



DRAWN BY F. L. H. PAGE.

MIDNIGHT: HAPPY ALLEY IN MULHURRY BEND, NEW YORK.

VAGABONDS specialize nowadays quite as much as other people. The fight for existence makes them do it. Although a few tramps are such all-round men that they can succeed almost anywhere, there are a great many others who find that they must devote their time to one distinct line of begging in order to succeed. So to-day we have all sorts of hoboes. There are house-beggars, office-beggars, street-beggars, old-clothes-beggars, and of late years still another specialization has become popular in vagabondage. It is called "land-squatting," which means that the beggar in question has chosen a particular district for his operations. Of course a large number of tramps still go over all the country, but it is becoming quite customary for vagabonds to pick out certain States and counties for their homes. The country, as a whole, is so large that no beggar can ever really know it on business principles, and some clever beggars not long ago decided that it is better to know thoroughly a small district than to have only a general knowledge of the entire continent. Consequently, our large cities have become overrun with tramps who make them their homes the year round, till America can almost compete with England in the number of her "city vags." There is no large town in the United States that does not support its share, and it is seldom that these tramps are natives of the towns in which they beg. In New York, for example, there are scores of beggars who were born in Chicago, and *vice versa*. They have simply picked out the city which pleases them most and gone there. After a certain number of years they become so numerous that it is found necessary to specialize still further, and even to divide the town itself

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into districts, and to assign them to distinct kinds of begging. It is of these specialists in vagrancy that I intend to write in this paper.

The lowest type is what is called in tramp parlance "the tomato-can vag." In New York city, which has its full quota of these miserable creatures, they live in boxes, barrels, cellars, and nooks and corners of all sorts, where they can curl up and have a "doss" (sleep). They get their food, if it can be called that, by picking over the refuse in the slop-barrels and cans of the dirty alleys. They beg very little, asking usually for the stale beer they find now and then in the kegs near saloons. Money is something that they seldom touch, and yet a good many of them have been first-class criminals and hoboes in their day.

I used to know a tomato-can tramp who lived for several months in a hogshead near the east-side docks of New York. I visited him one night when on a stroll in that part of the city, and had a talk about his life. After he had reeled off a fine lot of yarns, he said:

"Why, I remember jes lots o' things. I 's been a crook, I 's been a moocher, an' now I 's shatin' on me uppers. Why, what I 's seen would keep them blokes up there in Cooper Union readin' all winter, I guess."

This was probably true. He had been everywhere, and had seen and done nearly everything which the usual outcast can, and he wound up his life simply "shatin' on his uppers." No one will have any dealings with such a tramp except the men and women in his own class. He is hated by all the beggars above him, and they "do" him every chance they get.

A fair example of this class hatred came under my notice not very long ago in the city of London, England. I was walking along Holborn one night when I was suddenly accosted by an old man who wanted me to give him a drink.

"I would n't ask ye," he said, "'cept that I 'm nearly dyin' o' cold. Can' cher help a feller out?"

There was something so pitiful about him that I decided to take him into a public-house. I picked out the lowest one in the neighborhood, and walked in. The place was filled with beggars and semi-criminals, but they were all of a higher class than my friend. However, I called for his gin, and told him to sit down. It was soon evident that the old man was an unwelcome guest, for even the bartender looked at him crossly. He noticed this, and began to

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grumble a little, and in a few minutes was in a quarrel with some of the men. The bartender told him to be quiet, but he claimed that he had as good a right to talk as any one else. This angered a few of the men, and they put him out,

"Why is that?" I asked.

"Why, don' cher know that 'e ain't o' our class? 'E 's a' ole can-moocher. 'E ain't got no right 'ere."

"Well, do you mean to say that you own this



DRAWN BY F. C. MARTIN.

TOMATO-CAN TRAMPS.

although I made all the remonstrance I dared. I started to go out too, but was prevented. This made me angry, and I turned on the men and said:

"What right have you fellows to treat me this way? I came in with the old man respectfully enough."

"Oh, come up 'n' 'ave a drink," said one of the men. "Don't get 'uffy. Come up 'n' 'ave a bitter." Then another said:

"Say, was that old feller any relation o' yourn? 'Cause ef 'e was, we'll fetch 'im back; but ef 'e wa' n't, 'e kin stay where 'e is. 'E don't belong in 'ere."

place, and no one can come in who is not of your choosing?"

"The case is jes this, 'n' you know it: it 's our biz to do anybody out o' our class."

"Would you 'do' me if you had a chance?"

