

PROSPERITY, PANICS, TRAMPS

A recent issue of the Times-Dispatch of Richmond, Va., contained the following item:

"Besought from without by innumerable petitions for help and hard pressed from within by the condition resulting from a nearly exhausted supply of funds, the Associated Charities finds itself grappling with a situation that is almost beyond its powers. An empty-handed throng comes daily to the doors of the mission, often bringing with them empty baskets that speak more eloquently than words of the want in the home from which they come. Proud men are hobbled by unpaid rents and hungry mouths."

And so the story runs, not only in Richmond, but in nearly every community throughout the United States.

We saw a sight in Ocala the other day that was shocking to our moral sensibilities. We saw a gang of men led by us—enough almost to fill a car—in handcuffs. Thirteen of this gang were strong, stalwart white men. What was their crime? We repeat it in sorrow. It was the misfortune of being poor!

In the language of the statutes of this state, made and provided for in such cases, these men had "no visible means of support."

We are told, and it is a fact, that the wheels of factories in our larger commercial centers no longer revolve. Lumber mills in our own midst are closed down. Turpentine farms have been largely curtailed. Railroads, owing to a lack of business, have discharged many of their employes. Thousands and thousands of men, suddenly and without notice, have been thrown out of employment, and yet with strong arms and stalwart frames and a willingness to work, as was shown before the panic, they are now arrested as criminals and sent to the chain gangs and turpentine farms to labor as slaves.

Isn't our very civilization a hollow mockery? Isn't our treatment of the unfortunate—those who are victims of untoward conditions—a travesty on justice? Isn't our statute dealing with these unfortunate people a very nightmare of ignorance and cupidity?

Every four years a lot of machine politicians visit us and tell us of their love of the "common people," of their devotion and love for the "poor man," and after being clothed with the insignia of high office hasten away to the seat of government and enact laws that make poverty a crime!

We do not profess to be a saint. We feel unworthy and unfit to pretend to follow in the footsteps of the "Man of Galilee," but we confess that sights like those we so frequently see chill us to our very marrow bones, and it seems to us are enough to make the heart of less sympathetic persons weep blood.

It seems to us that these things should arouse the thundering maledictions of the churches against them. They ought not to be tolerated in a Christian land, and yet when we enter these sacred edifices and hear the ambassadors of the "Man of Sorrows" preach on the little sins and frivolities of society, the great crime of bridge-whist and giving prizes at the innocent functions of our society women, we feel almost humiliated.

The last issue of the Tallahassee Sun gave an account of two printers, young men, members of the international typographical union, thrown suddenly out of employment, were seeking work and in doing so boarded a railroad train and tried to beat their way to the next town. They were put off the train by the conductor, which ought to have been punishment enough, but in addition to this they were tried before one of our magistrates, were declared malefactors and were sent to a turpentine camp near Lake City to serve out a sentence of thirty days. In a sworn statement these young men avow that during the entire time of their confinement their food for each meal was a piece of cornbread, half cooked, and a piece of salt pork. These, they swear, were their regular rations for every meal for a period of thirty-two days, which according to the men who run the convict camps are required to make a month.

They say they could obtain no clean clothing nor could they bathe during the period of their confinement. The sleeping quarters were equipped with filthy mattresses and blankets. Twenty-seven prisoners were crowded into one room, sleeping four and five on a bed, and the remainder on the floor. This continued for several days, the number finally being reduced to seventeen to occupy four beds. These young men make no complaint of punishment on themselves, but were witnesses of most brutal whippings. But why continue the sad story? It makes one's blood run cold.

This, be it remembered, is in a land nominally supposed to be free, in the twentieth century, almost within the shadow of churches and schools and universities, and near the sound of printing presses.

How long are these travesties on

our Christianity and civilization to continue?

Why don't the good men of the country arise in their majesty and might and declare that these things shall cease?

THE BAND AT EUSTIS

The Ocala Metropolitan Band went down to Eustis Friday afternoon to assist in the Washington birthday festivities in that little city, and are in ecstasies over the reception that was accorded them there.

