



Your flag and my flag, and how it flies today;
In your land and my land and half the world away;
Rose red and blood red its stripes forever gleam;
Snow white and soul white, the good forefathers' dream;
Sky blue and true blue, with stars that gleam aright;
The gloried guidon of the day, a shelter through the night.

Your flag and my flag, and oh, how much it holds!
Your land and my land secure within its folds;
Your heart and my heart beat quicker at the sight;
Sun-kissed and wind-tossed, the red and blue and white;
The one flag, the great flag, the flag for me and you;
Glorified all else beside, the red and white and blue.

FRANK HARRIS, Editor.
P. V. Leavengood, Business Manager.
FRIDAY, JANUARY 22, 1909

The division of Dade county has again become a live issue down there.

Benjamin F. Shively won the democratic nomination for United States senator in Indiana over John F. Kern.

Congress is being asked to build two more warships. The war spirit will not down.

The freight service to this place from the north right now is miserable, one merchant having been six days getting goods from Ocala.—Inverness Chronicle.

Alfonso, king of Spain, is preparing to become an adept in the art of flying. He has already acquired an aeroplane of the Wright model and is soon to become a pupil of an expert.

The newspapers report that John W. Gates is going to plant 60,000 fig trees on 6000 acres of land he has bought in Texas. Those trees will look mighty lonely—only ten to the acre.—Pensacola Journal.

The late cold wave did not reach into Florida to any considerable extent, but it has cooled the pathway of old Boreas and facilitated the passage southward of the next one. That is the reason we hate cold weather in the north.—Tampa Times.

The reports of the internal revenue department of the United States show that over three hundred illicit stills have been destroyed within the past six months in the states of Alabama, Florida and Georgia, the latter heading the list with about 80 per cent. of the number.

At a meeting of clergymen in Boston Monday a resolution was passed asking that congress make no more appropriations for naval construction work. It is the belief of the ministers that large navies are a menace to the peace of the earth.

Elihu Root was named by the republicans of the New York legislature Monday for United States senator, while the democratic caucus named for the position former lieutenant governor, Lewis S. Chanler. As the legislature is overwhelmingly republican, Root will capture the plum.

Judge James B. Whitfield of the supreme court drew the longest straw, and by reason thereof can now add the impressive words, "Chief Justice" to his name. The lot fell worthily and Justice Whitfield will honor the high position, but doesn't it seem almost silly to have the members of our highest judicial tribunal draw lots for the title of chief justice?—Madison New Enterprise.

A recent report of the bond trustees, who have charge of the electric lighting plant of Jacksonville, shows that the profits to the city since the municipality took over the plant fourteen years ago have been over a half million dollars. Municipal ownership did not prove such an utter failure in this instance as many opponents of the theory would have the public believe is always the case.

Editor Caldwell says, in a recent number of the Jasper News, that he resided in Jacksonville when its population was a little less than 800. One seeing the city now, when directory estimates make the population 66,520—and the energy and enterprise displayed is as great as though it had at least 100,000 inhabitants—might imagine that Mr. Caldwell was a man of great age, but this does not follow. Men who have not more than reached middle age can remember the city as a village of some two dozen blocks or so, and with many a gap in it.—Times-Union.

Tuesday was the anniversary of the birth of Robert E. Lee, and the further we get away from this the more saintly his character appears. Perhaps there is no man in history to whom greater admiration is invoked and greater respect accorded.

There is a charm about his life that is ennobling and as one studies its simplicity and grandeur he seems lifted into a purer atmosphere.

Mr. Charles Foster Smith, one of the professors in the Vanderbilt University, devoted several months seeking light on the character of Lee. He read nine volumes—several thousand pages—and he says that he found him greater than he had ever dreamed he was. He says that he was a majestic man in which there was absolutely no littleness.

In an address at the commencement of Vanderbilt University he delivered an address on General Lee. The address was entitled "Ideal Teaching and Teacher."

This address was printed in the October Methodist Quarterly, from which we make the following extract:

I share the feeling of danger threatening the democracy to which Professor James reffers, and I believe in his remedy. Young people in college and university must be taught to know a good man when they see him. And it seems to me we southern people have had in our time as remarkable an object lesson of this sort as the world ever saw—a good and great man, idolized by a whole people, tried by the severest test under the blaze of the search-lights of the whole civilized world. Some of us know, and the rest have heard and read, of what happened in this country from 1860 to 1870. There was offered then, unconsciously, what might be called a university course in ethics to form or test the character of a whole people.

