

FRANK HARRIS, Editor.
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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, MAY 12, 1905.

Hon. C. M. Brown has been made famous.

Our legislators want to make Sunday baseball a penal offense.

Sid Sleight is getting a good deal of free advertising in the Packer.

Mr. Bryan would not object to an editorial or newspaper trust on democracy.

Togo or not Togo is getting to be a very serious affair with the Japanese and Russian navies.

Speaker Gilchrist gave a dinner to the county superintendents. It looks like he is erecting some gubernatorial fences.

The Ocala Banner's circulation is still increasing. Among others enrolled yesterday was one from London, Eng.

West Florida wants a new county and wants it to be named Bloxham in honor of him who for a number of years was Florida's "favorite son."

We earnestly advise Editors Harris and Bittinger to get ready for an earthquake. About 50 Tampa Elks will hit their town Wednesday.—Tampa Tribune.

A resolution of inquiry as to the place of residence of Hon. J. W. Watson and Hon. Bert Dyal would be strictly in order right now. The senate has set the precedent and the house should follow up the good work.

If Col. Peter Knight could positively guarantee an anxious people that all of the bad laws pending in the legislature would be killed, it would remove a great load from the public mind.—Tampa Tribune.

Ocala has a big corporation, the Ocala Pine company, with a capital of \$10,000, to buy, sell and deal in shingles, laths and all kinds of mill products, wholesale and retail. A. H. Stephens, John Stephens and William A. Hallows, jr., are the incorporators.—Tallahassee Items in Times-Union.

John D. Rockefeller says that the secret of the magazine assaults upon the Standard Oil Company by Miss Ida M. Tarbell is that her father sold his plant to the company and elected to take the amount of purchase money in cash, instead of in stock, and that he has never forgiven the company for the mistake he made.—Tallahassee True Democrat.

Margaret Sangster, one of the most brilliant and brainy women of the age, in saying that "one cannot but hope that a day may dawn when the manifest and open desire of courts held in the interest of the people may be not so much to find a victim as to discover a truth," uttered a great and growing desire. Why are state's attorneys bent on conviction rather than on the discovery of the truth?

Hon. C. M. Brown Enters Suit Against Jacksonville Metropolis.

Hon. C. M. Brown, of Miami, has filed suit against the Jacksonville Metropolis for \$25,000 damages. The ground for the suit is that the Metropolis charged him with having received free transportation from a railroad company while senator and for having used the same.

Mr. Brown claims that the pass was given to him for services rendered, and according to the decision of the senate he was not a senator when the pass was issued.

"And a Little Child Shall Lead Them."

"Suffer Little Children to Come Unto Me and Forbid Them Not for of Such is The Kingdom of Heaven."

—THE LITTLE ONE LAID TO REST.—Brief was the visit of the little one to the home of the editor of this paper whose presence was looked forward to as a solace to his declining years, but the visit was long enough to diffuse love and joy to the household as strong and radiant as the warmth of the sunshine. Short, indeed, was the stay, but rare indeed, the blessing, sweet the influence and hallowed the incense. It was born Monday night at 9:30 o'clock, and was laid to rest Friday at 9 o'clock. In the language of our contemporary, it was, indeed, a "tiny blossom faded."—Ocala Banner, Sept. 11, 1903.

One page of the April issue of a Chicago periodical edited by one of the ablest newspaper men is devoted to the following:

In Memoriam.

Born March 20. Died March 24. His coming was a joy to his mother and me. His going has helped us to understand some things we did not know.

To some this language may need translation; but it will be understood by the loving parents of living children and it will be self-interpreting as it strikes a holy and sympathetic chord in the hearts of those who have loved and lost.

"Language grows out of life—out of its agonies and ecstasies, its wastes and its weariness. Every language is a temple in which the soul of those who speak it is enshrined." How many, many, fathers and mothers whose souls are enshrined in the temple where was spoken this eloquent memorial to a little one, whose coming revealed the very heights of love and whose going showed what death really is!

The boy in his teens thinks he loves when for the first time he makes bold to go "gathering the myrtle with Mary, Mary whose heart he knows;" the youth thinks he loves when he presses the engagement ring upon the finger of his sweetheart and seals it with a kiss; the young man thinks he loves when he leads his bride to the altar. And they all do love—in their own way and in the way of the moment.

