THE OCALA BANNER

THE NEWSPAPER—"WHAT IS IT BUT A MAP OF BUSY LIFE: ITS FLUCTUATIONS AND VAST CONCERNS."—COWPER.

VOLUME 44, NUMBER 22. OCALA, FLORIDA, FRIDAY, NOVEMBER, 27, 1908. ONE DOLLAR A YEAR

Local and Personal

Miss Clara Runkle has gone to her home in Gainesville for Thanksgiving.

Mr. L. B Jordan of Pine was among the pleasant visitors at the Ocala Banner office Wednesday.

Mr. Robert Sinclair is in the city having come up from Candler, where he has been for several weeks.

Mrs. W. H. Moore and daughter went down to Lake Weir yesterday afternoon to spend a few days with friends.

Mrs. Lee Miller has gone to Jacksonville to join Mr. Miller, and they will remain in that city for several weeks.

Mr. W. B. Clark went down to Lake Weir Wednesday afternoon with Mr. Weathers and family to spend Thanksgiving.

Col. Nic Barco, the clever and genial Crystal River citizen, was a well known visitor in Ocala on Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Wight have returned to Ocala from Jacksonville and will probably spend the winter here. They are guests at the Metropole.

Everyone regrets exceedingly the continued illness of Mr. C. L. Bittinger. He had quite a bad day yesterday.

Mrs. E. P. Thagard has gone to Reddick to spend a few days with her son and daughter-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Thagard.

Mrs. Annie Martin, after spending several days in Ocala with her sister, Mrs. J. E. Bailey, returned to her home at Eastlake Wednesday afternoon.

Mr. W[illegible] of the Standard Lime Company of Kendrick was in the city [illegible] and was a pleasant caller at [illegible] —Times-Union.

After spending several days in Ocala, Mr. Robert [illegible] of the Atlantic Coast Line [illegible] left yesterday for Atlanta to [illegible] Thanksgiving with his family.

Miss Maggie Little, accompanied by Miss Ruth Dunn, went down to Stanton Wednesday afternoon to remain with the former's parents until [illegible] day.

Mr. and Mrs. L. R. Chazal went down to Weirsdale Wednesday afternoon to spend several days at their beautiful Lake Weir home. They will be gone until Sunday.

Mr. Harvey Clark has won a fine $45 Rambler bicycle this week, the wheel having been raffled, and he was the fortunate winner, the bicycle costing him 73 cents.

Mr. Ernest Crook went up to Palatka Wednesday and was the Thanksgiving guest of his brother and sisters, Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Crook and Miss Florrie Crook.

Mrs. Charles Culbreath and little daughter returned yesterday morning from a visit to St. Petersburg. Mrs. S. G. McMullen, Mrs. Culbreath's mother, returned with them and will spend a short time here.

Messrs. J. L. Connor and Leland Cook, Joe White and Charlie Flippen left yesterday afternoon for the Big Scrub, on the borders of Lake George, where they will spend today hunting deer, turkeys, etc.

Mr. Herman Benjamin, after spending a couple of weeks in Ocala on business for the Benjamin Brothers, has returned to his home in Atlanta. He expects to return to Ocala in a couple of weeks.

Mrs. Lee P. Cox of Georgia, who has been spending some time in Ocala with her sister, Mrs. P. V. Leavengood, and Mr. Cox's mother, Mrs. W. S. Pike, has gone to Tampa, where she will visit her sisters, Mrs. Weimer and Mrs. Schoefflin.

The proprietors of the O. K. Grocery have decided to issue voting coupons for the piano contest on all weekly accounts, so get busy and settle once a week, so that you may vote for the lady you wish to receive this beautiful piano free.

Say, good people, when you get hungry, go to Hogan's place. He keeps good things to eat and drink. G. D. is the man. x

TWENTY-FIVE YEARS AGO

Thanksgiving Day twenty-five years ago Ocala had her great conflagration. Nearly the entire business portion of the city was swept away.

