

EVENING STAR

C. L. BITTINGER & CO.

C. L. Bittinger and R. R. Carroll,
Proprietors and Publishers.

C. L. BITTINGER,
Editor and General Manager.

R. R. CARROLL,
City Editor and Business Manager.

BITTINGER OR LIGHT?

Before the democratic voter goes to the polls next Tuesday to express his preference for one or the other of the above named candidates, there are several things he should take into careful consideration.

Bittinger has been a voter and worker in the Democratic party for over a score of years. Born in a northern state, a soldier in the Union army, he had not long been in Florida before he saw in what party and policy lay the only hope of the state, and cast his lot with that party to abide with it through success or defeat to the end.

Bittinger did not wait for the political pendulum to swing to the democratic side before he enlisted in the democratic ranks, but joined its forces when it was fighting a hard battle and needed every man and every vote, and has not faltered in his allegiance since.

How about Light?
In the days when the republicans were in power, and a negro represented Marion county in the Florida legislature, Light helped to put him there, and tried to keep him there. When the republicans were driven from power, and lost all hope of office, Light joined the populists, and made one unsuccessful attempt after another to obtain office either for himself, or for others who were trying to split and defeat the democratic party—a party which, let its mistakes be what they will, has been, is now, and for many years will be the palladium of the liberties of the Southern people. And now that the causes of the republicans and the populists alike are hopeless—hopeless as long as democrats stand together—Light comes to the party that he fought from the front, flank and rear—and asks it to give him one of its most honorable and useful offices.

Democrats are not pharisaical. They are—they should be—glad to welcome all good citizens to their party. And Light is a good citizen; no dispute about that. But is it not just that converts from the enemy should serve quite a while in the ranks before they are intrusted with command?

To come to the present, Light is out denouncing the shortcomings of the state government, high taxation and extravagance, is trying to make people believe, and probably believes himself, that he is the Moses who will lead the people out of the wilderness. But this self appointed Moses cannot produce the tables of stone or point to a pillar of fire. He is more likely to prove a Korah, and though he will never be big enough to cause destruction to overwhelm the people, he will undoubtedly lead such as follow him into a lemon grove.

That taxation is high, that government constantly needs correction, every thinking man knows. But who are the men to do the correcting? Those who prance upon the floor and by spectacular methods draw attention, and ridicule, to themselves; or the quiet men who study the problems of government and try to solve them? There will be a hundred men in the Florida legislature, and returns from the first primary show that the people are not sending men of Mr. Light's stamp to represent them in that body. If he is elected, he will be practically alone. He will enrage some, and amuse many more; but his influence will be nil, and Marion county will suffer in having only one man to work for her interests when she should have two.

A philosopher one said, "Any fool can be a critic, but it takes a man to do things." Light is a critic. He demonstrates his will to tear down, but he has not so far submitted any plan for building up. He speaks of raising money by taxation in a way that can lead people to only one conclusion, and that is that he intends to try to be the father of a law that will give the tax assessor inquisitorial power.

There could be no law that would so much distress the people—the common people, the men and women of small means—and destroy their rights; no law that could equal it in causing corruption. The rich man, the big corporation, could hide much of their property, could tempt all officials, and would corrupt many. The little homes of the common people would be defenseless, and they would be, much more than now, unequally taxed and compelled to pay a disproportionate amount of the burdens of a government which would by such a law set a premium on corruption. Such laws are in force in Turkey, Persia and others of the worst governed countries of the world, but the legislature of an American state has never yet passed such a measure, and it will be a step toward the worst kind of despotism whenever one does.

Light denounces the methods of legislators who have preceded him, more than hints that they have been dishonest, and loudly proclaims that he will be the allwise, the incorruptible! How do we know that he will display such wisdom and integrity? Whose word have we for it, except his own? And does he know himself

that he is such a happy combination of Solon and Aristides?

If Bittinger is elected, he will go to the legislature believing that the democratic voters of Florida have picked out a hundred average good men to represent them; he will confer with them as men who have the best interests of their state at heart, and will do what he can to further those interests. He will strive for economy, he will oppose extravagance and corruption, if he finds it, but he will do these things by business methods and not by spectacular exhibitions.

Light poses as the farmer's candidate—proclaims that he alone understands the farmer's needs and can legislate for him.

