

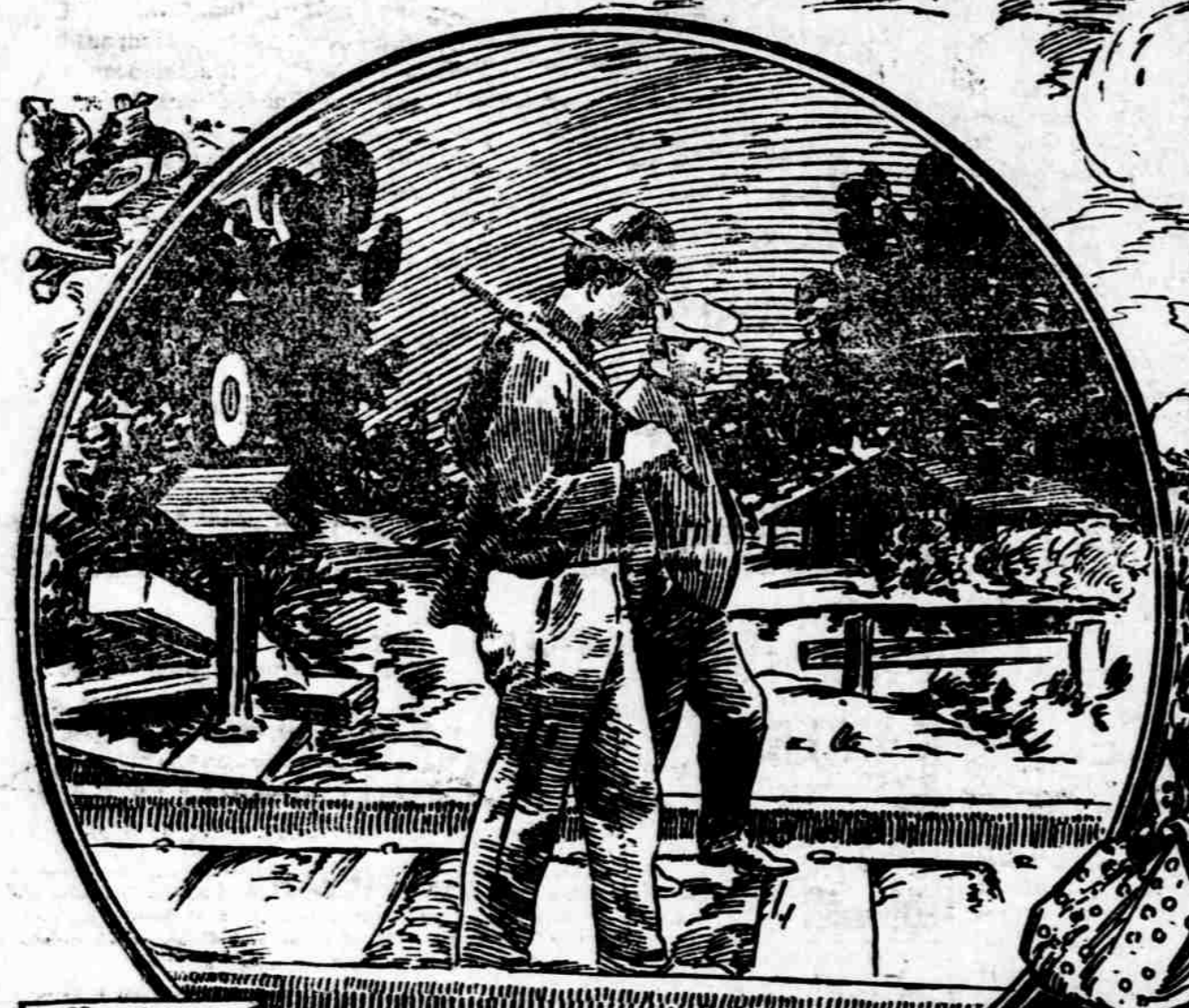
# AMERICA'S HOBO

**B**Y ONES and twos—a steady stream—the army of the American hobos, 100,000 strong, is drifting back to the countryside. It has already started; it will be warm weather before the last of this host has left the cities.

