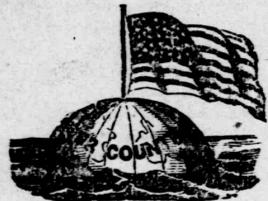


## THE OCALA BANNER

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, SEPTEMBER 1, 1905.

Norway has dreams of becoming a republic.

If the depths are dumb Depew is out of sight.

Lawson has not yet made that restitution.

Forepaugh's circus has gone broke in France.

Lawson is becoming almost as silent as Depew.

Hubbard finely remarks that art is the mintage of the soul.

It is claimed that the opium pipe is a sure cure for yellow fever.

The Jacksonville Floridian seems to be having troubles of its own.

A man would rather have a little ice than ginger in his work just now.

The campaign in Georgia waxes warm and the election many months off.

If Japan had been licked there would have been no "peace conference."

Don't crowd. Say a little bit but say it big! This is a hint to advertisers.

Atlanta's mayor is in a bad fix again. His feet get tangled when he walks.

The Equitable has lost none of its nerve. It courts "the fullest investigation."

California's citrus crop this year is reported to be something like 40,000 car loads.

The governor of Mississippi is saying very little now to the governor of Louisiana.

Richard Croker's daughter has eloped and married a rich Italian merchant.

The dove of peace is quick of wing and has not yet found a resting place at Portsmouth.

The Negro Business League ought to have been held at Saratoga instead of New York City.

Jacksonville is playing ball now and winning games right and left. She is certainly busy.

Brooksville is figuring on having a big hotel. Ex-Governor Jennings is back of the movement.

The postmaster general has issued orders that employes of the department must pay their debts.

The Industrial Record at Jacksonville prints little else than articles of incorporation. It should get a hump on it.

In the race for alderman at Miami, Mr. W. H. Chaille, formerly of this city, polled enough votes to put him in the second primary.

A'l honor to the man behind the gun, but the man with the gun behind him, in his hip pocket, must be suppressed.—Tallahassee Capitol.

In the Miami municipal election C. M. Brown, jr., was a candidate for treasurer and while he wasn't elected he received a very nice vote.

Judge Joseph Bell is now one of the best known young men in Florida; and, in not saying a word, has added to his judicial reputation.

Editor Philip Isaacs says that the waters of the Pacific ocean are colder in midsummer than those of the Atlantic and Gulf are in midwinter.

## PLAYING QUITS.

The editor of this paper was reared in a whig family and his political mentor was an ardent disciple of Henry Clay. Hence he started out on his political career as a high apostle of protection.

But when he began to investigate the subject of the tariff for himself and with some degree of seriousness; when he saw that goods of American manufacture were sold cheaper everywhere else on earth than at home; that the system of protection enriched the few at the expense of the many, he quit worshipping at her shrine, and became an out-and-out free trader, and for thirty years he has persistently and consistently advocated that policy. He has never wavered from his belief for an instant.

But what are the fruits of this unremitting labor?

The country is further away from free trade to-day than it was thirty years ago.

Along about the year 1870 the editor was a reader of the New York Mercantile Journal and became a convert to Wallace's theory of paper money.

He early believed that all money is fiat money and that paper money alone should become the money of civilization. Why? Because the material of which it is made has very little if any intrinsic value; therefore, cannot be easily and quickly gobbled up by monopoly. Where is the sense of issuing interest bearing bonds for the purpose of paying a premium on gold when the government can issue paper money direct and has the taxing power behind it to make it good? But what do we find?

The country is further away from paper money to-day than it ever has been.

If we were not to have paper money and are to have metallic money, the mines of which can be so conveniently cornered, we thought it were better to have two metals than one, so this paper favored the free coinage of silver along with that of gold.

But what is the result? We are further away from bimetalism to-day than at any time since the birth of the republic.

The editor of this paper believes that the private ownership in lands, which puts it in the power of a few individuals to corner all the gold, all the silver, all the oil, all the coal, all the iron, all the copper, all the zinc, all the tin, all the lead, all the phosphate rock, all the marble, and all the gifts of God to man, wisely and munificently stored away in the bowels of the earth, not for the use of one but for the use of all, is the greatest of all earthly evils, the mother of corporations and the grandmother of trusts, so he became an early convert to the theory of the "single tax."

But what is the result? The "single tax" is dead to-day but it was before Henry George was born.

The negro was such a bone of contention and misunderstanding between the sections, there was so much of him in the newspapers, that this paper advocated the acceptance of the constitutional amendments concerning him, thinking that it would end the agitation and the quarrel, the amendments would become a dead letter on our statute books and we would have no more of Mr. Black Man in our public discussions forever.

