

Queer Vocabulary Spoken by Hoboes

Punk Means a Boy Tramp or Loaf of Bread.

Baltimore, Md.—Most folks think sailors have the strangest vocabulary of their own, but sailors have nothing on the American hobo when it comes to quaint and curious lingo, writes Charles A. Scarpello in the Baltimore Sun. That is my final opinion after a few hobo trips of my own in which I drifted from port to port.

I was born in the city of Chicago, where I completed the seventh grade in grammar school before I ran away to sea at the age of thirteen. In my nine years of wanderings, beginning as mess boy and now as a quartermaster, I have sailed the Great Lakes and some of the tributaries of the great Mississippi and the well-known seven seas. I have been on the beach in Havana, Copenhagen and Stockholm. In between trips I have hit the trail through every state in the Union and Canada and Mexico. And the folks who think a tramp is just a tramp or a hobo ought to try the life for a while and see.

Among the tramps with whom I have traveled in the United States are bindle stiffs, pack stiffs, mission stiffs, jungle stiffs, gas hounds, mush fakers, jungle buzzards, panhandlers, bowery bums, highway bums, dock rats, beachcombers, rubber tramps and local characters.

The Bindle Stiff.

The bindle stiff is a bum found in southern and central California mostly. You can see them any day, rain or shine, either in the jungles or walking along the railroad tracks. He is either carrying his bed roll or bindle or is followed by a young boy whom he calls his punk and who carries it for him. Most bindle stiffs are too lazy to carry it themselves. The bindle consists of a piece of canvas, two blankets or quilts, a few pieces of clothing, soap and towel, shaving and sewing gear and cooking utensils. It is tied up and slung over the shoulder.

The pack stiff is somewhat like the bindle stiff and you find him mostly in and around Oregon, Washington, Idaho, and Montana; almost anywhere in the Pacific Northwest. He almost always carries his own pack. Lumberjacks carry a pack looking for work, but they are not to be classed as tramps like the pack stiff.

The mission stiff is seen mostly in the big cities where there are lots of missions, soup lines and bread lines and they can live without work. They get up in the mission prayer meetings and tell how religion has saved them, and tell about their wicked, sinful lives before they were saved. The wilder the story the better, because it arouses the sympathy of the worshippers therein. The mission always feeds them and gives them a place to sleep, and old clothes until they find a job. They never find it. When one mission wears out they tackle another. I even found several who made such

convincing speeches that they began to believe it themselves and became religious fanatics. All the others detest the mission stiff. When any other kind of a tramp or bum goes to a mission the mission stiff acts as if he was the whole cheese and you ought to bow down to him because he is "saved," and they even preach to you.

Teacher of Bumology.

In Los Angeles a few years ago the best place to get picked up by the police was just outside a certain mission. The police railroaded you on a vagrancy charge and you either got 30 days in Lincoln Heights jail or 24 hours to get out of town. This is called getting a floater out of town.

The hoboes have a vocabulary all of their own. Punk means a young boy tramp or a loaf of bread. Ryno, dyno and dingbat mean old bums. A jocker is a teacher of bumology.

Rock Cork Is Used to Deadend Sound

Planetarium to Give Feeling of Being Under Stars.

New York.—"A Midsummer Night's Dream" will come true in the Hayden planetarium now nearing completion at the American Museum of Natural History through the use of rock cork, sound-deadening insulation, according to Dr. Clyde Fisher, head of the department of astronomy and curator of the planetarium. "Although the room is enclosed entirely," stated Doctor Fisher, "one feels that he has been suddenly transported under a clear night sky.

