Telephone Talks

No. 4.

EARLY in the development of the telephone industry the importance of the telephone operator as an essential part of successful telephone operating was realized. The development of the operator has kept pace with the growth of the business. The work of the telephone operator is recognized as a profession; special training is necessary for every young woman who becomes a Bell telephone operator and operating methods of all Bell Companies are similar and uniform. We realize the importance of the work of our operators, and we are justly proud of them. The most comfortable place in our exchanges is the retiring room for the exclusive use of the operators. In this room they rest when off duty. Comfortable chairs and lounges and interesting literature is provided. In almost every exchange there is a dormitory furnished with clean, comfortable beds where operators may sleep at night when off duty or may spend the entire night if the weather is inclement or if they prefer to stay at the exchange. The sanitation and ventilation of our operating rooms is arranged according to the best methods known to the science of health. We surround our operators with every protection. They are as safe and as comfortable in the exchange as they would be in their own homes. This feature of the telephone business is very interesting and we would be glad to have you visit one of our exchanges and see it for yourself. The manager will take pleasure in showing you through and explaining all details.

SOUTHERN BELL TELEPHONE and TELEGRAPH COMPANY.

Efficient service. Reasonable rates.

Going to Sleep. In summer nights—and what poetical ideas the very words suggest—when it is necessary in this climate that all windows should be open, it is not always easy to go to sleep or to stay asleep, at the hours which will suit us best, on account of the eccentricities of one's neighbors. One of these may elect to turn his premises into a barnyard, wherein "the bird of dawn singeth all night long," rendering sleep impossible. Another has a partiality for dogs that "bay the moon" when there is nothing else to bay, and falling that, set up a howl that sends shivers along the spine of everyone who has the luck to have a few drops of Celtic blood in his veins. Or, falling these two disturbing possessions, a third neighbor has a household of children, distinguished by their inability to sleep all at the same time, or to let anyone else do so. And during the hours of darkness there is a number of disturbing sounds proceeding from his abode, varying from "an infant crying in the night, and with no language but a cry," to those of more advanced years, who are grievously tormented with mosquitoes or who want a drink of water, or who are struggling in the throes of a nightmare, brought on by overindulgence in green fruit. And when all these nerve-disturbing sounds are still, there yet remains the musical fiend, who possesses a phonograph, or who finds midnight the best time to cultivate his voice. But it is useless to enumerate the hundred and one things that can afflict sleep, and make one sigh for "a lodge in some vast wilderness" remote from the abode of men.—Charleston News and Courier.

TERSELY TOLD.

C. T. McLeod is here from Gainesville, spending a few days in the city.

W. A. Mills, accompanied by Mrs. Mills, and the children, arrived yesterday from Lockwood, Ala., and are at the Escambia.

R. L. McPhail and R. L. Collins, two well known Florida men, are in the city on business.

W. J. McPhail, of DeFuniak, spent the day in the city yesterday.

J. C. McRae arrived from Mossy Head yesterday for a few days.

Mrs. E. M. Waters and son, of Gatswood, are at the Southern hotel.

Oscar Williams and wife, of Muscogee, are among the local arrivals.

J. S. Worten and C. H. Jernigan are in the city from Pine Barren.

L. N. Strickland was among those who came over from Plomaton yesterday for business, and is at the Manhattan.

J. W. Blair, prominent in Birmingham circles, is in the city for a short sojourn.

C. J. Herring arrived from Macon, Ga., and is to spend a few days in Pensacola.

Eugene Parvent was in the city from Manistee, Fla., yesterday.

H. S. Laird was down from DeFuniak yesterday.

T. A. Dekle, of Dekle, Fla., passed through the city yesterday on his way to Chicago, having decided to take advantage of the low rates. He was registered during the day at the Merchant's hotel.

Miss Bessie Burnett arrived from Sampson yesterday, on her way to St. Louis. Miss Burnett is a young milliner of considerable ability.

G. L. Stewart was over from Milton yesterday.

V. A. Davis is among the local arrivals from Tampa this week.

Miss Edna Erickson is expected home today from a pleasant visit with friends in Mobile.

Dr. Wilmer Hall has gone up the sound on a week's fishing trip.

Miss Bertha Murphy left Thursday night to visit friends at Macon, Ga., and other points.

