JUST THE GIFT

There is a Fountain Pen for you to give to any relative or friend that will convey exactly your message of love and good-will of whatever nature. Nothing else will do this.

Buy Waterman's Ideal Fountain Pen.

Coe's Book Store

23 S. Palafox Street.

Use Mrs. Hoosier's Plan

"Mrs. Hiram Hoosier was goin' t' get Hiram a pair o' lace curtains for Christmas, but she's made up her mind t' buy him a Hoosier Cabinet like you got for John.'

It seems as if about one-half the husbands in Pensacola are going to receive Hoosier Cabinets for Christmas.

And the other half are going to give Hoosier Kitchen Cabinets to their wives.

The Hoosier Special is the ideal kitchen servant.

It works for you vigorously and constantly, without wages.

Mr. Husband:

DO
IT
NOW.

With The Hoosier in your kitchen you can do your part of the kitchen work without fear of becoming tired.

You need this servant in your kitchen, now, to save the big, unnecessary toil of Christmas.

So we are making the terms absurdly simple—you will be surprised at the low price.

PEARL FURNITURE CO.

105 S. Palafox Street.

THE POSTOFFICE RECEIPTS SHOW GROWTH OF THE CITY

FOR THE ELEVEN MONTHS OF THIS YEAR THE RECEIPTS HAVE INCREASED OVER TEN THOUSAND DOLLARS WHEN COMPARED WITH THE SAME MONTHS OF LAST YEAR.

A city's growth in a business way can be better judged by its postoffice receipts than by any other manner. According to this way of figuring, Pensacola has made remarkable strides during the past eleven months, for when compared with the same month of the year previous there is an increase of over $10,000. Each month of 1909 showed a substantial gain when compared with the same month of the year 1908, but the month just past, November, was the banner month in the history of the postoffice, for it reached the handsome sum of $7,419, a gain of over $2,000 when compared with the same month of last year.

The total sales of stamps, or receipts at the local office for the eleven months of 1908 was $52,6999.00, while for the eleven months of 1909 the total is $63,107.00. The comparative statement, as compiled by the local postoffice officials, shows the following for the two years:

Month.	1908.	1909.
January	$4,897	$5,494
February	4,788	5,141
March	4,989	6,190
April	4,776	5,632
May	4,833	4,995
June	5,005	5,365
July	4,451	4,645
August	4,390	5,263
September	4,547	5,571
October	4,818	7,392
November	5,205	7,419
Total	$52,699	$63,107

Fruit shipped to any point, express prepaid. Order of Stratton Ice Works.

Get a Buick for Xmas.

NEW SUIT FILED.

The following new suit was filed yesterday in the office of the clerk of the circuit court:

A. A. Brown & Co. vs. J. I. Carver & Co., damages $3,000; E. C. Maxwell, attorney for plaintiff.

Only One "BROMO QUININE," that is Laxative Bromo Quinine
Cures a Cold in One Day, Grip in 2 Days
E. W. Grove on box. 25c

OH, THE PITY OF IT

By S. D. Bennett, Jr.

Rather a gloomy title for a bit of Christmas reading, eh? Well, a gloomy subject fittingly has a title of like kind and even in this joyous Christmas season it seems meet that we pause and contemplate the rugged as well as the pacific in the great struggle of humanity.

To a fellow perched upon an arboreal retreat gazing out of the foliage at the passing throng along life's highway, particularly at this, the supposedly gladest season of the year, the thought comes that there must be something sadly out of gear in the vast machinery of human endeavor: the engineer must have fallen asleep at his post or else the fireman has stopped to light his pipe and the temporary slackening of the speed of the power has permitted an unfinished product to go out into the world, a living attestation to their carelessness. From his elevated point of view, our sociological student in the tree-top muses thus: "Wonder who originated that great joke about all men being BORN equal? It is a patent fact that the inequality that hangs about some of them—MOST of them—all their lives began when they were two seconds old."