"Bet cher life!"

I got out safely soon after this, and had gained knowledge for the future.

But, hated as he is by the more successful vagabonds, the tomato-can tramp is just as kind-hearted and jovial as any of them. And for fair treatment I will risk him every time. As a rule, he is an old man, sometimes over seventy years of age. He dresses most outland-

ishly, seldom having any two garments of the same color, and what he has are tattered and torn. His beard and hair are allowed to grow as long as they can, and usually give him the appearance of a hermit. Indeed, that is just what he is. He has exiled himself from all that is good and refined, and is like a leper to his brethren. It is just such a life as his, however, to which all tramps that drink, as most outcasts do, are tending. I do not care how clever a criminal or beggar a man may be, if he is a victim of liquor, and lives long enough, he is sure to end as a tomato-can tramp. There is a suction in low life which draws men continually lower. It is an Inferno of various little worlds, and each has its own pitch of degradation.

The next higher type of the town tramp is the two-cent dossier—the man who lives in stale-beer shops. In New York he is usually to be found about Mulberry Bend, the last resort of metropolitan outcasts before dropping down into “the-barrel-and-box kentry.” This district supports a queer kind of lodging-house called by the men who use it “the two-cent doss.” It is really a makeshift for a restaurant, and is occasionally kept by an Italian. The lodgers come in late in the evening, pay two cents for some stale beer or coffee, and then scramble for “spots” on the benches or floor. All nationalities are represented. I have found in one of these places Chinamen, Frenchmen, Germans, Italians, Poles, negroes, Irishmen, Englishmen, and “Mer’cans,” and they were all as happy as could be. They beg just enough to keep them in “booze,” their food being found mainly at “free lunches.” Like the tomato-can tramp, they have little intercourse with beggars above them. By this I mean of course that they know they will not be treated very sociably outside their class, and decide very wisely to remain where they belong. They rarely leave a town which they have picked out as a home, and some of them never even get out of their small district.

In Chicago, for instance, there is a “joint” near Madison street in which some men simply live day and night, excepting the few hours they spend in looking for the pennies they need. In the daytime they sit on the benches and talk shop, and at night they lie on the floor. There is a watchman who cares for them at night; he sleeps near the door in order to let in any belated beggar. But he first lights his candle, and commands the beggar to show how much money he has. If it is five cents, the price of a mug of beer, he is allowed to enter.

In New Orleans I once saw a place somewhat similar, the only difference being that at night ropes were stretched across the bar-room

for the men to lean on while sleeping. Some persons fail to note much difference in the lives of the two-cent dossiers and the tomato-can tramps, but I can assure them that the two-cent dossiers make a sharp class distinction out of their greater privilege. Personally, I should rather live in a barrel or box than in a “joint,” if only for the sake of cleanliness. The “joint” is simply a nest of vermin, and cannot be kept clean; whereas, if a man is careful and works hard, he can keep a barrel fairly habitable for himself, and with no other occupants. Still, I am sorry to say that few men who do live in barrels achieve this success. To my mind, the most unique feature of the two-cent dossier class is its apparent happiness. The men are always funny, and crack a joke as easily as they tell a lie. I remember most vividly a night in one of their “joints” in St. Louis. All night long some one was laughing and joking, and my questions always met a witty reply. I noticed, for instance, that several of the men were blind in one eye, and I asked the meaning of this.

“Ha! ha! Don’cher know? Why, it’s ’cause we ’re lookin’ fer work so hard.”

Another man wanted to know whether I could tell him where he could get a “kid.” I asked him what use he had for one.

“Oh, prushuns [kids] is val’able; when you’ve got ’em, you ’re treasurer of a company.”

Nevertheless, these men very seldom have boys, because their life is too unexciting, and the lads will not stay with them. A “prushun,” as a rule, wants something livelier than loafing around saloons and corners, and consequently is rarely found in these two classes.

The other types of city vagabondage can be classified as “the lodgin’-house gang,” with the exception of the room-beggar. I must therefore consider them in relation to their different styles of begging rather than living; for when once a beggar can live in any sort of lodging-house, he has a right to belong to the general crowd, no matter what he pays for his bed. The “seven-center” house, for instance, is considerably lower than the “ten-center,” but its being a lodging-house is sufficient to separate its inmates entirely from the two classes who live in boxes and beer-shops. And to make the classifying feature more intelligible, I shall give first a short account of the lodging-house in all its grades, omitting only those that are carried on by charity.

