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# TRAMPS

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We have always had as many tramps as we have today—the last one hundred years—but they were under cover, in seclusion; in storage, so as to say, and it took just Friend Hoover to ferret them out.

Now you see 'em hitting the highways and by-ways, railroads and postroads, energetic job hunters sweat foaming over their shoe tops, and we say unto ourselves:

“G.D.X!??? etaoinxmpff Hoover, anyway, darn it!” and—we are doing that great christian injustice. He isn't to blame. He merely drove 'em outa their holes.

There was a time there was only two bums in this country visible to the naked eye—Cal, Al and myself—the rest had all burrowed (not burro'd) into various industries and were making efforts to convince the holy fathers they had reformed. Every time they were lucky enough to get a new pair of pants they would stand on the street corner for hours showing all and sultry the breathing, living proof of blessings attending the application of industry to daily toil; a new pair of shoes would keep them out on the streets till 1.30 A. M. by the post office clock or until the last witness (to so much wealth) had tired of inspecting the new “kicks” and beat it for home and mother.—T-b-s.

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