Any day of the 365 will serve the student of man in pursuit of his studies, but Christmas day is the one upon which certain glaring facts impress themselves upon him. He sees thousands, millions, of beings crowding, jostling in the streets—men uncouth and rough of speech and visage branded with the ineffacable stamp of toil, worry and care or ill health—women, care-worn and sick, struggling with crying babies in arms and dragging behind more babies. Children, children!—hordes of them with blanched, pinched faces crowding the show windows of gaily bedecked shops, gazing wistfully at the "bestest doll with eyes what shuts" and the "sure 'nough engine what goes"; they are chattering away like a barrel of Simians of the joys that are not to be theirs. Children, for whose sake we sometimes believe the glorious Christmas day was instituted—for whose happiness fathers and mothers plan in all walks of life! These are they of the masses, that great throng of the world's workers who never know the meaning of a square meal, a cozy home, a warm bed, a mother's knee and evening prayers—never know the ecstacy of a story from father or a jolly gathering where all is light and laughter when the chill of winter is dissipated by warmth and cheer.

Then, turning his gaze to the street he sees whizzing by in a gasoline get-a-bout, representatives of the other class, be-diamond, be-decked and possibly be-damned, flying hither and yon, with no thought of the poor, cringing, crawling jamb of the world's scum and workers who dart out of the way of their honking juggernaut only to be prodded by a helmeted minion of the law and told to "move on."

Something Wrong.

"Move on"?—where— to cheerless, fireless shack or rented hovel or to the alluring saloon? The human-nature student must conclude there is something wrong in all this cruel blighting inequality among men—children of one Father—proteges of one God. And there IS, too. There is a vast system at work in the whole scheme of life whose ramifications, throughout the warp and woof of the social fabric defies the brain of finite man to trace to successful adjustment. 'Tis a system that demands toll of human energy and aspirations—of the life-blood of babies—of the honor of girlhood—the happiness of mothers—the heart-hopes of fathers. It is an insatiable tentacle, grasping at the foundation of human happiness—robbing childhood of its heritage, of the right to a life in the, open and a share of the sunshine and air instead of a living death in mill and mine, tenement and tenderloin.

There is a system at work decreeing that even Christmas day shall prove a mockery of all that it is supposed to mean—good will toward men. In its present usurpation and interpretation it intensifies the fact that poverty is the curse of humanity and ignorance is its parent.

The Christmas season is a time for unusual dispensation of charity and is the occasion upon which well-meaning butter-flies of fashion condescend to remember the less fortunate by contributions of a monetary character to organized agencies or individual acts. Upon this day a fur-wrapped, perfumed bit of femininity of upper-tendom will pat some poor, ginghamed sister upon the back with a bewitching smile, present her with a box of bon-bons, and a 'Oh, you poor dear, merry Christmas," when it was beefsteak she wanted and needed.

A pompous, puffing old bond-clipping guy with a wealth of world's goods, salves his conscience by dispensing huge chunks of Christmas joy to ragged America in the shape of Barlow knives—ten cents each at Bresses. Then the butterfly and pompous gent buz home in a "Best-yet, 30", settle to the enjoyment of turkey and concomitant perquisites of a conventional Christmas dinner, rare vintages contribute to the board, laughter and music, light hearts and gay youth, all commingle to make a happy whole—a merry Christmas—for them! The other side? A piece of pork, or at best a chicken, real baker's bread and a whole loaf of it, and each one around the festal board—the kitchen cook table, quite likely—glories in a bottle of Coca-Cola while the kids supply the music with tin horn and drum, supplemented by the stepped-on cat and the cracker-tormented canine—"Oh, the pity of it!"

You say, "Yes, yes, the above is true in big places where humanity is congested, and it's really too bad." But it has been so and will be so again Dec. 25th next in Pensacola, and in every other hamlet where master and servant, prince and pauper, dwell.

Failure of Christianity.