But what is the result? The negro is as much of a problem to-day, and occupies as much space in the newspapers, as he did sixty years ago.

Believing that the farmers of the country would be benefitted by organization, the distribution of literature and public discussions of all topics, the editor early joined the Grangers, and would have joined the Alliance, had he been permitted so to do.

But what is the result? Both organizations have crumbled to pieces and those who rushed to them in search of featherbeds and graft, like the sow spoken of in the scriptures, have returned to their wallow.

There was such universal complaint

among shippers about excessive freight rates and the rapaciousness of railroads, that the editor early became an advocate for the creation of a state and inter-state railway commissions.

He got everything he asked for, but what is the result?

It is the consensus of opinion among merchants and vegetable shippers that freight rates are higher to-day than they ever were before. Indeed, they were so excessive the past season that the vegetable men were knocked out of business, "all in a heap on the floor," as one of them expressed it, and from present indications are likely to remain there.

Believing that a man's first duty is to his family, to provide for them in cases of misfortune and disaster, the editor planted him an orange grove and built many air castles as to how he would spend the proceeds, but in a single night, by a single breath of the frost king, the grove, air castles and all, disappeared like a thief in the night.

He next tried the banks and they failed on him, and he was next advised to put his earnings in an insurance company, and, hard luck following him, he selected the New York Equitable Assurance Society of the United States, and what is the result?

Recent developments have unearthed as sickening and abominable state of graft, and loot, and plunder, as any set of men—highwaymen and buccaneers not excepted—ever engaged in, and the savings since orange grove and bank failures, are scattered to what now seems worse than the pitiless winds.

Anxious for the reformation of the world along all lines where evils exist, the editor was easily convinced that the open was much worse an evil than the closed saloon, so with a few kindred spirits he addressed himself to the task of closing them in Ocala.

The fight was the hottest ever waged in Marion county, ties of long friendship were broken, and other things of that sort not necessary to dwell upon here, were numerous.

The county was carried "dry" by a whooping majority—but what else? What was the aftermath?

Every promise made was unfulfilled, every buoyant hope was as dead sea fruit that turned to ashes on the lips.

"Blind tigers," their orbless eyes a mere fake, and teeth showing, on every corner, and "clubs" galore.

The years that followed were so bad that those who were the most earnest advocates in bringing about the changed condition of affairs were willing to bear those evils they had grown accustomed to, rather than endure those they knew not of, so almost with one consent, the closed saloon, with its hidden, and, perhaps, more corrupting evils, was abolished and Ocala went back to those in the open.

There is a fight on to close them again.

Having "fit" and failed, no not failed, a lack a day! but saw a victory turned into something worse than defeat, we now commit the work to other and fresher hands.

Our experience is that "reform fruit," so beautiful and alluring in the pursuit, gets further and further away from us as we approach it, and that which we chance to gather is altogether disappointing, and with us, almost in every instance, we say it only in sorrow not in anger, has turned to bitter ashes on the lips.

We have very little heart left to again unbuckle and reflash the ensanguined weapons of reform and attempt to lead or even participate in her movements.

We've about reached the limit. In our hopes, dreams and aspirations, we bear as many wounds as were found on the body of Julius Caesar.

The older we grow the more and more we become to recognize our own littleness and the bigness of the world, and in our buoyant efforts to reform it, we have been jostled and run over so often, that we have been almost knocked out.

We have about reached the conclusion that the world is so "set in her ways," that as long as man is born with certain passions, as long as he is created with certain appetites, that it will take more than one little lifetime to cure him of them and turn the world inside out.

## AN EXQUISITE STORY.

Lamartine, the great French poet, in his miscellaneous writings, relates a fine story in a most inimitable way: Somewhere near the desert plateau of Nedjia, in Arabia, he says, there was a tribe of Bedouins known as the tribe of Neggedeh, and not far away another tribe was located of rival interests.

In the former was a chief named Naber, who possessed a horse of such fame and beauty, such grace of action and powers of endurance, that his equal has never been known among the Arabs.

Daher, a chief of the rival tribe, tried in vain to purchase this horse, so wonderfully celebrated throughout all Arabia, even at the cost of half his worldly goods—his master would not sell him. Finally the rival chief determined to accomplish by strategy what he could not do by a fair and open bargain.