All summer long these men will be traveling "deadhead" throughout the United States, working here and there a few days, but always moving on to the far-away fields that looked green. They will help gather the berries, the hops, the hay and the harvest. They will wander as far west as the coast and as far south as the Gulf of Mexico.

All the men in this army are not "tramps," in the common acceptance of the word, for some are willing to work. Therefore the real

## ARMY BY DANIEL POWERS.



"HITTING THE GRIT"

tramps despise them and call them "gay cats." But from this great host of casual workers—the despair of sociologists—the tramps and the "egg-men" are kept full. Indeed, in this great aggregation of men that the city pushes forth each spring and receives back each autumn the tramps might be likened to the non-commissioned officers and the "eggmen" to the commanders of regiments and brigades. These "gay cats" are simply the private soldiers, but no matter by what name they are known to penologists, they all spring from the same soil: the slums of the great city or the factory town. Freight trains carry most of them about the country. Despite the attempts on the part of the various railroads to abate the tramp evil, it appears to be irremediable. As fast as it is subdued on one road it is sure to break out on another with increased force.

The "gay cat" is the lowest order of the peripatetic underworld. He is generally devitalized, incompetent and lacking in physical courage. Therefore he sneaks into the empty box car and makes his journey slowly, but in comparative comfort. The professional "hobo" and some of the "eggmen," on the other hand, scorn the freights and disdain to ride on anything but passenger trains, especially the air-conditioned limited flyers, so they can boast about it afterward and vaunt themselves around the campfires of their kind.

There are not a few "gay cats," however, who travel on passenger trains, and these are, curiously enough, those whose trade is setting the steel on big buildings or bridges, men of nerve and daring. These ride either "blind baggage" (between the front-door and the baggage car and the locomotive tender), or on the trucks of the wheels, under the cars themselves. Riding "blind baggage" is comparatively comfortable, but the riders are liable to have lamps of coal thrown at them by the firemen. "Holding down the rods," though, which is one of the slang terms for riding the trucks, is more dangerous and dirty, but less subject to interference on route. It is when the train takes a curve at high speed that the "gay cat" who is riding on the trucks goes on his fast and longest journey. Sleep or hunger or fatigue may loosen his grasp for a second, and he goes under the hurrying wheels. This manner of death is called "greasing the rails," which is quite graphic enough to warrant avoiding further description. Thousands of "gay cats" and others risk their lives blindly in this way every hour of the 24. This item in the butcher's bill of the railways is enormous.

There are some travelers tales that have been told so often by "gay cats" and by tramps that they have become tradition—almost classics of their kind. One is the story of a man now known as "Portland Shorty." He was a "gay cat" riding the trucks on a fast passenger train in the west some years ago. There was a bad wreck during the night and many were killed. "Shorty" covered with dirt and blood, and really very seriously hurt, finally succeeded in extricating himself from the wreck and crawled out. By that time it was daylight and the relief train with its surgeons had arrived. "Shorty" was a man of education and intelligence. Growing with pain which was not stimulated by the company surgeon and claim agent bend over him. "He'll be maimed for life if he lives. Better settle with him as well as you can," he heard the surgeon whisper to the claim agent. "Shorty" signed a waiver of damages in a matter of ten minutes and got \$3,000 in cash. He was taken to the company's hospital, cared for and cured. Strangely enough he kept his money.

Now he is running a large and gaudy saloon in Portland, Ore., and trying to forget that he ever rode the trucks on a fast train.