Bittinger was brought up on a farm. He has tilled Marion county soil, and in all the years of his newspaper life he has kept in close touch with the men who do the work on which all our national prosperity rests. But if Bittinger goes to the Florida legislature, he will do his best to represent the whole people, and he believes he can do it. There is no calling in which a man has so great an opportunity to learn what the people have and what they lack, what they want and what they do not want, as the newspaper business. For twenty years, not as a candidate, but as a journalist, a neighbor and fellow citizen, Bittinger has traversed Marion county, meeting and greeting the farmer, the merchant, the mechanic, the miner, the lumber man, and the man of every other calling, being told of their conditions, their hopes and their fears, and telling them again to their neighbors in the next community, and their fellow citizens on the other side of the county, and he challenges not only Light, but any other man, to prove that he knows any more about the people of Marion. A man who tries to represent a class will do harm, not good, to not only that class, but all the others.

One thing is certain, and that is, when the votes are counted and the result announced, Bittinger will have neither undue elation nor regret. The campaign has been a pleasant experience to him. He has met many old friends and made some new ones. He knows that his feelings have not been hurt, and he hopes that he has hurt no one. If elected, he will do his earnest, level best to represent Marion county. If not, he will congratulate his opponent, and go on as he has for years, gathering news and subscribers for the Star. The people sometimes make mistakes, but it is their right to do so when they choose.

A LAST WORD

Let us all try to keep cool and cheerful in these last days of the campaign. The country is not in any danger. There are no very bad men running for office. The man who was a good citizen, a good neighbor, a good friend, six months ago, is probably one today. Politics may have warped judgment, but it has not changed character. The better you keep your temper, the better you can understand public men and public measures. It is your duty to study politics and your duty to vote, but you will be foolish today and sorry tomorrow if you are untruthful and unkind toward your fellow citizens. Let us all give one another respectful attention, consider carefully who are the best men, vote for them and accept the result cheerfully. This country was never so far from the dogs as it is today, and it gets further every time the world turns around.

FIGHTING FIRE AT EASTLAKE

When at Eastlake Tuesday we had an experience we do not care to repeat. The folks in unpacking developed a good sized trash pile, which they required the editor to burn. He put the trash into the open field and set a match to it and it soon flamed up into a big blaze. A gust of wind came along and started the flames to playing all kinds of pranks in the grass, setting it on fire and running toward a \$10,000 orange grove and then we became scared and began fighting the flames and yelling like a cluster of Sioux Indians, which brought forth Mesdames Jake Brown and Bittinger and the whole of the Sage family, Eren Young, Mary Mente and Annie Laurie Perry, who were visiting the Sage family and the way they fought the fierce flames quickly showed they were true descendants of the original Ocala fire fighting brigade and it was only through their heroic efforts that great damage was saved the DeLane grove. We never worked so hard in our lives for thirty minutes and the perspiration that ran into our shoes about filled them and when the victory was won there was not a dry rag on our body and we were ready to sink to the ground with exhaustion. Thanks to our fair and brave champion assistants and may they all grow old gracefully and remember we do not court another such experience.

The Times-Union business office accepted advertisements from Jno. N. C. Stockton, but when they reached the managing editor's desk they were cut out. Of course the ads. reflected upon Gilchrist and it being a red-hot Gilchrist organ, nothing was to appear that in any way reflected on its pure and unsullied candidate. Politics is very worrisome and perplexing to some people. A word: don't countenance the 11th hour reports against any candidate. There is a sinister purpose in their publicity.

We regret to hear that the Micanopy barbecue was too much for our old friend Marion L. Payne. He is just up from a severe sickness.

THE BASEBALL GAME

Yesterday Resulted in Ocala Being Defeated by the Leesburg Team.

A good crowd attended the ball game yesterday, among the spectators being quite a number of ladies, occupying seats in the grand stand and in carriages and automobiles. Postmaster Crom umpired the game and came in for that official's usual share of good natured criticism.

The visiting team from Leesburg was composed of as fine a lot of gentlemanly young fellows as you can find in any community and they play the game for all there is in it. The game was full of interest if the visiting boys did beat the home team to the tune of 7 to 0.

The fault with our boys was that they have had no practice and they plainly showed it. G. Gillispie pitched for Leesburg and J. Wicker did the catching. Howard Clark and Don Ford composed the Ocala battery. A. Frank was recognized as the wit of the afternoon and kept the crowd in a good humor all afternoon.

Raysor for Ocala made the only safe hit scored for Ocala, while Harris and Galloway made catches that occasioned much applause. Probably the most spectacular play of the afternoon was when Harris made a wonderful catch turning a back somersault and rolling over the ground but never once losing his grip on the ball, which so excited a mule hitched to a East Florida Ice Co. wagon that he literally got up on his hind legs and deposited them in the driver's seat and the commotion that followed his mule trick put several vaudeville performances to shame. The afternoon was greatly enjoyed and other Thursday afternoon games are looked forward to with pleasure.

