

Pensacola's Watchword—Boost, Boom and Build—That's All



Blount Building, one of Pensacola's finest office structures.

have unmeaningly omitted. But, speaking of West Virginia, it was that quaint, isolated Cumberland mountain state, which is neither North nor South nor East nor West in its political and social sympathies, that gave me my first taste of a Southern Christmas.

In Old West Virginia.

In West Virginia, where Grandpa Gassaway Davis is growing older and richer, where moonshine whiskey is yet pretty freely manufactured in the old stills stowed away among the mountains, where Katherine Elkins has not yet been borne altarward by the Duke of the Abruzzi and where Col. Fred. Grosscup lost the United States collectorship because President Teddy does everlastingly hate the sight of Judge Peter, the brother of Col. Fred and the backer of Col. Fred's ambitions for a cut of federal pig fat on Cumberland mountain venison and under little pig pork instead of all turkey and cranberry sauce—and all the time I heard those heavy 12-inch brass crackers roaring in the street outside the way they roar at home on Fourth of July and the way they roared on November night in 1892 when Governor Cleveland carried that normally Republican state of mine and was helped by it back to the White House.

Christmas crackers were new to me. We never have had them in New England, though Christmas in New England isn't always what they never have had them in the lake country of the Middle West.

Why Not Christmas Crackers?

I mistrust that certain of my dignified Southern neighbors might consider themselves a little sentimentalized if I should write them, as the gunpowder commotion and the salt that ordinarily marks a Christmas celebration in the country below the Potomac and the Ohio. There is still much Puritanism stalking broadcast in New England; the old timers in that neck of woods are shocked beyond all description to learn that in the average Western state the man that can talk the loudest and spend the most money foolishly is counted far and away the best fellow. And for that reason I'm inclined to harbor the belief that they would think firecrackers and Roman candles—something they never see save on the nation's birthday and at stated political periods—were a piece of gross impropriety.

For myself, I'm not opposed to the crackers and the candles. Christmas, the happiest and most hopeful day in all creation, can be forgiven for a little surplus noise, especially in the country that has been lifted to elation on the wings of 15-cent cotton, with the 18-cent kind on the not-too-far-away horizon, and where the average man, unless he be afflicted with the most chronic case of the lazy bug—mark you, I don't call it hookworm—can earn a generous remuneration by his labor during hours that are not excessive and under conditions more congenial to a majority of men than those that obtain in the more cold-blooded, selfish states to the North and the East of us.

"The Live and Stirring Christmas."

No; I'm for the live and stirring Christmas, not for the sedate and sanctimonious Christmas—so long as we keep our festive hilarity within rational bounds. I can see no reason why Pensacola, and, in fact, the entire population of the whole sunny state of Florida, should not make merry to their hearts' content at this Christmas of 1909. Your home and my adopted city is on the threshold of a great business and commercial activity. We think the Deep Water City has seen a tremendous progress with in the past year—and this is true; but the best of Pensacola's history, it seems to me, is ahead of her. She is a city with unsurpassed harbor and shipping facilities; she is a city at last completely in the grip of that intense local pride which makes cities progressive and presses them to the front in every reasonable undertaking; she is, I am led to believe, a city with a maximum of boosters and a minimum of knockers among her population. I believe—and the most conservative Pensacola citizens with whom I have talked the matter over believe—that in 1920, say, when Uncle Sam's counting of noses once more is completed, the Deep Water City of West Florida may find a population of 100,000 souls stowed away in her Christmas stockings.

The Correct Time

To stop a cough or cold is just as soon as it starts—then there will be no danger of pneumonia or consumption. Just a few doses of Dr. Williams' Horchund Syrup taken at the start will stop the cough. If it has been running on for sometime the treatment will be longer, but the cure is sure.

Sold by W. A. D'Ambrerto, druggist and apothecary, 121 South Palafox Street.

GREAT YIELD OF GOLDEN FRUIT

ONE HUNDRED TREES BORE 2,000 BOXES — A REMARKABLE SUCCESS, FOR ONE TREE PRODUCED 20 BOXES SUPERIOR ORANGES.