The men who ride thus on the passenger trains—if they do much of it—soon grow deaf in one ear or blind in one eye—sometimes totally deaf and sightless. This is caused by the terrific roar of the wheels against the rails and the continuous hurricane of dust and gravel. Many trampsto try to protect their heads and faces in some way, but it is impossible to avoid the danger of bursted ear drums or hopelessly damaged eyes. When a man crawls out from under a fast train after a 200-mile run he looks but little like a human being.

During the summer the "gay cat" works with such persistence as nature has given him. If he cannot find work he is not above begging or stealing in many cases. Long ago the farmers used to lodge and feed them in their own houses. Now they make them lodge in abandoned barns or in open air camps. At berry or hop-picking they are paid by the quantity gathered; in the harvest or hay fields they receive the minimum of a dollar a day and their food. In a camp of "gay cats" at night they gather around the fire and play cards for small stakes or tell stories. Sometimes a "gay cat's" money goes in gambling, but he is often despoiled by the professional "hobo," who takes his coin away from him by brute force. One brawny, able-bodied tramp, with or without a gun, will "stick up" and rob a group of several "gay cats" without much difficulty. The tramps' roots, too, by the way, is often held up and robbed in turn by the prowling "eggman" with a pistol of large caliber in his fist.

At any rate, the poor "gay cat" returns to the cities in the autumn as penniless as when he left it in the early summer. If by any chance he has any money left, it goes in the cheap saloons along the tough streets. During the winter he keeps soul and body together by washing dishes or acting as waiter in the cheap restaurants; by doing odd jobs, such as carrying signs and snow shoveling; by addressing envelopes—if he can write well enough—and by doing other such hopeless work. Then, too, there are the missions and pickings and stealings now and then when there is not too much risk of arrest.

A portion of the "gay cats" are dish washers in the cheap restaurants. They work from 15 to 18 hours a day for an average wage of three dollars a week and food and lodging. Their surroundings are very bad. Their feet are almost constantly wet with water heavily charged with washing soda that is used to cleanse the greasy dishes; and the air is as foul as can be imagined. The poor "gay cat" misnomer—devitalized by hereditary illness and dissipation, soon gets to the end of his moral tether. Of all the legitimate work there is, dishwashing in a cheap restaurant is the lowest. There is no depth beyond it, and the only sequence is the city hospital, the almshouse, the morgue and the potter's field.

Other less industrious "gay cats" spend the

winter in jail or in the workhouse. The workhouse is ill named; there is no work to be done there. Others "work the missions"—"go round the Hora," they call it. There are over two score missions of various denominations in



PLAYING CARDS IN A BOX CAR.

the city. No outcast above the rank of a "gay cat" would think of entering one. The "gay cat" can get his bed and two meals by simply applying, and if he pretends to be converted and gives "testimony" now and then, perhaps he can get meals and lodging for two or three weeks, with possibly an odd job occasionally. When the "gay cat" grows tired of one mission or has outstayed his welcome, he moves on to the next. There are enough of them to last him through the winter if he is discreet. The election is also a source of dishonest revenue to these by-products of an industrial age. Money, shoes and winter clothing circulate freely then, and the number of nomads is augmented.

The majority of this vast army of 100,000 or so are American born, but of foreign parents. The Irish and Germans head the list of these chronic wanderers. The first generation apparently was hard working and reasonably honest. The second seems to have a large sediment of the "gay cat" or "tramp" element in it. Why this is so never has been explained satisfactorily. Possibly it is because the fathers and mothers worked themselves nearly to death trying to bring up their children on a higher social level than they themselves ever had enjoyed. At any rate, the fact of degeneracy in the second generation remains.

In Massachusetts many misdemeanors, such as trespassing on railroad tracks, riding in box cars, tramping, begging and vagrancy in all their phases, are punishable by sending the offender to the East Bridgewater farm colony. Last year there were over 3,000 commitments to that institution. Vagrants are sent to East Bridgewater on indeterminate sentences, the maximum time being at present two years. Until recently the maximum term was three years, but the shorter term has been found to be sufficient. In the case of first offenders, release on probation is permitted at the end of nine months if conduct has been exemplary. It is estimated that but 19 per cent. of the men thus paroled relapse into vagrancy in the state of Massachusetts. Doubtless many of them do elsewhere, but more than half of them are regenerated, so that instead of being a charge upon the state they become an asset to the East Bridgewater farm colony is looked upon by penologists as an unqualified success.

