

Practically every Christmas buyer in Pensacola's trade territory is looking to The Journal as his guide in the matter of what, when and where to buy, and The Journal's advertising columns will tell him.



Letters to Santa Claus

FROM WEST FLORIDA CHILDREN

"I KNOW WHAT I WANT."

Dear Santa Claus: I am a little tot not quite two years old, but I am large enough to know what I want. Please bring me a doll, a go cart and piano, some "mannas," candy, cakes, ranges, apples and some nuts. Please do not forget little brother. Bring him a horse, and a whistle. By, by, Santa, do not forget the number, 147 W. Jackson street. Your little darling, Catharine Oneto.

"ALL KINDS OF FRUIT."

Dear Santa Claus: As I have been a good little girl, I want you to bring me a pair of skates, a doll carriage, horn, a game of "wig," some doll's jewelry and a tea set, some candy, and all kinds of fruit. Your little friend, Elma May Bobe, 1211 E. Cervantes.

"MY MAMA'S BABY."

Dear Santa Claus: As I have been a good little girl and I am my mama's baby, (am eight year's old) I want you to bring a doll, a tea set, trunk, doll, jewelry, candy and all kinds of fruit. Your little friend, Mable Bobe, 1211 E. Cervantes.

WOULD BE CHECKER-PLAYER

Dear Santa Claus: As I have been a good little boy, I want you to bring me some marbles, tool box, horn, a story book, and a game of checkers, candy and fruit. Your little friend, Roland Oswald Bobe, 1211 E. Cervantes.

WROTE UNTIL BED TIME.

Dear Santa: I am a boy 11 years of age and going to school in the fifth grade. I want you to bring me a kite that will fly high in the air, and some apples and candy, oranges, nuts, and my little brother Frank, bring him some candy, oranges and apples and a little auto.

My brother, J. T., is going to school and is in the second grade. Bring him a train, apples, oranges, candy and nuts. Santa, I hope this letter will reach you safe. I have another brother. He is going to school and is in the first grade. Bring him a monkey, apples, oranges, nuts, candy. I will have to go to bed. Good night, W. W. Byrd, Noma, Fla.

LITTLE WARRINGTON GIRL.

Dear Santa Claus: I want you to bring me a little tea set, doll and go cart for my doll, and a piano and little trunk. Now, dear Santa Claus,

I am a very good little girl and want you to bring my little brother something too. I am three years old and my little brother is a year. Now don't forget us. Your little friend, Elma May Moore, Warrington, Fla.

ANOTHER FROM WARRINGTON.

Dear Santa Claus: I am a good girl. I am eight years old. I want you to bring me a doll and a go-cart and a stove and a trunk and a little table, and a tea set and, Santa Claus, don't forget my grandpa and bring him something nice. Now I will be a good girl and don't forget me. Your little friend, Sybil Moore, Warrington, Fla.

"I DON'T ASK MUCH."

Dear Santa Claus: I am a little girl six years old and I want you to bring me a doll and a go cart for my doll, a tea set and a little trunk. Now, Santa Claus, please bring them to me, as I am not asking for very much. Your little friend, Verna Lee Moore, Warrington, Fla.

HOPE TO SEE YOU SOON

Dear Santa Claus: I drop you a few lines to let you know that I am well and hoping that I'll see you soon, and I want a doll and a box of tea sets and some candy and some fruit. I have nothing more to say at present, and I will come to a close by wishing you a merry Xmas and a happy New Year. I remain as ever, yours, Etta Floris, 222 W. Main.

"MERRY CRISTMAS, SANTA"

Dear Santa Claus: I drop you a few lines to let you know that I am well, wishing that I see you soon. I want a doll bed and a doll and a doll chair and some candy and some fruit. I have nothing more to say at present, and I will come to a close by wishing you a merry Xmas and a happy New Year. I remain as ever, yours, Janette Floris, 222 West Main.

BROTHER AND SISTER WRITE.

