

GRAND ARMY of the UNWASHED IN SESSION.

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THE PERMANENT CHAIRMAN



THE CONVENTION IN SESSION



WINNER OF THE LONG DISTANCE SLEEPING CONTEST.



PIE-COPPING CONTEST



THE DIRECTOIRE WHO MUCH IN EVIDENCE

RESULT OF GOVERNMENT INVESTIGATION

Government Investigation Shows That Stock Foods Now on the Market Have Little Value.

The recent government investigations have shown that preparations now being sold to farmers and feeders as stock foods are almost valueless, and are sold at an enormous profit, thereby enriching themselves at the expense of the farmer. A good tonic and worm destroyer, as well as a stomach and bowel conditioner, that you can mix at home or have your druggist mix for you, and from good honest ingredients, will certainly prove a boon to farmers and feeders. You can get a splendid formula for a medicine of this kind, which is no experiment, together with a booklet on feeding and care of hogs, by sending your name and address, together with a Post Office order for fifty cents to cover cost of printing and mailing, to W. T. Cutler, 17 N. 3rd St., Lafayette, Ind.

DIDN'T WANT TO WASTE TIME.

Colored Fisherman Most Satisfied When the Bites Were Few.

Riding across the country one day, Dr. Blank noticed an old negro who had been for quite a while perched motionless upon a little bridge, fishing silently from the stream beneath. For some time he watched him from a distance, but finally, overcome by the old fellow's unmoved patience, he rode up and accosted him.

"Hello, Wash! What are you doing up there?"

"Fishin', sah," came the reply.

"Not getting many, are you?"

"No, sah."

"Well, it seems to me you'd get tired fishing so long without a bite."

"I doan't want no bite, cap'n."

"Well, that's funny. Why don't you want a bite, Wash?"

"Hit's this-a-way, cap'n: when I gits a lots o' bites, hit takes all meh time to git the fish off'n meh line, an' I doan't have no time foh fishin'!"—Success Magazine.



NOT THE RIGHT MAN.

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

Expressions of a Cynic.

Walter Pater, an old man at 50, bald as a coot and grotesquely plain, regarded every woman much as did Dean Swift, who wrote: "A very little wit is valued in a woman, as we are pleased with few words spoken intelligibly by a parrot." "You don't approve of marriage?" a friend once observed to Pater. "No," he replied, "nor would anybody else if he gave the matter proper consideration. Men and women are always pulling different ways. Women won't pull our way. They are so perverse."

An Ambitious Mother.

"Hubby," said the observant wife, "the janitor of these flats is a bachelor."

"What of it?"

"I really think he is becoming interested in our oldest daughter."

"There you go again with your pipe dreams! Last week it was a duke."—Everybody's Magazine.

WANTED TO KNOW

The Truth About Grape-Nuts Food.

It doesn't matter so much what you hear about a thing, it's what you know that counts. And correct knowledge is most likely to come from personal experience.

"About a year ago," writes a N. Y. man, "I was bothered by indigestion, especially during the forenoon. I tried several remedies without any permanent improvement.

"My breakfast usually consisted of oatmeal, steak or chops, bread, coffee and some fruit.

"Hearing so much about Grape-Nuts, I concluded to give it a trial and find out if all I had heard of it was true.

"So I began with Grape-Nuts and cream, 2 soft-boiled eggs, toast, a cup of Postum and some fruit. Before the end of the first week I was rid of the acidity of the stomach and felt much relieved.

"By the end of the second week all traces of indigestion had disappeared and I was in first rate health once more. Before beginning this course of diet, I never had any appetite for lunch, but now I can enjoy a hearty meal at noon time." "There's a Reason."

Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs.

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

PROPER WAY TO GLACE FRUIT.

Must Be Perfectly Dry and the Sirup Carefully Prepared.

Have the fruit perfectly dry. If oranges, separate carefully each carpel without breaking the skin; stand in a warm place till dry. Put one pound of granulated sugar in a porcelain lined kettle with a half cupful of water over the fire to boil; do not stir after the sugar is dissolved. After this has boiled ten minutes try the sirup by taking a small portion on the end of a spoon and dipping it into a cup of cold water and breaking it off quickly; if it is brittle without being at all sticky it is just right. The sirup must never be stirred or it will cause granulation. Take quickly from the fire, add a tablespoonful of lemon juice, stand in a basin of boiling water to keep from candying; with a sugar tongs or on the point of a skewer dip the fruit into the sirup, lay on a piece of buttered paper in a warm place to dry.

English walnuts and almonds are glazed in the same manner.

PASTE MADE FROM PEACHES.

Delicious for Sandwiches or Used as a Breakfast Dish.

In the south they make a sweet paste out of peaches that is quite palatable, says a writer in the Philadelphia Ledger.

A peck of ripe peaches are used, which are peeled and mashed. The pulp is then pressed through a coarse sieve. To four quarts of this pulp is allowed one pint of brown sugar.

It is mixed well, then cooked for about two minutes. It should be stirred all the time it is cooking. It is spread on plates and put out in the sun to dry. It should be left out for about three days, taken in at sundown, and put out early in the morning.

When it looks like leather and lifts up easily from the plate when a knife is put under it, it is done.