THE BAND CONCERT

The concert which the Ocala Metropolitan bank boys gave last night in the courthouse square from the band stand was unusually largely attended by our citizens, who were loud in applause and appreciation of the splendid music rendered. The night was ideal in its moonlit glories, the surroundings most appropriate to take in all the pleasures of the evening. The Ocala House porch, the steps of the courthouse and the coping that surrounds the walks and well kept lawn lent kindly seats to the delighted and appreciative listeners. These concerts are growing more popular as they progress and our people seem to realize what a splendid musical organization we possess. That is right. Encourage the boys. Why not arrange a free will offering at each concert for the benefit of the band? Who could refuse to contribute a quarter or more or less, at these delightful entertainments.

THE GRINDING OF LENSES FOR SPECTACLES

Is a delicate operation. It requires skilled workmen at high salaries to grind lenses by prescription. The smallest deviation from the proper curvature makes a big difference in the lens. The measurements are made with very sensitive instruments and my lenses are ground for me by workmen of the highest skill and scientific training. DR. D. M. BONEY, Eyesight Specialist, Ocala, Florida.

Office Hours: 8 to 12 a. m. and 1:30 to 4:30 p. m. Optical Office and Laboratory, Rooms 2 and 4, Gary Block.

CLASS DAY AT VASSAR

Five thousand spectators, the largest gathering ever assembled at Vassar College, says the New York World, saw the beautiful open air exercises of class day this afternoon. The 211 seniors, no two of them dressed alike, with arms heavy laden with daisies, marched from the main building to a stage in front of the library where the exercises were held. They were led by the marshal, Miss Helen Barstow Josselyn, of Wollaston, Mass.

At the head of the procession, all in white, marched the twenty-four prettiest girls of the sophomore class who, until another daisy chain brings forth the fairest of another sophomore class, will be known as the "Belles of Vassar." The thousands of daisies forming the chain were all picked by students. It is the undergraduates' tribute to the graduating class.

After the address of welcome by Martha Pattison Bowie, president of 1908, reading the class history and prophecy, the chain was borne to the class tree and arranged in a huge circle, within which the seniors gathered and buried the class records under the tree, each girl throwing a flower into the grave, while original class songs were sung in chorus.

The spade was turned over to Miss Ruth Elizabeth Presley, who accepted it for the junior class.

Miss Francis B. Anderson, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. L. Anderson, of Ocala, is one of the graduates of this institution of learning. Mr. and Mrs. Anderson, Mrs. J. K. Austin and daughter, Miss Jean Austin, of Ocala were present on this memorable occasion.

SPECIAL DINNERS

The dinners at the Elk Cafe for 50 cents are the best in the city.

In our special reduction sale we will have lots of fun in crockery and toilet sets. Our bowls and pitchers, large globe shape, now 89 cents; white plates, dinner size, now 39 cents set. At the Ocala Bazaar Store, Gadson.

At Gadson's Bazaar letter size paper of good quality for 5 cents a quire.

RHEINAUER'S

The Best Offerings of Years in Ladies Shirt Waists.

We have taken the largest possible advantage of the favorable market conditions to make this the greatest sale of its kind that we have ever held.

OFFERING VALUES LIKE THESE

- Lot No. 1—Consists of 200 shirt waists, all this season's styles, former price \$3.50, now **\$2.69**
- Lot No. 2—Consists of 150 shirt waists, all new styles, former price \$4, now **\$2.98**
- Lot No. 3—Consists of 100 shirt waists, plain or tucked linen, former price \$4.50, now **\$3.89**
- Lot No. 4—Consists of 150 shirt waists novelties former price \$5, now **\$4.15**
- Lot No. 5—Consists of 175 shirt waists, the season's highest novelties, former price \$6 to \$7, now **\$4.68**

RHEINAUER & COMPANY

WEATHER FORECAST

Washington, June 12.—Fair tonight and Saturday probably local showers.

A FABLE WITH A MORAL

There was once a Jester who was tired of his job, so he resolved to go to his august master, who was his master during the other months of the year also, and beg to be released, so that he could seek fresh fields and pastures new, says Lippincott's. When the King and his courtiers saw him approaching they began to titter; but the jester went straight to the throne and sank upon one knee.

"Sire," he said, "for many years I have capered and grimaced to amuse you, and now I fain would rest."

"He fain would rest!" repeated the monarch, his sides shaking with mirth. "Sire, I have a family in far away Provence—"

"Ho ho!" laughed the King. "Ha ha!" echoed the courtiers. "He he!" giggled the courtieresses.