Dear Santa Claus: We are two little to write to you, but our big brother, Wallace, will write for us. Please bring me a big doll, stove, tea set, a furniture set, a doll cradle, a go-cart, and a book with pictures. Kenneth wants a wagon, lion, tiger, elephant, snake, and a train. Bring my baby sister a doll cradle and a rubber Kitty. Bye-bye. Your little friends Margaret Purdy and Kenneth Purdy, No. 1002 E. Tenth street.

TWO PURDY BOYS WRITE.

Dear Santa Claus: We are so glad it is time for you to come again. Please bring me a good story book, mechanical train, magic lantern, cash register, watch, drum, and a game. Please bring Rodgers a hook and ladder, horse race, building blocks, U. S. cruiser, a racer, toy chest, a train, book and a game. I hope The Journal will publish our letters, so you will be sure and know what we want. We would like to have some fireworks too. Your little friends, Wallace Purdy, Jr., and Rodger Purdy No. 1002 E. Tenth avenue.

REMEMBER OTHER LITTLE ONES

Dear Santa Claus: I want you to bring a doll trunk, a muff and fur for my doll, and also a little hat and some clothes, and some ribbon for my hair, and a locket. I hope you will remember me and try and bring everything I asked for and remember the other little ones, too. I am as ever, your little friend, Margaret Ranscher.

"DON'T FORGET BROTHER."

Dear Santa: Please remember all dear Santa Claus. I am a little girl hardly five years old. I want you to bring me a big doll with long black curls, and a doll carriage, a tea set, a little stove, and a little rocker, to rock my doll in. I would like to have some fruit, candy and nuts, and please don't forget my brother, for he likes nice things, too. I am your little friend, Lula May Stewart, R. F. D. No. 1.

JOHN TOM HEARD FROM.

Dear Santa Claus: I am a little boy seven years old. I go to school and am in the first grade. I want you to bring me a big horn and a drum and sticks. Bring me some candy and fruit and fireworks. Don't forget my little brother, he can't talk. Robert will write to you and tell you what he wants.

I AM GOING TO TRY TO BE A GOOD BOY.

So you won't pass by our door. I will hang up my stockings in my bedroom. Your little friend, John Tom Bigger, 213 N. Alcaniz street.

DOLL ALL IN BLUE.

Dear Old Santa: I live in Crestview, Fla. I read the Journal every day. Would like for you to give me a large doll with long black curls,

with blue shoes and stockings on. I will be eleven years old in January. Yours truly, Thelma Webb.

LOTS OF FIRECRACKERS.

Dear Santa Claus: I am a little little boy four years old. I want you to bring me a whistle and a bugle and a horse on wheels and a drum. I want some nuts, fruit and candy, and lots of firecrackers. Please don't forget my baby brother. Bring him a whistle ball. I play with him every day while John Tom is at school. I hope you won't forget any of the little children. Robert Gilbert Bigger, 313 N. Alcaniz St.

FIRST YEAR AT SCHOOL.

Dear Santa Claus: I am a little girl six years old. This is my first year at school and I am doing fine, although I was sick and had to lose four weeks. I would like for you to bring me a nice rocking chair and a big round table, a small gool and doll set, a top, an automobile, a few fireworks, some fruit, and chocolate candy, for I like it very much. Wishing you a merry, merry Christmas, I am, sincerely your little friend, Annie Pooley, 210 Intendencia St.

REMEMBER POOR CHILDREN.

Dear Santa Claus: I will now write you a nice little letter, for Christmas does not come but once a year and I do not write Santa Claus a letter but once a year. Now will let you know what I want: A doll set for my doll's bedroom, a tea set, a bracelet, a ring, a sash pin and that is all that I want, for I want you to give the poor little children something. But, Santa Claus, don't forget my brother, Thomas, who is four years old, and my sisters, Bessie and Jessie Mae. So I will close. From your friend, Sadie Leigh Condon.

"I'M USUALLY GOOD BOY."

Dear Santa Claus: Please bring me a football, a watch and charm, a pistol and lots of fireworks, for I love to shoot them; some fruit and candy and nuts and anything else you have for a boy my size. I am nine years old, in the third grade. I hope you have a merry Christmas and a happy New Year. Your friend, Bertram Pooley, 210 E. Intendencia St.