The Christmas season each year accentuates the utter failure of Christianity to gain a foothold in the world. Each recurring Christmas day sees us yet making whiskey and jailing men for drinking it. Sees us making prostitutes of our daughters and then driving them from our sight for having become such—there being just ten thousands of these in Chicago today, and there are eight hundred cities in this country—sees us yet sending vast sums of money out of the country for foreign missions while babies are dying by thousands for want of sustenance and children are growing up without schooling and starvation stalks the streets. Sees churches adopting vaudeville in effort to retain hold upon the people, and saloons thriving.—Sees areas of land fenced in as private hunting preserves, large as a county, while 3,000 humans live in a single city block.—Sees us singing anthems from the house-tops and yelling, "Peace on earth, good will to man," while old women's homes, orphan asylums and jails are building every day and more than twenty-two million dollars spent in the United States for war purposes in excess of the amount expended for schools.—Sees the few luxuriating in wealth while the "bread line" grows longer and suicidal mania on the increase.—Sees the old-time spirit of Christmas giving way to commercialism and mad rushing of all to make all they can out of it; but above all, it sees the chasm between the masses and classes growing wider and deeper, unbridgable and unfathomable. "Oh, the pity of it!"—can this be what the God of all intended when he started this little earth spinning on its career? Can this be what He foresaw and so gave His Son for the solution of?

As the observer in the tree-top climbs down and meditatively picks the tree toads and lice out of his hair, he should be ungrudgingly allowed the relief that comes with the sigh—"Oh, the pity of it; oh, the pity of it all!—this 'man's inhumanity to man.'"

Best line of Produce in city.—Stratton Ice Works.

Get a Buick for Xmas.

UNCALLED FOR LETTERS AT P.O.

LIST OF LETTERS REMAINING AT POSTOFFICE DURING THE PAST WEEK.

When asking for letters, please say "Advertised."

GENTLEMEN.

Abrams, N. S.
Adams, A. H.
Alley, Will
Andrews, David
Arnold, G. A.
Baker, B. E.
Bagley, A. G.
Banks, Willia
Barnett, Ernest
Beasley, Lewis
Berry, J. W.
Birt, F. S.
Bland, E. L.
Bland, Walter
Bell, Sammie
Bolton, R. B.
Boon, Less
Boullenord, Andrews
Boyett, Ansell
Bradford, M. C.
Brerry, Lessie
Brooks, Cirsoe
Brown, F. R.
Brown, Frank
Brown, Isaac
Brunner, Curtis
Buck, Fred
Campbell, Dr. L. F.
Carlisle, Arthur
Carwell, Henry
Classell, Jim
Coleman, Underwood
Collins, H. C.
Conferer, F. E., Geo. C.
Copeland, A. L.
Crofted, Floyd
Criswell, Mr. (Brent, Fla.)
Crum, Hunter
Daniels, Mr. (East Main St.)
Davis, J. F.
Delaney & Co.
Dudley, H. J.
Edwards, Chas.
Erickson, Herr. Harry.
Folmar, Herbert
Foster, W. M.
Fountain, G. W.
Garnett, B.
Gilbert, B. F.
Gillsere, Wilson
Gillis, Jim
Gray, D. M.
Green, Ish
Green, Furnis
Green, Sam
Grissam, Willie
Grossman, H.
Hansen, Henry
Harang, D.
Hare, Dave
Hayes, Marion
Hoffman, Dan
Huggins, James
Hunter, W. D.
Jackson, Frank
Jackson, Jno.
James, Bobe
Jernigan, Mr. and Mrs. M. N.
Johnson, Calvin
Johnson, Erastus
Jones, Joe Pickett
Johnson, Elle
Johnson, Quincy
Jones, Marshall
Jones, Randolph
Keggs, R. B.
Kelly, John
Kelly, Eld. T. C.
Kennedy, B. J.
Kenoh, Dan
Kohn, J. K.
Lamar, Charplas
Laster, Jackey
Lewis, Cleve
Livermoor, W. A.
Longmire, Geo.
Longmire, W. F.
Loyd, Rev. Hoben
McReynolds, Tiplon
Mandel, Joe
Martin, Rich
Mason & Kesson
Massey, Ellas
Massey, W. E.
Mayo, W. C.
Mitchell, Charlie
Moier, W. M.
Moss, Joe
Mwore, Henry
Nehfumus, G. E.
Nicholas, J. E.
Nims, S.
Olshefsky, C.
Podgett, Andrew
Pate, C. R.
Payne, Robert
Payne, Willie
Peoples Grocery Co.
Peterson, Philip P.
Pinckney, R. S.
Pool, A. J.
Postes, Horace
Porter, J. T.
Powell, Ernest
Powell, Gabe
Price, Joe
Pullum, E. D.
Quinn, W. H.
Ramseier, J. D.
Robinson, Charlie
Robinson, John
Rose, B. B.
Royandles, Limbric
Russell, Ben
Russell, J. P.
Saunds, Curtis
Samson, R. A.
Santos, E.
Sharp, G. E.
Shemns, Rev. R. W. (P. E.)
Shino, Henry
Smith, W. H.
Smyly, Green
Snow, Willie
Spears, Ishmus
Spirlark, J. H.
Stallworth, Rotter
Stallworth, Willie
Stephens, Christopher
Stockman, James
Storm, Arthur
Surles, John
Sutton, J. B.
Taylor, Jim
Taylor, Joe
Terrell, E. T.
Tolson, Willie
Theimann, Heinz
Thomas, John T.
Tice, George
Tipplin, Fred
Tompkins, George
Tompkins, Wm.
Ulmer, Howard; Uorgle, Oliver
Upton, G.
Upton, George
Van, Ely
Virgin, Oliver
Walker, B. T.
Walker, R.
Walston, Gus
Walton, Victor
Ward, Will
Watkins, J. P.
Webster, Matthew
Weldlich, Jul
West, George
Whatley, Allen
Whitaker, H.
Whitehead, Willie
Wilkinson, Pete
Williams, C. W.
Williams, H. T
Williams, M. M. (2)
Williams, Victor
Wilson, Elkins
Wise, Dralon
Wright, S. E.
Wright & Taylor
Yarborough, R. W.
Young, Alton
Yancy, Chas.
Young, Wm.
Zehn, Fred