"For years scientists have been baffled by the presence of walls in the attempt to complete the illusion of being out under the stars," continued Doctor Fisher. "The rock

A buck is a Catholic priest. A banjo is a frying pan. A telescope is a series of tin cans each smaller than the other which are carried inside each other for cooking in the jungles. A hipplins is a mattress of straw or wadded paper. A sougan is a quilt. Gas is denatured alcohol diluted in equal parts with water. Peoria may be a city in Illinois to some. To a tramp it is a dish of potatoes and onions, first boiled and then fried. A shack is a railroad brakeman. A hole is a railroad locomotive. A town clown is a constable. There are plenty of other words more familiar to most people.

Wasps Build Nest Out of Merchant's Money Hoard

Oslo, Norway.—A merchant here who has been hoarding for years a fortune in paper notes suddenly discovered the whole of his hoard gone. The bundles of notes were kept in an old suitcase, and when he opened the case he discovered that it was almost entirely filled by an enormous wasps' nest. The wasps had used almost all the notes to construct their nest.

LINEN AND VELVET

By CHERIE NICHOLAS



There's a suggestion as to what to wear to span from winter to late spring. It is a stunning suit of rump brown crystalline velvet. To give it a refreshing "first robin of spring" look, have the blouse made of light cream linen. The lady in the picture climaxes her stunning outfit of velvet and linen with a corsage of brown lady-slipper orchids and a cream colored rough straw hat.

cork eliminates all reverberations, echoes and noises, and at the same time makes possible a light, self-supporting dome, several inches of rock cork being equal to 11 feet of solid stone in insulation value.

"One of the unique features in the planetarium is that there can be no windows. The rock cork, which also is an insulator against temperature changes, combines with air conditioning to keep the temperature constant; otherwise it would be impossible to have the illusion of night.

"Rock cork is the latest of many developments in the planetarium field. In the center of the room will stand a Zeiss projector that will reproduce on the dome all the celestial objects visible to the human eye. One can go backward or forward in time or can be transported to any longitude and latitude. The planets in their courses, the rising and setting of the sun, all these can be reproduced.

"The planetarium will seat 750, special chairs tilted so that a spectator can see any portion of the sky being another novel feature."

Log Cabins Are Back in Favor Again for Poor

Dallas, Texas.—Rural rehabilitation work in this country is seeing a revival of log cabin building, where families are anxious to get back to the soil and have not the money to build lumber houses. Relief Administrator E. J. Stephany says there have been built in the Seagoville section of the county 24 pioneer log cabins and 20 more are to be built soon.

The houses are built of logs from trees in nearby forests and are "chinked" and plastered with a mixture of mud and hay. Many will be whitewashed, presenting an appearance not unlike plaster. They are snug and attractive.

Families selected for the homes are being provided with 10 to 15 acres of land, a sow, two pigs, a flock of chickens, farming implements and tools, a well, seed and furniture.

Spectacles Collection Feature of Hobby Show

Boston, Mass.—One of the most interesting displays at the first New England Hobby Collectors' show was that of Dr. C. G. Berger, a collector of old spectacles.

His exhibit included the gold-rimmed glasses worn by President Taft's grandmother, Doctor Berger also showed spectacles that were made of wood, some that were tied over and under the ear, a few that were held in place by springs which pressed cork pads against the temples, and still others that had two extra lenses to be swung into place when the wearer wished to read.

SEEN and HEARD around the National Capital

By CARTER FIELD

Washington.—Probability that congress will enact legislation forcing every state bank (except mutual savings banks) to take out a federal charter increased considerably with endorsement of the plan by Representative John W. McCormack of Massachusetts. McCormack is a member of the house ways and means committee, which does not deal with banking legislation, but the importance of his view on this subject is due not to his committee connection, but to his own influence in the houses, plus the fact that he is very obviously carrying the flag for the Treasury department.

No one in the treasury, from Secretary Morgenthau down, and including Comptroller of the Currency J. F. T. O'Connor, is talking on this subject at all. It is not a subject which lends itself to much open talking, for to advocate such a change is to antagonize not only the stockholders, officers and directors of all the state banking institutions, but the 48 state banking offices. The latter see in any move to end state banks a threat at their jobs. And some of them are quite important politically.

