

Hobo Americanus New Model



International Photo

Kansas City, Mo.—A view of a section of the assemblage of hoboes of the country as they gathered in convention in this city recently in response to a call from hobo headquarters. This meeting was called in order to bring to bear effective co-operation and organization for millions of industrial workers out of work.

By ELMO SCOTT WATSON

Hark! Hark! The dogs do bark; The beggars are coming to town— Some in rags, and some in tags, And some in velvet gowns.

DOES that old nursery rhyme bring up in your mind a picture of that class of vagrants, variously called hoboes, tramps or bums, which were once a picturesque, if not exactly ornamental, part of the American scene? If it does, then you'd better change the reel, for the picture isn't exactly true any more. For Hobo Americanus isn't the "bird" that he used to be.

First of all, it is interesting to note that no one can tell for sure just how the word "hobo" originated. There is one theory that it came from "hoo boy" long used in certain parts of the country to designate all migratory farm workers. Another says that it is from the call "Ho! Boy!" used by the early mail runners. The hobo himself, who has a picturesque vocabulary all of his own, has contracted the name to one syllable and simply calls himself a "ho." Be it known also, that he has become class conscious and, according to his caste system, the three words used to describe him are not synonymous. According to his definition, the hobo is a migratory worker; the tramp, a migratory non-worker; and the bum, a stationary nonworker.

It is doubtful if the public would make that fine distinction, but would be inclined to lump them all together as one class under the generic name of hoboes, a class that was brought into being by the first railroad and that until the last few years was ever increasing. But now the "Weary Willie" type, as depicted on the vaudeville stage and in the comic strips, is almost extinct. He was a strong individualist, responsible to no one but to himself and his inward urge to "go places and see things." The hobo, 1928 model, is still pretty much an individualist but he's also a member of the International Brotherhood Welfare association. He has organized and is trying to standardize his "profession." He is seeking a definite status in the modern order of things. He holds conventions, such as the one pictured above. He goes to "college" and, like as not, carries a "diploma." In addition to being organized and standardized, he is also becoming motorized. For the advent of the cheap car has taken him off the freight train. There has developed a new type of hobo, divided into three classes: whole families gypsying about the country in "tin lizzies"; young hoboes who have their own cars and travel alone; and the "hitch-hiker" who hunts the paved roads and main highways, instead of the railroads, and who "bums" rides from passing motorists.

Perhaps no better illustration of the contrast between the hobo, old and new style, can be shown than a comparison between "A-No. 1," a famous hobo of the old days, and James Eads How, founder of the hobo college idea and perhaps the best-known hobo of the

new era. For 30 years Leon Ray Livingston carved or painted his "Liv-nicker" (name or distinctive sign) on railroad watering tanks, railroad bridges, freight sheds and other places near railroads not only from the Canadian line to the Mexican border and from the Atlantic to the Pacific, but also from Alaska to Argentina. For more than a third of a century he rode on brake beams and the blind baggage, and by keeping a careful account of his expenditures he was able to estimate that before he retired (as he did a few years ago to marry, settle down, write his adventures and do the work he is doing at present—trying to keep boys and girls from yielding to the call of the road) he had traveled a total of \$20,000 miles for the total sum of \$7.61!

During the course of his travels, this most-famous hobo knew another who later became famous as a writer—Jack London—and the life they lived was typical of the old-time hobo. Told in terms of the picturesque language of the hobo, they rode the "bummers," "tops," "blinds" or "trucks" of railroad trains until some "shack" (brakeman) or "con" (conductor) became "hostile" and threw them off of the "sidedoor pullman" (freight car). If they succeeded in eluding the "snakes" (switchmen) or "yard dicks" (railroad detectives), they made for the nearest "jungle" (place where tramps and hoboes congregated) where they were sure to find a varied collection of "fore-and-afters" (hoboes who walked from place to place), "bindie-stiffs" (a migratory worker in the true sense of the word who "glommed fruit," "skinned mules," glommed spuds, or did any other menial labor whenever he had the chance), "gay cats" (ordinary tramps and "stake men" (workers with some money). There, too, would be certain to be some "stew bums" (the tenderfoot of the profession) who listened eagerly as the elite of the brotherhood, the "comets," "perfers" or "blowed-in-the-glass stiffs" told of their experiences in towns that were "jake" (not "hostile" to a ho), where he could "batter" (beg) on the "main steh" (main street) for "light pieces" (food) and be sure of getting some "scout" (feed) from a "hay bag" (woman) when he battered the back door. Then, too, there would be reminiscences of "decking" (riding) a "peddler" (local freight) on a "jerk" (branch line); or an "orange special" (fruit car) in "crimpy" (bad) weather, or being "pined" (discovered) by a "shack" and forced to "hit the grit" (walk), dodging as he left the train, no doubt, a "dewdrop" (stone) hurled by the "shack" or "con." Or there might be tales of adventures in the big cities where they had to "carry the banner" (walk the street) all night or take in the "Jesus screamers" (religious sal-vationalists who speak and sing in the streets) in order to get a "hop" (place to sleep).

