

GRAND ARMY of the UNWASHED IN SESSION.

By WILLARD H. GARRISON.
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WINNER OF THE LONG DISTANCE SLEEPING CONTEST.

THE PERMANENT CHAIRMAN

THE CONVENTION IN SESSION



PIE-CAPPING CONTEST



THE DIRECTORATE WAS MUCH IN EVIDENCE

"A N' DE shack wanted yez tuh heave elinkers, he did. huh? Well, I s'pose yez tote where 'eh he got off, didn't yez?"

"Naw, not fer dese weary meat hooks. I piles me carcus off de blind at dis hole in de woods an', wedder permittin', me and de boes from de Ollie Magoo belt'll roost here 'til de snow flickers." "So, how's de brakies down dat way? De last time me an' de Honyak wuz dere, de connie elevated us from de inside of a empty inter a cactus garden, four hundred and eighty-wan miles from grub. We walks de ties fer tree weeks. Den we hits Alberquerque an' I near had tuh beat a carpet tuh git grub. De ole furral would uv had me wokkin' only she grubs me goot, befor she brings out de work tools. Den I digs."

"Dere's nuttin' like dat, dere, dese days. Dey leaves de pies an' eats out in de open an' de bo wot can't freeze to wan meal an hour don't git no soft woids from dis lulu."

"That animated, brilliant and engrossing repertoire was only one of several thousand of the same variety, which comprised hobo reminiscences told by members of the great army of the unwashed which assembled in convention not many months ago at Clifford, Ill., for the National Hobo reunion."

It was decidedly appropriate that Handout Hank should corral the laurels in the handout roping contest. The pies, which proved the articles of war and also the prizes, were placed on a ledge on the outside of a house loaned for the purpose.

Hank, instead of struggling with his fellows on the outside, stole a pitchfork, went inside the house and speared the pies, one by one, from the second story window. Then to rub in the defeat inflicted upon the rest of the convention, he sat on the sill of the open window and slowly munched the pastry delicacies, to the discomfiture of several hundred upturned hungry faces.

Several weeks before the session was called to order Slothful Sam appeared as an advance guard of the army of the unwashed and prepared a set of rules, which were turned over to the meeting, but were turned down by unanimous vote, the members fearing they might inflict punishment upon themselves by voting for the proposed regulations.

Following were Sam's proposals:

That one month's growth of beard be made the maximum.

That special refrigerator cars be provided for tanks.

That questionable touring anecdotes be punished according to the veracity of the tales.

That any member guilty of work be made to toil and wash daily.

That hoboos found guilty of aiding in perpetuating the ancient tin can joke be shunned by their fellows.

That members apprehended with soap upon their persons be given capital punishment.

That rewards of merit be devised for those who promised to work, secured a meal upon that basis, and then deserted.

That a system of chalk signals be arranged to designate homes where the lady of the house is generous.

That the war on savage dogs be carried on with the extermination of all canines in view.

That brakemen be made honorary members of the order.

That those brakemen who have distinguished themselves in the aid of members be awarded rewards of merit.

That thorough tests, mental and physical, be provided for taking in new members.

That beer be made the official drink of the order.

That water be shunned with customary regularity.

of hoboos took place on the third day of the convention and it was watched by hundreds of townspeople. The hobo association of a near-by district gave an excursion, and a feast, after which the members disbanded to their regular territories, most of them going into winter quarters.

The reader will wonder where the wayfarers slept while they were engaged in carrying out their convention plans. Others wondered, too, but one early-rising farmer near Clifford determined for himself when he found the committee upon the extermination of water snoring in the key of A in a manger early one morning. Others took to reclining benches in the parks, some utilized fence corners, while the more listless, of the order satisfied themselves with such luxuries of sleep as were furnished underneath front porches.

All in all, it must be said that the convention was a great success, more enthusiasm attending the meeting than ever before. There was more grub, less allusion to soap and water and lots of sleep for the tourists.

