

Practically every Christmas buyer in Pensacola's trade territory is looking to the Journal as his guide...



LITTLE YOUNGSTERS OF WEST FLORIDA PETITION SANTA FOR ALL SORTS OF CHRISTMAS PRESENTS THIS YEAR



Dear Santa Claus: I want you to bring me a gun that can shoot; my papa wants a gun too; a wagon and fire engine...

for myself and lots of nuts and candy and fruits. I will be you good little girl. Belmar May Tharp, P. S.—1

Dear Santa Claus: Here I come at the eleventh hour, but please bring me a drum, some firecrackers, a story book, some candy and oranges...

Dear Santa Claus: I am nine years old and I want a big, big doll and a carriage and a tea set and some oranges and some apples and some nuts...

Dear Santa Claus: I am seven years old and please bring me a big, big doll and a leather doll carriage and a tea set and an iron stove...

Dear Old Santa: I am a little boy seven years old. Please send me the following articles: Magazine pistol or pea-shooter, "Paradise" music harmonica, a pair of ball-bearing roller skates, a pair of gloves and stockings...

Dear Santa Claus: I am a little girl 11 years old and I want a doll and a carriage and a teaset, some candy, fruit and nuts, too...

Dear Santa Claus: Please don't forget me. I am only three years old and want a Billiken doll, a baby book and plenty of nuts and fruits and chocolate candy...

Dear Santa: I am only eight years old, and I want you to bring me a doll with black curls and light eyes and a little safe, a story book, a horn, a piece of red ribbon for myself and a set of dishes and plenty of nuts and candy and fruits...

Dear Old St. Nick: I am only six years old and don't know how to write very good, but someone can write for me. I want you to bring me a doll with light curls and dark eyes, a teaset, a horn, a piece of red ribbon...

horn, express wagon and a plenty of fruit and fire-works and also a whip. Your loving friend, Edgar Etheridge, Marlanna, Fla.

Dear Santa Claus: I am a little boy five years old and a great, large boy for my age. I want you to bring me a drum, horn, a little pair of mittens, a toy rabbit, some fire-works and fruit, and, Santa, I have a little brother Robert, and he is a sweet little boy just two years old...

Dear Santa Claus: I want a little train when you wind it up it will run. Bring me a wagon. I want a street car. Bring me a map. I want a watch that will run. I want a little house. Bring me a story book. Bring some peanuts of all kinds. Bring me a boy horn. Bring me a drum. I want a gun. Bring me a soldier suit. I want a flag. I want a soldier cap. Bring me a sword. I want a cap pistol. I want a pair of soldier shoes and a package of firecrackers. I want a ball. Bring me a bell. I want an overcoat and a pencil box. I want a hat and ball. Bring me a mitt. Bring me some apples, nuts, oranges and two horses to a plow. I want two pair of skates. Bring me a sled. Bring the things to 415 North Sixth avenue. Now, don't forget me, dear old Santa. From a little boy, Lloyd NeSmith.

Dear Santa Claus: I noticed some letters in The Journal from little girls and boys. Will you accept one from me and little sister? I am six years old. I would like to have a doll, a carriage, tea set, for my little sister; a doll, a carriage, and a horn. I wish a merry Christmas for you and prosperity for The Journal. Your little friends, Maragarite and Loucie Merritt, 511 Inerarity street.

Dear Santa Claus: Will you please send me a doll with black curly hair and tea set and two little dining room chairs and all kinds of fruit, and bring my little brother John who is just two years old a wagon and horn and bugle and some candy and fruit. That's all. Thanking dear Santa Claus, Mary Langford, 500 West Romana street.

Dear Santa Claus: I am a little boy five years old. Will you please bring me a gun that will shoot "B's" shot. Mama says I am too small for one, so we leave it with you to decide whether I can have it, and a magic lantern with lots of pretty pictures. I have a sister older than me. She wants hair ribbon, pair of rubbers and anything you will bring for her. Please don't forget some fruits, candies and cakes. Don't forget mama and papa and everyone this happy Christmas time. Your loving little friend, Lyall Peake, Bayou Chico.

Dear Santa Claus: Please don't be late in coming this year. Say, Santa, you live up at the north pole and when you come write on a piece of paper who discovered the north pole. Santa, bring me a ring and some fire-works. My sister, Geneva, wants a big fruit cake. So don't forget your loving friend, Lola Beatrice Williams, 14 East Garden street.

Dear Old Santa Claus: I want a little train when you wind it up it will run. Bring me a wagon. I want a street car. Bring me a map. I want a watch that will run. I want a little house. Bring me a story book. Bring some peanuts of all kinds. Bring me a boy horn. Bring me a drum. I want a gun. Bring me a soldier suit. I want a flag. I want a soldier cap. Bring me a sword. I want a cap pistol. I want a pair of soldier shoes and a package of firecrackers. I want a ball. Bring me a bell. I want an overcoat and a pencil box. I want a hat and ball. Bring me a mitt. Bring me some apples, nuts, oranges and two horses to a plow. I want two pair of skates. Bring me a sled. Bring the things to 415 North Sixth avenue. Now, don't forget me, dear old Santa. From a little boy, Lloyd NeSmith.

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What Miscegenation is Doing to Southern White Folks

The crossing of black and white blood is becoming a distinct menace to the white race of the South—the purest Anglo-Saxon in this country. The people of Louisiana have been the first to see the danger and to fight it.

What it will mean to the average man's pocketbook if the law dissolving the Standard Oil Company is applied to other trusts is explained in the same issue.

Pearson's Magazine for January

new girlie, Beatrice Jenkins, Care Aunt Jenns Donaldson, 401 East Gregory St. Dear Santa Claus: Would like to see you, but mama says you are in Pensacola, so I will write you. Would like for you to bring a nice little dress and nice cap and saucer, so good-bye, dear, Marie Murray, Bonifay, Fla.

Dear Santa Claus: I am going to put the fire out in the grate so you can bring me my velocipede and tool chest and some candy and nuts in my stocking. Good-bye, Joe Burgess. Dear Old Santa Claus: I am a little girl five years old and cannot write you a very long letter, but I will write you these few lines to let you know what I want for Christmas. I want a doll and a piano with a stool and trunk with a key and please don't forget my baby sister, Edna. I like her a big rubber doll, Katherine Margies.

Dear Santa Claus: I will write to you and tell you what I want you to bring me. I want a doll and a baby book and a set and stove, and a doll chair and some candy and fruit. Well, I will close for this time. From Virgie Allbrooks, Pearl Eagan Home.

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