Eustis is a very pretty village, skirting the shores of Lake Eustis, and nominally has a population of about 800, but during the winter season, owing to the extraordinary efforts of its progressive citizens, this number is increased to about 2000.

It has two very fine hotels, one especially commodious and attractive, and is run particularly for the accommodation of winter tourists. Both are crowded with visitors, and all the boarding houses are also crowded. This little city presents a scene of activity and gaiety.

Last Saturday, in commemoration of Washington's birthday, the citizens of Eustis had a regatta and school celebration. There were many boats of various descriptions in the line of procession and the Ocala band discoursed very stirring and patriotic music which made the celebration all the more delightful.

After the trip on the lake there were public exercises in the town hall. Eloquent speeches were delivered appropriate to the occasion.

Saturday night, the Ocala band gave a concert, which was very largely attended, and at the conclusion of this concert the master of ceremonies, speaking in behalf of the citizens of Eustis, said they were so pleased with the music that they had already entered into a mutual understanding that they would invite the Ocala band to Eustis next year, and they hoped on every recurring anniversary for many years to come.

The band played many beautiful selections and were very heartily applauded and encored.

Messrs Jake and Albert Gerig, in their famous "Grasshopper" song, made a pronounced hit, and were compelled to respond to several curtain calls.

The band boys returned home Sunday morning very highly elated over their enjoyable trip.

THE MARCH AMERICAN BOY

The humor of the picture on the front page of the March American Boy representing two grinning boys teasing a friendly but very smart looking dog, will appeal to all boys. The contents of this number cannot fail to interest every reader. The fine serials presently running in the magazine are each continued two or more chapters. Among the entertaining short stories are: On Georges' Banks; What the Trap Caught; The Great Gold Cup, and Chico, Tito and Pepito, a pet animal story. There are also a large number of pleasing and instructive articles. The boys will also be greatly interested in How to Train the Hearing; some Every-Day Poisons; The Boy on His Muscle; Forty Stunts in Magic for Amateurs, and Trapping Hints for Boys. \$1.00 a year. The Sprague Publishing Company, Detroit, Mich.

A MARRIAGE IN THE JUDGE'S OFFICE

Mr. Jean Farmer of Tampa, and Miss Mattie Sparkman of this city were quietly married late Monday afternoon in the county judge's office. Mr. E. T. Williams, notary public, and Judge Bell's assistant, performed the marriage ceremony very gracefully.

Mr. and Mrs. Farmer, who are a splendid young couple, left on the midnight train for Tampa, where they will make their home.

The beautiful home of Col. and Mrs. W. N. Camp on Camp Heights, is progressing rapidly. It is to be a very large and elegant home and will be a very handsome place when completed, which it is hoped will be some time early in June. The new residence of Mr. W. P. Edwards, which is across the street from the new Camp home, fronting on Summerfield avenue, is also growing apace and will add another to the beautiful group of residences in that neighborhood.

Sheriff Gordon and Deputy Sheriff Hutson succeeded in arresting at Martin Monday night Luke Burton, alias Chas. Williams, who is wanted in St. Johns county for murder. He is now in jail here awaiting the coming of the sheriff of St. Johns county, who will take the prisoner to St. Augustine for trial.

Rumors are afloat that Colonel Robert F. Rogers of Lynne and Hon. Henry W. Long of Martel, will become candidates for judge of the county court, and that Hon. E. C. McLeod of Kendrick has his ambition turned in the direction of the legislature, and will become a candidate for member of that body from Marion county.

12 BIG SPECIALS 12
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| 200 Ladies Waists figured Madras, Lawns, Satteens, Percales and Flanneletts, worth up to \$1.00 at 39c |
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| 25 Doz. Ladies rib'd Vests and Pants medium weight at 19c |
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| About 50 Boys Suits In fancy Stripes and Plaids sizes 7 to 11 only worth \$3.00 at Dont miss it \$1.49 |
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| 50 Fine Lace Curtains 2 1-2 yards long worth 75c Saturday and Monday at 49c |
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| 10-4 Sheeting unbleached, cheap at 30c, during Saturday and Monday at 19c |
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| 100 Large size hemmed Huck Towels worth 20c at 10c |
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SATURDAY AND MONDAY ONLY

UNUSUAL NOISES

They are the unusual noises that are disturbing. A person may sleep on board of a steamship with the constant rocking and creaking of the ship, the thumping of the engines and even the howling of the winds, but he will be disturbed by the nibbling of a rat, the rustling of a paper, the banging of a window blind or the slamming of a door, because these are unusual noises.

