

# Tramp Talks by An Educated Hobo

### The Story That Was Told of a Saturday Night—Trouble With the Hired Man.

[Copyright, 1906, by Eugene Parcella.]

ONE Saturday afternoon as I was plodding along the highway," said the tramp, after he had been coaxed to tell a story, "I came along to a farmhouse, with the farmer standing at the gate. I was passing by with a nod to him, when he called out for me to stop and added:

"Say, do you happen to know anything about a mowing machine?"

"I've seen a few in my time," I replied. "What is the matter with yours?"

"That's what I want to find out. The thing has got tangled up some way and won't work, and I'm in a stew about it. Come over into the field and take a look at it."

"I'm something of a mechanic, and I hadn't looked twice at the mower before I saw what was out of kilter.



"I BLOCKED AND SWUNG MY RIGHT."

In five minutes I had fixed it and it was singing away. The farmer told me to go to the house and get a bite to eat and wait till he came up from the hayfield. While waiting I split up a lot of wood, put a hinge on the wood shed door and repaired the well curb, and when the farmer and his two hired men came up to supper I heard the good housewife saying:

"Obediah, if this feller is a tramp he's the smartest one that's ever been along this road. He's done enough work to pay for staying over Sunday. If you can get him to talking tonight I'll bet he'll tell something interesting."

"I had on a fairly good suit of clothes and had had a shave the day before, and I was invited to sit down with the family to the evening meal. An hour later, when the milking had been done, everybody took seats on the side veranda, and I knew what was coming. Several hints were thrown out, and then the farmer said:

"Stranger, I'm wondering a little bit why you took to tramping. Perhaps you won't object to telling us."

"On the veranda were the farmer and his wife, two hired men and an old maid named Fanny. One of the hired men was in love with Fanny, and the fact that she had spoken to me three or four times had aroused his jealousy. When Miss Fanny, who was the farmer's sister, had smiled at me and said she was sure that I had something of interest to tell, and when the hired man had frowned at her and looked daggers at me, I began:

"I do not care to give you my name. Suffice it to say that my people were wealthy and of high social standing, and that I was an only child. When my college education was completed I went abroad, and it was while returning on the steamer that I fell in love with all the ardor of a young man of twenty-three. The young lady in the case was the daughter of a Boston merchant. She was twenty, and in looks and character she was all that one could ask for in her sex. It was a case of love at first sight with us both, and before the steamer reached New York we were betrothed."

"What the devil is that?" asked the hired man, who wanted to butt in with something mean.

"It means that they were engaged to be married, you do!" bluntly explained the farmer, while Miss Fanny looked at the fellow reprovingly.

"After a week," I resumed, "I went to Boston to tell Lulu's father that I loved her and wished his consent to a speedy marriage. He raised no objections. On the contrary, he hinted that he would feel honored by having me for a son-in-law. My people were willing, and for a month I was in the seventh heaven of happiness. Then a little circumstance changed the current of two lives. My father was the inventor of that breakfast food known as Barley Snaps. Her father was the inventor of that breakfast food known as Barley Drops. Each claimed that he had struck the biggest thing on earth. Each brought forward testimonials slurred at the other, and the result was a bitter quarrel, and I was bound that Lulu could never, never marry the son of a liar. My father announced that if son of his should ever marry the daughter of a fraud, and I fell from happiness to black despair. It was the same with Lulu. I was forbidden an interview with her, but she answered a letter I bribed a servant to deliver. She said she would be true to me to the

hour of her death."

"Humph" grunted the jealous minded man as he swung around on me.

"Jim Williams, what are you grunting like a hog for?" demanded the farmer, as he rose up.

"Because he has no sentiment," observed Miss Fanny.

"If he grunts again he can take himself off," added the wife. "Stranger, go ahead with your story. I haven't been so excited since our wood shed took fire."

"Two weeks passed, kind friends—two of the longest weeks since time began. Then I received a brief note from Lulu, who had bribed a tin peddler to deliver it. She stated that she had told her father that Barley Snaps were far superior to Barley Drops as a breakfast food and that she would marry me or die an old maid. Her father's reply was a box on the ear. As she wrote me the note she was on the point of leaving the house. She was going she knew not where, but somewhere. She bade me to find her and make her my own."

"And she didn't tell you where she could be found?" asked Miss Fanny.