BED SET, VASE, PIANO.

Dear Santa Claus: I am only 10 years old and I would like for you to bring me a bed-room set, vases, piano and fruit. Good-bye, Laura Stallworth, 2523 N. 13th Ave.

AN AUTO AND A GUN.

Dear Santa Claus: I am only seven years old and I would like for you to bring me something for Xmas. I want an automobile, air rifle, fireworks and fruit. Leroy Stallworth, No. 2523 N. 13th Ave.

"JUST CAN'T HARDLY WAIT."

Dear Santa Claus: I just can't

hardly wait for you to come around Xmas. I want a top pistol, some caps, a little train that will run, a tin horn and a few English walnuts. Don't want any oranges or apples. Now, I haven't asked for much, so please don't forget me. Lonnie Dennis, Paxton, Fla.

BUGLE AND SOME TOOLS.

Dear Santa Claus: I am a little boy and would thank you if you would bring me a bugle, some tools and a wagon, some candy, nuts and fruit. I am your little boy, John W. Slatten, Warrington, Fla.

"LEARN MY LESSONS."

Dear Santa Claus: My name is Sewanee Slatten. I am a good little girl and learn my lessons every day. Will you bring me a little wash tub and wash board, a doll-bed and dresser, some doll chairs and table, some nuts and fruit. I wrote to you last year. I am your little girl, Sewanee Slatten, Warrington, Fla.

"ALL KINDS OF GOOD THINGS."

My Dear Santa Claus: I will write you a nice little letter to tell you what I want. I am a little girl nine years old and I am in the third grade. I have a brother and two sisters and my brother wants a horse and train and some candies and some nuts, and all kinds of good things. Now I will tell you what I want: I want a pair of skates and some paper dolls, and a bracelet and some candies and all kinds of good things. I hope you will go to all of the good children's houses and I will have something on the table for you. So I will close. From your friend, Jessie Mae Condon.

"DOLL TWO FEET HIGH."

Dear Santa Claus: I will drop you a short note to let you know I want you to bring me a doll two feet tall and a tea set and a go-cart, rocking chair to rock my doll in, spoon, knives and this is all I want. Don't forget sister Hope. You won't forget, I am a little girl eight years old. My address is Mamie Staples, Millview, Fla.

TOC BIG FOR YOU TO COME.

Dear Santa Claus: Please bring me a pretty doll and a carriage to ride in. Dear Santa, I have a dear little brother thirteen years old and he says he is too big for you to come to see him, but Santa, dear, if you have a nice pocket knife or anything you think he will like, please put it in his stocking and surprise him. With love to you and wishing you a merry Christmas, I am your little girl, Lillian Reeves, 210 East Gadsden St.

"FILL THE LITTLE STOCKING."

Dear Santa Claus: I am a little girl eight years old. Will you please bring me a doll with a pretty face—once that goes to sleep—and bring me a little piano. Dear Santa, I have a sweet little brother. He is five months old and his name is Arthur. The little stocking will be his. Please put something in it. Your loving little girl, Susie Rivers, 1410 East Gadsden street.

PAPA AND MAMA IN MIND.

Dear Mr. Santa Claus: I would like for you to bring me a big doll and carriage, and also a stove, doll bed and trunk, and a box of tea sets. I wish you a merry Christmas, dear old Santa Claus. I am nine years old and I am in the third grade. Don't forget mama and papa. Goodbye, Eva Holson, 208 S. Florida Blanca street.

HERE'S ONE FOR A TEDDY BEAR.

Dear Santa Claus: I want a big doll and carriage and Teddy Bear. I want some candy and oranges and apples and fireworks. Dear old Santa Claus, don't forget my little sister. She is six years old and is in the first grade. She says she wants a doll and carriage and a doll bed. She also wants a stove and candy, apples, oranges and a little piano. She says she wishes you a merry Christmas. So goodbye dear old Santa Claus and don't forget me. Yours truly, Sadie and Maud Holson, 208 S. Florida Blanca street.