LADIES.

Arnold, Mrs. William
Bennett, Lula
Louis, Maryan
Long, Mrs. Mattie
Lyman, Mrs. Anna
McDaniel, Mrs. Jennie A.
McClain, Mary
Malone, Minnie
Martin, Mrs. Rich
Martin, Mrs. Richmond
Maryne, Mrs. R. S.
Millious, Mrs. H. M.
Moore, Ella
Morgan, Mrs. Mamie
Morgan Cents
Mosely, Mrs. Corinne
O'Neil, Lena
Polmer, Norah P.
Palmer, Mrs. W. R.
Peterson, Mrs. Margaret
Porter, Mrs. Avilla (2)
Price, Pearlie
Quinn, Mrs. O. E.
Quince, Mrs. Bennie
Reass, Mrs. Doney
Richardson, Mary Danna
Richardson, Mrs. Ella
Roberts, Maggie
Robinson, Lillie Mattie Caird
Robinson, Mrs. Rosie
Rogers, Rosa L.
Scott, Belle
Silvester, Mollie
Smith, Essie

More Than 20

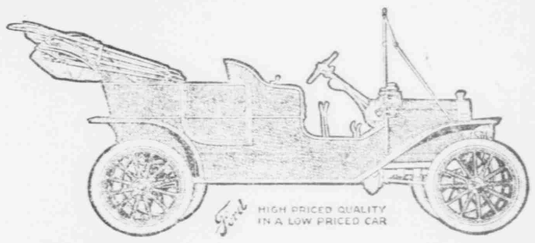
Ingredients give to Hood's Sarsaparilla its great curative power—power to cure many and varied complaints, including diseases of the blood, ailments of the stomach, troubles of the kidneys and liver.

Many of the ingredients are just what the profession prescribe in the ailments named, but the combination and proportions are peculiar to this medicine and give it curative power peculiar to itself.

Therefore, there can be no substitute for Hood's. Get it in the usual liquid form, or in tablets called Sarsatabs.