Beginning with the lowest, there is the “seven-center,” in which hammocks of a bad order are used as beds. The covering is very often the lodger’s coat, unless he happens to have a blanket of his own. In winter there is a large stove in the middle of the sleeping-room, and this keeps things fairly warm. The usual

MIDNIGHT IN A TWO-CENT DOSS.

DRAWN BY T. L. M. PAPER.





DRAWN BY F. L. N. PAPE.

EARLY MORNING IN A SEVEN-CENT LODGING-HOUSE.

lodger in this house is the town tramp, although the wandering hobo goes there too. I have also seen a few genuine seekers of work there, but never two nights running. One night is usually enough, and they sleep out in preference to mixing in such a crowd as the place shelters.

The "ten-center" is the next grade above, and is probably the most popular of all in the United States. It is built after various models, the commonest being the "double-decker," where the bunks are made of gas-pipe, one right above the other. In this case the bedding is a straw tick and a blanket; that is all, as a rule. Yet I have known sheets to be used. Another model is something like the fore-castle of a ship. Around the walls several tiers of bunks are built, sometimes twelve feet high, and in the middle is the "sitting-room," with stove and chairs. Occasionally the only bedding is straw, there being no blanket of any kind. The class of men found in places of this type is hard to describe; the town tramp is there, and so is almost every other kind of vagabond. It is a sort of cesspool into which are drained all sorts of vagabonds, and the only way to distinguish them is to know them personally. Young and old, the intelligent and the ignorant, the criminal and the newsboy, all are found in the "ten-center."

The "fifteen-center" comes next, and is very

much like the "ten-center," except that its customers are a little more orderly, and that it furnishes lockers into which the lodgers can put their clothes. This latter point is really the *raison d'être* of the fifteen-cent lodging-house, according to my experience. At any rate, I have seldom been able to see any other good reason for charging five cents more for the beds, which are usually no better than those in the "ten-center." In a few of these places, however, the beds are arranged on the "one man one bed" principle. In "The Helping Hand"<sup>1</sup> house in Chicago, for instance, a man can have a bath, clean night-shirt, and clean bed for fifteen cents; but this is a novelty, and exists only because the proprietor is a man who will have nothing to do with a dirty lodging-house.

In the other grades, at twenty and twenty-five cents a night a man can have a little room to himself; by "room" I mean a sort of cell without a roof, in which is a little cot, a chair (sometimes), and a locker. I slept in one of these houses in the Bowery one night. The office and sitting-room were comparatively cozy, and the lodgers were very respectable so far as dress and general manner were concerned. Up-stairs in the sleeping-apartments things were not so pleasant. There was a bad odor about every-

<sup>1</sup> The place is not a charitable institution, although its name signifies that. It is run on business principles, in quite the same way that other lodging-houses are.

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thing, and the beds were decidedly unclean, as are most beds in most lodging-houses. I left word at the office that I wished to be called at seven o'clock in the morning, and my order was distinctly obeyed, for about half-past six I was wakened by a man poking me in the ribs with a long stick leveled at me from over the partition-wall. After the man had poked me with the stick, he said, "Eh, bloke, time to get up."

Now, some tramps consider this style, and it probably is in their cases, for they are accustomed to all sorts of places, and the "twenty-

house-beggar, the office-beggar, and the old-clothes-beggar. These are all well-known characters in city vagabondage.

The street-beggar is, I believe, the cleverest all-round vagabond in the world. He knows more about human nature than any other tramp of my acquaintance, and can read its weak points with surprising ease. I used to know a New York tramp of this kind who begged almost entirely of women as they walked along the streets, and he claimed that he could tell, the minute he had seen their eyes, whether it would pay to "tackle 'em." How he did this



DRAWN BY F. L. M. PAGE.

A COT IN A TEN-CENT LODGING-HOUSE.

five-center" is their nearest approach to hotel life. Although I have probably overlooked some exceptional institutions in this general description of lodging-houses, I have nevertheless given a fair account of the usual homes of "the lodgin'-house gang." And, as I said before, the town tramp is mixed up in this gang so promiscuously that to pick him out of the general crowd necessitates a personal encounter. All that I can do now is to portray him in his various guises as a beggar. I shall take four types to do this—the street-beggar, the

I do not pretend to know, and he could not tell himself, but it was true that he seldom judged a woman wrongly. Fifth Avenue was his beat, and he knew fully fifty women in that district who were sure to give him something. His main tricks, if I can call them that, were those of the voice rather than of the hand. He knew when to whine and when to "talk straight," and, best of all, he knew when to make people laugh. This is the highest accomplishment of the street-beggar, for when a person will laugh with him he is pretty sure to



DRAWN BY F. C. MATHEN.