But down underneath the administration is strong for a unified banking system, for much the same reasons as voiced by McCormack. And if treasury officials see a chance to get the desired legislation enacted they will come out for it strongly. They have several influential members of the house and senate talking their arguments—with official authority—and trying to find out what the chances are.

For in the nature of things the administration would much rather this particular move originate in congress than to demand it. And it is not vital enough to President Roosevelt's program for him to turn the heat on members whose connections back home would make it politic for them to oppose the change.

"The present depression has shown the weakness of the present banking structure," Mr. McCormack told the writer. "The conflict of laws and of supervision is responsible for much of our banking troubles. The idea of having 49 authorities granting charters to banks is absurd. The idea of 49 agencies examining banks to see if they are solvent, and are complying with 49 sets of banking laws, is ridiculous.

Require Federal Charter

"I would force every bank doing a commercial business to take out a federal charter. In fact, I would permit no bank save mutual savings banks to do what is normally regarded as a banking business. Then all the banks that loan money commercially would have similar charters, granted under the same laws and by the same agency of the government, and all would be examined by the same agency. It is not just a question of economy. That is important enough, but the benefits of the change far transcend that.

"I am not discussing the central bank idea, nor the authority of the Federal Reserve board over the 12 regional banks. I am considering simply the question of granting charters, and of examining the banks which loan money to our citizens.

"I am strongly in favor of our dual system of government, national and state, and I would resist strongly the encroachment of the federal government on the rights, functions and prerogatives of the states. But times and conditions change. It is no longer the case that what happens to our banks in Boston is confined, in its effects, within the state lines of Massachusetts.

"Any ten-year-old child knows that if a group of banks, or perhaps only one big bank, should close in Chicago, the reverberations would affect business harmfully from Maine to California. The people of Oregon have a right to have their national government protect them from harm, which may come to them through reckless banking in Florida.

"I meet men who oppose this change. In defending state rights they ask me if I would have the federal government take over conduct of the schools also. It seems to me that the line of demarcation is very clear. Of course I would not want to have the federal government take over the conduct of the schools.

Would Affect All

"Suppose anything imaginable that might happen in the schools of my city of Boston—a strike of the pupils, or the inclusion of some debatable subject in the curriculum, or whatnot. How could that possibly affect the people of Kentucky? Or Texas?

"But if two or three big banks in Boston failed, every bank in those states, and every other state, would be affected, seriously, and at once. And those failures might be due entirely to perfunctory, careless, or even crooked examination of those banks by the state banking examiners, or perhaps by some oversight in drafting the state banking laws, or any one of a dozen things about the set-up with which no one outside Massachusetts had

anything to do whatever.

"Many of us remember the so-called panic of 1907. It was started by the collapse of the Knickerbocker Trust company in New York city. There was no excuse for a depression at that time. It was simply a money panic produced by a very local situation. We learned our lesson from that. As a result, we had first the Aldrich-Vreeland emergency currency bill, and later the federal reserve system.

"Now the time has come to take the next step, and make impossible for the future nation-wide troubles due to preventable local disturbances. Banking is not a local function any more. It is national, if not international. So it must be controlled, in toto and not just in part, by the strong arm of the federal government."

Extend Authority

Not only does the administration want to force all commercial banks to become national banks, as told in a recent dispatch, but it desires to have the authority of the Federal Reserve board over the 12 regional banks made a great deal stronger.

The fact is the aim of the administration is not very different from the purpose of the late Senator Nelson W. Aldrich of Rhode Island, whose central bank studies were actually the basis of the federal reserve system.

When the Democrats came into power in 1913 they rewrote the Aldrich bill, giving him as little credit as possible. They did not change the fundamental features very much, but in several spectacular details they varied it. One of the most important details, in the minds of the Democratic framers, including Senator Carter Glass, then chairman of the house banking and currency committee, and Senator Robert L. Owen of Oklahoma, then chairman of the senate committee of the same name, was that instead of one central reserve bank they made 12.