"And I beg of your majesty permission—"

"Isn't he the funniest thing!" said the King.

"To let me go and see them," finished the jester.

The King was wiping his eyes, which were full of tears of merriment. "Take him away, somebody," he said, "or I shall die of laughing. He grows funnier every day."

Attendants surrounded the jester and forced him kindly but firmly from the royal presence.

And he is still the King's jester.

Moral: It is sometimes harder to lose a reputation than to acquire one.

HIS OLD COLLEGE CHUMS

A conductor sent a new brakeman to put some tramps off the train; they were riding in a box car, says the Wellington (Kan.) News. The brakeman dropped into the car and said, "Where are you fellows going?" "To Atchison." "Well, you can't go to Atchison on this train; so get off." "You get," came the reply, and as the new brakeman was looking into the business end of a gun he took the advice given him and "got." He went back to the caboose, and the conductor asked him if he had put the fellows off. "No," he answered, "I did not have the heart to put them off. They want to go to Atchison, and, besides, they are old schoolmates of mine." The conductor used some very strong language, and then said he would put them off himself. He went over to the car and met with the same experience as the brakeman. When he got back to the caboose the brakeman said, "Well, did you put them off?" "Naw, they're schoolmates of mine, too."

EUGENE FIELD'S JOKE

"The late 'Gene Field was careless in money matters," said one who knew him well, according to the Toledo Blade. "If he had five dollars in his clothes and met a mendicant the latter was sure of the five. Nobody in need ever asked Field for help that didn't get it if it were in Field's power to give it. On the other hand, he was an inveterate borrower and rarely concerned himself about his debt. He and William E. Curtis were together one day when Curtis flashed a roll. The latter is a provident man and has garnered a comfortable share of the world's goods. Field was shy of funds, and at once suggested that he would like to make a touch.

"How much, 'Gene?" asked Curtis, digging into his pockets.

"Oh, fifty will do," replied Field off-hand.

"It was sometime afterward that Curtis came home from Washington for a few days and meeting Field proceeded to jog his memory. 'Didn't I lend you fifty, 'Gene, when I was last here?' he inquired.

"Ye-es, I believe you did," replied Field, as if in some doubt.

"Well, is it convenient?" pursued Curtis.

"Just a little shy today, old boy. Wait a bit," answered Field, and the next morning the peripatetic correspondent was amused to read the following item of interest at the top of the 'Flats and Sharps' column: 'William E. Curtis, the Washington correspondent of the Chicago Record, is in the city for a few days looking after his permanent investments.'

THE CLERGYMAN'S MISTAKE

The minister was hurrying toward his church, the Sunday morning's service being near, when he was accosted by one of his congregation, whom, in his haste, he had just passed without recognizing, says the New York Times.

"We are anticipating an extra fine sermon this morning," said the parishioner, after the first greetings.

"Well, I hope I shall fulfill your expectations," warmly replied the clergyman, smiling. "You see, I've my sermon under my arm, as usual."

"That!" uttered the layman, indicating a big black volume which the preacher carried with him.

"Yes," adjoined the minister, taking up the book. "I—By George!" he then ejaculated, abruptly turning back. "I've brought my dictionary instead!"

WOULD FOLLOW HIS EXAMPLE

After the battle of Prestonpans, says the Philadelphia Ledger, a witty Scottish farmer amused himself by writing a ballad upon it, which so stung one of the English officers (who had behaved very basely on the occasion) that he sent the poet a challenge to meet him at H— for mortal combat. The second found the farmer busy with his hayfork, and at once delivered the challenge of the redoubtable hero. The good-natured farmer, turning toward him with the agricultural implement coolly said:

"Gang awa' back to Mester Smith, and tell him I hae nae time to come to H— to gie him satisfaction, but that if he likes to come here I'll tak' a look at him, and if I think I can fetch (fight) him I'll fetch him, and if I think I canna fetch him I'll just do as he did—I'll run away."

Those interested in town lots read Frank Gadson's ad. He has some desirable lots for sale around Howard Academy.

OPEN EVERY NIGHT

The Lincoln Heights Casino, the one colored people's amusement place in Ocala of standing and merit, will be open every evening henceforth. Always amusement, refreshments and perfect order. Patronize the casino, as it takes money to keep it up. Ike Simmons, proprietor.



YOU CAN'T GET AROUND IT

No matter how hard you try. If you want really choice and rare wines, thoroughly aged and of exquisite flavor, you will have to come to Keating's. We are connoisseurs in choosing wines and liquors, and we give out patrons the benefit of our discrimination in choosing the best.

KEATING & CO.

Phone 22. Ocala, Fla.