So far as can be judged now, this is the only practical way of regenerating and revitalizing this large class of mental and physical incompetents. Life and work, under proper discipline, in the open air do more to make good citizens—or at least to transform parasites on society into producers—than anything else, so the penologists say,



From stereograph, copyright, by Underwood & Underwood, N. Y.

"Every day is a fresh beginning,  
Every day is the world made new."

## Madonna Lilies and Other Flowers That Are Sacred

In these sunny days life grows re-orient from the dust, a latent consciousness of wings stirs in the buried seed, and as if from very gladness of heart the sap in the naked tress mounts upward, ever upward, into the golden light. The tiny leaves, close clasped together in the bud, flutter timidly apart, to grow bravely green, and flaunt their color on the passing breeze. The maple tree in the yard now hears a voice out of the unseen, calling from the blue skies, bidding it come up higher, and gladly does it make answer in the green tassels and shining leaves, telling of new growth and broader horizon.

Out on the old arbor, the rough and scraggy grapevine is sending forth little gray tendrils, reaching farther toward heaven and away from the earth that hides its foothold. How blithely does nature echo forth her yearly message to every waiting heart—her message of resurrection, joyous activity, high-mountain aspiration! Her myriad voices cry through every sense, to touch and penetrate the spirit with gladness and good cheer. New readings from the Gospel of eternal hope are seen on every side, in the growth of plant, the unfolding of leaf, the blossoming of flower. The woods are full of these shy spring darlings—violets, dandelions, adder's tongues, spring beauties, bluebells and many a nameless wildling, all hurrying gaily to deck the earth and celebrate the Eastertide.

Certain flowers and plants have always been set apart as sacred things, and from the very dawn of history we hear of flower-decked altars and wreaths of sacrifice. The heathen temples were adorned with earth's fairest blossoms, scattered on the altars, and twined around the brow of priest and acolyte. The amaranth bloomed in deathless beauty upon the Olympian heights, the myrtle was beloved of Apollo, the rose, the lily, the mistletoe were favorites of legend and myth. The flowers once sacred to Freya, the spring goddess of northern mythology, were chosen for their spotless purity, in form and color. And when heathen myth gave place to Christian truth, these sacred treasures were transferred to the Virgin, and became symbols of the queen of heaven.

So it is that in every story of saint or madonna we find either the lily or the rose—the lily, with its fragrance, its bending, bow'ng, waving bells,

seems to whisper of purity and worship; the rose, with its faint and far away odor, which seems to hint of eternal hope. One might almost fill a garden with flowers all named for the Virgin Mary, generally because they chance to blossom on Our Lady's days (such as the visitation, the assumption, her birth, baptism, purification). There are lady's slipper, lady's mantle, lady's fingers, lady's smock, lady's tresses, Virgin's bower, or clematis, begins to bloom in July, the feast of visitation, and is at full bloom at assumption in August.

The lily was first found in connection with the Virgin in the story of her ascension to heaven, and it originated probably in the second century. According to this legend, it was three days after the burial of our Lord's mother that the apostles visited and opened her grave and found it filled with fragrant, spotless lilies. Since then these matchless flowers have been called "Madonna lilies," or "flowers of the Virgin." The common white lily of our gardens, that blooms in July, and is the sweetest and most graceful of all flowers, might well be called "holly." No one seems to know its origin. It is never found wild in Palestine, nor can we find just where it grows without culture. But we see it in the faded pictures of old Italian masters and Netherland painters, made long before the discovery of this New World.