The maximum temperature at Pensacola yesterday was 93 degrees at 12:30 p. m., while the minimum was 77 degrees at 6:15 a. m. Last year on the same date the maximum was 87 degrees and the minimum 80 degrees.

STEAMER MONARCH'S SCHEDULE Daily, Except Sunday. Leave City for Navy Yard and Pavilion 7:15 a. m. Leave Pavilion for Navy Yard and City 4:30 p. m., except on Saturdays, when she leaves at 11:45 a. m. Sunday. Leave City for Pavilion 10:10 a. m. 3:10 p. m. and 7 p. m. Leave Pavilion for City 1 p. m., 6 p. m. and 9 p. m. Friday. Leave City for Pavilion 7:15 a. m., 3:10 p. m., 6 p. m., and 8 p. m. Leave Pavilion for City 4:30, 6:45 and 10:00 p. m. FARE—ROUND TRIP, 25 CENTS.

The Yacht "Waterboy" is now prepared to give SPECIAL RATES for excursions and parties to any part of the bay or sound or into the Gulf. She has full equipment and dressing rooms for private parties who wish to go bathing. A well-equipped cook's galley, fishing tackle, everything necessary to make an outing pleasant. Wharf at the foot of Palafox street. CHAS. HARDESTY, 146 Church St.

The average maximum for this date is 88 degrees and the minimum 74 degrees.

Fourteen cases were docketed for trial in the recorder's court yesterday morning. Of this number two cases were continued, one defendant given sixty days and another thirty at hard labor, and fines amounting to \$41 imposed.

Wm. R. Johnson and Jno. G. Oliver, the latter buyer for the Big Store, left last night for New York, where they will remain for ten days or two weeks on business.

A good crowd left the local station yesterday for Chicago and other points in order that due advantage might be taken of the cheap rates to nearly all of the northern points of interest. They will be absent from the city in the neighborhood of two weeks.

The friends of Mrs. Mary Herring Myer will be pained to learn of her death, which occurred Thursday in Boston at the home of her sister, Mrs. Myer was formerly Miss Mary Herring, of this city. The funeral will occur on Monday, interment to take place in Boston.

Mr. Robert Tyler, of Montgomery, is in the city today. Mr. Tyler has recently served on the editorial staff of the Tampa Tribune and he is one of the most accomplished newspaper men in the south. He is grandson of former President Tyler.

MONEY REFUNDED if Blue Ribbon Vanilla or Lemon fails to please. Absolutely pure, goes twice as far.

LIQUOR TRAFFIC DENOUNCED

Catholic Societies in Convention Resolve Against Liquor.

New Haven, Conn., August 15.—Denunciation of the liquor traffic, an appeal for sanctification of Sunday and the exclusion from membership in Catholic societies of those engaged in the liquor traffic were the striking features of the resolutions adopted by the national convention of the Catholic Total Abstinence Union. The resolutions declare that "not in drunkenness and riotous living can a man make effective profession of the Catholic faith."

With indignation the union protests against the tamings of its critics. It does not feel that it should stoop to contest the claims for ultra-orthodoxy which have been so blatantly made by those who have tried to substitute a beer mug for the standard of the cross. "The day for apology for total abstinence is over."

The union also declares its allegiance to the Catholic church, and adds:

"With all our souls we welcome the encyclical of our holy father, Pius X. on modernism."

The resolutions also say: "Catholic periodicals that cannot live without liquor advertisements should die. Let them not drag down the Catholic name in their greed. We earnestly suggest that Catholic organizations which exclude saloon keepers from membership, and which forbid the use of liquor at their meetings, should not tolerate the formation of clubs within their membership which despise the letter and spirit of these laws that have been made by their organization for the honor of the Catholic name."

The following cablegram was received from Rome, in answer to a message sent by the convention:

"Bishop of Hartford—Holy father thanks convention for their congratulations, and willingly blesses all members. (Signed): 'Cardinal Merry del Val.'"

The invitation of Rev. P. J. O'Callaghan, C. S. P., to hold the next convention in Chicago, was accepted.

The work of the convention closed with the election of the following officers: President, Rev. James T. Coffey, St. Louis; secretary, Edwin Mulready, Rockland, Mass.

"Why do you insist on so much red tape in your department?" "Because," answered the official, "we're only human and liable to make mistakes, and we want to put 'em off as long as possible."—Washington Star.

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