But wait until the baby comes! There is love! There the love for the bride is increased a thousandfold and consecrated in the love for the mother, while in the new-found affection for a little child portals seem to have opened upon new and strange yet holy ground. How the world laughs at the antics of a man who for the first time finds himself to be a father! But who cares for the good-natured laughter of the world? Certainly not the man who, after hours and perhaps days of keen anxiety for the fate of his sweetheart, who has gone into the valley of death's dark shadow in response to love's stern call, has been assured that's "all's well." He has obtained a glimpse of real life; in his horizon there is not one single cloud, the birds are singing, there is music everywhere. He breaks from his work and finds himself hurrying to the bedside of the old love and to the cradle-side of the new love. As a rule he is undignified in his haste; but what does a new made father care for dignity? He rather enjoys the jests of his associates; for just as the young lover likes to talk about his sweetheart, the old lover likes to talk about his babe. It is a striking fact that although history may repeat itself, as it has in many homes, though child after child may be born, it is the same old story. The same birds are singing, the same music everywhere for the father who finds himself hastening to his home to greet one of those who have been likened to God's apostles sent forth day by day to preach of love and hope and peace. Wait until the baby comes and that is love! Wait until more and more babies come and that is more and more of love!

But if you would learn even more and more of love, wait until the baby goes! There is the voiceless grief that "whispers the o'er-fraught heart and bids it break." But there is the grief that makes the tie that binds two hearts closer than any marriage words yet spoken by a priest; the thing that "knits two hearts in closer bonds than happiness ever can," for "common sufferings are far stronger

A Sermon or Parents.

Describing the Heights and Depths of Love.

links than common joys."

Do we not know that a grave can not be so small that it fails to find in the parents' hearts the place which in God's infinite wisdom has been set aside for the memorial to every child of love? The parent obtains new interest in every day's development of the child from birth to the limits of babyhood; he obtains new interest in every year's development of the boy whether it be from kilts to knee pants, from knee pants to long trousers, or from smooth face to the first touch of downy beard; and every turn carries a new sensation to the parent's heart. How often, also, has the sentence passed between father and mother as they anxiously bent over the sick child's bed: "He's just at the age when it will be hardest to lose him." But is it because the parents love best the child that is sick that they think that death at that age would be the "hardest." At any age and at all ages, from babyhood even unto manhood, the death of a child calls into the parent's heart and the parent's heart, always on guard in the child's interest, makes prompt and grief-stricken response.

Now, let those whose hearts do not yet wear these scars imagine what they would do if asked to choose one of their children whom they could best spare. There is an old story, told in homely verse, that illustrates this point well. A father and mother had been offered a house and land if in return from out of their seven children one child should be given to the donor. Poverty seems to have pressed heavily upon that home and seven mouths to feed brought great responsibilities. The mother suggested that they choose among the little ones as they slept; so walking hand in hand they surveyed the inmates of their household. First to the cradle where the baby slept; then "beside the trundle bed, where one long ray of lamplight shed athwart the boyish faces there, in sleep so pitiful and fair;" and then from one to the other, from the first-born to the "Benjamin" of the flock, the father and the mother went, declaring beside the bed of each sleeping form: "Not this one, no, not this one." Then turning even to where "poor Dick, bad Dick, the wayward son, turbulent, reckless, idle one," slept in spite of a conscience bad, they asked: "Could he be spared?" and answered "Nay, He who gave, bade us defend him to his grave; only a mother's heart can be patient enough for such as he." "The homely verse tells us that when the tour of inspection had been concluded: "They wrote in courteous way they could not drive one child away."

There is, indeed, not one to spare, until there comes the command to which all mortals must in sorrow bow. Keen though that sorrow, large though the responsibilities which the child brought, great though the sacrifices it required, we would not, if we could, part with the sorrows, if by doing so we must blot out the great fact that a little child came into our life to teach us the way to love, to show us the way to live and to tell us the way to die.