General Robert E. Lee was the instructor, and his immediate scholars were, from 1861 to 1865, the army of northern Virginia; from 1865 to 1870, the students and faculty of Washington College; but back of these, and looking on as a vast audience at a great trial scene, stood the whole southern people; back of these a still wider outer circle, the whole American nation; and back of these we see now already coming into view the circle of the whole civilized world. To the honor of the southern people be it said, they stood the test: the army and the whole people of the south responded as the needle to the magnet. They had a supremely great and good man among them, peerless, I think, in the whole history of the American people—and I say this with a full appreciation of Washington and Lincoln—and they knew the good man when they saw him. The best proof was the unparalleled confidence and devotion of the whole southern army, the trust and homage of this whole people. This confidence and trust, born of an unprecedented series of victories in 1862, grew into devotion and loyalty such as, it seems to me, no man, even a military hero, has ever before aroused and so completely retained, an allegiance as unwavering and unquestioned in defeat as in victory. Gettysburg was a crucial test; Appomattox was the supreme proof. The army, the people, accepted the final result without criticism or blame of their great leader. They felt, they knew, that "Marse Robert" had done all that human agency could accomplish, that defeat was unavoidable because he could not ford it. Because they were able to recognize the worth of such a man and submit unquestioningly to his guidance, they were able as a people to endure the terrible strain of reconstruction days with a heroism equal to that of war times. When a whole people looks up with pride and complete devotion to a supremely great and good man, the whole mass is uplifted and purified. I do not see how the people that produced and appreciated General Lee can ever become degenerate while the memory of him endures.

And what is the lesson for us, as a people, to learn from our hero. It seems to me to be this: As I read the daily papers I cannot help feeling that grave dangers are ahead of our democracy. Can we stand our prosperity? Will not the worship of the almighty dollar carry us as a people to perdition? I am afraid that what the Europeans say of us as a nation is true. As a people we love the dollar better than anything else in the universe. If that be true, with the old checks of religion so largely gone and ethical standards so changed, what will save us? The men who have sold their souls for wealth are beyond redemption; we must appeal to the young. And what is so likely to be potent with them as the proof that their ideal hero was above money and beyond price, his whole life an unconscious protest against the worship of wealth? Here is the proof: He was our first gentleman, sprung from a line of noble ancestors reaching back through Robert Bruce of Scotland to the Norman Conquest, the son of "Light Horse Harry" Lee and husband

of the great-granddaughter Martha Washington, owner of the baronial manor of Arlington and possessor otherwise of a princely fortune. He had lost all in the cataclysm of civil war, and when he was thus impoverished, this is what happened: In the autumn of 1863 the city council of Richmond voted him a house for his family, but he declined it, suggesting that "whatever means the city council may have to spare for this purpose may be devoted to the relief of the families of our soldiers in the field." After the war an English nobleman offered him a country estate with an annuity of 3000 pounds; but he declined, saying, "I must abide the fortunes and share the fate of my people." In 1865 he accepted the presidency of Washington College at a salary of \$1500 a year; but when General Ewell in 1868 gave \$500 to the college on condition that it be added to General Lee's salary, the latter declined it, writing General Ewell: "I already receive from the college a larger amount than my poor services are worth." He was invited to become the head of a firm in New York to represent southern commerce, with a salary of \$50,000; but this, too, he declined, saying: "I am grateful, but I have a self-imposed task which I must accomplish! I have led the young men of the south in battle; I have seen many of them die on the field; I shall devote my remaining energies to training young men to do their duty in life." The presidency of the Southern Insurance Company, in which Hampton, Gordon, B.H. Hill, and other distinguished ex-confederates were directors, was offered him at a salary of \$10,000; but this, also, he declined, saying: "I feel that I ought not to abandon the position I hold at Washington College at this time, or as long as I can be of service to it." The distinguished ex-Confederate officer, who was sent to make him the offer, said: "We do not wish you to give up your present position, General, or to discharge any duties in connection with our company. The truth is, we only want your name connected with the company. That would amply compensate us for the salary we offer." General Lee's face flushed, and he replied: "I am sorry, sir, that you are so little acquainted with me as to suppose that my name is for sale at any price." "I found," says Dr. J. William Jones, "his letter-book filled with replies to offers of this character." In May, 1870, when General Lee was away seeking health, the board of trustees of the college deeded the president's house, which had been built under General Lee's supervision, to Mrs. Lee, with an annuity of \$3500. But he declined, saying: "I am unwilling that my family should become a tax to the college, but desire that all its funds be devoted to the purposes of education. I know that my wishes on this subject are equally shared by my wife." After the general's death, the trustees sent Mrs. Lee a check for the first quarter of the annuity; but she promptly returned it, with a letter of thanks, saying that she could not accept the annuity, and was ready to give up the house to the new president whom they should select. The new president elected was her own son, and she died in the president's house.