Small tramps, fat tramps, tall tramps, short tramps, red-headed ones, blondes, colored tramps, low-down tramps, tramps with high personal regard for their vocations, and others who were sneaky and might be caught working, were it not for the watchfulness of their brothers, all assembled in solemn convale to worship their goddess, Rest.

These sons of rest—but they were not all sons, there were several daughters of rest—all paid their respects to the cause for which they are fighting in their own tactless way. They, for the nineteenth time, swore loyalty to the association's motto: "Work, washing and worry are weapons of the devil and he who would knowingly or intentionally invite the descent of his platonic majesty in that manner, he it is who is no true Son of Rest."

Slothful Sam, President Weary Willie, Ragged Rufus, Tattered Tom, Reeking Reinald, Dinky Dan, the best dressed "ho" in the association, Handout Hank, Pieface Peter, Loping Lonie, Walking Walter, Frayed Francis, Mirthful Mike, Tin-Can Teddy, and all the rest of the influential brethren of the Fraternal Order of the Unwashed, were there.

The attendance was as large as usual. There were some missing, of course. Roll call revealed the fact that Secretary Sighing Sinkers was unavoidably detained by friends among the authorities at the Desplained street police station in Chicago. He was booked as a "vag," stuck to the unwashed chagrin of President Weary Willie, who in the course of his opening address remarked that it was "De woiest coise dat wuz ever put fort" on dis susietie, tuh 'tink dat one uv de most necessary poisons of de order should be compelled tuh miss dis intelligen' meetin'."

All the old officers of the association were re-elected, the minutes of the meeting being inscribed upon the brain of President Weary Willie until Secretary Sinkers should be released from his sojourn in Chicago. The members of the association, the most easily satisfied crowd on earth, then adjourned. This action consisted of the chief executive dropping into a sound sleep. Others did the same.

The following day the annual games of the organization were given. There were several innovations, hitherto not introduced. The long distance snoozing contest drew out several hundred entries and it required three days before the judges were able to render a decision. Wakeful Waffles was returned victor eventually, but up to the time of writing he was still snoozing noisily, utterly ignorant of the honor which his happy faculty had thrust upon him.

The handsomest hobo contest was captured by Dinky Dan, who in a little address to the slumbering contestants in the long-distance sleeping contest, declared that in the absence of any prize, the honor alone gave him plenty of satisfaction.

THE WARPED SENSE OF HUMOR.

It is a big thing to be born with a sense of humor. It will force smooth sailing on life's roughest seas, and will make even drudgery bearable.

The woman who cannot see a joke, even at her own expense, is to be pitied—and so are her fun-loving friends. There is nothing harder on both sides than a humorism that falls flat.

The good people who are interested in the decrease of divorce should have a law passed that the serious minded and the joker may not wed. It means ructions ere the orange blossoms fade.

A man not long ago was bewailing a broken engagement. A friend who knew them both said: "It is the Lord taking a hand to save you from a lifetime of misery. Georgia couldn't see fun if it were labeled JOKE, and you couldn't help joking though it meant a separation from those you loved best."

But it is one thing to have a sense of humor and another to have a warped sense of humor. There is no one more maddening than the person who roars at our mishaps and thinks it "so funny" to mortify his friends.

You can afford to laugh—if you feel like it—when you fall in a crowded ballroom or lose your false puffs in church; but you have no friendship so tender that will warrant a smile when a friend does the same.

It is the woman with the misplaced sense of humor who tells embarrassing anecdotes about family makeshifts, or who repeats as a good joke to a common friend something you have said about her but never intended her to hear.

One of these misplaced humorists is the husband who thinks it funny to ask a guest to have certain dishes, and when she accepts to tell her "We are just out of it."

Have you never been covered with embarrassment by having such a man ask you to say grace at his dinner table and shriek with laughter at your efforts to get out of it?

Then there are humorists who, when you tell a good story, think it "smart" to receive it with forced guffaws, and others who willfully refuse to laugh at the point.

Laugh all you can, but have a sense of fitness in your laughing. To joke over the bumps in your own life will do much to smooth them; to find humor in the mishaps of your friends is soon to find yourself friendless.

