THE MAN AT THE TOP

By Elbert Hubbard

As the traveler's journeys through southern Italy, Sicily, and certain parts of what was ancient Greece, he will see broken arches, parts of viaducts, and now and again a single beautiful column pointing to the sky. All about is the desert, or solitary pastures, and only the white mill-stone marking the path of tne centuries and telling of its own silent, solemn and impressive way of a day that is dead.

In the fifth century a monk called Simeon the Syrian, and known to us as Simeon Stylites, having taken the vow of chastity, poverty and obedience, began to fear lest he might not be true to his pledge. And that he might live absolutely beyond reproach, always in public view, free from temptation and free from the tongue of scandal, he decided to live in the world and still not be of it. To this end he climbed to the top of a marble column, sixty feet high, and there on the cap-stone he lived a life beyond reproach.

Simeon was then twenty-four years old.

The environment was circumscribed, but there was outlook, sunshine, ventilation—three good things. But beyond these the place had certain disadvantages. The cap-stone was little less than three feet square, so Simeon could not lie down. He slept sitting, with his head bowed between his knees, and indeed in this posture he passed most of his time. Any recklessness in movement and he would have slipped from his perilous position and been dashed to death upon the stones beneath.

As the sun arose he stood up, just for a few moments, and held his arms out in greeting, blessing and prayer. Three times during the day did he thus stretch his cramped limbs and pray with his face to the east. At such times those who stood by shared in his prayers and went away blessed and refreshed.

How did Simeon get to the top of the column?

Well, his companions at the monastery, a mile away, said that he was carried there in the night by a miraculous power; that he went to sleep in his stone cell and awoke on the pillar. Other monks said that Simeon had gone to pay his respects to a fair lady, and the wrath of God had caught him and placed him on high. The probabilities are, however, as viewed by an unbeliever, that he shot a line over the column with a bow and arrow and then drew up a rope ladder and ascended with ease.

However, in the morning, the simple people of the village saw the man on the column.

All day he stayed there.

The next day he was still there.

The days passed, with the scorching heat of the midday sun, and the cool winds of the night.

Still Simeon kept his place.

The rainy season came on. When the nights were cold and dark, Simeon sat there with bowed head, and drew the folds of his single garment, a black robe, over his face.

Another season passed; the sun again grew warm, then hot, and the sand storms raged and blew, when the people below almost lost sight of the man on the column. Some prophesied he would be blown off, but the morning light revealed his form, naked from the waist up, standing with hands outstretched to greet the rising sun.

Once each day, as darkness gathered, a monk came with a basket containing food and drink for his body and a line of inspiration for his soul—all were agreed as to this.

But man's body and mind accommodate themselves to almost any condition. One thing, at least, Simeon was free from social cares and intrusion. Bores with sad stories of unappreciated lives and fond hopes unrealized never broke in upon his peace. He was not pressed for time. No frivolous dame of tarnished fame sought to share with him his perilous perch. The people on a slow schedule, ten minutes late, never irritated his temper. His correspondence never got in a heap.

Simeon kept no track of the days, having no engagements to meet, no offices to perform beyond the prayers at morn, midday and night.

Memory died in him, hurts became calouses, the world-pain died out of his heart, to cling became a habit. Language was lost in disuse. The food he ate was minimum in quantity, sensation ceased, and the dry, hot winds reduced bodily tissue to a dessicated something called a saint—loved, feared and reverenced for his fortitude.

This pillar, which had once graced the portal of a pagan temple again became a place of pious pilgrimage, the people flocked to Simeon's rock, so that they might be near when he stretched out his black, bony hands to the east, and the spirit of Almighty God, for a space, hovered close around.

So much attention did the abnegation of Simeon attract that various other pillars marking the ruins of art and greatness gone, in that vicinity, were crowned by pious monks. Their thought was to show how Christianity had triumphed over heathenism. Imitators were numerous. About then the bishops in assembly asked: "Is Simeon sincere?"

To test the matter of Simeon's pride he was ordered to come down from his retreat.

As to his chastity there was little doubt, his poverty was beyond question, but how about obedience to his superiors?

The order was shouted up to him in a bishop's voice—he must let down his rope, draw up a ladder and descend.

Straightway Simeon made preparation to descend. And then the bishops relented and cried: "We have changed our minds, and now order you to remain."

Simeon lifted his hands in adroation and thankfulness and renewed his lease.

And so he lived on and on and on—he lived on the top of that pillar, never once descending, for thirty years.

All of his former companions grew weary, and, one by one, died, and the monastery bells tolled their requiem as they were laid to rest. Did Simeon hear the bells and say: "Soon it will be my turn?"

Possibly not. His senses had flown, for what good were they? The young monk, who now at eventide brought the basket, was born since Simeon had taken his place on the pillar. "He has always been there," the people said, and crossed themselves hurriedly.