Surely to our hero Tennyson's words are as appropriate as to the great Duke:

The statesman-warrior, moderate, resolute,
Whole in himself, a common good,
A man of amplest influence,
Yet clearest of ambitious crime;
Our greatest, yet with least pretense;
Great in council and great in war,
Foremost in saving of his time,
Rich in captain common sense,
And as the greatest only are,
In his simplicity sublime.
O good gray head which all men knew,
O voice from which their omens all men drew,
O iron nerve to true occasion true,
O fallen at length that tower of strength
Which stood four-square to all the winds that blew.

FOR SPEAKER

Hon. L. E. Roberson of Live Oak is announced by his home paper, the Live Oak Democrat, as a candidate for speaker of the house at the convening of the legislature in April. Other candidates are Syd L. Carter of Gainesville, Ion L. Farris of Jacksonville and James E. Alexander of Volusia county. Mr. Roberson is a strong man, well fitted by nature and training to acceptably discharge the duties of the high office to which he aspires, and we are rather inclined to the opinion that his candidacy will give the other candidates something to think about. Mr. Roberson will make a strong race and the probability is that he will be "Mr. Speaker" of the next house.—Madison New Enterprise.

The Florida Pennant, published by the university students at Gainesville, in its December issue, has a splendid paper on "Olustee," by Wyatt Martin, one of the bright boys of this section. The young man, editorially, thinks that the battlefield is the place for the monument.—Lake City Index.

OUR LAUDATORY CONTEMPORARY

It is amusing as we glance over the state exchanges and note the fact that G. Talbot Whitfield, Governor Albert W. Gilchrist's private secretary, prepared the Florida history for the state press agent the late inauguration, and remember that our esteemed contemporary remarked when it published the article that it was compiled expressly for the Ocala Banner. That statement was on a par with the Banner editor's statement that his paper had received the delinquent Marion county tax list as a "New Year's gift," in the face of the fact that the proceedings of the board show our distinguished contemporary appeared before the board of county commissioners and asked that his paper be named for said publication. The other fact that makes such self-congratulatory remarks amusing, is that it has been the unwritten custom for the past ten years—since the Star wrested from the Banner its monopoly of this printing—that the publication of the delinquent tax list of Marion rotate, one year the Banner printing it and the next year the Star. This being the Banner's year, there was no need of appearing before the board and asking for the list.

The Star never bothers the board. We get the list without asking for it when our turn comes. With all the facts about us, do you wonder we smile with amusement when our contemporary pats itself on the back—Ocala Evening Star.

Vanity and boastfulness are not the weaknesses of this paper. The article entitled "Florida History" was kindly sent to this paper by Mr. Whitfield, Governor Gilchrist's private secretary, and, so far as we know, it was first printed in this paper.

Wishing to give "honor to whom honor is due," this paper headed it "Florida History," and gave Mr. Whitfield full credit for its compilation.

That certainly showed neither vanity nor boastfulness. This year a new board of county commissioners went into office, and the editor of this paper, as the minutes state, appeared before that body and reminded them of the custom. The Banner was designated for the publication of the list, and as it was the first of the year it referred to it as a "New Year's gift." It was not done in a boastful spirit nor was there anything laudatory about it.

Our envious contemporary cannot hold the mean spirit running through his nature into subjection, and, like the leopard's spots, it will show itself. He is to be pitied rather than censured.

TILLMAN'S REPLY TO ROOSEVELT

The latest news from Washington indicate that Senator Tillman's reply to the attack made upon him by President Roosevelt is being accepted by the American people as an honest statement that relieves him from any culpability in the matter of the land scheme with which the president undertook to link his name in a compromising way. Henry Watterson, editor of the Louisville Courier-Journal, has wired Senator Tillman: "You have certainly met every requirement of public duty and private honor."

We believe Mr. Watterson's opinion will reflect the calm judgment of the people, and that Senator Tillman will emerge from the attack on his character stronger than he ever has been. In answering the president Senator Tillman showed a frankness that is rare on such occasions—a frankness, in fact, that amounts to manliness—and a careful reading of his speech shows that Senator Tillman himself was not conscious of any wrongdoing; that he has nothing to conceal in connection with the affair. His motive was beyond all question good, and it is characteristic of the American people that they will give their approval to the man who seeks to do right, even though he might technically be in error.