FACTS FROM FORD

There is Actually More Automobile Value in the Ford Model "T" Than in any Other Car at Several Hundred Dollars More Money



Think It Over—Here's the Model "T" Ford—a four-cylinder, twenty-horsepower, five-passenger, comfortable, durable, practical touring car, complete with all the equipment, that costs from $150.00 to $300.00 additional in most other cars, and all this for, not $3,000.00 or $2,000.00, or one and a half thousand, at any of which a man would get his money's worth, but for $950.00 f. o. b. Detroit complete, no extras.

A $5,000.00 Car will take you to your office in the morning or to the theatre or social function in the evening. It will carry you from one business engagement to another during the day, and at night or when the cares of business are laid aside, you call upon the car to provide pleasure for the family. But this Ford car will do all this just as satisfactorily as any high-priced car and more so than some.

To Avoid Argument, let's agree that some of the trimmings found on the high-priced propositions are left off of the Ford. They are. But the difference in price will pay for a pile of trimmings, and the trimmings do not make one whit better automobile. It isn't fuss and feathers that is needed to make the car you buy satisfactory;; it's just plain automobile, and if you get that for $950.00 and no more of it for double, why pay the extra? Any car now selling for several hundred dollars more could, if built by Ford in the Ford shops by Ford methods and in Ford qualities, be sold at the Ford price if the manufacturer would be satisfied with the Ford profit per car.

FORD

This Name is Your Guarantee

The Model "T" Ford includes a magneto—that's essential to the satisfactory operation of a car, so it's built in and a part of the engine, not an added accessory at a hundred or so more dollars. It has long, comfortable wheel base, it is not a dinky runabout with a tonneau crowded on behind. It's a four-cylinder car, is shaft driven, employs unit construction and 3-point suspension, and is made of Vanadium steel. All in all, it would be a whopping big value at double the price.

Then Look at What equipment is included. Experience has taught us that most buyers want a top. With other cars that's an extra; they want a windshield, that's extra; a speedometer is a satisfaction, and that's extra; they want a stronger light, and gas lamps are extra; and by the time they have bought all these things, the price which is already higher than Ford, has been jumped another hundred or so—plus the magneto. There is nothing extra to buy for a Ford, these things are all included.

After All, the Final Test of value is what will it do? That is the proof of Ford value. It will go anywhere over any kind of road, or lack of road, more days for more years than the average car at a considerably higher price. It has good appearance, speed and power, as well as hill-climbing ability and good and bad roads negotiability. Repair bills are small and maintainence costs light. It is easily handled, easily kept up and always ready.. It's a practical everyday car for the man who wants a car for what it will accomplish.

It was a Model "T" Ford in which L. C. Oliver, of Jacksonville, Fla., made that record run from Jacksonville to Savannah, Ga., in thirteen and three-quarter hours, passing en route a $3,000.00 car that had started five hours earlier on a similar errand. It was a Model "T" Ford that won the New York-Seattle Race, in twenty days and fifty-two minutes, defeating all other entrants, none of which cost less than five times the Ford price or weighed less than five times Ford weight. (How the Ford won, sent on request.)

High-priced Cars Render a peculiar service for which they must be given credit. They pull a lot of money out of safety vaults and put it into circulation. That's good. But there are a lot of us so fixed that most of our cash already finds channels by which it returns to circulation. The Ford Model "T" costs little to buy and little to maintain. The man on an average income can afford the purchase price and the upkeep cost.

Ford Cars Are Popular in the South. From a sale of one or two cars in 1903, Southern sales have steadily grown until in 1909 they have totaled nearly 2,000 cars.

"High-priced Quality in a low-priced car." The records of the past prove the quality, the prices follow:

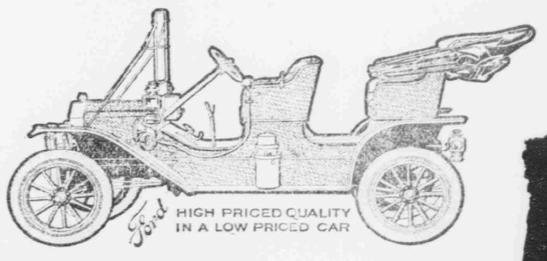
Touring car fully equipped	$950.00
Tourabout " "	950.00
Roadster " "	900.00

In addition to the foregoing, the Model "T" is supplied with any of the following styles of body. All Model "T" bodies are interchangeable:

Coupe	$1050.00
Landaulet or Taxicab	1100.00
J. E. T. Bowden, of Jacksonville, Fla., recently purchased 25 of these Taxicabs.	
Town Car	$1200.00

All prices f. o. b. Detroit. Coupe, Landaulet and Town Car prices include three oil lamps and horn.