But one evening when the young monk came with his basket no line was dropped from above. He waited, and then called aloud, but all in vain.

When sunrise came, there sat the monk, his face between his knees, the folds of his black robe drawn over his head. But he did not rise and lift up his hands in prayer.

All day he sat there motionless

GOOD CITIZENSHIP

(By Rev. S. V. Dilley, D. D., State Superintendent of the Department of Christian Citizenship in the C. E. Union of Florida.)

I am glad to have the privilege of presenting the subject of "Good Citizenship" to the people through the columns of this paper; because of its vital importance to every party and creed. We all want the best, and are interested to know how it may be obtained.

We may all be agreed as to what constitutes a citizen, but I am sure, judging from what passes both in and out of men's mouths, that not everyone in our lovely state realizes yet what constitutes a good citizen. We do not attribute this lack of understanding to climatic changes, nor to the change of seasons, but the different ideas of the meaning of the word, "good." And the different ideas as they exist are due to the fact that a great number of human standards of excellence are set up from which deductions are made, differing as widely as the standards themselves. And from the standpoint of the human standards we are justifiable in saying, "There are none good; no, not one." But God is good. This is the universal standard for the whole world, whether we realize it or not. And God is the standard of all that goes to make up a good citizen.

God created man a good citizen and branded him for heaven; then came along that wiggling, hissing serpent and set up other standards in man's beautiful garden, which has brought shame and disgrace on the whole human family. But I am glad to say for man that "as long as he sought the Lord, God made him to prosper." His citizenship was good in the beginning, and, in so far as it is free from that which is unclean, it is good today.

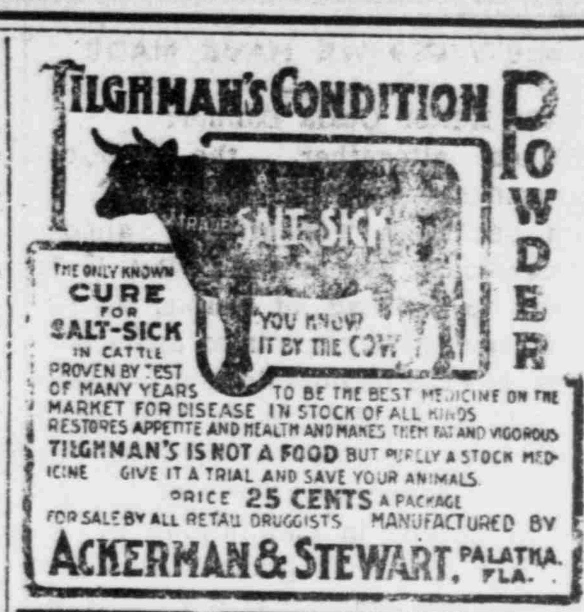
The unclean and the disloyal standards set up in Eden have passed on down the ages in the hearts of men. And when their appearance becomes too prominent, God always sends forth His word to heal, cleanse and purify them. This cleansing we, as a people, welcome more and more as our eyes become opened to the truth.

The citizenship of our beloved state is good in many places, but the may shows nine black spots on it. It shows nine spots the size and shape of nine counties, that are injuring the healthfulness of the whole state. This is not as it should be. My soul is stirred within me because of this morally diseased condition of things, and I appeal to every citizen and friend in the state of Florida to avail themselves of the coming opportunities you will have of freeing our state of the great blot that the liquor traffic has placed upon it. In doing this you will develop in yourselves, as well as in others, one of the great elements of good citizenship which demands our attention just now. We want a clean, dry state. oGod citizenship demands it, and we must have it. Our nation's future depends upon it, and our eternal happiness will savor much of the part we take in bringing it about. Then let us labor, pray and vote for state-wide prohibition. We have everything to encourage us, and nothing to make us afraid.

For the first time in more than a quarter of a century our country is presided over by a man who openly declares th tahe does not use intoxicating liquor in any form. Isn't that a fine example for the younger citizens? Then the governor of our own state is not only a teetotaler, but a promoter of the cause of temperance.

With such leaders of good citizenship let us push the battle till fall, and then vote your sentiments as good citizens.

I hope soon to have a plan of work for each of the Christian Endeavor



A JACKSONVILLE WEDDING OF INTEREST

The marriage of Mr. Oscar Edgar and Mrs. Clara M. Lee was solemnized at the residence of Rev. A. J. Coleman at 39 Lancaster terrace, several days ago. Rev. Mr. Coleman officiating in the presence of three witnesses, Mrs. A. C. Wendt and her daughters, Mrs. Samuel W. Fox and Mrs. James Vickery.

Mr. and Mrs. Edgar left shortly afterwards for a sort wedding trip. On their return they will reside at 214 Date street.

