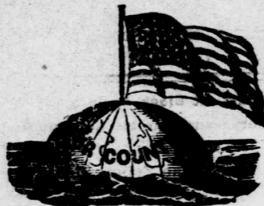


THE OCALA BANNER

FRANK HARRIS, Editor. P. V. Leavengood, Business Manager.



MOTTO: THE BANNER, BELIEVING THOSE AT THE TOP WELL ABLE TO TAKE CARE OF THEMSELVES, HAS TAKEN ITS STAND IN THE BARRICADES WITH THE COMMON PEOPLE AND ITS FIGHT WILL BE MADE FOR THE BETTERMENT OF THOSE AT THE BOTTOM.

FRIDAY, JUNE 2, 1905.

Fernandina is shortly to have a new \$50,000 hotel.

Mr. J. N. C. Stockton denies having purchased the Jacksonville Sun.

Florida will soon show the world what she can do in the way of peaches.

South Carolina is bragging on her peach crop and says that the celery crop is profitable.

Albion W. Tourgee, author of "A Fool's Errand," and various other similar works, is dead.

The joint resolution proposing the drainage constitutional amendment has passed the house.

The bill dividing Holmes county and carving a new county from it to be called Bloxham has been defeated.

The bill providing for a governor's mansion needs only the governor's approval to become a law.

The Jacksonville Metropolis is the happiest paper in Florida. It thinks it has buried another newspaper rival.

North Carolina will have half a crop of peaches. While the yield will be limited the quality will be excellent.

Baron Rothschild, head of the great banking house of that name, is dead. It is said that he aided emperors and helped the poor.

No wonder our turpentine men are feeling proud and stepping high—the price of spirits has climbed up from 52 to 72 cents. Whew!

The Parliament of Religions meets today in Chicago, with representatives from all parts of the world. Among the members is Booker.

Mr. Carlos L. Sistrunk has passed a bill in the house prohibiting the catching of fish in Lake Weir by net, seine or other device than hook and line.

Mr. Bryan can do many things better than he can run a newspaper. Mr. Tom Watson can do few things better than he can edit a magazine.

Sam Jones says that a great many men and women thank God for the man who invented the nickel—they find it so convenient to put in the contribution box.

Under the head of "Some Florida Incidents," in our Sunday edition "Old Timer" will tell of General Grant's visit to Ocala. He was here Sunday, January 11, 1890.

It is claimed the empress of Japan is working for woman suffrage for Japan, Japan is moving too fast. The next thing we will hear from there will be something about race suicide, women clubs, etc.

Senator Mallory may be a sick man as his critics say, but judging from his recent speech in Pensacola on the nominees of the white primaries and their negro backed opponents, he can also talk like a mad man.—Jacksonville Floridian.

Whisper it softly; speak it not in Gath; talk it not on the streets of Ascalon; say it with a muffler on, that the Standard Oil Company, on its own motion, on May 27th reduced the price of oil two cents on the higher grades and on the lower grades, one cent. If it had so desired it could have increased the price that much or more.

WHY SO MUCH ABOUT KEROSENE?

When anyone says the least bit about the Ocala Banner trying to vindicate the much-abused millionaires, the editor takes up the cudgel and tries to "square" them with the people. He is so afraid something might be said to hurt their feelings. Probably he thinks that after all the people are supplied with libraries, presses will be the next in order for printing books to put in them. Nothing like looking ahead.—Gainesville Sun.

The above insinuations are a bit unkind.

But why, in truth, is the Ocala Banner saying so much about the price of kerosene?

Because John Pearson and his associates, all Ocala people, have organized a big oil company; in their efforts to strike a gusher they have already expended something over thirty thousand dollars; but, still undaunted, they are going along merrily with the work and are absolutely certain that their efforts will eventually be crowned with success, and when this time shall have come the gushers around Beaumont, Sour Lake and Humble will look like 30 cents.

Having been in the turpentine business so long, Mr. Pearson and his associates will have the natural propensity to stimulate the price of oil, and we don't want to see these good friends of ours crucified on a cross of gold or otherwise, hence our efforts to blaze an open pathway for them to exercise their wit and genius in the open markets without being torn limb from limb by frenzied Tom and his apostles.

Equality of Rates.

Gallant old Frank M. Cockrell hits the nail on the head. As a member of the interstate commerce commission, he said it was his view that the rates on railroads should continue to be established by the roads, as heretofore, and the commission should be given revisory power to cure an unjust rate or an excessive charge or a discrimination. This is virtually the position of every reasonable man on the subject. Nobody wants the railroads oppressed or treated unjustly, but everybody wishes them to tote fair. That is the whole problem, and it will be eventually settled on that basis.—Tampa Times.