A CITY TRAMP AT WORK.

ENGRAVED BY ESTER ATKEN.

get something; and if he can succeed in picking out a certain number of clients, as he calls them, who will laugh with him every week the year round, his living is assured. This is the business of the clever street-beggar; he must scrape acquaintance with enough people in his chosen district to support him. It matters not to him whether he excites their pity or mirth so long as he gets their nickels and dimes. I used to know a woman beggar of this sort whose main trick, or capital, as she called it, was extreme faith in the chivalry of men. She would actually hang on to a man, and tragically exclaim:

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"How dare you cast me off? Don't you know that I am a woman? Have you no mother or sisters? Would you treat them as you are treating me?"

Some men are so squeamishly and nervously chivalrous that they will be taken in by such a beggar any time.

Women very often make the keenest street-beggars. They are more original in posing and dressing, and if with their other talents they can also use their voices cleverly, they do very well. Speaking of posing reminds me of a woman who is usually to be found near the Alhambra music-hall in London. She

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dresses very quietly and neatly, and her entire manner is that of a lady. I believe that she really was one in her day, but liquor has made her a match-vender; and her clever pose and dress are so attractive that people give her three times the value of the matches which she gives them. This match-selling is *the* trick of the London street-beggar. It is a trick of defense against the police, and at the same time a "blind" to the public. People think that men and women selling matches are trying to earn an honest living, and this is true sometimes; but according to my observation, the majority of match-venders offer one hand to the public for alms, and carry their "lights" (matches) in the other.

The business of the house-beggar is obviously to know a certain number of good houses in his district, just as the street-beggar knows a certain number of people in his street or streets. And if he is a mendicant who can deal with women more successfully than with men, he must know just when to visit houses in order that only the women may be at home. If he is a beggar of this style, he usually carries a "jigger,"—in other words, an artificially made sore, placed usually on an arm or leg. He calls at the front door and asks for "the lady." When she appears he "sizes her up" as best he can, and decides whether it will pay to use his "jigger." If it is necessary, he prefaces this disgusting scene by a little talk about his hardships, and claims that he has been very badly burned. Then he shows his miserable sore, and few women are callous enough to see it without flinching. If they "squeal," as the tramp says, he is sure to be rewarded.

Another trick is to send around pretty little girls and boys to do the begging. A child will succeed at house-begging when an able-bodied man or woman will fail utterly, and the same is true of a very old man—the more of a centenarian he looks, the better. But better than any of these tricks is what is called the "faintin' gag." I myself had the benefit of a scheme of this sort out in Indianapolis some years ago, and I know that it works well. I got into the town one night, and was at a loss to know what to do until I accidentally met an old hobo who was trying to make his living there as a city tramp. He had been in the place only a few days, and had not yet found his particular district. He was simply browsing about in search of it, and he suggested that we try a certain quarter of the town that he had not visited at all. We did try it, and, after visiting twenty houses, got only two pieces of bread and butter. This, naturally enough, made my partner rather angry, and he told me to go back to "the hang-out" while he went on another beat. I waited for him nearly an hour, when he

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returned with a "poke-out" (food given at the door) and "a sinker" (a dollar). I of course was a little surprised, and asked for details.

"Oh, I got 'em right 'nough," he said. "Ye see, after leavin' you, I wuz so dead horstile that I wuz ready for anythin', 'n' the first house I struck was a parson's. At first he did n't want to feed me at all, but I got into his settin'-room 'n' gave 'im a great story. I tole 'im that I wuz nearly a-dyin' with hunger, 'n' ef he did n't feed me, the s'ciety agen' cruelty to animals 'u'd prosecute 'im. Then I begun to reel a bit 'n' look faintin'-like, 'n' purty soon I flops right on the floor uz ef I wuz dead. Then the racket begun. The parson called 'Wifey!' an' the both of 'em peppered 'n' salted me for about ten minutes, when I comes to an' looks better. Then they could n't feed me fast 'nough. I had pie, cake, 'n' a lot o' other things 'fore I wuz done, 'n' when I left the parson give me the sinker, 'n' 'wifey' the poke-out. Hope to die ef they did n't. See? That 's the way ye got ter catch them parsons—right in the eye."