And there a little child shall lead them! There many a little child has led them. There the boasted know-nothingism of the agnostic, or the proud declamations of the infidel leave men helpless and hopeless where the faith of the mothers points unerringly to the stars. There, "as the disciples found angels at the grave of Him they loved, we could find them, too, but that our eyes are too full of tears for seeing." There—even in the darkest night of death—"hope sees a star and listening love can hear the rustle of a wing."—Richard L. Metcalf, in Omaha World-Herald.

Cleared for Action.

When the body is cleared for action, by Dr. King's New Life Pills, you can tell it by the bloom of health on the cheeks; the brightness of the eyes; the firmness of the flesh and muscles; the buoyancy of the mind. Try them. At Tydings & Co., druggists, 25 cents.

A WORD ABOUT INSURANCE.

The fight now going on among the officers of the Equitable Life Assurance Society reveals a state of things that opens the eyes of policy holders to a realization of facts little dreamed of by them. They have put on their thinking caps and are thinking and thinking hard.

Mr. James T. Menafee, in a carefully prepared article printed recently in the Atlanta Constitution, makes the statement that if Mr. Hyde had carried out his threat to wind up the affairs of the Equitable by transferring the risks to other companies, besides receiving his annual seven per cent dividend, and his \$100,000 salary, he could have realized as profits the enormous sum of \$50,000,000 on the original investment of \$51,000 by his father fifty or sixty years ago.

This tells a story of exploitation and graft unequalled by anything known to the financial annals of the world. No "get-rich-quick" concern can hold a feeble light to it. To have made such enormous profits tells how enormously the confiding and unsuspecting policy holder has been quarterly and annually clipped. They have been lambs in the hands of the shearers.

Mr. Menafee's policy expired many years ago. He writes as if he has had access to the records and he has carefully computed that if he were given his share of the accrued profits he would be entitled to not less than \$10,000, perhaps more, but is only offered \$3,159, or less than the amount he paid in to the company over thirty years ago when money was worth more, he says, in purchasing power than it is to-day.

The Equitable has a surplus of \$80,000,000 which rightly belongs to the policy holders, and many besides Mr. Menafee are beginning to ask when will the policy holder begin to get his share of what is rightfully his own?

It is absolutely true that those whose policies have matured and have been surrendered have not received their share of their own, or anything like it, and it now looks as if those whose policies will mature later will fare worse.

The legislatures of the different states where this company is doing business should take steps to protect the policy holders.

Fine Compliment for Dr. Siedd.

Dr. Andrew Siedd, who is the first in command of the destinies of the University of Florida, seems to be "holding his own" in whatever manner he is called upon. He can preach an excellent sermon that will please his hearers, he can enforce the rules of the university without giving offense to any right-thinking person, and he can subdue unruly professors who give him trouble, just as easily as he can the youngest student. He is a Christian gentleman, who never shrinks from the performance of his duties, no matter how pleasant or unpleasant they may be. He is fast making the University of Florida just what it should be—the best institution of learning in the state. He should be given every encouragement possible in his work. If there is any remaining factionalism among the faculty it should be weeded out as soon as it appears. Dr. Siedd is to be congratulated upon the stand he has taken, and shows that while he is president of the University of Florida he will not be president in name only, viz.: dominated by a political faction.—Jasper News.

Brown's Baskin Speech.

"Mr. President and Gentlemen of the Senate: I am proud to have the honor to deliver my seat in this honorable body to one of Marion county's young and noble sons, whom I trust will be a worthy member of this senate and fill this chair with the same zeal for old Marion county as I have tried to manifest. I never accepted this chair without reason, nor do I believe I leave it without honor, and now pray that the interest of the 20th senatorial district may be blessed in his hands. Farewell."

As a yielder to the inevitable, Col. Tom Wier is a close rival, although not quite so graceful a one as the late Senator Charles Monroe Brown, formerly of Ocala.—Tampa Tribune.

The Grand Jury and the Tax Assessor.

To the Editor of the Ocala Banner: The grand jury has discovered the following mare's nest: "Some serious irregularities being discovered in the tax books, as turned in by the assessor, we advise the board of county commissioners to have state examiner at an early date check up the collector and assessor's books."

Now, let us count the eggs, i. e. "serious irregularities." Davis' property, valuation \$9,000.00; Whayles', \$300.00; Connor's 20 acres, \$300.00; in all of these the right hand figure was dropped in copying the book, also no personal property assessed to mill at Silver Springs or W. R. Baker at McIntosh, which will be tacked on 1905 books or two years as the law provides.