"Alas, no! I waited a week for another note, but none came. Then I set out in search for her."

"And you couldn't find her?"

"I have not found her to this day."

"But where could she have gone? Where have you looked for her?"

"Where have I not looked for the Lulu of my heart? I answered, as I wiped a tear from my eye. "Where she went no man has ever been able to tell me. I have looked the world over during these last ten years, but not a trace of her have I found."

"She probably drowned herself in the vinegar barrel," chuckled the jealous hired man.

"The farmer jumped for him, but the fellow leaped over the veranda rail and disappeared in the darkness. The farmer returned to his chair and said:

"By gum, girls, but that's quite a story. I knew this feller was no common tramp when I saw him coming up the road."

"It's a story to sadden the heart," added the wife.

"It is, indeed," announced the old maid. "It appeals to romance, pity and all the more beautiful sentiments in the human breast. Lulu wanders o'er the face of the earth and hourly hopes to meet you, and yet you never meet."

"That is the case, miss, but I know that wherever she is she has not lost faith in me. She knows I am searching for her. She knows that if heaven spares me long enough I shall find her and clasp her in my arms."

"James, is there no way you can help him?" asked the wife of her husband.

"I'd be durned glad to, stranger, but I don't see how I can," he replied to me. "I'll keep watch of the road as much as I can, and if Lulu comes along I'll tell her you were here and asking for her, and I am sure ma will give her something to eat."

"And she will find a sympathetic friend in me," added the old maid.

"I sighed, rose up and wandered down to the gate. There I met the jealous hired man. Without saying a word he hauled off and made a swipe at me. I blocked and swung my right and knocked him into a bed of catnip. Next morning when he got up with a black eye he explained that he had run against the cherry tree. I was an honored guest over Sunday, and when Monday came I resumed my search for the lost Lulu." M. QUAD.

**His Idea of It.**

"Willie!" exclaimed his mother reprovingly as he hurried a piece of toasted bread across the table.

"Oh, that's all right!" replied the boy.

"We're pretending this is a banquet."

"What's that got to do with it?" she demanded.

"Why, I'm giving a toast," he answered.—Chicago Post.

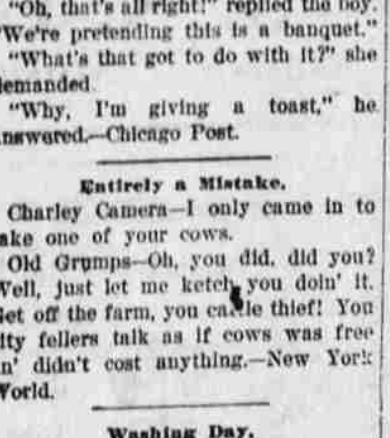
**Entirely a Mistake.**

Charley Camera—I only came in to take one of your cows.

Old Grumps—Oh, you did, did you? Well, just let me ketch you doin' it. Get off the farm, you cattle thief! You city fellers talk as if cows was free an' didn't cost anything.—New York World.

**Washing Day.**

PHONE THREE EIGHT.



Voice From Upstairs—Mary, I hope you are getting on with the washing.

Mary—Oh, yes, mum. I'm just filling the copper, mum.—Tattler.

**Pushing to Her.**

Gerald—The doctor says that I work beyond my strength—that I have more brain than body.

Geraldine—But you have some body.—Houston Post.

# POINT LOMA AND ITS MYSTERIES.

(Continued from Page 6.)

and quite naturally she is at the head of that department. The young women take cooking lessons from her, and the meals they prepare are better than those to be obtained elsewhere, so I am able to judge. We eat plain food, however, and do not go to far into the intricacies of the cuisine. The heavy work about the kitchens is done by some of the men, who are glad to assist.

"That house over there is occupied by A. G. Spaulding, of Chicago. He is one of our strong men. He helps by giving the society the benefit of his financial genius. He is one of the committee that handles the finances, and you may be sure that they are handled well. Mr. Spaulding prefers to eat in his own house, but the meals are prepared in the refectory and carried to his home by servants. Others have their meals cooked in their houses. It is entirely a matter of personal choice."

"There is no community life here, in the sense that it is generally understood. I have as much privacy as I had when living in Georgia. I have my friends come and see me when they please. I go when and where I please. I am acting now as a guide to visitors, because it is something that is for the general welfare."