No matter how keen your sense of humor, use discretion in sharing a joke with a friend. Humor is like lightning. It rarely strikes twice in the same way.

The old conditions lasted till the civil war. Since then there has been a gradual scattering of the old families, and their places have been taken by immigrants and renters of another type. The old race will be largely extinct in another generation; but many a man now in middle life or beyond who has made his mark in Philadelphia or elsewhere in business or professional life, blesses the fate that gave him the physical and moral basis of such a boyhood.—Isaac Sharpless in the Atlantic.

HOW WORLD IS TO END.

Scientific Forecast as Made by a Learned Professor.

A scientific forecast of how the end of the world might come has been given by Prof. Ellard Core. His theory is that final cataclysm may possibly be the result of a collision between the sun and some dark dead, derelict planet. Although astronomers have no actual proof that such dead suns exist, without life or light, and careering about in space, they believe it quite possible. The result of a collision between the sun and a dark planet would be that the former's light and heat would be enormously increased and the earth instantly destroyed by combustion. Prof. Core tells how we should be warned of our approaching doom. "When about 150,000,000 miles from the sun the dark body would begin to shine by reflected

THE QUAKER BOY.

For truly the Pennsylvania Quaker farm and homestead was a great place for a boy to grow into a man.

NOT JUST WHAT HE EXPECTED.

As the brisk philanthropist thrust her fare into the cab driver's hand she saw that he was wet and apparently cold after the half-hour of pouring rain. "Do you ever take anything when you get soaked through?" she asked.

"Yes, ma'am," said the cabman, with humility, "I generally do."

"Wait here in the vestibule," commanded the philanthropist. She inserted her house key in the lock, opened the door and vanished, to reappear a moment later.

"Here," she said, putting a small envelope in the man's outstretched hand. "These are two-grain quinine pills, you take two of them now and two more in half an hour."—Youth's Companion.

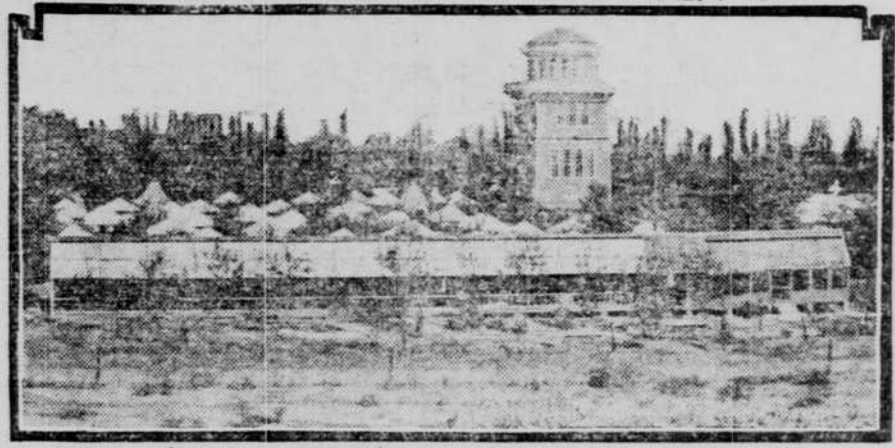
"Johnny, is your father an optimist or a pessimist?"

"He ain't neither one. He's a machinist."—Chicago Record-Herald.