SKATES, PISTOL AND CAPS.

Dear Santa Claus: I will write you a few lines, so that you won't forget me. I want a pair of roller skates and a toy pistol and some caps, and some fire and other things that you have to spare and now if you will bring me what I have asked for, I will be a good boy. So good night, Santa. Howard Brown.

BIG DOLL WITH BLUE EYES.

Dear Santa Claus: My name is Jennette. I am seven years old. We, I want please bring me a nice big doll with pretty blue eyes that can open and shut, and please bring me a nice big carriage to roll it in. Bring me a bugle, some nuts and candy and apples and oranges, and that is all. I will ask for. I live on Strong street, No. 1516, so goodbye, dear Santa. Jennette Whitwell.

SAME ORDER FOR NUTS.

Dear Santa Claus: My name is Odette Whitwell. I want you to bring me a nice rocking chair, a nice big doll and a doll carriage to roll it in. I have a little sister two years old. Please bring her just the same as you do me, so she won't cry for my things. Please bring my baby sister a rubber doll and a rattle for her to chew on to keep her from crying. Bring us some nuts, candy, apples and oranges and that will be all. Good bye, Santa, Odette Whitwell.

ANOTHER DOLL-LOVING LASS.

Dear Santa Claus: I am a little girl ten years old. I wish you would bring me a nice big doll with bright blue eyes that open and shut, and black curly hair and a bugle. That is all I ask for. My address is 1516 E. Strong street. From your dear friend Pearlie Whitwell.

REMEMBER GRANDPA

Dear Mr. Santa: I am six years old and have a sweet baby sister whose name is Lady-Bird, and I want you to bring us both something nice. And please sir, don't forget to bring my school teacher something nice. (Mastery) Harry Lewis Daniel, 331 E. Romana street.

P. S.—Don't forget to go to Pana-

SIDE-TRACKED

By Virginia Dare.

Oh, sweet spirit of my youth return, But do not deem me true, I have not done the half we plann'd While I kept company with you, Like fallen trees in cyclone's track Lie the things I meant to do.

You pointed upward toward the heights Where men inscribe a name— Men who give the best of life For the laurel wreath of fame. With youth's aspiring courage buoyed I thought to do the same.

Traced with eyes full bright and strong The road seemed smooth and wide; I almost knew each turn it took Along the mountain side. So we together started forth With youth's bright hope for guide.

With trust in God, and faith in man We plodded on our way Nor found the first day's journey long In the sunshine of that day. Never thinking of the handicaps That in our pathway lay.

Nature was first to call a halt, For hunger most men dread. Its cravings must be satisfied, Tho' sublimest heights we tread. So we turned from the road to the summit To begin the fight for bread.

The path was narrow and crowded; Men jostled and pushed to the wall Their feeble and tardier brethren And heeded not their fall. "Every man for himself," they said; "Only the good God is for all."

I awaken'd from the sodden dream To find the sky o'ercast— The joys that bloom in Pleasure's glado Are not the kind that last. While you and I were dallying there, Opportunity had passed.

Then doubt and fear assailed my mind Where only hope had been. Emerging from the shadowed path I sought you 'mid life's din, But ah, my youth! I missed you— You had stayed behind with sin.

With nerveless hand, I grasped my staff, Still with your hopes imbued, But trembling feet no'er reached the height From which honor must be brewed; While everywhere I turned, the road With fainting hearts was strowed.

The years have flown—time takes its toll— My stalwart form bends low. I still dwell on the mountain side Where you left me long ago. I could not gain the heights you planned, My feet had grown so slow.

Failure is written on my brow, I see tonight in the years ahead But work in the weary treadmill Of the daily fight for bread; And to live in this harrowing struggle A man may as well be dead.

I breathe no sigh for wasted years Tho' in humble paths I plod; I mourn the wreck of childhood faith That questioned not its God, But blindly trusting followed Where other feet had trod.