Wauchula, Dec. 18.—When it comes to large yields of fruit, DeSoto county can invite comparison with other sections of the state. S. L. Griffin has just completed shipping the fruit from a ten-acre grove, which yielded more than 2,000 boxes. One hundred trees yielded 2,000 boxes of fruit, while one tree had thirty-four boxes of oranges on it. The Wauchula truckers are enjoying

GOOD THINGS TO EAT!

at Will Moyer's, 28-30-32 West Government street. Below we mention a few articles which ought to suit all tastes: Atmore's Mince Meat and Plum Pudding. Armour's Mince Meats, Cranberries, New California Canned Fruits, Jellies and Preserves, Nuts of all kinds, Raisins, Currants, Citron, Orange and Lemon Peel, Fruit Cake. In fact, everything to make up the necessaries for your Christmas dinner. Big stores well stocked.

Phones 1740-1741.

THE LEADING GROCER.

AT WILL MOYER'S

YANKEE'S IMPRESSIONS OF DIXIE'S CHRISTMAS

By Hilliard Bruce.

What of the Yankee Christmas? Candidly there's more fuss and feathers made over the Yankee Thanksgiving, with its gigantic Rhode Island turkey, its enormous mince pies—the kind they sent to the White House, to the newspaper notoriety of the portly tenant who'd just gotten off the special train after that storied eating and talking trip of 1,000 miles—its frosted cakes, its nuts, its old-fashioned molasses sweets, its fine good dinner and its agonizing evenings in the form of three days of unmitigated indignation, than ever as made over Christmas, the most joyful day in the whole calendar of Christendom.

How Thanking Started.
The early Puritan the most sturdy, the most resolute, if most God-fearing and at the same time the most unlovable people that ever came over here to aid in the settlement of this wonderful North America continent, started the Thanksgiving in the North-east to rolling. 'Twas a year of famine in Massachusetts Bay Colony, you who are here at history can remember; and the mighty's own good followed, in the mighty's own good time, by a year plenty. Then it was time, by a year plenty, sent over by King George to His Majesty's chief stool pigeon on Boston common, by and with advice—but of course not with the consent; he didn't have to ask that—the local clergy, proclaimed the day of feasting and salutation, and since known as the Day of Thanksgiving.

Of course, it ought not to be Thanksgiving on the whole, a day essentially alien in its origin. It is the day when most people are prone to pat their backs and shake hands with their own fingers interlaced in congratulation at the excellence of their times and good vicissitudes. The see greater crowds on a Thanksgiving forenoon than do the churches be the dominion reads the governor's proclamation and admonishes him to walk worthily of all the phys prosperity so lavishly poured in Christmas, the day of thanksgiving to all of us, should be heartily and earnestly and consistently celebrated. But I am telling you of conditions I have found them and not as and I, perhaps, would be gratified to see them.

Be Wise, Turkey Man.
You're interested when I tell you I am never quite so much on hand as when I am in the great home of southern New England, turkey from which comes, every Thanksgiving, the big and juicy gobblers—seven 50 pounds he weighed that goes to Washington to grace the White House table. The dog is particularly magnificent since Gen. Grant, in 1869, is "Horace" Vose, that unique character of Rhode Island's county, who has been written newspaperwise and magazine-

wise, so many times on account of this presidential turkey racket that I shall not undertake to impose upon your time by further detailed information concerning the now white-headed but ruddy-faced old fellow who counts it a pleasure to set 'em up for the chief executive once in every twelvemonth. I know him well. Pages have been written about him; books, large ones, might be filled to tell the story of his varied experience as farmer, business man, politician and, of course, raiser of turkeys for the consumption of distinguished citizens. But I forbear.

My Most Notable Christmas.

Talking about the first Christmas a man can remember—you see, I noticed in the preliminary proof sheets that were made as this Christmas edition was going through the mill that my great if not good friend Don McLellan had sat him down to tell about the first tree and the first "sweet stocking" he could recall—I often think, not of the first Christmas had ever happened to me but of the richest joke that ever came my way on a Christmas.

That was—let me see—1892. It was the year, and almost the month, that marked my entry into the somewhat touchy and hazardous job of newspaper-making. I was the "cub" reporter on an ultra-dignified old sheet that then was—and still is—shouting black Republicanism to the believing multitudes in a moribund little Connecticut town where the census of 1870 and the census of 1910 are to be identical. The paper, though, was and is an abettor of the dominant party in that state; it is the paper that gave "Ike" Bromley to the New York Tribune, and E. Jay Edwards to the once-famous syndicate that was named for him; and Allen T. Baez to the city desk of the New York Herald, and a score of other lesser journalistic lights to heavy jobs on solid papers all through this vast country.