The people living in the second ward in this city, near the Atlantic Coast Line railway, are disturbed nearly every morning by a low continued whistle, caused by the escaping steam from a locomotive engine, or the engine of the planing mill.

A great many people are compelled to work at night; they are forced to go to bed late, and ought to be permitted to enjoy their sleep in the early morning hours.

There is no necessity for this noise and we call the attention of the night policemen to it, and trust that they will investigate it and have it stopped.

A PRIEST MURDERED

While administering the sacrament at early mass in a Denver church, Father Leo Heinrichs was shot through the heart and instantly killed by Allo Giuseppe, an Italian anarchist, who had knelt at the altar and received the consecrated water so he could assassinate the priest, Giuseppe, who was arrested and narrowly escaped being lynched, said he had a grudge against all priests. It is the first time a priest has been murdered at the altar in hundreds of years.

We are under obligations to Mr. L. S. Beck of Fellowship, our popular registration officer, for a very splendid head of cabbage. It is as large and fine a cabbage as we have ever seen and it is very much appreciated by the editor.

People are flocking to Florida in

great numbers. They are flocking to the east coast. They are flocking to the west coast. The band boys say that at one of the principal hotels in the little town of Eustis there is a seating capacity in the dining room for one hundred and fifty, and every seat was occupied when they were there. And so it would be in every town in the interior if we were up and doing and made the proper effort to get them here. We have divine writ in saying that the Lord helps those who help themselves. We have in the interior high hills, good roads, dense woodlands, beautiful springs, pretty streams, immense lakes—perfect inland seas; good hunting grounds for big and little game; fine fishing, and it would be an easy matter to at least turn some of the tide of travel in this direction. But we can't do it by sucking our thumbs and making wry faces at those places more energetic and successful than ourselves. We must go to work and do something. We must let the world know that we are here and are anxious to be discovered. And if we direct these people to the interior and give them something for their money, and convince them that they can be well entertained, we'll get them. But we must do something ourselves. We must get a move on us. We can't expect the persimmons to fall into our laps whether the tree has been shaken or not. With Orange Lake, with its orange groves; Silver Springs, with its magic beauty; Lake Weir, more charming than Lake Como, we ought to have with us more than a thousand visitors, not for a day or a week, but for all the time. Ocala needs a thorough shaking up. Its people ought to get to work. They need a move on them.

Miss Amanda Harris of Louisville, Ky., has arrived in Ocala and will spend several months here. She has accepted a position with Miss Minnie A. Bostick as her trimmer.

The Confederate veterans through-

out Florida will regret to hear of the death of Major J. A. Enslow, which occurred at his home in St. Augustine on Tuesday, February 25. He was 63 years of age, and was conspicuous at every meeting of the Confederate Veterans in their annual state encampments. Mr. Enslow was widely known to the business interests of the state as he represented the National Biscuit Company continuously for thirty years. He had been identified with the growth of St. Augustine for the past thirty-five years and was held in high esteem. He enlisted in a Charleston company at the outbreak of the civil war and served to the end of the struggle, enlisting as a private and was mustered out a major. Until a few months before his death he was extremely active and was most youthful looking for his years.

Senator W. J. Bryan of Florida is reported quite ill with typhoid fever at the Providence Hospital in Washington, where he was taken Tuesday afternoon. He spent a very comfortable night Tuesday.

Editor Henry Watterson, the Sir Rupert of the press of the United States, is still at Naples and is writing signed editorials to the Courier-Journal, which are attracting universal attention throughout the country.

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