Nearly all of our great poets have praised this flower. Chaucer and Spenser speak of it as a mystical blossom in their far-away gardens and lady's bowers. Shakespeare it was who first said: "To gild refined gold and paint the lily," and these lines from one of his sonnets tell a truth that can never be forgotten: "For sweetest things turn sourest by their deeds; Lilies that fester smell far worse than weeds."

Shelley has the lily in his wonderful garden along with his sensitive plant. Wordsworth often praises it. Burns mentions it frequently. Tennyson has lovely lily thoughts; but our own Longfellow draws the prettiest picture of maidenhood—

Bears a lily in thy hand—  
Gates of brass can not withstand  
One touch of that magic wand.

James Russell Lowell always comes near to the heart of things and left us more than one sweet lily poem and allusion, and our minor poets all tell their love for this perfect specimen of nature's handiwork.

"Our Sweet Will Shakespeare" was born in April, and it was of April's flowers that he sang most frequently and most sweetly.

### AN EASTER BONNET

Where lilies hid the Latin text,  
And amplex wreathed the altar,  
And every head was bravely bent  
O'er sacred palm and psalter,  
And all the font was pink and white  
With roses strewn upon it,  
He saw a little maid in gray  
Who wore an Easter bonnet.

He walked behind her from the church  
And viewed her girlish grace;  
And breathed the vague, delicious scent  
Of dainty bows and lace.  
A prayerbook was in her hand—  
She kept her glances on it,  
Till came a gust of frolic wind  
And whisked away her bonnet.



Her eyes were full of April tears,  
Her scarlet lips were smiling;  
The sunny curls about her brow  
Were made for man's beguiling.  
Her face was like a dewy rose—  
He paused to gaze upon it,  
And found that he had lost his heart,  
And she had lost her bonnet.

But now a spray of orange flowers  
Is wreathed about the Latin;  
The little maid is all in white—  
A dream of lace and satin.  
And, as he takes her slender hand,  
And slips the ring upon it,  
He murmurs softly in her ear—  
A blessing on the bonnet!

### THE CRACKING-OF PAINT.

Property Owners Can Save Money by Learning the Cause.

Do you know what is wrong when paint peels, or cracks, or otherwise necessitates premature re-painting? Well, sometimes it hasn't been properly applied—the surface being damp or there being too much turpentine or too much drier.

But, nine times out of ten, the trouble is caused by adulterated white lead.

To avoid all such trouble, every houseowner should know in a general way, when a surface is in proper condition to receive paint, what kind of primer and finishing coats different surfaces require, and how to avoid adulteration in materials.

A complete painting guide, including a book of color schemes, specifications for all kinds of painting work, and an instrument for detecting adulterations in painting materials, with directions for using it, can be had free by writing National Lead Company, 1902 Trinity Bldg., New York, and asking for Houseowner's Painting Outfit No. 49.

This company, the largest makers of pure white lead, invite tests, by means of the blowpipe (included in outfit), or in any other way, of the purity of the white lead sold under their famous "Dutch Boy Painter" trademark. That trademark on a keg of white lead is in itself an absolute guarantee of purity and quality.

### NOT A WEIGHT LIFTER.



"Is the baby strong?"  
"Well, rather. You know what a tremendous voice he has?"  
"Yes."  
"Well, he lifts that five or six times an hour!"

### CHILD ATE CUTICURA OINTMENT.

Spread Whole Box of it on Crackers—Not the Least Injury Resulted.

Cuticura Thus Proven Pure and Sweet.

A New York friend of Cuticura writes:

"My three year old son and heir, after being put to bed on a trip across the Atlantic, investigated the state-room and located a box of graham crackers and a box of Cuticura Ointment. When a search was made for the box, it was found empty and the kid admitted that he had eaten the contents of the entire box spread on the crackers. It cured him of a bad cold and I don't know what else."