Our esteemed contemporary strikes the key-note exactly. If the interior of Florida be given the same rates that are given to seaport cities, it is all that could possibly be asked. Give us equality of rates, put us on an equal footing and we ask no more.

Monday's Doings in the Legislature.

Local bills have been holding the attention of both houses this morning. Senator Adams put through a resolution providing for the appointment of a commission of six to investigate the asylum conditions and report the findings and make recommendations at the next session.

Mr. Rawls introduced a bill in the house providing for improvements in the state hospital. The house passed the Florida East Coast Line canal bill. The house killed the license tax bill by 29 to 27. The senate passed Noble's bill creating a board of State Accountancy.

The senate killed Mr. Hudson's bill authorizing the railroad commissioners to employ civil engineers. Mr. Wells' bill providing for the proper apportionment of the convict funds among the counties, passed its second reading.—Special to Tampa Herald.

The Florida legislature has decreed that it shall be unlawful for dogs, roosters and bulls to fight in this state hereafter, but there is no doubt that they will fight occasionally in spite of the law.—Peasacola News.

Mr. Perry G. Wall, of Tampa, has just returned from Cuba and says the island republic is destined to be the richest spot on earth. What is a little remarkable he says there is not a poisonous snake, a varmint or pest of any kind that are destructive to crops on the entire island.

Of course Dr. Gwyn should be given a hearing. No man should be convicted in the present stage of civilization without being accorded the privilege of facing his accusers and making a statement in his own behalf. The great legislature of the state should approach these things without bias or prejudice.

One man on Long Island raises 75,000 ducks.

For Sunday Reading

Why?

Some time ago the editor of this paper in delivering an address before one of our fraternal societies referred to life as an interrogation point which had baffled the investigation of the wisest savants and scholars who have undertaken to unravel the great mystery.

The little babe when it first opens its eyes upon the world, he said, and sees all the strange and wondrous things around and about it may well suppose to ask: "What is it all for? What does it all mean?"

As it grows from babyhood to childhood, and from childhood to middle age, and from middle age to old age, though constantly being asked, the question goes unanswered.

In one form or another the theme is being discussed in prose and poetry by different writers in all parts of the world.

In a recent number of the Reader Magazine, says the editor of the Minneapolis Tribune, was printed a very striking poem by William Vaughn Moody, a son of Indiana, entitled "Old Pourquoi?" The burden of it, of course, is that our whole life is an interrogation; that it is not worth while to try an answer questions, and that the only thing for the brave and honest man is to accept things about as he finds them, without being curious about the deeper things, and that is, says the Minneapolis editor, a very sound philosophy if not pushed too far. "Be not curious about God," wrote Walt Whitman, and there is, indeed, a sense in which curiosity is an evil thing. The mere fact that we can not answer all the questions propounded does not mean that there are no answers, or that we should be greatly distressed because we can not find them. Dean Stanley, in his biography of Arnold of Rugby, assures us that his hero was able to rest as quietly in the presence of doubt as in that of discovered truth. It is not for everyone to know "the times of the seasons, which the Father hath put in His own power."

The same doctrine has lately come to us from far-away Japan, in a poem that is going the rounds of the papers and is credited to the Japan Weekly Mail: Why? This is the cry That echoes through the wilderness of earth Through song and sorrow, day and death and birth: Why? It is the high Wail of the child with all his life to face, Man's last dumb question as he reaches space: Why? It is indeed the old question, recognized by orient and occident alike. But why, except from the commonplace, scientific point of view, need it ever be answered? What would this world be if it were not for the mysteries that pervade and enshroud it? The curse of mankind is speculation—the curse, as well as the glory. We know that it is right to do right and to be true, even though we do not know why it is right. Our intuitions have little relation to mere knowledge. We cannot by searching find out God—a fact which, perhaps, the world would have been happier for frankly admitting—but deep down in our consciousness we know that there is a Being in the universe greater, stronger, and vastly holier than we. Why we do not understand Him better, why He has not chosen to reveal Himself more clearly, why we cannot touch Him and see Him—how unimportant all these questions are! It is so of all mysteries. Men are paralyzed by the contemplation of death, sorrow and pain, simply because they cannot understand "why" these exist. But suppose they do not understand this—what difference should that make in the conduct of life? We know perfectly well that we ought to live as though we were one day to die, and that sorrow and pain are as much a part of life as is anything else. It is not necessary that we should know the "why" of them.