"We have some very interesting people in the community. One of our brethren is an aged artist, who delights in painting pictures of the scenery hereabouts. His paintings are well known in England, where he was famous for many years. He utilizes his gift for the general welfare, exactly as the artist did who carved this door. Then we have musicians of skill, who do their share by conducting our orchestras, teaching the young people, and so on.

"Music is an essential part of our life. We do not regard it as a luxury, to be enjoyed occasionally, but as a daily necessity in striving for better things. We have half a dozen or more orchestras of various kinds, and all the children are taught to be adepts in vocal and instrumental music.

"In the Raja Yoga school, which is temporarily occupying that large building with the glass dome, the pupils are taught everything that can contribute to their enlightenment—languages, mathematics, grammar, and all the rest. Physical culture is more prominent in our scheme of instruction than in the ordinary schools. The younger children are out of doors most of the time. Those buildings over there are manual training schools. The boys have executed some remarkable work in that department."

It was on a Sunday that this talk occurred, and we were standing on the very summit of Point Loma, looking out across the shimmering ocean. A brisk wind was blowing, but its freshness was tempered by the smell of sage and other wild plants which cover the slopes of the promontory. As the guide stood talking, small parties of men, women, and children passed by. The men invariably saluted in military fashion.

course the publications issued by the Universal Brotherhood are full of lore, and by reading them for a year or two a man might be able to get a few sidelights upon the real workings of the institution. But for all practical purposes, it is sufficient to say that the interesting colony on Point Loma seems to be a little oasis, where the better spirit in man is struggling to maintain itself against the scorching wind and blinding sand of universal selfishness.

A little to the northward of the main group of buildings are several cottages of strange design. They hint of Egypt and India in their architecture. In one of these lives Lyman J. Gage, with his sister and her family. Mr. Gage was not at Point Loma during our visit. Our guide said that Mr. Gage was in good health, thoroughly enjoying the privacy and delightful surroundings.

All the buildings now existing, according to the guide, are temporary structures. In due time, the permanent home of the Universal Brotherhood is to be established on their sites. The international headquarters of the brotherhood are housed in a small building, unique in architecture like the others, and a big force is required to handle the correspondence that comes and goes. The English branch of the brotherhood is said to be much larger than the American. Schools are maintained by the society in England, Cuba and the Orient.

Mrs. Tingley appears to have the warm regard of every person in this community. The people of San Diego declare that she is a woman of extraordinary goodness, as well as ability. She is a mother to the pupils of the Raja Yoga School, and has devised a multitude of new things in education which are worthy the attention of educators everywhere. The human heart-beat seems to throb at Point Loma. The spirit of helpfulness is vital there. Whatever may be the ultimate fate of this unique enterprise, it is certain that the experiment thus far has attracted men and women of unusual quality, who believe firmly that the principles they have adopted will ultimately rule the world.

"How is the membership of this community controlled?" I asked of the man in khaki. "Under what terms does a man come here, and how do you get rid of him if he is objectionable?"

"Oh, that regulates itself," he replied. "No man is going to come here unless he is interested in this work. If he believes in universal brotherhood and is really anxious to do his share, he can soon prove his good faith. He is admitted under an agreement that permits him to withdraw any moment he chooses. He buys his house or rents it, as he chooses. He lives at the refectory, or at home, as he and his wife may decide. He may not be able to live here for business reasons, and may send his family here.

"I don't know just what might be done if a man should prove to be a disturbing element and refuse to leave. We have never had such a case. I suppose we would shun him, and probably he would leave of his own accord. There is no secrecy or iron rule about such things. People who come here are naturally interested in this work, and they don't care to leave after they have come.

"I would not think of returning to the old rules of life. I think I have found something better. Understand me, I refer to rules of life, not habits. I have the same habits I always had. I smoke when I feel like it and eat what I like. In short, there is absolute freedom of individuals here, controlled, of course, by the moral laws which control other people. The distinguishing difference between this community and any other village or town is that here we try to put into our everyday life the principle of brotherhood. We try to help one another, instead of looking out solely for ourselves."

This in a nutshell appears to be the mainspring of action on Point Loma. Of

# WHO SHE WAS

## SKETCH OF THE LIFE OF LYDIA E. PINKHAM

### And a True Story of How the Vegetable Compound Had Its Birth and How the "Panic of '73" Caused It to be Offered for Public Sale in Drug Stores.