It is dusted with white sugar and put away for future use. It is delicious between thin slices of white bread for sandwiches, and is also eaten with hot rolls in the morning.

Stuffed Eggs.

Boil eggs ten minutes, remove shells, cut in halves. Put yolks into a bowl and mash with a fork until perfectly smooth. Add a small piece of butter for each egg and work until creamy, then add salt and white pepper to taste, a dash of Worcestershire sauce, a tumblerful of onion juice and a tablespoonful or two of cream. Last of all add some finely chopped parsley. Fill the whites, arrange the eggs in a nest of lettuce leaves, and when ready to serve cover with mayonnaise dressing made as follows:

Put the yolks of two eggs into a cold bowl; beat lightly, add a saltspoonful of salt, a teaspoonful of made mustard, a dash of cayenne pepper, and then add some olive oil, slowly, drop by drop, and thin with the juice of one lemon. Last of all fold in the whites of one egg beaten to a stiff froth. Two eggs will hold a pint of oil, provided a little vinegar is added now and then.

For Flatirons.

Who has not been vexed to the point of desperation by flatirons that are rough and stick to the starch? Try this, and ironing day will have no terrors. Take a heavy paper or piece of canvas or duck and sprinkle on it half a teaspoonful of powdered pumice stone, add to it a piece of clean lard the size of a hazelnut and rub the iron over this, wiping it off afterward with a soft cloth. This will remove rust from irons also.

Keeping Ham Moist.

When cutting a fresh ham, in place of cutting the rind off with every slice, run the knife under the rind as far back as you are going to cut it for the meal every time and lap the rind down over the ham, where you have left off cutting. It will always keep moist and will not mold if you do not use it again for several days. It also saves dulling the knife, as the rind is the hardest part to cut.

Beets in Sauce.

Cook half a dozen small beets in boiling water until the skins will slip off. Drop into cold water, rub off the skins, cut into slices, and these again into narrow strips. Pour on a sauce made from one-quarter cup of butter, half a level teaspoon of salt, a saltspoon or more of pepper, a level teaspoon each of sugar and vinegar, and a few drops of onion juice.

Breakfast Turncake.

Three cups of flour, three teaspoonfuls baking powder, one heaping teaspoonful of butter, one cup of milk. Roll out about an inch thick and spread on hot griddle. Cover with a basin and turn in ten minutes. Cover again and bake ten minutes more.

Keeping House Plants Healthy.

The leaves of house plants should be cleaned with equal parts of milk and lukewarm water, applied gently with a sponge. This should be done at least once a week to keep the plants in good health.

To Remove Carpet Stains.

Stains on carpet can often be removed by making a thick paste of fuller's earth to which a little ammonia has been added. Put on the paste thickly, let it stand 24 hours and brush off. Sometimes a second application is necessary.

Cold Meat Salad.

Chop cold boiled ham or any kind of meat, add a little chopped lettuce and little salad dressing. Mix all together, place on lettuce leaves and pour salad dressing over.

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

"Naw, not for dese weny meat hooks. I piles me carcuss off de bilnd at dis hole in de woods an', wedder permittia', me and de boes from de Ollie Magoo belt'll roost here 'til de snow flikers." "Soy, how's de brakies down dat way? De last time me an' de Honyak wuz dere, de connie elevated us from the 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 Albuquerque an' I near had tuh beat a carpet tuh git grub. De ole gurrul would uv had me wolk'n' only she grubs me foist, befoar she brings out de wolk tools. Den I digs."

"Dere's nuttin' like dat, dere, dese days. Dey leaves de pies an' eats out in de opun 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.

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 conclave 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, Keeking Reingald, Dinky Dan, the best dressed "ho" in the association; Handout Hank, Pieface Peter, Loping Louie, 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 Desplaines street police station in Chicago. He was booked as a "vag," much to the unwashed chagrin of President Weary Willie, who in the course of his opening address remarked that it was "De wolst coise dat wuz ever put fort' on dis susietie, tuh t'ink dat one uv de most necessary poisons of de order should be compulled tuh miss dis intellegen' 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 bappy faculty had thrust upon him.

The handsome 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.

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 huddled 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.

President Weary Willie pointed that these rules showed the deep thought of Slothful Sam. The president ruled that a man guilty of thinking should be watched, for he might work. So fearful lest there should be a joker concealed somewhere within the resolutions, the convention turned them down flat.

"Even wid dese t'ings aside," soliloquized Weary, "it needs wolk ter keep dem resolushuns on de members' min's an' wolk is de most hated uv de order's enemies."

So that ended Slothful Sam's great coup. He said he thought he had a great idea, but he had not figured that in nursing his plans he had infringed upon one of the most sacred traditions of his brothers.

Before members were allowed to enter the field in which the convention was held, a thorough inspection was made of the man's credentials. Bona fide proof of membership was necessary. Traces of prosperity about the hobo's person relegated him to the position of a rank outsider. Special arrangements were made with railroad companies for the transportation of such undesirables.

The meetings, as a rule, were held in Riverview park, Clifford, but occasionally committees met wherever there was standing room. A grand parade

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.

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 boasting 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.