No more conclusive evidence could be offered that every ingredient of Cuticura Ointment is absolutely pure, sweet and harmless. If it may be safely eaten by a young child, none but the most beneficial results can be expected to attend its application to even the tenderest skin of youngest infant. Potter Drug & Chem. Corp., Sole Proprietors, Boston.

### Tongue Twisters.

"Tongue twisters are the actor's bane," an actor said. "Lose your head on the stage, and you are bound to say 'Now Rababbas was a robber,' for 'Rababbas was a robber.'"

"On a first night I heard a tragedian refer to the Deity as 'a loving leopard,' when he meant 'a loving shepherd.'"

"You make me a boff and a sky-word!" I once shouted in a tank drama.

"My uncle, a divine, concluded an address on the suffrage before a woman's club with the terrible words: 'But I bore you; I will cease; I do not wish to address a lot of berry wenchies.' My poor uncle meant 'berry benches.'"

"I was a duke in a recent problem play, and when my servant asked me one night if I had any luggage, I replied: 'Only two rags and a bug.'"

### His Day of Reckoning.

As the stout man whose appetite had excited the envy of the other boarders turned to leave the parlor, he looked down at his waistcoat. "I declare, I've lost two buttons off my vest," he said, ruefully.

He was a new boarder, but his land lady saw no reason for further delay in showing her banner "Water-tightness and Economy for all." She gave him the benefit of the chill gaze so familiar to her older boarders.

"I think without doubt you will find them both in the dining room," she announced, clearly—Youth's Companion.

### SISTER'S TRICK

But It All Came Out Right.

How a sister played a trick that brought rosy health to a coffee fiend is an interesting tale:

"I was a coffee fiend—a trembling, nervous, physical wreck, yet clinging to the poison that stole away my strength. I moked at Postum and would have none of it.

"One day my sister substituted a cup of Postum piping hot for my morning cup of coffee but did not tell me what it was. I noticed the richness of it and remarked that the coffee tasted fine but my sister did not tell me I was drinking Postum for fear I might not take any more."

"She kept the secret and kept giving me Postum instead of coffee until I grew stronger, more tireless, got a better color in my sallow cheeks and a clearness to my eyes, then she told me of the health-giving, nerve-strengthening life-saver she had given me in place of my morning coffee. From that time I became a disciple of Postum and no words can do justice in telling the good this cereal drink did me. I will not try to tell it, for only after having used it can one be convinced of its merits."

Ten days' trial shows Postum's power to rebuild what coffee has destroyed. There's a Reason.

Look in pkgs. for the famous little book, "The Road to Wellville."

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

### KEEP YOUR CHILD FEARLESS

From the moment of the average child's first fall, when the mother cries out and picks him up with such manner and words that he screams with terror, the instilling of fear goes on. The average child begins by being care-free, but the average loving mother undermines that confidence with the most earnest industry. The forbidden fruit of the tree of knowledge is forced on the child until his

naturally erect, fearless mental carriage gradually becomes distorted, and he stoops and bows to the inevitable. So writes Clara Louise Burnham, in Appleton's.

To allow fear-ridden conversation to take place in the presence of children—talk concerning sickness or disaster, is another molding influence, robbing them of their gladness, teaching them of their resignation to inimical, irresist-

ible powers. Even though they show no evidence of it at the time it is sinking into the curious, eager thought and must bear fruit.

### A Very Odd Clock.

An extraordinary addition has been made to the exhibition of inventions now being held in Berlin. A shoe-maker named Wegner, living in Strasburg, has sent in a clock of the grand-father shape, nearly six feet high, made entirely of straw. The wheels, pointers, case and every detail are

exclusively of straw. Wegner has taken 15 years to construct this keeps perfect time, but under the most favorable circumstances cannot last longer than two years.

"Darling," said the American heiress, "it is not true, is it, that you want to marry me for my money?"  
"No, dearest," answered the duke de Rages et Patches, "but I don't hold it against you."—Baltimore American.