In one of his most charming essays

Reflections

From The Book of Job

Augustine Birrell warns us against the danger of speculating concerning things that lie far outside our daily walk in life. We ought, he says, not to bother much about the authenticity of the fourth gospel, but to read books crammed full with needs of heroism, ever remembering that the world is kept going, and that truth and honor are kept at the front, only by the men that do their duty without much questioning of consequences. Lamb, he tells us, who played cribbage every night with an imbecile father, was of more use to the world than all the Coleridges and Hazlitts put together. There is a militant quality in life that can not safely be ignored. If we can not always "reason why," we can at least "do and die." Surely unanswered questions ought not greatly to distress any man that realize the imperiousness of the moral law. We can know that God is good, that life is opportunity, and that each of us deeds the help of the other, even though we can not construct a cohering philosophy.

The "why" has played a large, and a not very useful part in religious or theological speculation. Job understood this long ago when he heard the Lord speaking out of the whirlwind

"Who is this that darkeneth counsel by words without knowledge? Gird up now thy loins like a man; for I will demand of thee, and answer thou me. Where wast thou when I laid the foundations of the earth? declare, if thou hast understanding. Who hath laid the measures thereof, if thou knowest? or who hath stretched the line upon it? Whereupon are the foundations thereof fastened? or who laid the corner stone thereof; when the morning stars sang together, and all the sons of God shouted for joy?"

Yet our doctors ask the same old questions, discourse learnedly—and foolishly.

Of providence, foreknowledge, will and fate; Fix'd fate, free will, foreknowledge absolute; and of the whole unworkable, tremendous miracle of creation. They but darken "counsel by words without knowledge." The only question which they should set themselves to answer is, "Where wast thou when I laid the foundations of the earth?" We all of us need the calm and strength which come of a willingness to admit that there are some things which we can not answer. For there is a limit to human knowledge, a boundry to the empire of the human mind, no matter how imperial it may be. Something may after all be said for the agnostic. It must, of course, be admitted that much has been accomplished by man's presumption, by his persistent demand for an answer to his question, "Why?" Science is based on curiosity. And progress is the result of a heroic interrogation of nature. But there are limits. The old Frenchman in Mr. Moody's poem, who reiterated, as the sum of human life, the word, "Pourquoi?" was not an unhappy man, and he was a philosopher. And in the voice from Japan we are told that "why" is the cry both of infancy and senility. The strong man, cheerfully doing the work of the world, has something else to think of. And he knows that if he can not master metaphysics, he can master duty—which is vastly more important. It is something to be able to accept meekly and courageously the refusal of an answer to our questions. The gods may be dumb—but there are gods nevertheless.

THE STRAIGHT OF IT.

(By Our Printing Office Devil.) The Jap and the Russian had a little argumentsky, The Russian tried to force the Jap Togo; When the smoke cleared away 'twas a case of Ro-jest-wentsky, And the battleships of Roj were no mo.'

The Poet Replies to the Preacher. Mr. W. B. Whetstone, Ocala's poet, replies to the criticism on his poetry which recently appeared in the Star, as follows

Before you shoot the chigger, Make your words a little bigger. And then you can pull the trigger— Oh, thou eloquent picnicker. Your words give me the rigor, Which you gave with much vigor, And caused me to take some liquor— Oh, thou eloquent picnicker.

ALMOST BUNCOED.

This paper has been very much handicapped for the want of a linotype machine—the most marvellous invention that has ever found its way into a printing office.

The linotype does the work of five or more men and sets the type much more accurately than can possibly be done in the old way and the great beauty of it is that the type is always new and the impression always neat.

This paper has dreamed dreams that some day it would possess one of these machines and would be able to give its readers a much larger, better and handsomer publication.

A few weeks ago it thought it saw its ambition realized when it run across the following advertisement in the American Press, a newspaper printed 45 Park Place, New York, devoted exclusively to the interests of the newspapers, to-wit:

Printing Material

TYPESETTING MACHINES.

Linotype.—Two letter duplex; 3 sets of matrices; full equipment; is in perfect working order; cost over \$3,200; complete, with full equipment, for \$1,000 cash or \$1,200 time. The biggest bargain ever on the market.

Monotype Outfit.—Keyboard, casting machine, matrices, mold, etc., will sell for \$800 cash or \$1,000 time. Better look this up.

Simplex.—Nine point standard machine; very little used; \$500 cash or \$600 time.

Harris Automatic.—No. 18, 11x18 in. two color, sheet feed jobber; hardly used; best bargain on the market for a press for jobwork; price \$450 cash or \$500 time.

C. & P. Jobbers.—8x12 and 12x18; both in good shape; no parts broken. No rebuild, don't need it; prices \$80 and \$100.

CUTTER.

Oswego.—Thirty inch lever; good condition; price \$50.

WIRE STITCHER.

Monitor.—No. 4. Cost \$120, will sell for \$45.

Don't answer unless you mean business. WOOD, care American Press, New York.