The Ocala House and the Palace Hotel (occupying the site of the Commercial Bank), the Ocala Banner building (just completed), the Harris home (a pretty cottage of the Swiss style of architecture) were among the buildings destroyed.

It was a gloomy Thanksgiving day, but like so many things of the kind it proved to be a blessing in disguise—that is, for all except the direct sufferers.

Brick buildings took the place of wooden ones, and the town began immediately to improve, and the buildings then erected still stand as monuments to the public-spirited citizens of that era.

Ocala has undergone a wonderful transformation since that fateful and memorable day. But few who were living with us then are living with us now, and sweeping changes have taken place.

At that time three-fourths of all the oranges grown in Florida were grown in this county, and along other industrial lines it held the blue ribbon—but all that has been changed.

From Citra to Oaklawn there was a continuation of almost unbroken orange groves, and those about Ocala were as pretty as any in the world, and there was no insect to mar their loveliness. The whole face of the county was a vision of beauty, and we felt very proud and puffed up, but on a certain night there came a royal visitor, and, though clad in garments of pure white, his breath was fatal, and upon a single whiff of it these visions of wealth and beauty faded away like a thief in the night.

The visitation of the "Ice King" was even more destructive than the visit of Moloch in his chariot of fire.

But fortunately this is a world of "good and evil" and the evil is not always predominant nor triumphant.

Following the destruction of the orange groves there came the discovery of phosphate, and on its heels the turpentine boom quickly followed, and again there was happiness in the land.

These things continue to abide with us.

Besides, we have large lumber interests, and our county is becoming noted for its fine stock farms.

Our progress along these and other lines will be shown at our coming county fair.

Business is reviving, inquiries are being made for our literature, immigrants will some day discover us, and our rich bounties will abundantly bless ourselves and them.

Nineteen hundred and eight finds us in a position to render thanks for a multitude of blessings vouchsafed to us.

DENIES THE SOFT IMPEACHMENT

Kendrick, Fla., Nov. 24, 1908.

To the Editor Ocala Banner:

Dear Sir—Your communication in last week's paper, stating that I was up before Judge Bell for selling cigarettes to minors has a very erroneous impression. I was pulled up before Judge Bell (by one of Marion county's very important deputy sheriffs) without any evidence at all, only that the deputy caught Paul Spencer with a cigarette wrapper. Paul Spencer testified that I did not give or sell him any cigarette wrappers, but that he picked up a pack in my store that a customer had left on the counter, and that he had plenty of wrappers that he had gotten in Ocala and other places, but did refuse to tell positively where he got them, for which the judge threatened to jail him; but he did answer every question that had any bearing on my case, and the judge instructed the jury to find me not guilty. Paul Spencer was not put in jail, but proceeded from the court house to a nearby store and bought two packs of cigarettes and puffed smoke in the previously mentioned deputy sheriff's face.

Yours truly,
J. J. GUTHERY.

INVITATIONS ISSUED

Invitations were received in Ocala yesterday to the marriage of Miss Beatrice Irma Little and Dr. Richard Porter Taylor, which will be solemnized at the Methodist church in Jacksonville on the evening of December the ninth.

The pretty bride-elect has many friends in Ocala who are interested in her wedding.

McMULLEN—JEFFORDS

A wedding of interest to the friends of the bride in this city was solemnized on Tuesday evening, when Miss Edna Katharine Jeffords and Mr. Alonzo Benjamin McMullen were united in marriage.

The home of the bride's grandmother at Largo, Florida, had been beautifully decorated for the occasion with potted plants and cut flowers, the color scheme being white and green. The solemn vows were said beneath a lovely wedding bell of asparagus ferns and carnations, suspended from a bower of bamboo.