Senator Tillman's speech was probably the best-tempered one that the distinguished South Carolinian has ever made under fire. His pitch fork has left its scars in other "hides" than that of the wielder of the big stick. In his encounter with President Roosevelt the senator showed very strikingly that "the pitchfork" has not gone out of business, but he swung the instrument with the skill of an artist. That the "executive hide" was stung there can be little doubt, but it was the sting of a keen-edged instrument rather than a blunt one. From beginning to end Senator Tillman's speech was a calm recital of the facts in the case and a keen analysis of the motives of the president in subjecting him to so unusual an attack in an unprecedented manner.—Atlanta Journal.

The Baltimore Sun asks: "Can a man marry on \$6 a week?" In Florida he can marry on \$2, but it's staying married that costs money.—Tampa Tribune.

CAN'T LOCATE THE DEGREE

Senator Ben Tillman in a speech some days ago defending himself against charges brought by federal officials said: "I will not use any ifs this morning with respect to how much and what degree of falsehood has been indulged in by the two cabinet officers of heads of departments or head clerks or bootlicks or flatterers, or whatever other relationship exists between the president and those he has around him. Seeing the earnestness with which the postmaster-general seeks to fortify his chief, seeing the sly way in which the attorney-general sought to convey the impression that he had the law enforced, and that I could have found out about it in an hour, analyzing his statements in regard to what I said to him and the particularity with which he remembered what I said, 'We might as well give it to them, because we give them about everything else; because they would have it after a while.' Everything is in quotation, by memory, but he could not even recollect whether he had brought suit or not. He had to go to a subordinate to know whether this important duty imposed upon him by congress had been performed. So I am not able just now to locate in the Ananias Club the degree to which these two distinguished gentlemen shall be entitled. I will, after consultation with some of the other leading members of that association or organization, or whatever it is called, try to get a meeting of the executive committee and have William E. Chandler or some other analytical mind determine just what degree we shall confer upon Charles J. Bonaparte and this man Meyer."

SAM B. RUSS DEAD

The following item appeared in Monday's Times-Union: Samuel B. Russ, at one time one of the best known newspaper men in the state, was yesterday morning found dead in his bed in a West Bay street lodging house. His identity was unknown until he was identified by a Times-Union reporter, who saw the body after it had been carried to the undertaking establishment of Marcus Conant.

For several years "Sam Russ," as he was familiarly known, was a member of the Times-Union editorial staff. He was a bright man, one of the cleverest writers that ever worked on the paper, and he has a large circle of friends.

For a long time he was theatrical critic for the Times-Union, and was well and favorably known in the theatrical world. Many times this season have the old theatrical managers who have visited Jacksonville asked "the question," "What has become of Sam Russ?"

He left the services of the Times-Union some time ago, and since that time he has not been employed. For several days, in fact many weeks, he has been in bad health, and when it was learned by his friends yesterday that he had been found dead, there was little if any surprise.

Mr. Russ was with very few exceptions one of the best writers in Florida, and at one time edited the Morning News in this city. He came to Florida about thirty years ago from Massachusetts and started an orange grove at Lochloosa, in Alachua county. The big freeze of 1895 served him like it did thousands of others, and he entered the newspaper profession for a livelihood. He has served in the capacity of editorial writer on nearly all of the larger papers in the state since 1895, and few writers were as largely quoted as he was, on account of the accuracy with which he always handled state political history, having always kept closely in touch with every important event during his many years' residence in Florida.

Mr. Russ had many friends throughout the state who will regret to learn of his death.

JACKSONVILLE OUDTONE

Tampa's restless competitive spirit has even led its citizens to claim they felt an earthquake there last Sunday. One would think they would be only too glad to permit Italy or any other old place to enjoy that sort of an honor alone.—Pensacola Journal.

For one time Jacksonville has been outdone. However, the jostle of the big ships coming up to the state metropolis' docks keeps Jacksonville in a constant quiver so that they would not recognize an earthquake if it should pay them a visit.—St. Augustine Meteor.