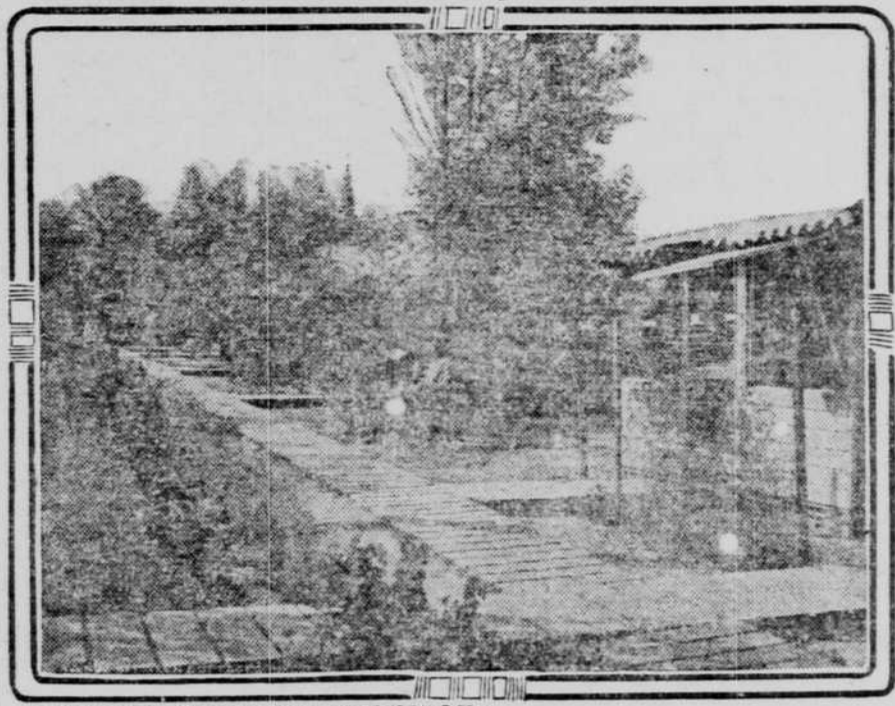
HEALTH FARM FOR MEN WHO NEED IT

DENVER Y.M.C.A. HAS ONLY INSTITUTION OF THE KIND IN THE WORLD

500 CONSUMPTIVES RESTORED IN 5 YEARS



1 PAVILION (NEARLY COMPLETED) 2 HORSE AND COW BARN, 3 WATERTOWER, OBSERVATORY AND SUN PARLOR, 4 ASSEMBLY TENT.



AVENUE BETWEEN COTTAGES.

To the sacrifice made by a kind-hearted Colorado farmer and his wife five years ago more than 500 men from 40 states of the union and seven foreign countries owe their lives, as evidenced by the latest annual report of the Denver Young Men's Christian Association health farm. The only institution of its kind in the world, this farm, which was the home of David Brothers and his wife, and was donated by them as a haven for the consumptives who were coming to Denver hopeful but surely to be stranded had proved the success it deserves to be; therefore the association representatives who have undertaken to raise \$50,000 for enlargement of its facilities anticipate hearty response—they are assured at least that 500 physically-regenerated, newly-hopeful men will gratefully come to their assistance to whatever extent possible and boost with all the power of their re-created lungs.

It was long after the establishing of the health farm that it becomes recognized as an important department of the Young Men's Christian Association of North America, and the eastern associations began showing their interest in the practical workings of the farm by sending members in need of outdoor life and systematic living to it, and by assisting the project financially. So far, more than \$50,000 has been contributed in cash to the maintenance of the farm.

In 1903, W. M. Danner, then general secretary of the Denver Young Men's Christian Association, presented the great need of the association to its friends and the public. It was then that Mr. and Mrs. David Brothers responded by giving to the association their 34-acre farm, on which they had lived many years, and the only condition of the donation was that it would always be used as a health farm for young men of the Young Men's Christian Association needing open-air treatment. The kindly act of the rancher and his wife stirred others. Dr. E. P. George, reading a paragraph commending the idea, promptly subscribed \$5,000. Other donations amounting to \$4,000 enabled the association to start the project formally in May, 1903, and the health farm has been maintained ever since as a department of the Denver Young Men's Christian Association.

The great white plague was as kind to the earnest workers after the health farm had become an established fact as it had been harassing to them before, it seemed, for it sent them a brilliant man as resident physician, himself seeking relief from the disease. This physician was Dr. John Wethered, who came to the Colorado Y. M. C. A. health farm after having recovered from tuberculosis. He found a greater work than in the east, and his interest in it and his love for the boys who were making the struggle he had made, kept him with the colony and in charge of it as medical supervisor until very recently, and under his ministrations it has succeeded beyond all expectations, or as one might expect a project to do when an earnest man gives of his energy and thinks nothing of self-sacrifice, but finds contentment in living solely for his fellow men as Dr. Wethered has done. Since Dr. Wethered's leave-taking Dr. H. S. Canby has been in charge and doing excellent work for the patients at the health farm.