The presiding dignitary of that editorial room, although a G. O. P. hard-shell, was a man of some parts and considerable humor. He never called any subordinate worker of his a fool, either with or without that disagreeable prefix of four letters; but I've known him to rake some of us over the hot coals of his righteous indignation by denouncing us as "mentally deficient" and "not possessed of sufficient intelligence in the premises" and all such backhanded compliments.

Well, I had my Christmas assignment—a pretty fair one, I thought it was, for the cub of that 1892 office. I was sent to look after the holiday services at the principal Congregational church in that city bossed by the Congregationalists. I was fitted out with five pads of paper, six brand new pencils, a knife to sharpen any pencil that might get dull in the good cause, and nobody knows how much other paraphernalia for this high and mighty job of "covering" the biggest church, the best-dressed congregation, the most costly as well as the most eloquent preacher in the city. I worked hard,

on him—I mean by that, of course, the preacher, whose tongue was a bit speedy for a beginner, even with six pencils—and after the benediction and the postlude I put on the boldness of a lion as I interviewed the man in the pulpit, the man at the organ, the man whose stung of chief usher made him the most conspicuous figure in all that great hallowed and hallowed Christmas sanctuary. I took notes enough, I expect, to reproduce the English Bible or Milton's "Paradise Lost" in case all the copies of those two immortal productions should suddenly go the way of fire or flood. Then, serene in the self-confidence and satisfaction of the youngster who thinks he understands the trade that his elders have spent a whole lifetime of patient effort and experiment to reduce to something like a workable basis, I went to the office of my paper and there consumed the short December afternoon putting on paper the fruits of that forenoon's reportorial strenuousness.

My Great Newspaper Chief.

"Fine!" fairly exploded my chief in one of those outbursts of well-simulated enthusiasm that were the delight of young newspapermen and young politicians and the cause of sarcastic sneers on the part of older men at both games. "Son, you're a wonder! How did you get so much? By the Gods, boy, but you must have a wonderful memory, a spry eagle imagination, the most remarkable facility for transcribing a gigantic volume of matter that falls to the lot of few men, even among the most trained and practiced of our noble profession. Yes, sir, this is great! I'm sorry my space is so short tonight, but a story with all the earmarks of greatness standing boldly forth all over it is to the advantage of this paper and I'm glad you wrote it. And now, sir, I'll tell you what I propose to do. I'm going to pull the column rules out longer, stretch the forms out a couple of inches to make the B—'s pages as big as they should be to carry a story of this magnitude, get the pressman to enlarge that machine of his down in the basement until it'll print 24-inch columns, and tomorrow morning you'll notice the paper is a little longer from the top to bottom than we usually make it. Just watch for it!"

"Cub" Meets the Common Lot.

I watched. The story of the Christmas service and the report of the Christmas sermon occupied about as much space in use the familiar expression of the Northeastern coast, "as you could put in your eye and see clear." And the 20-inch column rules that had been on duty since "Ike" Bromley started that sheet one windy March day in 1858 were still on the job!

Since that Christmas day in Connecticut 17 years ago my newspaper predilections have caused me to see much coming and going. I have known Christmas days that found me in Massachusetts and Ohio and New Jersey and West Virginia, with possibly a state or two beside that I

We wish all a Merry Christmas, and extend to you the season's greetings.

Burke Brothers
Electric Home Bakery
9th Avenue and LaRue

FINE CANDY

I sell exclusively in this city these superfine confections: HENRY MAILLARD'S, CHOCOLATE MENIER, IMPORTED ITALIAN NOUGATS, FRENCH GLACED FRUITS.

I also have the finest walk confections in the city at 50 cents per pound. If you can find a better candy or one as good as mine, at the same price, I will gladly present you with a box of mine.

FIREWORKS NEAR COST—I have a lot of fireworks, which I am selling at near cost. You can save money here on that Christmas item.

IMPORTANT—No orders taken for Neri's Ice Cream, for Christmas after December 23.

116 North Palafox St. **G. NERI.**

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