As the old-clothes-beggar is only a sub-species of the house-begging class, he deserves mention under the same head. His business, as his name implies, lies principally in looking for old wearing-apparel, which he sells to dealers in such wares. Sometimes he even pays for his food in order to devote his entire time and talents to his specialty. In London, for instance, I know a trio of this sort who live in a cellar where they keep their "goods." I visited this place one afternoon in the spring of 1893, and one of the men was kind enough to tell me a good deal about his business. My first question was how he begged.

"Well, o' course our first business is to wear bad togs. F'r instancce, ef I 's beggin' fer shoes I wants to put on a pair thet 's all gone, else I can't get any more, 'n' the same when I 's beggin' fer coats 'n' 'ats. It 's no usc tellin' people that you 're beggin' fer somebody else. They won't believe it."

Then I questioned him as to the sort of garments which were most profitable.

"Breeches. We kin sell 'em every time. 'Ats does pretty well too, 'n' ef we get good shoes we kin do a rattlin' business. One o' my pals made seven bob fer a week jes out o' shoes. Wimmenses' togs hain't up ter the men's; an' yet we does fairly well wid 'em too. In 'ats, f'r instance, we does fairly good, 'cause the gals knows where we lives, 'n' they comes right 'ere instid o' goin' ter the dealers. Petticoats is next best when we gets good ones, but we don't very often, 'cause these Whitechapel donners [gals] wants picter-like ones, 'n' we don't always get 'em. I wish we could jes stick ter beggin' fer men's togs, 'cause they 's the best. Jes gimme 'nough breeches, 'n' I won't complain."



In American cities also men's clothing is the most profitable for beggars of this sort; very few tramps look for "wimmenses' togs." In Germany, however, all sorts of old clothes are looked for, and the city tramps are great competitors of the Jews in this business. An old German Jew once said to me:

"I wish these kunden [tramps] were all dead. They spoil our business right along, because they get their stuff for nothing, and then undersell us. That is n't right, and I know it is n't."

In Frankfort-on-the-Main I once knew a Swiss beggar who collected eighteen pairs of shoes in one week, not counting other things that he also asked for. And he claimed that, after trying various kinds of begging, he had found the most money in the shoe business. Of course all this depends on a beggar's ability to make people believe that he is really deserving, for clothes-beggars, like a good many other specialists, must have some natural adaptation for their chosen calling.

This is also true of the office-beggar, or "sticker," as he calls himself. His work brings him almost entirely in contact with men, and he must be exceedingly clever to deal successfully with them. A man will argue with a beggar, if he has time, just twice as long as a woman will, and he will also give just twice as much money if he gives anything. So the office-beggar has good material to work on if he understands it. One of his theories is that when begging of men, the "story" must be "true to nature"; that is, so simple and direct that there is no possibility of doubling on his track. For instance, he will visit a lawyer, tell his story, and then simply hang around as long as he dares. It is this waiting so patiently that gives him his name of "sticker." There are fully a hundred tramps of this sort in New York city alone. They have their separate beats, and seldom leave them unless they are worked out. I know one beggar who never leaves Newspaper Row and Wall street except for amusement, and he makes, on an average, seventy-five cents a day. And I know another tramp whose business keeps him confined to Broadway between Barclay street and the Battery, while his home is in the Bowery near Houston street. Men of this stamp have evidently been lucky in the selection of offices where a certain sum of money will be given every week. Such good fortune is the ambition of every energetic city tramp. He wants something definite every day, week, and month, and as he gets it or fails to get it, rates himself successful or unsuccessful.

The aristocrat of city vagabondage is represented by what I call the room-beggar. He cannot be classified with the lodging-house

men, because he has little to do with them, except socially, as at the saloon or music-hall, for instance. His home is entirely separated from theirs, it being a room, and sometimes even an apartment, which he rents for himself and family. If he is successful at his trade, and is careful to dress with some nicety, he can scarcely be distinguished from the usual citizen, except by the trained observer; the only mark about him being that peculiar glance of the eye common to all criminals and beggars. In passing, one may remark that many detectives acquire the same sudden turn of the eye, which always betrays them when they have to do with outcasts who are watching for them.

The room-beggar has no unique line of trade that I have been able to discover; he goes into anything that pays, and the main difference between him and the majority of the men in "the lodgin'-house gang" is his greater ingenuity in making things pay. He is the brainy man of the city tramps, and the other beggars know it, and look up to him, with the exception of the clever street-beggar, who considers himself his equal, and I think really is.