When the strains of Mendelssohn's wedding march were heard, down the white-covered stairway came the maid of honor, Miss Charlie Jeffords, gowned in a cream cloth dress of Directoire mode, and carrying an armful of long-stemmed pink chrysanthemums. She was met at the foot of the stairs by the best man, Mr. W. A. McMullen, Jr. Next came little Evelyn McMullen, the seven-year-old sister of the groom, in a dainty pink dress, carrying pink chrysanthemums.

The bride made a charming picture in her bridal robe of white satin, veiled with chiffon. She wore a tulle veil, caught with rosebuds, and carried an armful of bride's roses. She was a strikingly handsome young bride. At the foot of the stairs she was met by the groom and entered the parlor leaning on his arm. Rev. C. M. Gray of St. Petersburg read the impressive Episcopal ceremony, at the conclusion of which Mr. and Mrs. McMullen turned to receive the congratulations and good wishes of their friends.

Ice cream and cake were served the guests by four girls, daintily gowned in white, during the evening.

The bridal couple departed at once for St. Petersburg, where they will spend a few days, after which they will proceed to Tampa, and be at home to their friends at their new residence in Hyde Park.

Mr. McMullen is one of Tampa's most popular young men, and is a lawyer of recognized ability, and his friends predict for him a most successful career. He will introduce his young bride to a charming coterie of friends in Tampa.

EPISCOPAL BAZAAR

The ladies of Grace Episcopal church will give a bazaar and supper December 2nd, in the Central National Bank building. The bazaar will be opened at 3 o'clock, special features of which will consist of the sale of fancy work of various kinds, an attractive booth in which delicious candies will be for sale and a booth in which will be found beautifully dressed dolls of all sizes and styles. From 6 to 9 supper will be served.

DONT DRINK! But if you do, see Hogan, and get the best that money can buy. If it's a good drink, we have it. x

THE BIG PIANO CONTEST

The count of the first three days' votes in the Co-Operative Piano Contest at 5 o'clock Wednesday afternoon, November 25, showed the following result:

Mrs. James Engesser, Ocala....	6695
Mrs. Chas. Culbreath, Ocala....	2525
Mrs. M. C. Looney, Ocala......	1050
Little Miss Leonora Freyermuth, Ocala...	890
Miss Legie Blitch, Blitchton....	1200
Mrs. H. C. Groff, Dallas........	844
Miss Genevieve Smith, Ocala...	650
Miss Annie Blair Woodrow, Ocala...	425
Miss Fannie Mae Sage, Ocala..	300
Miss Annie Atkinosn, Ocala....	250
Miss Donella Griffin, Anthony..	250
Mrs. R. W. Flinn, Ocala........	200
Miss Alma Lee Jordan, Pine....	100
Mrs. A. E. Gerig, Ocala...	
Miss Rexie Todd, Ocala..	
Miss Rhoda Liddon, Ocala......	
Mrs. B. F. Condon, Ocala......	
Mrs. Grover Spencer, Ocala....	
Miss Jessie Owens, Sparr......	
Miss Annie Feinbedg, Dunnellon	
Miss Edna Dozier, Ocala......	
Mrs. Royal E. Cole, Ocala......	
Miss Leafy Sylvester, Ocala....	
Miss Musie Bullock, Ocala......	

Several of the nominees have not yet shown their strength, but as all the coupons issued are good for voting ten days from date of issue they will no doubt be in the running by the count of Saturday afternoon, November 28.

Be sure to ask for coupons when making your purchases of the firms whose names appear in the Piano Contest advertisement in another column of today's paper.

If the lady of your choice has not yet been mentioned as a candidate put it in at once.

Mr. and Mrs. Harvey Clark, who were married recently in Ocala, Fla., spent Tuesday in Montgomery, when they were the guests of Mrs. M. J. Stewart at luncheon on Columbus St., and later were entertained by Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Clark at their home on Washington street. Mrs. Harvey Clark, the bride, was formerly Miss Louise Harris of Ocala. Her father is editor of the Ocala Banner. Mr. Clark is a prominent grocery merchant of Ocala. From Montgomery Mr. and Mrs. Clark returned to Troy.—Montgomery (Ala.) Social World.

