

# BACK FROM FLORIDA

Mr. Arp Goes From Bartow to the Land of Flowers

AND THEN HE RETURNS HOME

Changes That Latitude Makes on Vegetation Are Observed by the Philosopher.

I had a pleasant call to Florida, and have just returned. The railroads make it so easy for you now that even a veteran can travel if he has the money. I left home one morning after early breakfast, and was in Jacksonville that night to supper with my boy and his family, 415 miles in thirteen hours, and traveled over parts of four roads. It was a daylight trip and I had opportunity to notice the changes that latitude makes in vegetation. This new route to Florida is a star line from Atlanta and the west. It includes the Nashville, Chattanooga and St. Louis, the Western and Atlantic, the Central to Macon, the Georgia and Florida Southern to Valdosta and the Atlantic, Valdosta and Western to Jacksonville, the prettiest, cleanest and best regulated city in the south. All of them first-class roads, with parlor cars and dining cars and sleepers that run all the way through. They don't even tarry at Jacksonville, but keep on and on to the jumping off place, if you wish to go there. That new road between Jacksonville and Valdosta has made this speed and comfort possible, for it has done away with the elbows at Tifton and Waycross. The great Plant system has no elbows after you get on it, but it is a long way from Atlanta and the west. The new road was just what our people wanted. It is first-class in all respects, and makes its 110 miles in less than three hours. I like these straight Florida railroads; they don't reel you about like our roads among the mountains, and they just glide along like a snake in the grass. These mountain roads swing an old man around the curves and strain his groin and loins and diaphragm and epigram and make him sore and stiff for two or three days after he gets home. I can hardly navigate now, and yet my wife wants me to plant some lettuce and beans and okra and work among the roses right away. Besides all this, the cook has quit, and I have got to get up by sunrise and fire up the stove and put on the coffee and hominy and then call her to get up and cook the rest of the breakfast. I used to make the biscuits, but I have struck on that; I don't believe that a man's rough old horny hands were intended to mix up flour and milk and lard in biscuit dough. My old friend Judge Hillyer and Judge Underwood were once walking along a side street in New York and as they passed a bakery they saw the bakers through the blinds, and they were treating dough in the troughs with their feet. Judge Hillyer said: "Do you reckon their feet are clean?" "Well, yes," said Underwood. "I reckon they are by this time; they have been treading a good while." But I don't care a cent about the cook quitting. I believe in self-maintenance—I believe that every household should be raised to do their own work when it is necessary—and I am proud to say that my wife and my children have never begged a cook to stay against her will. Honors are easy to be got and rest is the man's lot. The fact is, it suits me pretty well, for the cooking is better and the things are cleaner and it saves money—we get along on less victuals and can dine out with our children every day or two. We can use bakers' bread and make toast and bake Irish potatoes and fry eggs and get along fine without a cook.

But I was thinking about Florida—fair Florida that Ponce de Leon found fifty years before the Pilgrims found Plymouth or John Smith found Jamestown. Fair Florida—the Eldorado of this continent. It has been hidden for all these years, but has been found. I never saw the like of northern tourists, the hotels at Jacksonville are overrun, it takes several columns in their papers to give their names. These tourists are all rich, and spend their money freely. The men are fairly good-looking, but the women look tired and prematurely old. Northern women will not compare with southern women for beauty and refinement of manners. I have known this for fifty years. They have to work too hard; poor things. I am sorry for them. They have got nothing but money. I walked round the St. James and Windsor and never saw a beautiful woman; they are masculine and coarse, and not an angel among them. New England or New York or any of those cold, icy states won't produce fairies or sylphs or angelic creatures. You have to come as far south as Philadelphia and Baltimore to find a beautiful woman, and they are scarce even there. You don't find them in plenty until you get down to Charleston and Savannah. Down here where I live they are nearly all good-looking and graceful and, as David Harum said, are coupled well and stand up square on their pasture joints and step like a deer. This is their good fortune, not only from heredity and climate, but because our men are more chivalrous to their wives and daughters and do not work them so hard. A recent number of a New York paper says our long-haired philanthropists are fearfully in earnest about the southern negroes, but you never hear of them regulating the toil of a

woman clerk in a retail store. She rises at 5 o'clock, every morning, cooks her own breakfast and spends a nickel for car fare; she attends to all receipts and shipments, she keeps the books and balance the cash; she is not allowed one second for luncheon, and never eats in the middle of the day. She does not go home till after 7 and on Saturday nights till after 12 o'clock. Her salary is \$7 a week. She is bright and interesting, and of good family. For her \$7 a week she labors never less than ninety and often one hundred hours, and this is about 8 cents an hour. There is no hope for this girl except in matrimony, and the right man will not find her.