"I, a Jew, plead with a Protestant assemblage for aid for a Catholic people," were the words of Dr. Leon Harrison uttered in St. Louis last week at a mass meeting to aid the stricken Italians in Sicily. "Grand words," asserts the Jacksonville Metropolitan, "which show that all mankind is akin and ready to extend a helping hand to each other. Such expressions as that of Dr. Harrison make toward a sweeter and lighter world and tend to obliterate sectarian prejudices."—Madison New Enterprise.

BOY TORTURED BY AWFUL HUMOR

Almost Covered with Eczema—No Night's Rest for Nearly a Year—Feared Lifelong Disfigurement—All Treatments Failed and Limit of Endurance Seemed Near.

PERFECT RECOVERY IS DUE TO CUTICURA

"With the exception of his hands and feet, my son Clyde (thirteen years old) was almost completely covered with eczema. Physicians treated him for nearly a year without helping him any. While they were very kind and did all in their power, yet nothing seemed to relieve him. And I had tried many remedies sent to me by kind friends but they all failed. His head, face, and neck were covered with large scabs which he would rub until they fell off. Then blood and matter would run out and that would be worse. Many a time he looked as if his ears would drop off. Friends coming to see him said that if he got well he would be disfigured for life.

"When it seemed as if he could possibly stand it no longer, I decided to try Cuticura. I bought a cake of Cuticura Soap, a box of Cuticura Ointment, and a bottle of Cuticura Resolvent. I used them in the evening and that was the first night for nearly a year that he slept. This may sound exaggerated to you, but in the morning there was a great change for the better. In about six weeks you could not have told that he had ever had anything wrong with him. I treated him twice a day for six months and at present he has a fine complexion and not a scar on his body. This story may seem overdrawn, but neither words nor pen can describe Clyde's suffering and how he looked. Our leading physician, Dr. J. J. Reynolds, recommends the Cuticura Remedies for eczema. Mrs. Algy Cockburn, Shiloh, O., June 11, 1907."

Frequent shampoos with Cuticura Soap and weekly dressings with Cuticura stop falling hair, remove crusts, scales, and dandruff, destroy hair parasites, soothe irritated, itching surfaces, stimulate the hair follicles, supply the roots with nourishment, loosen the scalp skin, and make the hair grow upon a sweet, wholesome, healthy scalp, when all other remedies fail.

Complete External and Internal Treatment for Every Humor of Infants, Children, and Adults consists of Cuticura Soap, Cuticura Ointment, Cuticura Resolvent (50c), to Heal the Skin, and Cuticura Resolvent (50c), for the form of Chocolate Casted Pills, per vial of 60 to Purify the Blood. Sold throughout the world. Porter Drug & Chem. Co., Sole Props., Boston, Mass.

By the appointment of A. P. Jordan, editor of the Punta Gorda Herald, as state food and drug inspector, vice W. W. Trammell, Governor Gilchrist has pleased everybody. But will not the scientific exactitude demanded by this new employment deter Brother Jordan from indulging in his fish and snake dreams which have heretofore afforded so much pleasure to his fellow citizens? Mr. Trammell has assumed the office of secretary to his brother, Park M. Trammell, Florida's new attorney general.—Pensacola Journal.

"A Citizen" in the Ocala Banner wants to know, to settle an argument, "if at any time during President Cleveland's two administrations a negro was ever entertained at the White House, either at luncheon or dinner, or in any other way." The Jeffersonian, Tom Watson's paper, made such a charge last year. We believe, though, it has been denied.—Lake City Index.

The Fernandina Record hits the bull's eye when it says: "About one out of one thousand who said on the first day of this year, 'I will not,' will be able to say at the beginning of 1910, 'I have not.'" It requires a great deal more than mere words to keep a resolution after it is made.

Hon. Robert E. Davis of Gainesville has been chosen and commissioned to take the returns of the vote of the state of Florida for president and vice president to Washington, where they will be delivered in person to the vice president of the United States.

BLOOD

We live by our blood, and on it. We thrive or starve, as our blood is rich or poor. There is nothing else to live on or by. When strength is full and spirits high we are being refreshed—bone, muscle and brain, in body and mind—with continual flow of rich blood. This is health.

When weak, in low spirits, no cheer, no spring, when rest is not rest and sleep is not sleep, we are starved; our blood is poor; there is little nutriment in it. Back of the blood is food, to keep the blood rich. When it fails, take

SCOTT'S EMULSION

It sets the whole body going again—man, woman and child.

Send this advertisement, together with name of paper in which it appears, your address and four cents to cover postage, and we will send you a "Complete Handy Atlas of the World." SCOTT & BOWNE, 409 Pearl St., New York