Carry it from Room to Room

Early Morning Comfort

Open your sleeping-room windows—let in the crisp, fresh air—but your room need not be cold while dressing—a touch of a match and the welcome heat is radiating from the

PERFECTION Oil Heater

(Equipped with Smokeless Device)

For heating the bath-room quickly it's a great convenience, and will make the morning dip as glorious as in the summer.

Now it's breakfast time—make the room cozy and cheerful—your breakfast more enjoyable and start the day without a shiver. The Automatic Smokeless Device prevents all smoke and smell and makes it impossible to turn the wick too high or too low. Cleaned in a minute—burns 9 hours with one filling. Finished in Nickel and Japan. Every heater guaranteed.

The **Rayo** Lamp can be used in any room—safest and best for all-round household use—latest improved central draft burner—bright light at small cost. Absolutely safe. All parts easily cleaned. Made of brass, nickel plated. Every lamp warranted. If you cannot get the Rayo Lamp or Perfection Oil Heater from your dealer, write to our nearest agency for descriptive circular.

STANDARD OIL COMPANY
(Incorporated)

Stories of the Streets and Town

In Pensacola.

The sighing lover led a heart,
The girl a diamond played;
Her father came down with a club—
And the sexton held a spade.

A FEW GRINS.

Not Explicit.

"Remember," wrote the instructor of the correspondence school of journalism, "to write only on one side of the paper."

And by return mail came the following inquiry from the new pupil: "Which side shall I write on?"

The Directoire.

It seems that fashion originators
Somehow lost their knack,
When they did not built the union suits
To button up the back.

An Operation.

The tariff patiently endured
Now sees its day allotted.
An operation is assured,
The doctors have it spotted.

Wise to Their Habits.

"Excuse me, ma'am," said the book canvasser to the lady who had opened the door in answer to his ring, "but if you have a few moments to spare I'd like to show you this great work on the 'Habits of Savage Animals.'"

"No use wasting your time, young man," replied the female. "I've been married three times and know all about their habits."

HIT OR MISS.

An industrious person seldom has a busy tongue.

Look out for the man who looks out for himself.

Sunday piety will not make up for six days of depravity.

One song in the heart is better than two in the next flat.

The woman who has ceased to weep is no longer young.

There is nothing flatter than flattery that doesn't flatter.

Why isn't a cook who stuffs turkeys and chickens a taxidermist?

Once in a while a woman gets a hat that actually looks like one.

If a woman is unable to preserve her complexion she begins to pickle it.

You may have noticed that there are more men with blockheads than wooden legs.

The day has passed when you can pretend to know things. People want to be shown.

Lots of people imagine there is something wrong with them if they haven't got a cold.

It's surprising how many things the average man can find to criticise and how few he will commend.

The truly dignified man is never ashamed to lay aside his dignity for the purpose of performing his duty.

The day has passed when you can pretend to know things. People want to be shown.

Even in the days of the inquisition they never locked the victim in a room and compelled him to listen to hours of piano practice.

The Holiday Preliminaries.

I am making out my list,
For of cash I've not a fist,
And nobody must be missed.
Oh, dear me!
For the list it stretches so,
I agree with those who show
More elastic now should grow
Currency.

Of friends I have a lot,
And relations on the spot
From a grandpa to a tot,
And for each
A present I must buy
Which will please their critic eye;
And the job none will deny
Is a peach!

Not a one must I forget
Or a row there'll be, you bet,
With a fume, a sulk, a pet,
To rehearse:
While my pocket book gets flat,
But I've got to stand it pat,
And let it go at that—
Ain't it fierce!

HOPE FOR HER.

"Good morning, madam," said the statuesque local beauty specialist, cordially, "I suppose you wish to take one of our complexion treatments?"

"Do you think you could improve my complexion?" asked the Pensacola woman who had just entered the reception room.

The beauty specialist smiled. "I can positively guarantee it," she replied. "In a month's time you wont recognize yourself. We'll have all the muddiness removed and the skin as clear and rosy as an infant's."

"How do you do it?" asked the woman. "I don't believe I should like to have my face peeled."