We immediately wrote that we would take the linotype machine and received the following letter in reply:

WILLIAMSPORT, PA., Apr. 28, 1905. THE OCALA BANNER, Ocala, Fla.

Dear Sir.—Your favor of the 5th to hand. In regard to linotype would say that it is the Mergenthaler duplex model fitted with two interchangeable magazines and three sets of

DAVID S. WOODROW Room 12 P. O. Block, Ocala. REAL ESTATE LOANS INVESTMENTS PHOSPHATE LAND A SPECIALTY

"Woodmar" Lake Weir.

From now on and each week during the summer months I will go to "Woodmar" every Thursday on the 3 o'clock A. C. L. afternoon train, and can accommodate three or four over night at my house returning on Friday at one o'clock. If you want to see this beautiful property let me know a day ahead at least. If you go, you need not feel obliged to invest in a lot although it is my intention to sell them all. The lots will be sold on easy terms.

BABY'S AWFUL ITCHING ECZEMA

Sores All Over Face and Body— Could Not Tell What She Looked Like— Unable to Sleep—Grew Worse Under Doctors.

CURED BY CUTICURA IN ONE MONTH

A grateful mother, in the following letter, tells of another of those marvellous cures by Cuticura: "When my baby was four months old her skin broke out with a humor. I took her to a doctor, who said it was eczema. He gave me medicine to give her, but she kept getting worse all the time. Her little face and body were so covered with sores and large scales you could not tell what she looked like. No child ever had a worse case. Her face was being eaten away, and even her finger nails fell off. Then it itched so she could not sleep, and for many weary nights we could get no rest. At last we got Cuticura Soap and Ointment, first bathing her in warm water with the Soap, and then spreading on the Ointment with soft cloths. I saw a change in a week. The sores began to heal, and she could sleep at night, and in one month she had not one sore on her face or body. Any mother having children with eczema or humors will find a friend in Cuticura Soap and Ointment. (signed) Mrs. Mary Sanders, 709 Spring St., Camden, N. J., Aug. 14, 1904."

The foregoing statement justifies the oft-repeated assertion that Cuticura Soap and Ointment afford instant relief, and permit sleep for baby and rest for tired mothers, and points to a speedy, permanent, and economical cure, when all else fails, in the most torturing, disfiguring, itching, burning, bleeding, scaly, crusted, and pimply skin, and scalp humors.

Cuticura Soap, Ointment, and Pills are sold throughout the world. Foster Drug & Chem. Corp., Boston, Sole Mfgs. Send for "How to Cure Baby Humors."

matrices go with it. Two of which are two letter and the third is a single letter. The single letter can be used in the same magazine as the two letter matrices. The two letter sets are seven and nine points with small caps and italics; the single letter set of twelve points condensed title. The machine was used for two years only. I guarantee it to be all right in every particular, no parts missing, and it shows no signs of wear. The prices are as I quoted in the American Press, \$1,000 cash, \$1,200 time. Will ship for inspection upon receipt of \$100, balance of \$900 to be paid upon installation, or will ship for inspection upon receipt of \$100, balance of \$11,000 to be paid as follows: \$100 upon installation, and three notes of \$333 each, bearing interest at the rate of 6 per cent, the first payable May 1, 1906, the second May 1, 1907, and the third May 1, 1908. I received this machine in payment of debt which explains the very low price for which it is offered. Will not regard the machine sold until deposit is paid, and if you want it you had better wire me at once in regard to it.

Yours very truly, WALTER H. WOOD.

The letter was written on paper bearing the following letter head, viz: "Dealer in New and Second Hand Machinery, Walter H. Wood, 443 Market street, Williamsport, Pa. Established 1902. Everything for the Printer, Job Presses, Cylinder Presses, Paper Cutters, Wire Stitching Machines, Ruling Machines, Type-setting Machines, Etc."

On May fourth we received a letter stating that the machine had been shipped via Pennsylvania railroad to New York, thence by Clyde Line to Jacksonville. Mr. Wood stated that the machine had been strongly crated and that we were getting the biggest bargain he ever handled and he had handled nothing but bargains.

Before many days had elapsed we were drawn on through a Canada bank for \$100, which aroused our suspicions and we wired Mr. Wood that the draft would be honored as soon as the bill of lading was received. The telegram was returned undelivered. We then telegraphed the Pennsylvania railroad agent asking if such a machine had been shipped and he wired back, "No." The Clyde Line did likewise. We then wrote Mr. Wood and the letter was returned saying that Mr. Wood's name did not appear in the city directory and that he had gone from the city and left no address.

So we shall have to do without a linotype machine for the present. But didn't we narrowly escape being buncoed!