And yet these northern philanthropists will skip over them all and, like Ogden and Co., make a tour down south to see how the negro is getting on—the best contemplated race upon the earth. From Jacksonville I dropped down to High Springs, where the good ladies of the New Century Club were calling me. I had a delightful time—an ovation of young maids and matrons and old veterans whose gray hairs and care-worn faces reminded me of the passing years and the passing of the old soldiers of the confederacy. These veterans will soon all be gone, for—

"Time cuts down all,  
Both great and small,  
Except a pensioned soldier;  
They do not die,  
But multiply  
As fast as they grow older."

We have but 70,000 left now, all told; but they have nearly a million up north on the pension rolls.

High Springs is on a boom of improvement. The Plant system has its largest hospital there, and its most extensive shops except those in Savannah. Everybody is busy and everybody seems contented and happy. I was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Gracy, whose beautiful home and lovely little children made me feel at home. Whenever I find little children I have no fear, and I do as I please, and eat with my knife and drink coffee out of my saucer if I want to. The good-looking mayor was selected to introduce me to the audience, but not being used to such performances, forgot his little speech, and began with "Now I lay me down to sleep," and so they had to get the preacher to take his place. I shall not soon forget the kindness of those good people of High Springs, and especially the cordial greeting I received from the twenty-five ladies of the New Century Club. The scriptures tell us that the time will come when seven women shall lay hold of one man, but I was captured by three times seven and maintained myself well considering my antiquity.—Bill Arp, in Atlanta Constitution.

## RAMS' HORN BLASTS

There is always a tree for every Zacheus.

Unless He is Supreme He is not the Saviour.

The run away tongue rises the dust of scandal.

He who is seeking comfort cannot win the conflict.

Often he who most fears life is least afraid of death.

The law and the Gospel are harmonized in the law of love.

When a church becomes a playhouse its steeple will not save it.

When a man turns the light on others he must not expect to stay in the shade himself.

We need to fear lest knowing much of the life of Christ we know nothing of the living Christ.

If men were as anxious to do right as they are to get their rights the world would be righted.

Benevolence is better than benevolence.

Ease ensues only from earnest endeavor.

## Vegetarian Devotees.

Vegetarianism is not yet dead; far from it. For some time now it has taken a new and prodigious vitality, especially in the United States, where, nearly every week, we find its clubs restaurants springing up and flourishing in a wonderful manner. More than this, we learn that, under the superintendence of the Rev. James Newlin, of Ohio, two thousand vegetarians have embarked at San Francisco for the Island of Tagula, with the intention of establishing a colony and of making converts. Tagula is isolated in the middle of the Dutch Archipelago—in the Pacific—about 2,000 miles northeast of Australia. Its 250 inhabitants are for the most part given to cannibalism. Perhaps these meat-loving people will in time become bigoted vegetarians.

Out of the 2,000 referred to above, 700 are Germans, 400 Russians, 350 Portuguese, and the rest English and Americans. The Rev. James Newlin, before starting, wrote to the Emperor of Germany, the Emperor of Russia, the King of Portugal, President McKinley, and last, but not least, the Prince of Wales, asking for their sympathy and support in the novel undertaking. In every case, as might be expected, replies have been received; but they are not entirely encouraging, however.—Mainly About People.

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These disagreeable and dangerous diseases may be relieved immediately by the timely use of Hicks' Capudine Headache Cure. 15c, 25c and 50c at all drug stores. If your druggist does not keep it send 6c for postage on trial bottle.—HICKS CHEMICAL Co., Raleigh, N. C.

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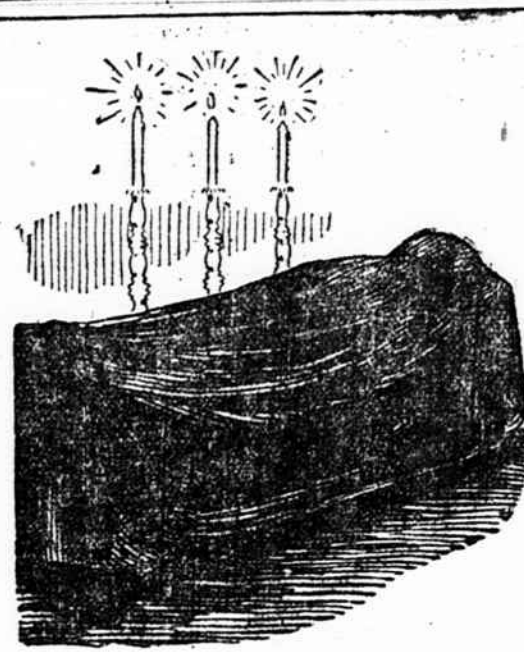
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# DEATH

begins in the bowels. It's the unclean places that breed infectious epidemics, and it's the unclean body—unclean inside—that "catches" the disease. A person whose stomach and bowels are kept clean and whose liver is lively, and blood pure, is safe against yellow fever, or any other of the dreadful diseases that desolate our beautiful land. Some of the cleanest people outside are filthiest inside, and they are the ones who not only "catch" the infections, but endanger the lives

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