Still thought will turn from future dread Back to those other years, And as memory lifts the curtain The dream face of youth appears. Again I see visions of younger days Tho' dimly, as through tears.

ma and see my grandma and grandpa Daniel.

THIS BOY WANTS A DOLL. Dear Santa: I have been a very good boy for the last twelve months. I go to school now. I want you to come to see me. Please bring me some fire crackers, sky rockets, apples, bananas, a horn, an automobile, with a top to it and two seats, a bicycle with coaster brake, some candy, pecans, nuts of all sorts, a watch and chain, air gun and some shot. Your friend 'Dudley' Creighton.

BALL BEARING SKATES WANTED.

Dear Santa Claus: You almost forgot me last year, but don't this year. All I want you to bring me is a goat and wagon and some fire crackers and a little cap pistol and some candy, apples, oranges and nuts. I am eight years old and I go to the convent school. I am in the first reader. From your friend, Joseph O. Connell, 417 West Romana street.

P. S.—Dear Santa: And a pair of ball bearing skates.

FIRST CALL FOR FLYING MACHINES

Dear Santa Claus: We have been good little boys all the year and worked hard, and we don't want you to forget us. We want you to bring us an automobile, a flying machine, drum, doll, sled, and stand, hair ribbon, rubber doll to play with when we have the blues. You will have to bring two of each thing, because there are two of us. Your good little boys, Mallory Jones and John Creighton.

"I'M A SWEET LITTLE BOY."

Dear Santa Claus: I am a sweet little boy with blue eyes and dark hair. I don't suppose you remember me. I want you to bring me an auto, buggy, motor cycle, a doll, neck tie, and a toy pistol, and lots of fruits and candies. Your good little boy, Willie Lewis, Ferry Pass, Fla.

"VERY GOOD FOR PAST YEAR."

Dear Santa: I am a small boy and have been very good for the past year. I want you to come and see me. Please bring me some apples, oranges, bananas, grapes and some small fire-crackers, for mother is afraid for me to have the large ones. If I am not asking too much, I wish you would bring me a small automobile with a top on it and two seats, a very large doll, some candy, pecans, nuts of all

kinds, a gun and a watch and chain. I also want a set of tools, and some musical instruments. Your dear little friend, Clyde Parzine.

"HAVEN'T ANY PLAYMATES."

Dear Santa Claus: Will you please bring me a doll and some candy and nuts and some oranges and any little thing that you know a little girl wants and needs. I am a little girl seven years old and go to school every day, and I try to be a good little girl, so that dear old Santa Claus won't forget me. As this is my first letter to Santa Claus, I hope he will come. I live in Bluff Springs. I have no other playmates at home because I am the baby and my brothers are all grown large and one-away from home. From your little friend, Lizzie Allee Sanders.

What These Four Want.

Dear Santa Claus: We are writing to you for Christmas presents. Annie, the oldest, would like to have a real big doll, dressed in blue. I, U. wants a bugle. Kenneth wants a harp and Faye wants a wagon. I hope dear Santa, you won't think we have asked for too much. Your loving friends, Annie, I. U., Kenneth and Faye-Davis, R. F. D. No. 2, Pensacola, Fla.

Dear Santa Claus: Please send me

a doll two feet high and dressed in red, and send me a buggy carriage to put it in, and a ring with a set in it, and I want the set blue. Yours truly, Maggie Rutherford, R. F. D. No. 3, Pensacola, Fla.

From "A Little Stranger."

Dear Old Sandy: I drop you these few lines to let you know I am a little stranger here. I am a little girl one year old, and I want you to bring me a large rag doll and some candy. Well, Santa, dear, this will be all, so I remain your loving little girl, Romane Leech, 511 East-Government street.

P. S.—I have a little uncle and he

wants a doll, too, and some candy. His name is Rodriguez Born.

Trouble Makers Ousted.

When a sufferer from stomach trouble takes Dr. King's New Life Pills he's mighty glad to see his Dyspepsia and Indigestion fly, but more, he's tickled over his new, fine appetite, strong nerves, healthy vigor, all because stomach, liver and kidneys now work right. 25c at all-druggists.



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