No tramp, for instance, is so clever at the begging-letter "racket," and this means a good deal. To be able to write a letter to a perfect stranger and make money out of it requires a skilled hand, and a man educated in many lines. The public has become somewhat used to this trick, and will not be deceived every time; only men of a fairly original turn of mind can do much with it. It is this originality that is the main talent of the room-beggar. He concocts stories which would do credit to a literary man, and sometimes makes nearly as much money as the daring thief.

Women are also found in this class, and do very well at times. In the city of Berlin, Germany, there lived a "lady" of this sort. She had two homes. One was a cellar in a poor quarter of the town, and the other was a rather aristocratic *étage* in the West End. She sent letters to well-to-do people of all sorts, in which she claimed to be "eine hochwohlgeborene dame" in distress. She invited likely philanthropists to visit her in her cellar in order that they might see how unfortunate her position really was. People went, and were shocked, and, as a result, she had her apartment in the West End. For about ten months this woman and her two daughters lived in real luxury, and one of the "young ladies" was to marry in "high society" about the time that the ruse was made public.

This is by no means a new trick, and yet people are being continually swindled. Why? Simply because the beggars who undertake it are cleverer than the people fooled by it. That is the only reason. If charitable people would

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only commit charity to skilled hands it would be much easier to handle beggars. The tramp is a specialist; so why not leave specialists to deal with him? The whole trouble comes of our greater willingness to be unpractical in our philanthropy than in our business.

There is one more city tramp that I must catalogue. It is the "sponger." His duty in life consists, he thinks, in simply living off the visiting "knights of the road." He is a parasite fed by parasites, and hated by all self-respecting beggars. He is found wherever the traveling hoboes congregate, and I know of no town in any country that I have visited where he does not flourish. In the Bowery his number is legion, and a hobo can scarcely visit a saloon there without meeting him. The wandering vagabond considers him the "bunko-man" of the beggars' world, and that is a good name. He will do anything to get money from a hobo, but I doubt very much whether he ever begs on his own hook. Exactly how he comes to exist I cannot tell, but I fancy that he is a discouraged tramp; he has found that he is not a born beggar, and has concluded that the next best thing is to live off men who are. If there were no beggars in the world, he would probably have to work for his living, for he could not steal successfully.

In regard to stealing, it is well to say that few town beggars ever go into that as a business. Of course they will take things that do not belong to them if they are sure of not being caught, but this safety is so vain a hope that it is seldom "banked on." It is strange that the city tramp is not more of a thief, for probably no one knows more about the town's chances than he. Criminals are always anxious to have some acquaintance in his ranks, knowing only too well that the "town vag" can post them as no one else can.

Another thing rather more unpopular among town tramps than is usually supposed is joining a clique. In New York city, for example, there are various gangs of toughs who prowl about the town committing all sorts of depredations and making themselves generally feared. Even the policemen are now and then held at bay by them, and woe to the drunken sailor with his wages in his pockets who falls into their hands. I have seldom found the city

tramp in such company. He knows too well the dangers of such crowds, and prefers what he calls "the cutthroat principle"—that is, each man for himself. There is too much slavery for him among toughs of the gang order, and he cannot move around as freely as he likes. Then, too, gangs are every now and then fighting one another, and that is usually harder work than the beggar cares for.

ONE of the most interesting things in the study of tramps is to get at their own opinions of themselves. To a certain degree they may be called rational beings. There is opinion and method and reason in trampdom,—no doubt of it,—and there are shades of opinion that correspond to varieties of method. The tramp of the prairies, the "sawny man" in New England, the city tramp in the Bowery, each has his point of view. If one catechizes or interviews the last named of these, he says:

"I'm a beggar, and I know it. I know too that most people look upon me as a bad sort of fellow. They want to catch and punish me, and I don't want them to do it. They are warring against me, and I'm warring against them. They think that I don't know how I should use my life, and I think that I do. Somebody must be mistaken; I think that they are, and I'm doing my best to beat them. If they beat me, well and good; and if I beat them, well and good."

This is the talk of the real artist in low life; he is in mendicancy because it pleases him better than anything else. A little different is the point of view of the drunkard beggar:

"I'm a fool, and I know it. No man with any sense and honor would live as I do. But the worst of it all is, I can't live anywhere else. Liquor won't leave me alone, and as I've got to live somehow, why, I might as well live where I can take care of myself. If people are fools enough to let me swindle them, so much the worse for them and so much the better for me."

To change such opinions as these is a hard task. The first can be corrected only when the man who owns it is discouraged. When his spirit is broken he can be helped, but not until then. The second is the result of long suffering through passion. Until that passion is conquered nothing can be done.

*Josiah Flynt.*