The bride is quite extensively known in local musical circles as a pianist and music teacher. She has many friends in Ocala, where her girlhood was spent, and has a large circle of relatives in Connecticut, the Root family being one of the old families of that state. Mr. Edgar is one of the editorial writers of the Times-Union, and his name is familiar to many of the editors of Florida.—Times-Union.

Mrs. Edgar was, before her first marriage, Miss Clara Root of this city, and she grew to young womanhood here, and her marriage to Mr. Charlie Wendt took place in Ocala. Several years after his death she married Professor Lee in Jacksonville, and his death occurred suddenly about a year ago.

Mr. Edgar, as editor of "Short Talks" in the Times-Union, is well known all over the state.

CIRCUIT COURT ADJOURNED

The circuit court, we understand, has finished its business for this term and adjourned.

On the last day of its session four criminal cases were disposed of in short order, viz:

William Summer of Summerfield, operating a "blind tiger," Convicted. Sentenced to pay a fine of $1000, or serve a sentence of twelve months in the state penitentiary.

The same fate befell William Smith for the same offense.

Richard Collins, who was charged with the same offense, happened to better fortune, and was acquitted.

William Fraser was tried fo assault with intend to murder, and was acquitted.

All the above parties are colored.

A THRILLING RESCUE

How Bert R. eLan of Cheney, Wash., was saved from a frigntful death is a story to thrill the world. "A hard cold," he writes, "brought on a desperate lung trouble that baffled an expert doctor here. Then I paid $10 to $15 a visit to a lung specialist in Spokane, who did not help me. Then I went to California, but without benefit. At last I used Dr. King's New Discovery, which completely cured me, and I am now as well as ever." For Lung Trouble, Bronchitis, Coughs and Colds, Asthma, Croup and Whooping Cough it's supreme. 50c. and $1. Trial bottle free. Guaranteed by Tydings & Co. m

PULL FOR GOOD ROADS

When this morning an automobile bearing the legend, "Pull for Good Roads," left Herald Square, it started on a thousand-mile dash that will beyond doubt accomplish much good. The car is a preliminary path-finder, a scout sent by the New York Herald

THREE DIAMOND RINGS!

To be Given Away to the Ladies of Marion County By the Business Houses of Ocala

ABSOLUTELY FREE.

A number of Ocala's Leading Business Houses have decided to give away three valuable prizes to the ladies of Marion County, and the method to be used in their distribution is a **VOTING CONTEST.** Each of the firms mentioned below will issue VOTING COUPONS to their patrons to the full value of every purchase made during the contest on a basis of **One Cent a Vote.** Ballot boxes will be found in each establishment represented.

HELVENSTON & PASTEUR

DRY GOODS, SHOES, LADIES' AND GENTS' FURNISHINGS

South of Court House

SILVER TIPPED LIVERY

SPLENDID TURNOUTS, CAREFUL DRIVERS, BEST OF SERVICE

North Magnolia Street

OCALA FURNITURE CO

HOUSEHOLD FURNISHINGS OF EVERY DESCRIPTION

North Magnolia Street.

OCALA NEWS CO.

STATIONERY, BLANK BOOKS, ALL NEWSPAPERS AND MAGAZINES.

South Main Street

KNIGHT & LANG

BUGGIES, WAGONS, HARNESS AND FARM SUPPLIES

North of Court House.

YONGE & SON

PLUMBERS, TINNERS and DEALERS IN ALL SUPPLIES
Agents for Maxwell Autos.

South Main Street

A. E. BURNETT

DIAMONDS, WATCHES, CLOCKS, ETC. REPAIRING A SPECIALTY

Merchants' Block

W. P. EDWARDS

WESTERN AND FLORIDA FRESH MEATS AND PRODUCE

City Market

MISS MARY AFFLECK

MILLINERY, TRIMMINGS, RIBBONS .... AND SUPPLIES ....

Munroe & Chambliss Bank Building

O. K. GROCERY

GROCERIES, FEED, GRAN, FIELD AND GARDEN SEED, ETC.

South Main Street.

THE OCALA BANNER

Printers of all kinds of Stationery, Letter Heads, Note Heads Bill Heads, Statements, Envelopes, Business Cards, Blank Forms, etc.

NORTH MAIN STREET

In order to give the residents of all sections of the county an equal opportunity to enter the contest the county has bas been divided into three sections as follows: Ocala Section includes the territory within the city limits; Northern Section includes all of the county north of the A. C. L. Railway between Ocala and Dunnellon, north of the S. A. L. Railway Ocala to Silver Springs, north and west of Silver Springs run and the Ocklawaha river; Southern Section, all the county south of the dividing line except Ocala.

RULES OF THE CONTEST