The health farm is divided into a sanatorium occupying about six acres, and the farm proper consisting of ten acres in apple orchard, ten acres in

PUTTING IT UP TO BILLIE.

Logical Reason Why He Should Be the One to Ask Favor.

The wagons of the "greatest show on earth" passed on the avenue at daybreak. Their incessant rattle soon awakened ten-year-old Billie and his five-year-old brother, Robert. Their mother feigned sleep as the two white-robed figures crept past her bed into the hall, on the way to investigate. Robert struggled manfully with the unaccustomed task of putting on his clothes. "Wait for me, Billie," his mother heard him beg. "You'll get ahead of me."

"Get mother to help you," counseled Billie, who was having troubles of his own.

Mother started to the rescue, and then paused as she heard the voice of her younger, guarded but anxious and insistent:

"You ask her, Billie. You've known her longer than I have."—Everybody's Magazine.

NOT THE RIGHT MAN.



The Rejected—And will nothing make you change your mind? She—M'yes, another man might.

GIRL WAS DELIRIOUS

With Fearful Eczema—Pain, Heat, and Tingling Were Excruciating—Cuticura Acted Like Magic.

"An eruption broke out on my daughter's chest. I took her to a doctor, and he pronounced it to be eczema of a very bad form. He treated her, but the disease spread to her back, and then the whole of her head was affected, and all her hair had to be cut off. The pain she suffered was excruciating, and with that and the heat and tingling her life was almost unbearable. Occasionally she was delirious and she did not have a proper hour's sleep for many nights. The second doctor we tried afforded her just as little relief as the first. Then I purchased Cuticura Soap, Ointment, and Pills, and before the Ointment was three-quarters finished every trace of the disease was gone. It really seemed like magic. Mrs. T. W. Hyde, Brentwood, Essex, England, Mar. 8, 1907."

RIVAL DIGNITIES.

An Englishman, fond of boasting of his ancestry, took a coin from his pocket and, pointing to the head engraved on it, said: "My great-great-grandfather was made a lord by the king whose picture you see on this shilling."

"What a coincidence!" said his Yankee companion, who at once produced another coin. "My great-great-grandfather was made an angel by the Indian whose picture you see on this cent."—Ladies' Home Journal.

A Common Regard.

"Just back from your vacation?"

"Yes."

"How was it?"

"Fine. I haven't but one regret."

"What's that?"

"I wish I had waited until next month to take it."

"Why?"

"So I would have it to take."

With a smooth Iron and Defiance Starch, you can launder your shirt-waist just as well at home as the steam laundry can; it will have the proper stiffness and finish, there will be less wear and tear of the goods, and it will be a positive pleasure to use a Starch that does not stick to the iron.

At some period in a man's life he firmly believes that all his friends have conspired to injure him.

Habitual Constipation

May be permanently overcome by proper personal efforts with the assistance of the one truly beneficial laxative remedy, Syrup of Figs and Elixir of Senna, which enables one to form regular habits daily so that assistance to nature may be gradually dispensed with when no longer needed as the best of remedies, when required, are to assist nature and not to supplant the natural functions, which must depend ultimately upon proper nourishment, proper efforts, and right living generally.

To get its beneficial effects, always buy the genuine

Syrup of Figs and Elixir of Senna manufactured by the CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO. ONLY SOLD BY ALL LEADING DRUGGISTS one size only, regular price 50¢ per Bottle

PISO'S

Throat and Lungs need just the protection against cold and disease that is obtained from PISO'S Cure. If you have a cough or cold, slight or serious, begin taking PISO'S Cure today and continue until you are well. Cure few coughs while it is fresh, where a few doses of PISO'S Cure may be all that you will need for best results. Pleasant to taste. Free from opiate and harmful ingredients. At all druggists, 25 cts.

CURE