Carrying their idea of decentralization as far as possible, they gave a degree of independence to these 12 regional reserve banks, which has often irked the federal board since, and for that matter, various Presidents, who found themselves unable to control the policies of the individual reserve banks as much as they would have liked.

Bearing in mind that one of the objects of the new system was to get the financial control of the country away from New York, and down to Washington, it is rather curious that the reserve bank which has given Washington the most trouble ever since has been the New York bank. Headed by strong-minded gentlemen, who knew what they wanted, and had firmly fixed notions of what was best, the New York bank again and again disregarded the pleadings, even, of the federal reserve authorities.

Irks Reserve Board

Reserve board members still remember with anger the stubbornness of the New York bank in the early days of 1929, when the reserve board was doing its utmost to stop the sensational rise in prices on the stock exchange. This effort, backed by President Hoover, proved futile. What would have happened, if the New York bank had been under the control of the reserve board, no one is sure. But as good an illustration as any other is that the federal board began trying to hold down speculation when American Telephone was around 225. Where, as the boom gayly continued until this stock touched 310.

Many contend that anything done at that time would have been futile so far as heading off the crash is concerned, but the present administration wants to be able to control the reserve banks—to be able to give them orders.

This is not the same as the central bank idea about which so much has been said, and which Secretary Morgenthau has advocated. So far there is no indication that President Roosevelt has been convinced of the necessity of this. On the contrary, all indications are that he is not for it.

Soldier Bonus

The very top figure on which the administration is willing to compromise on the soldier bonus is \$1,200,000,000. So that the fight is to save something like \$1,000,000,000 more. Friends of President Roosevelt say the sky is pretty nearly the limit to which he is willing to go in fighting to hold the bonus figure at \$1,200,000,000.

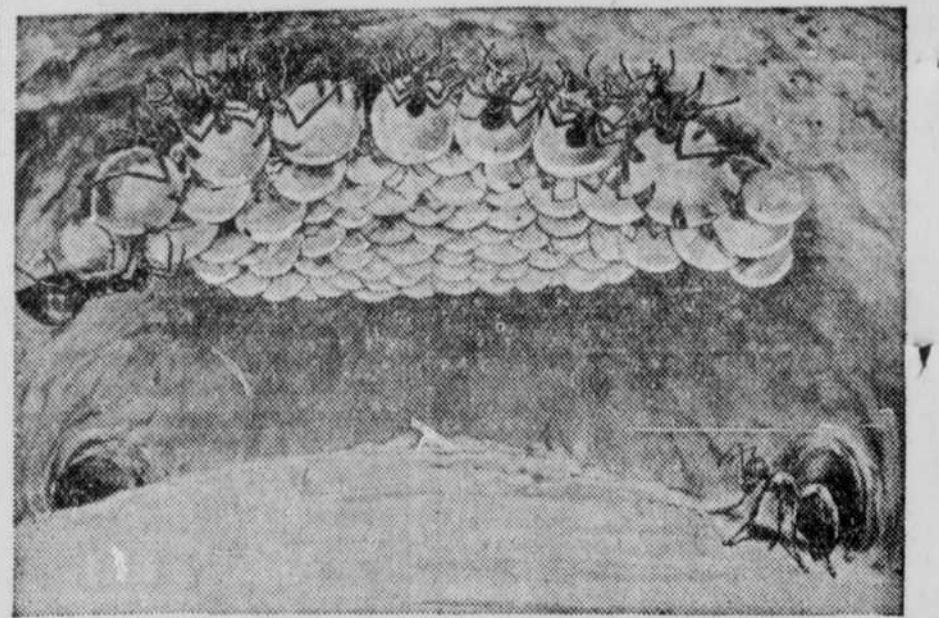
If the bill which should pass congress exceeds that amount, the President will veto it, beyond any doubt.

