

Bloomington known as 'hobo capital' in 1914

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morning."

The *Star* cited a recent example of Bloomington's hospitality. The scenario had an element of humor in it.

The previous Thursday five hobos had walked into the police station at the same time. Of the potential "guests" one was an umbrella mender from Seymour. Two were from Rhode Island, one acting as spokesman.

Quoted the *Star*,

"'Could you give us a place to stay tonight?' he said to (officer) Hensley.

'Where did yu come from,' growled Hensley.

'I'm from Providence, R.I., sir,'

'Are you?'

'No, R.I., sir.'

'Lock 'em up,' was Hensley's quick order."

Grumbled the *Star*, "Aside from doing odd jobs around the jail, the tramps get off without paying anything for their lodging at the 'Jones Hotel,' and it seems that the oft-

promised city rock pile where such vagrants can be put to work 'making little ones out of big ones' is the only solution to the problem, and the only way to have the cross mark on the gates of Bloomington replaced by the sign, 'N.G.' "

Not all of the "visitors" to Bloomington fared as well as the persons who turned themselves into the jail. One unintentional guest of the county was a self-styled preacher from Indianapolis.

According to the *Star*, he had been speaking from a "soap box" on the square and tangled with

Hensley, whom he rashly called an "old red-nosed devil." Furthermore, the preacher, whose name was John W. Pearson, blamed city officials for recent suicides and murders, claiming they were caused by unenforced liquor laws.

Added the newspaper, "In Justice of the Peace Morgan's court, Friday afternoon, Pearson plead his own case, but after he stated that he would continue his street meetings if turned loose, Morgan fined him \$5 and costs. He will serve 17 days in the county jail."