

The very fact that there are so many tramps adds to their numbers. The ease of their existence attracts. No equipment is necessary. The true tramp does not even carry a blanket but spends his nights under the stars or huddled away in some corner from the rigors of the weather. He often does not know where his next meal is coming from but relies upon the kind hearted farmer's wife. This resource failing, it is easy enough to filch a little fruit or some vegetables. The wayside brook offers the means to satisfy his requirements for cleanliness, meager as they are. In turn, old clothing, begged from the housewives, is readily pawned. Lacking this the free lunch counter and the shelters managed by different charitable associations renders life bearable, even agreeable. Their life is absolutely without worry. They take each day as it comes and are happy even when hungry or thinly clad.

Ragged, dirty and unkempt, the hobo forms a picturesque figure. We cannot help but wonder how his life is spent, where he has been and where he has come from. What is the hobo's origin?

A great shock or sudden grief in which relationships are severed drives men to the road where they are able to get away from their surroundings, fraught with reminders of their trouble.

Many men spend restless, dissatisfied lives, misunderstood by all their friends, simply because they desire to get away from their environment, and haven't the gumption to break away. Fears as of mad dogs, robbers, hold-up-men and the terrors of the unknown hold them fast within chains to their humdrum surroundings.

In this age of American over-production, a surplus is constantly on the market. Consequently many mills and factories have to shut down and innumerable men are thrown out of employment or kept upon starvation wages. As long as this over-production continues to make a glut upon the market, the rank and file of hobos will increase. No work and starvation naturally drives men to the life of a tramp—an easy existence, without worries.

Modern sociologists hold wealth concentration responsible for this condition. The remedy lies, perhaps, more in the hands of the State Legislature than in the city wood piles, as supposed by wealthy and well meaning philanthropists.

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