The next step is not much in dispute among those who have canvassed the situation. The house will pass the bonus bill, in whatever form it may be by that time, by more than the necessary two-thirds majority to enact a measure over the veto.

The only doubt is as to the senate. Friends of the White House are confident that they will be able to prevent a two-thirds majority for a bonus bill larger than \$1,200,000,000.

Any opinion based on the canvases is only an opinion. It can not be anything else, for the simple reason that there is a small number of senators who do not themselves know at the moment what they will do in such an emergency.

Honey Ants



The Ants Clinging to the Ceiling Are Filled With Honey.

Prepared by National Geographic Society, Washington, D. C.—WNU Service.

THOUSANDS of tourists visit the Garden of the Gods in Colorado each year. They stand in awe before fiery-red pinnacles etched against the blue sky. They marvel at those fantastic rock formations—the gods of mythology, with their human shapes, some of their hats, most of their spears, and a few of their cathedral spires, towering above them in red sandstone. They are unaware of an ancient, dramatic "civilization" living under their feet.

Yet here, in the sandstone ridges, dwell creatures who might themselves have stepped from living myths—creatures with yellow heads and large, inflated, translucent bodies, who are, perhaps, the most self-sacrificing beings known.

In fairy tales boys and girls are fattened by witches, so that they may later be eaten with gusto. In this race, dwelling in darkness in the Garden of the Gods, children are fed enormously, so that a few may become overcapacious and hang in underground cellars for months, for years, as living casks of honey. This would be terrifying were these creatures human. Instead, they are honey ants.

Honey ants are unhuman and unlike any other insects in their translation of themselves into honey-pots. They gather a honey not unlike that of bees and store it in round, thin casks that let the beautiful amber of honey shine through. But the casks possess living trunks, living heads, living legs. They hang by living claws to the cellar roof, and open a living spigot when an imbibor comes to drink. For this, children are fed to enormous size and chambered in eternal darkness.

Here and there across the tufts of grama grass and wild sunflower heads, gleam little mounds of red sandstone and bright-colored quartz—craters cut into rock. The red, lose stones roll out on all sides to a diameter of about thirty inches, with each mound rising to three or four inches, pierced by a large central entrance hole.

Outside, all looks simple; but inside, a descending shaft runs vertically for a while before carrying off sharply to a long gallery and other shafts, forming galleries under galleries, all running in the same direction. Then, seldom far from the surface, usually up or down a few steps from the main gallery, single or in suites, are the wine cellars, the honey chambers, the forever-homes of the swollen members of the race.

Wonderful Honey Chambers.

The honey chambers where they hang are virtually death chambers, except that life flows from them freely. The severed casks of honey in the burial grounds form a nightmare thing, cask rolled beside cask. But beauty exists in the ants' refusal to touch a honey cask after its owner has died. The little crammed honey-pots stand idle and untouched, once they are rolled into the cemeteries.

Be an Alice in Wonderland in such a home, if you will. Come down that wide central stair, having ducked into the rabbit hole, passed sentinels at the gate, and given the essential salute. All is dusky dim; only that glimmering round of daylight above. You turn left down a long, narrow passage, which leads into deeper and deeper darkness; but the floor glints up with a firm polish—the floor deliberately made smooth, not merely worn smoothly by the passing of innumerable feet. All the walls are smooth and straight, a sort of guide in the dark.

Little feet rustle by—ants laden with earth, excavating a new room far at the end of the passage. All that mound above was formed by similar excavations; each pebble, each shining bit of quartz, was carried along galleries up the main stairs and out.

"Um-m-m!" An ant licks her mandibles, giving off a vague sweet scent. Honey! Somewhere near is a honey cellar. The ant has paused in working to take a good stiff drink. A shaft descends darkly to a great vaulted, globe-lighted room.