"It won't be necessary, madam," said the beauty specialist. "We can improve the present cuticle quite successfully by a process of medical steaming and the application of our Dermico preparations; there won't be any occasion to remove it. We could remove it if you preferred to have it done, but it is a more expensive process for one thing, and I don't recommend it except in extreme cases."

"You don't consider mine an extreme case, then?" said the woman, hopefully.

"Oh, not by any means," replied the beauty specialist. "We have treated far worse complexions than yours, and have given the best satisfaction."

"But the wrinkles—aren't they too deep?"

"Not at all," said the specialist, showing her teeth in another winning smile. "It might take a little time to remove them, but—"

"It has taken time to bring them," said the caller.

"Not very long, I think," said the beauty specialist, diplomatically. "A good many people wrinkle quite young. With scientific manipulation and electric stimulation and plenty of the Dermico skin food, I don't see any reason why we shouldn't have your face as smooth as it ever was."

"I didn't come to see you about my complexion," said the woman, "I know it isn't what it might be, but I've got rather used to it myself, and most of my friends seem to be able to stand it."

"The hair?"

"What would you suggest in regard to my hair?" asked the caller.

"Follicola," answered the specialist, promptly. "It's the only remedy ever discovered for any disease of the scalp. There are numberless preparations that claim to promote the growth of the hair, and restore its color, but Follicola is the only one that really does it. You need first the galvanic treatment in conjunction with cantharadium shampoos, then the Follicola. It isn't an expensive treatment, considering the results."

"Well, it isn't the hair either," said the woman, hesitatingly.

"The figure?" smiled the specialist.

"My figure is rather thin, isn't it?" said the woman. "I'm afraid I'm plain skinny."

The beauty specialist swept her with an appraising eye. "I should think you could stand about thirty pounds more flesh," she said. "It will be an easy matter to put that on you."

"How?" asked the woman visitor.

"Massage, principally," said the beauty specialist. "Adiposine is used by our operators. It is entirely harmless."

"Dear me!" said the woman. "And the eyes—you can give me thing to brighten the eyes, can't you? I don't mean belladonna, but something that would be harmless and permanent—and is there any way to reduce the knob on my nose?"

"The simplest thing in the world," said the beauty specialist. "If you will kindly step into my room I will—"

"Thank you," said the woman caller, "but I won't trouble you. Of course it would be delightful to be made all over again after the most approved models, but it would distress me too much to be obliged to introduce myself to my relatives. No, I called to buy a jar of your cold cream for a friend. I think I could give her a recipe for a cream that would answer every purpose, but she's in love with the name 'Dermico' and the expense attracts her. A dollar and a half a jar, isn't it?"

HOW IT WORKED.

"Well, I suppose you are prepared to do your Christmas shopping early this year and get it over with?" suggested the Pensacola man, as he settled into the seat beside the bay shore man. "That's the advice we get from every side at this time of the year."

The bayshore man grunted.

"It's no more than right, too," went on the cheerful Pensacola man, extending his hand for the other man's cigar stump, with which he evidently desired to light his pipe. "We ought to show some consideration for the tired clerks in the stores."

"Yes, I suppose there is something in that," admitted the bayshore man. "Still, if I do my shopping at this stage of the game I'll take a lot of precautions.

"Why?" asked the man with the pipe.

The bayshore man turned and gazed solemnly at the Pensacolian.

"Let me tell you something," he said, suddenly. "I've learned some things by experience and I'm going to give you the benefit of them. Last year I got all full of this early shopping idea. Accordingly I sailed in to clean up my list of presents the first week in December. I didn't tell my wife anything about it—I was going to be foxy, you understand, and tickle her to death by trotting out a wagon load of Christmas truck just about the time she began to talk about going shopping and asking her if I wasn't bright, getting into the game so early.

"I hid away all my plunder until a week before Christmas. I had all the trunks and closets in the house stocked up like a department store. I was in a constant state of nervous dread lest my wife should stumble upon my hoard of bargains before I was ready to spread them before her in all their gorgeousness. She didn't tumble a bit.

"One evening she suggested that we ought to begin thinking about our Christmas shopping. That was my time to gloat.

"'Oh, don't worry about that,' I told her. 'I've got all that taken care of. I did my shopping early. It's all over.'

"She took one look at me—just about as she might look at me if I had idly confessed to murdering the baby.