Daher therefore disguised himself. He stained his face and put false lines of age upon his brow, and his clothes were ragged and torn. He bound his leg and his neck together, so as to appear like a wretched lame beggar, and in this condition his own family would not have recognized the usually dashing and impetuous Bedouin chief. With crutches he bore himself to a certain spot in the desert, where he knew Naber must pass, and there he patiently awaited the appearance of the lucky possessor of that superb animal. Presently he came in sight, and then the disguised chief cried out in a piteous voice:

"I am a poor stranger. For three days I have been unable to move from this spot to seek for food. I perish of want."

"Good cheer," answered Naber. "I am dying," replied Daher, in a weak voice. "Help me and heaven will reward you."

"Come hither. I will help thee upon my horse, and will take thee to my tent and care for thee."

"Alas! I cannot rise," said the assumed beggar. "I have no strength left."

Daher, touched with pity at such suffering, dismounted and quickly led his horse to the spot where the beggar lay. With great difficulty he at last succeeded in lifting him up from the ground and in placing him in the saddle. But what now so astonishes the generous chief? Why stands he so agast? He appears like one who has been struck dumb.

The trick was exposed.

No sooner was the seeming beggar fairly seated in the saddle than he gathered up the reins, and pressing his heels into the horse's side, the high-spirited animal sprang away with his new rider. As he did so the thief shouted:

"It is I—Daher. I have got the noble horse at last!"

Naber called to him to stop and listen. Certain of not being successfully pursued, Daher halted and turned about out of reach of Naber's spear.

"You have taken my horse," said the chief. "Since heaven has written it, I wish you joy of him, but I conjure you never to tell any one how you obtained him."

"And why not?" said Daher.

"Because," said the generous Arab, "another man might be really ill, and men would fear to help him. You would be the cause of many refusing to perform an act of charity for fear of being duped as I have been."

Struck with shame at these words, Daher was silent for a moment; then, springing from the horse, he returned to his owner, embracing him.

The rival chiefs were ever afterwards strong and devoted friends.

Editor F. E. Harris and wife, of Ocala, will be here within a few days to set sail for New York. Frank once was a compositor in the office of the Evening Post, in New York, and also in the Florida Union office, in Jacksonville. That was over a quarter of a century ago, when there was no Mrs. F. E. Harris to care for him. These reminiscences are given by the editor in chief, and not by the society editor, as no lady could be expected to "reminisce" to so early Jacksonville history. — Jacksonville Metropolis.

## Reforming the Calendar

Somebody is forever tinkering with the calendar. Julius Caesar and Pope Gregory and Napoleon are a few who have insisted on having some kind of reform made in our method of reckoning.

And now comes M. Camille Flammarion, the celebrated French astronomer, who is urging the Chamber of Deputies to adopt a new calendar in which every year will be a leap year. He would limit the year to 364 days, with an odd day each twelve months to be set aside as an extra national holiday. Every four years there will be two of these holidays. The advantage of the scheme is that 364 being exactly divisible by 7, the days of the week would fall on the same date eternally. He would make March 21, the event of spring, New Year's day, and would set a month of 31 days to follow each month of 30 days, and he would give the extra days special names, other than those of the days of the week.

The luxury of having a perpetual round of leap years is one which the unmarried portion of feminine humanity will deeply appreciate. Far be it from us to suggest that the natural charms of the women of this particular community make it necessary to have leap year, but in less fortunate parts of the world it would be hailed with great delight.

There is very little probability that it will be adopted, even by France, where M. Flammarion can bring to bear all his splendid influence, but it will at least serve the good purpose of giving the garrulous chamber something to talk about during the remainder of the summer.—Atlanta News.

## Senator Bailey of Texas is Dreaming Dreams.

In an address at McGregor, Texas, Senator Bailey used the following language which shows what is running through his head. He is dreaming dreams. He said:

"Not only did you fight on the side of your neighbors, but on the side of right as well. They tell me I ought not to say that. A gentleman was kind enough to tell me that I might some day be nominated for the presidency if I didn't take the side of the Confederate States. I told him that my nomination for the presidency was a contingency that I had never allowed to have lodgment in my brain, but if there was anything in it I would give my chances for the presidency for the privilege of defending the Confederate soldier."

Thomas Dixon, jr., who has written a book or two dealing with the race problem, now wants the negroes of this country deported to Africa. It is the authorities of Rhodesia and some of the southern countries of Africa would arrange to take them—they having plenty of room—it might do. But we must judge a continent by its product. Africa has yearned and travelled through the centuries or ages since the birth of man without producing a good article of humanity. To send the negro back to it would be to condemn him to retrace his steps to utter barbarism. It should be borne in mind that the continent of Africa made the negro out of presumably the same material of which Asia and Europe made the peoples which now inhabit them.—Tampa Times.