All of this talk would pass around the campfires in the "jungle" as the "stiffs" sipped their steaming "java" (coffee) made in one of the tin cans

which were always to be found there. Other things were used for "crum ketles," "pecori" and "mulligan," and others for plates. The "jungle" was always located near a stream and the unwritten law of the "jungle" was that this should be washed after use and left for the next ho who should wish to use them. Water for cooking was always taken from upstream and downstream the hobo "crummed" (cleaned up) and washed his clothes which he hung on the "gooseberry" (clothesline). His food consumed and he himself "crummed" he brought out his "stoop tubacco" (cigar stubs picked up on the street) and lay back for a pleasant hour of gossip with his fellows.

That was the hobo of the old days. James Eads How, the "Millionaire Hobo," is typical of the new. He is a grandson of James B. Eads, builder of the Eads bridge at St. Louis, and a son of the late James F. How, an official of the Wabash railroad. Brought up in an atmosphere of luxury and refinement, a college man, he became a hobo by choice, and for twenty years had devoted his time and money to the hobo. He was the founder of the hobo college, which may be established almost anywhere. Usually it is a one-room affair and here the men eat, sleep and are taught. Teachers come from universities and colleges nearby to lecture on almost every subject under the sun. The "classes" are conducted through the winter, for, with the coming of good weather, the "students" take to the road again, some of them carrying their "diplomas," mimeographed on paper, certifying that they have attended a certain number of "classes."

The new runner of the college and the forerunner of the hobo was the organization movement which began in 1907. In the fall of that year there was much unemployment and about five hundred men were stranded in Tacoma, Wash. Jeff Davis, Dan O'Brien and a few other prominent members of the fraternity made an offer to the mayor. If an unused schoolhouse were given to them for shelter they would keep the hoboes from begging at back doors and out of mischief. The mayor agreed. Restaurants supplied left-over food and the hoboes spent a quiet winter there. There was held the first hobo convention and the organization idea came into being.

So now they have the International Brotherhood Welfare association, in which J. Eads How is a leading light, which holds conventions from time to time in various parts of the country at which economic problems are discussed and the purpose of which, in the words of How, are to "educate, organize, abolish poverty and equalize and unemployment everywhere." They have "advance agents" on the road who carry the gospel of the organization throughout the country and organize "locals." For the hobo, 1928 model, is no longer the picturesque individual. He is fast becoming a standardized member of an organiza-

Pitching to Babe Ruth

By RING LARDNER

To the Editor:

This is just a few items of information about a ball player that maybe you have never heard of him so I will tell you his name in the first paragraph and his name is George Ruth, but they call him Babe on acct. of him being over 6 ft. tall and pretty near as wide and he's a great left hand pitcher that don't pitch.

Well, 1 day in May I had seen a whole lot of sporting events that bores you to death and the White Sox from old Chi was playing in New York City so I thought I needed a little more boring, so I went to the Yankee's Stadium and went down to the bench and Mgr. Schalk was sitting there and he says hello to me but I just made a face at him, but he asked me to set down a minute and a boy named Thomas was going to pitch and he was out there warming up and finely he got warmed and came into the bench and Mgr. Schalk said:

"Come here and sit down a minute, Tommy, as I want to talk to you."

So Tommy set down and Mgr. Schalk said to him:

"Say, listen Tommy. They's a man on this New York club named Ruth and he isn't Cobb and he isn't Speaker or Sister or Jackson. He is a bird that if you ever throw a ball where he can reach it that ball won't be available for tomorrow's game and baseballs cost as much money as other commodities now days, so if you don't mind, why when this guy comes up there don't pitch him anything that he can lay his bat against it, but roll the ball up there on the ground and I'll take the consequences." So Tommy said: "Yes, sir."

Well, they started this game in the first inning and the White Sox didn't do nothing, and it come the New York's turn to get their innings and there was 1 out and Koenig got on 1st base and along came Ruth. The next thing I seen of that 2 dollar ball was when it was floating over the right field bleachers. So when Tommy came into the bench Mgr. Schalk says what did I tell you and Tommy says I didn't mean to pitch it where it went.

So the next time Babe come up all he got was a 3 base hit because they were pitching more carefully to him. Well, after a while it become necessary to put in a pinch hitter for Tommy and Red Faber was sent in to finish the game. Mgr. Schalk didn't tell Red where to pitch to Babe because Red's what you might call an old timer, so Red pitched one at this bird's Adam's apple and he hit it into the right field stands for another homer, as I have nicknamed them.

Now this isn't no reflection on neither of these pitchers with I hope is both friends of mine, but if I was managing a ball club in the American league, I would tell them how to pitch to this bird. I would stand on the mound and throw the first ball to first base and the second ball to second base and the third ball to third base and then I would leave the fourth one out in the right field, because he couldn't be in all those places at once and furthermore, they's a rule that makes a batter stand in the batter's box and if a person pitches in that direction with this guy up, why all you can say about them is that they are a sucker.