"'Do you mean to say,' she said, in that tone of suppressed excitement which begins a row, 'that you did all that shopping without me? Without giving me a chance to—to help you? I can't believe it!'

"I didn't feel quite so big by that time and my voice was a bit weak when I went on to explain that I had tried to save her the trouble of plunging into the Christmas shopping crowds, and battling her way to the counters in the last week of the rush. Do you think she appreciated that? Do you think she thought that I had been doing her a favor? Why, man, she wanted to do the shopping in the big crush. She felt that she was cheated out of her inalienable right to do battle with her kind at the bargain counter!"

"I hadn't thought of that phase of it," admitted the Pensacolian.

"Yes, and more than that," went on the man from the bay shore, "when I brought out my purchases and exhibited them with more or less pardonable pride, everything I had bought was wrong! The presents wouldn't do at all. I had a shaving mug for Uncle George and it seems he had let his beard grow for twenty-years and it was three feet long. I had dolls and a bunch of rattles for Aunt Minnie's kids and I found out that the youngest went into high school that year. That's the way it went. I was left with all this truck on my hands and my wife plunged into the thickest of the fight two days before Christmas and bought a whole lot more truck—and the worst of it was that she dragged me all over town with her and made me carry the bundles."

The Pensacolian coughed and began to refill his pipe.

"It's a hard-luck story, all right, he said. "Still, there's no law against a man's taking his wife into his confidence when he goes shopping for Christmas presents."

The "Apollo" Player incased in this wonderful instrument is without question the only one playing every note on the keyboard, besides playing every other size music that all other players play. Its reproduction is human-like, devoid of the mechanical effect of other players.

Why Not a Standard Piano for the Gift for Your Home?

We have complete line of following Standard High Grade pianos:—"Knabe," "Kranich and Bach" "Lester," "Chickering," "Marshall and Wendell," "Haines Bros.," and a number of lower priced pianos. You don't have to pay for a piano all at once—a little every month gets the best piano made. Let us place one in your home on trial.

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THE CLUTTER MUSIC HOUSE

114-116 SOUTH PALAFOX STREET. PENSACOLA FLA.

Odd Things in the News

The postmaster general announces that the weight of mail matter from the United Kingdom to the United States during October increased 27 per cent under the penny post.

The United States now consumes yearly a roll of white paper 830 feet high and 337 feet in diameter. It would weigh about 2,700,000 tons, and to produce it would have required some $8,000,000 worth of rags, some $7,400,000 worth of old waste paper and some $20,800,000 worth of wood pulp, to say nothing of other essentials.

Figures compiled by the city statistician of Chicago, estimating the city's total inhabitants at 2,540,896 are declared by Robert C. Givins, of the Three Million club, to be just 259,104 short of the correct total. In other words Mr. Givins estimates Chicago's population at 2,800,000.

More than 600 women are reported to be studying medicine at French universities. Paris alone is said to have 100 women practitioners, most of them holding official places of more or less importance. Women physicians are preferred in girls' high schools, normal schools and public schools generally.

Two years ago James H. Rowland, a farmer who lives near Eatontown, N. J., bought an old violin at an auction sale for $2. A few days ago a man who knows something about the value of musical instruments examined Farmer Rowland's $2 violin and advised him that it was worth $6,000.

Forestry in Sweden, under the direction of a royal commission, resulted last year in supplying wood, lumber and other forest products to the value of $13,250,000, and yet accumulated timber resources by a growth of twice the amount of the standing timber felled.

Palestine's ancient wells, famous in history for centuries, are giving way to pumping by modern engines and outfits, especially for watering gardens and orchards. There is a large demand for and import of pumps.

Would Mortgage the Farm.

A farmer on Rural Route 2, Empire, Ga., W. A. Floyd by name, says: "Bucklen's Arnica Salve cured the two worst sores I ever saw; one on my hand and one on my leg. It is worth more than its weight in gold. I would not be without it if I had to mortgage the farm to get it." Only 25c at all druggists.

For the Holidays--

We're here with the same old reliable CAKES of all kinds--

From the small plain and fancy assortments to the most elaborate Fruit and Ornamented Cakes. Order early--Phone 365.

The Pfeiffer Bakery--- 209-211 E. Intendencia.