The Tallahassee Democrat shows that it is a broad-minded, fair-dealing newspaper by reprinting all the clippings it can find from the state papers criticizing Governor Broward for his Marion county appointment and not printing one of the many on the other side of the question. Neither does the paper have the fairness to state to its readers that in making the appointment Governor Broward simply discharged a part of his duties as provided for under the constitution of the State.—Tampa Herald.

Not so, the Ocala Banner. It printed clippings favorable and unfavorable to the governor and the committee. But, measured by its own yard stick, the Herald turns up missing.

"The Range" is the name that has been selected for the midway of the Florida State Fair to be held in Tampa this fall. The name was suggested by Charles E. Worth, tax collector of Hillsborough county. Now, it is up to everybody in the state to get in readiness to "Run the Range."

## FOR WOMEN AND WOMEN ONLY

Much That Every Woman Desires to Know About Sanative, Antiseptic Cleansing and the Care of the Skin, Scalp, Hair, and Hands.

## WHAT CUTICURA DOES FOR WOMEN

Too much stress cannot be placed on the great value of Cuticura Soap, Ointment, and Pills in the antiseptic cleansing of the mucous surfaces, and of the blood and circulating fluids, thus affording pure, sweet, and economical local and constitutional treatment for weakening ulcerations, inflammations, itching, irritations, relaxations, displacements, pains, and irregularities peculiar to females. Hence the Cuticura remedies have a wonderful influence in restoring health, strength, and beauty to weary women, who have been prematurely aged and invalidated by these distressing ailments, as well as such sympathetic afflictions as anemia, chlorosis, hysteria, and nervousness.

Women from the very first have fully appreciated the purity and sweetness, the power to afford immediate relief, the certainty of speedy and permanent cure, the absolute safety and great economy which have made Cuticura the standard humour remedy of the civilized world.

## TORTURING HUMOR

Cured by Cuticura. "I suffered five years with a terrible itching eczema, my body and face being covered with sores. Never in my life did I experience such awful suffering, and I longed for death, which I felt was near. I had tried doctors and medicines without success, but my mother insisted that I try Cuticura. I felt better after the first application of Cuticura Ointment, and was soon entirely well. Mrs. A. Eton, Bellevue, Mich.

Cuticura Soap, Ointment, and Pills are sold throughout the world. Potter Drug & Chem. Corp., Boston, Sole Preps. "Send for a Book for Women."

## Just Her Way.

Opportunity called  
On a woman one day.  
And waited and waited  
And at last went away.  
When she found he was gone  
She was greatly distressed.  
"He at least might have stayed,"  
She said, "till I was dressed."  
—James Ravenscroft.

Come, now, Brother Ocala Banner, and acknowledge like a good fellow, that in selecting Judge Bell, didn't Governor Broward place in office a gentleman thoroughly qualified in every way for the place and one that will reflect credit upon the office and the people of Marion county?—Tampa Herald.

This is precisely what the Ocala Banner said the very moment Mr. Bell was given the appointment. It decorated him with flowers because it believed that he was worthy to be so decorated. But that was not the issue under discussion.

The Ocala Banner has forgotten who it supported for governor in the last primary. It claims that the supporters of Governor Broward are raising Cain about his appointment of a successor to the late Judge Bullock, and then proceeds to raise most of the Cain itself.—Zolfo Advertiser.

There is a bare resemblance between the Ocala Banner and Governor Broward. The Ocala Banner is raising Cain now and Governor Broward raised it when he was a little boy, but bad cows came along and ate up the thing and the governor hasn't attempted to raise Cain since.

The Ocala editors are mourning because no sermons were preached in white churches in Ocala last Sunday. One church is being repaired, two have no pastors and the other pastors were away recuperating health. The good people of Jacksonville can get along very well for a few Sabbaths without church service.—Jacksonville Metropolis.

Not so with Ocala people, especially her editors. Come to Ocala Brother Metropolis and get good.

When Quincy decides to annex River Junction, it can be looked upon as Greater Quincy. As matters now stand, it is simply Great Quincy.—Quincy Times.

How about annexing Hackeltrap and Coon Bottom?

It is hoped Florida grapefruit growers will experience some improvement in prices this year. Last winter was a tough one for them.—Fruit Packer.

The people of Russia seem to be Missourians. They have to be shown the sincerity of the czar in calling a representative assembly.

Mr. Temple Houston, youngest son of General Sam Houston, the Texas patriot, died this week at Topeka, Kansas.