This remarkable woman, whose maiden name was Estes, was born in Lynn, Mass., February 9th, 1819, coming from a good old Quaker family. For some years she taught school, and became known as a woman of an alert

restore the family fortune. They argued that the medicine which was so good for their woman friends and neighbors was equally good for the women of the whole world.



Yours for Health Lydia E. Pinkham

and investigating mind, an earnest seeker after knowledge, and above all, possessed of a wonderfully sympathetic nature.

In 1843 she married Isaac Pinkham, a builder and real estate operator, and their early married life was marked by prosperity and happiness. They had four children, three sons and a daughter.

In those good old fashioned days it was common for mothers to make their own home medicines from roots and herbs, nature's own remedies—calling in a physician only in specially urgent cases. By tradition and experience many of them gained a wonderful knowledge of the curative properties of the various roots and herbs.

Mrs. Pinkham took a great interest in the study of roots and herbs, their characteristics and power over disease. She maintained that just as nature so bountifully provides in the harvest-fields and orchards vegetable foods of all kinds; so, if we but take the pains to find them, in the roots and herbs of the field there are remedies expressly designed to cure the various ills and weaknesses of the body, and it was her pleasure to search these out, and prepare simple and effective medicines for her own family and friends.

Chief of these was a rare combination of the choicest medicinal roots and herbs found best adapted for the cure of the ills and weaknesses peculiar to the female sex, and Lydia E. Pinkham's friends and neighbors learned that her compound relieved and cured and it became quite popular among them.

All this so far was done freely, without money and without price, as a labor of love.

But in 1873 the financial crisis struck Lynn. Its length and severity were too much for the large real estate interests of the Pinkham family, as this class of business suffered most from fearful depression, so when the Centennial year dawned it found their property swept away. Some other source of income had to be found.

At this point Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound was made known to the world.

The three sons and the daughter, with their mother, combined forces to

The Pinkhams had no money, and little credit. Their first laboratory was the kitchen, where roots and herbs were steeped on the stove, gradually filling a gross of bottles. Then came the question of selling it, for always before they had given it away freely. They hired a job printer to run off some pamphlets setting forth the merits of the medicine, now called Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and these were distributed by the Pinkhams sons in Boston, New York, and Brooklyn.

The wonderful curative properties of the medicine were, to a great extent, self-advertising, for whoever used it recommended it to others, and the demand gradually increased.

In 1877, by combined efforts the family had saved enough money to commence newspaper advertising and from that time the growth and success of the enterprise were assured, until today Lydia E. Pinkham and her Vegetable Compound have become household words everywhere, and many tons of roots and herbs are used annually in its manufacture.

Lydia E. Pinkham herself did not live to see the great success of this work. She passed to her reward years ago, but not till she had provided means for continuing her work as effectively as she could have done it herself.

During her long and eventful experience she was ever methodical in her work and she was always careful to preserve a record of every case that came to her attention. The case of every sick woman who applied to her for advice—and there were thousands—received careful study, and the details, including symptoms, treatment and results were recorded for future reference, and to-day these records, together with hundreds of thousands made since, are available to sick women the world over, and represent a vast collaboration of information regarding the treatment of woman's ills, which for authenticity and accuracy can hardly be equaled in any library in the world.

With Lydia E. Pinkham worked her daughter-in-law, the present Mrs. Pinkham. She was carefully instructed in all her hard-won knowledge, and for years she assisted her in her vast correspondence.

To her hands naturally fell the direction of the work when her original passed away. For nearly twenty-five years she has continued it, and nothing in the work shows when the first Lydia E. Pinkham dropped her pen, and the present Mrs. Pinkham, now the mother of a large family, took it up. With women assistants, some as capable as herself, the present Mrs. Pinkham continues this great work, and probably from the office of no other person have so many women been advised how to regain health. Sick women, this advice is "Yours for Health" freely given if you only write to ask for it.

Such is the history of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound; made from simple roots and herbs; the one great medicine for women's ailments, and the fitting monument to the noble woman whose name it bears.

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ion. The women were sweet faced, earnest in expression, and gave the impression that they were teachers. Little children romped by rosy-cheeked and laughing. The appearance of these people, their beautiful surroundings, and the explanations of the guide left a strong conviction that their scheme of life is not nearly as absurd as it has been imagined.

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