Catalog sent on request.



Standard Manufacturers A. M. C. A.
281 Piquette Ave., Detroit, U. S. A.

Ford Motor Company

THE CLUTTER MUSIC HOUSE

Distributers for Escambia, Santa Rosa, Walton, Washington, Jackson and Calhoun Counties, 112 South Palafox Street, Pensacola, Florida.

Blake, Mrs. J. W.
Blount, Mrs. Phener
Booth, Mrs. Myra
Brazley, Mrs. Ethel
Bradley, Mrs. Lizzie
Brooks, Lenora
Brooks, Mrs. Marsherry
Brown, Annie
Brown, Mrs. Edward
Brown, Mrs. Maud
Carter, Mrs. Lottie
Clark, Mrs. W. C.
Corbett, Nettie
Coleman, Mrs. Jane
Collins, Mrs. Clara
Conners, Marguerite
Crabtree, Mrs. L. C.
Crause, Lillie
Cravey, Mary
Crosson, Mrs. Maggie
Davis, Nora
Dorsey, Elna
Drewer, Florence
Guce, Mrs. Annette
Edwards, Mary
Ferguson, Annie L.
Finney, Mrs. M. L.
Flagge, Mrs. Minnie
Fulkerson, Mrs. T. C.
Garrett, Mrs. Gussie
Guiger, Stella
Gill, Lillie May
Gilmer, Mamie
Grey, Mrs. Lillie
Lyman, Mrs. Anna
McDaniel, Mrs. Jennie A.
McClain, Mary
Malone, Minnie
Martin, Mrs. Rich
Martin, Mrs. Richmond
Maryne, Mrs. R. S.
Millious, Mrs. H. M.
Moore, Ella
Morgan, Mrs. Mamie
Morgan Cents
Mosely, Mrs. Corinne
O'Neil, Lena
Polmer, Norah P.
Palmer, Mrs. W. R.
Peterson, Mrs. Margaret
Porter, Mrs. Avilla (2)
Price, Pearlie
Quinn, Mrs. O. E.
Quince, Mrs. Bennie
Reass, Mrs. Doney
Richardson, Mary Danna
Richardson, Mrs. Ella
Roberts, Maggie
Robinson, Lillie Mattie Caird
Robinson, Mrs. Rosie
Rogers, Rosa L.
Scott, Belle
Silvester, Mollie
Smith, Essie
Smith, Mrs. Mary (3)
Smith, Mrs. Pearl M.
Smith, Pollis
Spriner, Mrs. Liza
Stennah, Agnes
Stewart, Mrs. C. E.
Stewart, Mrs. D. R.
Stiles, Alice
Styron, Mrs. Martha
Taylor, Ella
Thomas, Mrs. Florence (2)
Thomas, Ida
Thompson, Mrs. Harriet
Tiernay, Loletta
Todd, Mrs. Della
Villers, Florence
Wagner, Mrs. Ina
Washington, Sadie
White, Annie
Whitman, Alberta
Wiggins, Florida
Williams, Eva
Williams, Miss
Johnson, Mrs. Hattie Frances
Johnson, Mabel
Woods, Mrs. Lelona
Kline, Mrs. Gertrude Wright, Mary
Little, Mrs. Sallie
Yiles, Mrs. Mary

T. H. LANNON & CO.,

Will Close All Day

CHRISTMAS

The Carts With "Red Signs"

are running on schedule time. Place your order now for coal, wood, charcoal.

Coal or wood delivered the day ordered—clean, free burning coal and dry, well-seasoned wood.

EXPORT FUEL & ICE CO.

Phone 362. O. J. SEMMES, JR., Mgr.

Acton Coal—none better, few as good.—Stratton Ice Works.

Get a Buick for Xmas.