For inst. the last time the White Sox was here a certain prominent Chicago baseball writer was setting next to Col. Ruppert that owns the Yanks, and this Geo. Ruth comes up and the brevery king-arms to him, how much will you bet that he don't crack one out of the park on this occasion. So the baseball writer says what's the proper odds? So Jake says, well I don't want to cheat you and I'll bet a pt. to a qt. that he murders one. So the sucker took it and the first ball was a foul that went into Mr. McCurdy's ft., and the next was a ball and then the old boy took one right over the middle for another strike and the next one hasn't yet been located, but when last seen it was soaring over a cigarette sign in right center.

Another way to make him stop hitting home runs off of you is to refuse to pitch when it's his turn.

The most useless thing in the world when this guy's up there to bat is the opposing catcher, because if you can throw a ball past Mr. Ruth why it don't make no difference if it's caught or not, where as if you try and throw one over the plate it won't never get as far as the catcher.

Once a guy came here with the St. Louis Browns and struck the Babe out three times in one afternoon, and if he is smart he will let that go down into posterity, and the next time they tell him it's his turn to pitch vs. the N. Y. club he will say he has got a sore arm.

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Regular Croup

Professor Pickering once let the late Richard Harding Davis look through a marvelous microscope to prove that there is always some organism down to the most minute atom of life.

When it came time to go the noted author said:

"Professor Pickering, when I came in I thought I was an individual; I leave, knowing myself to be a community."—Los Angeles Times.

Giant Turtles

There are numerous types of ocean turtles. The largest type, which has no commercial value—the trunk turtle or leatherback—weighs several hundred pounds and attains a length of 6 or 7 feet. An official record on file at the National Smithsonian Institution describes a specimen found at the American Museum of Natural History, which was caught off the coast of Connecticut and was six feet long and weighed 715 pounds.

Bazaars

Streets in the bazaar districts of Asiatic cities are only 8 to 10 feet wide. The larger shops are 8 by 10 and the smaller ones 5 by 6 feet, with one side giving directly on the street. In each bazaar there is a kiosk for every 10 or 12 shops. These kiosks are two stories high with an open court in the center and rooms on the four sides, all opening into the

court. A door leads from the open court into the street.

Each bazaar has a coffee shop, which is a large open place, covered partly by a roof, where are a number of wooden settees ranged in rows. Any visitor who sits down is first given a cupful of Turkish coffee and then a bargin or native pipe filled with Shriz tobacco. The charge for coffee and the use of the pipe is 2 cents. Here merchants gather to discuss trade bills.

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"Tears" in Old Glasses

Not Shed by Weepers

One of the things greatly demanded by antique hunters in Europe are "tear glasses." These are, says Pathfinder Magazine, little glasses in the slender stem of which is imprisoned a so-called tear. It looks very touching, but it is deceiving. The "tear" never came from a sorrowing eye. It is merely a flaw in the glass—accidental at first and skillfully intended later. But the name itself, with the age of the article, is enough to make it sought after.

Like the tear glasses of modern Europe were famous "tear vases," or lacrymatories, of the ancient Greeks and Romans. They are small vessels of glass, or terra cotta, frequently found in tombs and in which the mourners were supposed to have dropped their tears. It has been decided, however, that they were used to contain unguents—something regularly and generously used at ancient funerals.

Corn Sugar for Babies

Besides its cane and beets, the United States has an important source of sugar in its cornfields, although this product has not yet been produced in any great quantities, due to the intricate processes involved in its manufacture. It has proved useful in medicine, especially for feeding infants and invalids, and serves an important purpose in the food industry.

Doubtful Compliment

Ike Sevell landed himself a new job the other day as a guard out at the asylum. Ike was strolling through the grounds one afternoon when one of the patients came up to him and said:

"We all like you better than our last guard, sir."

"Thank you, my good man," replied Ike pleasantly, "and why?"

"Well," replied the inmate, "you seem to be more like one of us."

Electricity in India

As part of a program for electrifying rural India, villages and farms within a radius of ten miles of the main centers of electric power distribution will be supplied with power lines for irrigation purposes at the expense of the Mysore government. The demand for electric irrigation pumps has suddenly increased as a result, and the government has a long waiting list of applicants.

Uses for Western Cedar

The range of the Western cedar in Canada is confined to the province of British Columbia. More shingles are made from the Western cedar than from any other species. Over 2,500,000,000 were cut in Canada from this tree in 1923. In addition over 130,000,000 board feet of lumber, 10,000,000 laths, and an immense number of poles and posts were produced from it in the same year.

Haw! Haw!

Tinner—Yesterday I fell off an 18-foot ladder.

Lady—Mercy! You might have killed yourself.

Tinner—Now, it was only from the second step I dropped.

Signs Point That Way

"Bob is in love with Miss Youngblood."

"Did he tell you?"

"No; but he's got her photo hung alongside the picture of his best dog."

—Detroit News.

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The time went slowly by;
I could not get to sleep at all,
No matter how I'd try.
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No more I stay awake.
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