Rev. C. B. Wilmer, rector of St. Luke's in Atlanta, Ga., who was recently called to Little Rock, Ark., has decided to remain in Atlanta, greatly to the pleasure of everybody in that city. Mr. Wilmer is an eloquent and splendid man, and his removed would be a great loss to Atlanta.

When you want a quick meal, drop in Hogan's Cafe, where you'll find everything in season on the bill of fare. Prompt service and the best cook in the city. x

OCALA, SATURDAY, DEC. 5

SUN BROTHERS GREATER PROGRESSIVE SHOWS

A New Show Thru Out. New Exploits. New Sights. New Novelties. New Animals.

All Presented Underneath the Finest Canvas Enclosure Ever Manufactured. Seats Provided for Everybody, and so Arranged That Each and Every Auditor will Have an Unobstructed view of the entire performance.

$500.00

Will be donated to the charitable institution of your town or county if any ticket scalpers, gamblers, short changers or immoral adjuncts are tolerated about the SUN BROTHERS' SHOWS.

FREE

Every morning at 11:30 o'clock, on the show grounds, will be offered entirely free to the public, the greatest free out-door shows and fetes ever projected. Will be given RAIN or SHINE.

CAN OTHER SHOWS SAY AS MUCH?

2 Grand and Complete Performances Each Day, at 2 and 8 p. m.

Doors open for the reception of the public at 1 and 7 p. m.

NOTE—The night show is given in all its entirety, and is presente damidst a magnificent glare of ELECTRO- CALCIUM GENERATORS.

THANKSGIVING

The observance of one day in the year for rendering thanks to the Supreme Ruler of the Universe for blessings vouchsafed to us is an American custom, so far as our knowledge extends, and no country in the world has more cause for originating and continuing this custom than the United States.

Our lines indeed have fallen in pleasant places.

It is no idle boast to say that we live in the best country on the face of the globe and in the best era of the world's history.

Why should we not give thanks?

Like the Jews in early historical times we may well feel that we are a favored people!

There is no involuntary servitude except in punishment for crime. There is no imprisonment for debt. There is no crushing of the joints, no dismemberment of the body, no burning at the stake for opinion's sake!

We cannot render too many thanks for the privilege to worship God under our own vine and fig tree according to the dictates of our own conscience.

This privilege seems very simple to us, but to secure it was the work of centuries, and in its accomplishment millions of lives were mercilessly sacrificed.

Not only in the matter of freedom to think and to think out loud, but in other things, we are living in the best era of the world. It is an age of luxury and comfort. This is seen in the furnishings of our homes, and in the swiftness and luxury of travel.

The people, too, are looking at the world through more beautiful spectacles. The "fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man" is more generally recognized. There is a sweeter fellowship and communion existing among all the churches.

Then, too, the leaders in religious discussions do not take such a gloomy and pessimistic view of things. Those who do not think as some would have them think is not consigned to eternal perdition.

The difference between this age and the age of the early settlement of our country was forcibly impressed upon us last Sunday. Suffering from the effects of a severe cold we remained at home all day and among other things read a sermon from Jonathan Edwards, delivered something over one hundred years ago, and another by Henry Drummond, delivered only a few years ago. The first pictured Jehovah as an "angry God," the other as a "God of love." The one pictured in fearful language the punishment he would mete out to sinners, and the other showed the abundance of his mercy, the beauty and boundless power of his love.

We no longer make the world a weeping graveyard, but a kaleidoscope of beauty—a fit habitation for man.

If any people on earth have abundant cause to render thanks it is the people of these United States.