The vaulted room is cluttered with enormous hanging lamps. No, not lamps; pale amber spheres, hanging about midway into the room, occupying half the cellar space. The globes glow with the light that lives in honey; their pale-gold color is the richness of honey;

that scent rising from them is the warm flavor of honey. Each globe is a living jewel, nothing more nor less than the distended body of a living ant, filled almost to bursting with lumpy honey, clutched to the roof by its claws. They crowd the arched ceiling; stir restlessly; twist their yellow heads, squirm their shoulders, but do not loosen hold. Below them the clean walls slope to the level floor, which is swept, polished, made smooth. But the roof is gritty, purposely left rough, for the claws to maintain perch.

The roof arches half again the height of the walls; a cellar made deliberately for honey casks, to allow free passage beneath, space for keeping the honey casks clean and the cellar free from mold.

An Ant Takes a Drink.

There are little soft sounds, as the great globes stir, shift an arm or foot, sway a little nearer to a neighbor. "Careful! Don't dare lean. You might break me!" And one turns a pointed yellow head toward another's. The globes are not all clear amber. Queer dark planes streak them. Their translucent part is inner skin stretched to balloon proportions, pushing apart the dark planes of the outer body, forming islands on a globe map of strange world seas.

Suddenly an ant enters to drink. She looks like these hanging ants, yellow-headed, yellow-waisted, but she wears no inflated balloon. Her antennae lift inquisitively. Already the foretaste of honey is in her mouth. She stands almost erect, climbs to the hanging ant, leans to its little close mouth. "Open, please." Obediently its mouth opens. Up comes a clear drop of honey, pushed up by some inner movement, to hang a moment, glistening, on the cask's lower mandible, before dropping into the waiting ant's mouth.

She takes one, two, even three, drops. "Thank you; you may close." She climbs down, and the little spigot mouth closes. Before the ant leaves she daintily wipes her mouth against the back of her hand, smooths down her back hair; then trots off, groomed, well fed.

Another ant enters; another, another. Each climbs, to a chosen sphere; says, "Open, please," with that leaning of mouth to mouth and the mouth opens and up comes the honey drop.

Developed Into Honey Casks.

Poor little doomed creatures! What determined such a fate? When young they resembled other ants. They had the same two stomachs—one private, the other for communal use. Much that entered their mouths they never tasted, for it passed at once into the communal crop, to be fed later to the queen (whose duties are like those of the queen bee); to males (resembling drones in a hive); to workers, or to baby ants, but some showed an enormous capacity for food. How they begged, their pale mouths open all the time! Now these are the honey casks.

Late dusk in the Garden of the Gods. The sandstone gods are cold and dark. They have had their play of light all day, while the red mounds of the ants stayed quiet, with gates closed. Seemingly all inside were asleep; yet few ants slept, being busy, most of them, with underground tasks.

Now ants push out of that round tubular hold so fast they cover the mound. If this were daylight, no red rock would shine. Yellow ants are everywhere, by hundreds, by thousands.

A ring of sentinels begins pacing the outer edges of the mound. Others guard the gate, their heads thrusting up, like soldiers with bayonets. Still others move about the narrow platform surrounding the gate, while one ant, then twenty, then a whole column of ants, move off over the ridge, preparing for a march. In the vales between the ridges, far, far away, low scrub oak in the light of the moon, thrust up their dark, thick leaves. The ants know these dwarf oaks.

All night while they were away, sentinels paced the outer walks. Hungry now, surely; yet surprisingly few sentinels request honey from the filled ants. They only challenge them and cross antennae with antennae in salute. Inside, workers crowd the entrance stairs, begging, relieving the bearers of weighty drops. Honeydew passes from mouth to mouth.

Fighting Their Way Through Indian Locusts



Recently a great cloud of millions of locusts appeared in the region of Rawalpindi, India, and within a few hours had devoured every bit of vegetation. Two men of the Royal Signal corps are seen beating their way through the storm of insects.