Out of four million dollars assessments these are the "serious irregularities" which were not discovered by the grand jury, but by a clerk in the collector's office, who has been running around town for a week telling this wonderful discovery in order to injure him.

Let me explain the workings of the tax books so that people can understand it all, for I have nothing to hide, and will be glad to have any competent man check up my books, which no one can possibly do as thoroughly as the collector does every year.

The tax valuation of property of Marion county amounts to about four million dollars, taxes on same to about eighty-seven thousand dollars, all of which the collector is charged with, and then is credited with all he collects and pays in. At the final settlement he brings in a list of errors, doublets and insolvences, naming the page and party on whose account the error is claimed, which list is examined and approved by the county commissioners before he is credited with it; if that does not balance his account he must then go down into his own pockets. Now you see how he is forced to list carefully every error in the book. That list is filed in the clerk's office and any one can examine it. Carney's last list amounts to less than half as much as any that has been filed in

HANDS CRACKED AND PEEL

Suffered for One Year—Was Caused Agony, Heat Intense—Grew Worse Under Doctor's Care—Could Not Do Any Housework.

ANOTHER WONDERFUL CURE BY CUTICURA

"About a year ago my hands began to crack and peel. I tried many remedies, but they grew worse all the time. At last they came so sore that it was impossible for me to do any housework. I put my hands in water, I was in agony for hours, and if I tried to cook over the stove, the heat caused intense pain. I consulted a doctor, but his prescriptions were utterly useless. I gave him up and tried another, but without the least satisfaction. About six weeks ago I got my first relief when I purchased Cuticura Soap and Ointment. After using them for a week, I found to my great delight that my hands were beginning to feel much better, the deep cracks began to heal up, and stop running, and to-day my hands are entirely well, the one cake of Cuticura Soap and one box of Cuticura Ointment being all that I need" (signed) Mrs. Minnie Drew, 18 Dan St., Roxbury Mass."



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ONE NIGHT TREATMENT For Sore Hands and Feet with Cuticura

Soak the hands or feet on retiring in a strong, hot, creamy lather of Cuticura Soap. Dry and anoint freely with Cuticura Ointment, the great skin cure. Wear on the hands during the night old, loose gloves, or bandage feet lightly in old, soft cotton or linen.

Cuticura Soap, Ointment, and Pills are sold throughout the world. Potter Drug & Chem. Corp., Sole Props., Boston. Send for "How to Cure Itching, Scaly, Humid"

many years and proves the comparative accuracy of the books.

If the state examiner worked for months he could not do the work half as well. How could he tell whether Davis' property is worth \$900. or \$9,000? How could he tell whether Baker has any personal property or not? Anyone can see the absurdity of the grand jury's proposition.

About two years ago the same gentleman was foreman of the grand jury and jumped on me then by reporting, "we find too much state land on the assessor's books," which made every well posted man laugh, for all know that said land was sold for taxes after the books were all made. This time he makes no specific charge but the sweeping condemnation "serious irregularities." The foreman of that grand jury was present when I told Mr. Baker that his personal property was accidentally dropped and that I would assess him for two years. He came to Ocala last Monday and reported it to the county commissioners, and also said that he had tried three times to pay taxes on a ten-acre lot, but Mr. Carney could not find it on his books. I looked it up and found that it was certified to the state for non-payment of taxes.

I have just commenced writing on my books for 1905, and had nothing to show the grand jury except three clerks at work. When the books are finished I want the county commissioners to invite the foreman of that grand jury to point out the errors, Errors will be in them, for no collector in any county in Florida has yet failed to bring in a list at his final settlement, but the next time he wants to give the assessor a real good kick let him take the whole list as specified by the collector and approved by the board of county commissioners. Respectfully, ALFRED AYER.

The Ocala Banner Sustained.

The committee of the senate on privileges and elections and on which committee are three of the foremost lawyers of Florida in their report on the contested election case of Baskin vs. Brown sustained the contention of this paper in every particular.

The report of the committee was a handsome endorsement of the position assumed by this paper.

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.

FOLEY'S HONEY AND TAR
Sole - the cough and throat