In regard to the recent shooting at Quincy the coronor's jury returned a verdict of justifiable shooting of Mr. Smith by Mr. Massey. The report that Mr. A. D. Covington had been arrested in connection with the shooting was a mistake. He was one of the bystanders, who was trying to make peace. The father of the dead man, who was also shot, and Dr. Monroe, are improving nicely, and there is no bad feeling exhibited by either, and the matter will be taken no further by them.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas H. White of Cleveland, Ohio, have arrived in Florida to spend the winter. They are now at Daytona, where they will be for some time. They will later visit at Hastings, and probably before returning north will pay a visit to Citra.

Mr. Fred J. Lovell, the popular manager of the Hunter Drug Company, left Wednesday for Sanford, where he will take Thanksgiving dinner with his parents, leaving there in the afternoon for Jacksonville for a few days' business visit.

Mr. Sam Teague and Misses Jean and Louise Teague went down to Lady Lake yesterday afternoon to join their parents for Thanksgiving. Mr. and Mrs. Teague and the two youngest children, Frank and Edwin, have been at Lady Lake for several weeks.

The contributions to the republican campaign fund were nearly a million more than the contributions to the democratic campaign fund. "Money makes the mare go," was one of the old sayings. It may now be said that "money makes elections go."

A PROSPERITY JINGLE

There is not very much poetry, but a great deal of truth in the following jingle:

Say, you,
With a dollar or two,
Or three or four,
Or a whole lot more
Stuck away—don't knock!
Take that money out of your sock
And put it in circulation—
It's as safe as the nation—
And, by heck!
You daren't say it's going to wreck.

Circulate it; let it get out
And move about
And you'll mighty soon see
Restored commercial activity

Loosen up, loosen up,
Put your money where
It's bound to give the thing a start
And make it go for fair.

With every business end alive
With stocks and crops to burn,
If you'll put your money in
You're bound to call the turn.

Say, you've seen a cloudy day,
When you knew the sun was up in the sky;
But it could not shine till the clouds rolled by,
And that's what is the trouble with you.

Let your money get through from where it's hid;
Get down the jar; take off the lid;
Push the clouds aside;
Let your money shine
Lend a hand;
Kick the stuffing out of the panic
Down the whole line.
See! That's business!

—APOLOGY

THANKSGIVING

(Written for the Ocala Banner.)

We thank thee, O Father, for all that is bright
The gleam of the day and the stars of the night
The flowers of our youth, and the fruits of our prime,
The blessings that march in the pathway of time

We thank thee, O Father, for all that is drear—
The sob of the tempest, the flow of the tear;
For never in blindness, and never in pain,
Thy mercy permitted a sorrow or pain.

We thank thee, O. Father, for song and for feast,
The harvest that glowed and the wealth that increased;
For never a blessing encompassed earth's child,
But thou in thy mercy looked downward and smiled.

We thank thee, O. Father, of all, for the power
Of aiding each other in life's darkest hour;
The generous heart and the bountiful hand,
And all the soul help that sad souls understand.

We thank thee, O. Father, for days yet to be—
For hopes that our future will call us to thee;
That all our eternity form, through thy love,
And Thanksgiving Day in the mansions above.

WHITE ROSE.

A LULLABY

The sunbeams are kissing each other good night;
Hush, thee, my little one, hush.
The flowers are closing their peepers up tight;
Hush, thee, my little one, hush.
Now draw close the shutters across thy blue eyes;
The loved queen of Nodland awaits her sweet prize;
And fairies stand ready to carry thee o'er
The meadows that stretch to the far, silent shore;
Hush, thee, my little one, hush.

The golden head nestles on mother's warm breast;
Baby is almost asleep.
A wee little bird flutters home to its nest;
Baby is almost asleep.
How gently, how fast, fall the deep twilight shades
O'er sea and o'er land, o'er hills and o'er glades;
How softly the moon sheds its silvery beams
On slumberland's walls and its cities of dreams;
Baby is fast, fast asleep.

—Amy Churchill, in Lippincott's Magazine.