

TRAMP KICKS SOME.

The Dilapidated Gentleman and His Profession.

THINGS THAT DISPLEASE HIM

Criticises Authors and Their Writings as to Who and What Constitute a Hobo—Tells Friends to Be on the Lookout.

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 "There are some things about this tramp business that make me very tired," said the dilapidated gentleman as he got his pipe alight for a smoke and a talk. "I have been reading a newspaper here for the last hour and have come across such expressions as 'lazy tramp,' 'vicious tramp,' 'drunken



"BECAUSE I'M A DILAPIDATED GENTLEMAN I'M SET DOWN AS VERY BAD."

tramp,' and so on. It contains two items about robberies in the suburbs and says they were undoubtedly committed by tramps. Millions of men and women talk about tramps as glibly as you please, and yet not one in a thousand knows a tramp for what he is. The police don't. The judges don't. You will find many a book in which the author says he went to sea because it was in his blood. He was born a wanderer—a nomad. No one ever criticises him for it. It's only when you come to the nomad of the land where they call him the tramp that can see no good in him. The only real difference is that one wanders the sea and the other the highways. They are restless instead of vicious spirits. I've tramped this country from end to end three different times, and yet I'm nervous to go over the old roads again.

"How many drunken tramps did you ever see? I'm not talking about the corner bums, but about tramps. I'll wager that you never saw three the worse for liquor. Your professional is not a drunkard. He has no more taste for liquor than the average citizen and far fewer opportunities to gratify it. When you hear of half a dozen tramps being gathered in on a raid it means half a dozen men who have not left the city for years—free lunch feeds and corner loafers.

"As for lazy tramps, I never met one. I've met them working by the month, the week and the day, and I've met them working for a meal. They are always willing to pay their way. They expect to render quid pro quo. As a rule, when working for a hand-out meal their labor is worth more than the food.

"And about robberies in suburb or country. Not one time in a hundred is it the tramp. It's the hoodlum. It's the chaps who know where they can sell their plunder. The tramp knows of no one to buy, even if he should accumulate plunder. They call the fellows on the park benches tramps. They call the sleepers in doorways tramps. They are off their bases. They are city bums, pure and simple.

Is Not Vicious.
 "Why should a tramp be more vicious than the average man? He isn't. There's nothing to make him vicious. He is having a fairly happy time of it and is willing to live and let live. I have arrived in village after village, minding my own business and respectful to all, and yet was set upon by the town bully. If he got what he deserved then I was arrested as a vicious tramp. The bums and loafers are in a class by themselves, and the tramp wants nothing to do with them.

"One of the funny things of the road is tramp reform. It's been tried on me a hundred times. Say I knock at the door of a house in a village and ask for a bite to eat. The woman or girl goes away for instructions, and a man appears. It may be the minister or one of the deacons. I am invited in. I am requested to tell my story, beginning back when I was eight years old—of smoking, drinking, chewing, lying, going to the circus and fifty other things. I am told that society is ready to receive me. I am to be aided to climb a ladder. Then I am prayed with and turned out into the night as hungry as a wolf. Why, that man fairly encourages me to steal his own chickens. Not a nickel, not a crust, but I must subsist on reform.

"I have never struck a village yet in which there wasn't need of moral reform, and yet they wait for me to come along and then shove it under my nose. I have no wife to beat, no children to cuff, no desire to hang around saloons. I am innocent of theft, I worked for my last meal, and there are no chicken feathers on my clothes. And yet because I am a dilapidated gentleman I am supposed to be in dire

need of reformation. I have had women cry over me and exact a promise that I would strive to become president of the United States when their own husbands were town loafers and drunk half the time.
 "For the crime of stealing three sour apples off a tree in Indiana I was arrested. The constable hadn't done an honest day's work in five years. The justice before whom I was arraigned had been charged with exacting illegal fees. The jailer to whose care I was consigned was a blinking old bum who beat his wife. I happened to be the only prisoner in the jail for the first fifteen days, and the reformers swarmed in on me. I had a bed not fit for a hog, but they didn't change it. The place was alive with vermin, but nobody sent in stuff to kill them off. I hadn't half enough to eat, but no more was offered me. What they did offer was prayers and advice, and because I got sulky and wouldn't sing 'Nearer, My God, to Thee' the jailer starved me for two days. I was looked upon as the worst desperado the town had ever known.

"I can't remember when I have lied. As a matter of fact, I have nothing to lie about. The merchant and his clerks lie every day. All last summer my stealings amounted to perhaps a dollar's worth of fruit and vegetables. There are a thousand so called respectable men who are grafting the average city out of hundreds every day in the year. I may get a glass of beer a week. The average man, if he likes it, may get three a day. I swear. So do fifteen men out of twenty. I smoke. So do tens of thousands of others. But because I'm a dilapidated gentleman I'm set down as very bad and in need of all the moral influence that can be brought to bear. That's the difference between tweedledee and tweedledum, you see.

Public Fooled Again.
 "There's a general opinion that the tramp is ignorant. That's where the public is fooled again. I never met one in all my wanderings, unless he was a foreigner and only over a little time, that wouldn't pass muster with the better class of mechanics, and some were graduates. At a campfire with six or seven average tramps about it you'd have hard work to find one who isn't up in orthography, mathematics, history, and so on. I've found plenty up in Biblical events, ancient history and scientific questions. Why not? The tramp is a tramp simply because he was born restless. That spirit would have given him the luxuries of travel if he had been rich. As he didn't happen to be he had to go on the tramp to see the world.

"Of all people the farmer understands the tramp the best, except in one thing. He can't understand why Weary Willie doesn't want to buy a farm and settle down. The farmer always has some chores to do. He most always seats the tramp at the family table. He often gives him a good bed. If he was ever afraid of him it was years and years ago. After supper the tramp feels that it is up to him to entertain the household. He sits down with it and can be mighty interesting without the longbow. He can tell of arrests, escapes, jalls, police, and so on. He can tell of Niagara falls, public buildings, confagurations, the mountains and big trees of California, and what not. I've been a delighted listener scores of times myself.

"If a tramp has had his fill of tramping for the nonce he'll turn to and work for a month; if not, it's no use to try to detain him. The call of the road is as strong as the call of the wild. The farmer understands this and plans accordingly. The tramp may take a few apples or turnips from him and at long intervals a chicken, but next time he comes along he may turn in and work like a beaver to save the hay or wheat crop. As for what we call gratitude, the tramp has got his full share of it.

"Therefore, my friend," continued the dilapidated as he knocked the ash from his pipe and pocketed it, "when next you read that 'a tramp did it' just make up your mind that the lop shouldered reporter is mixing his dogs and cats all up together and doesn't know his trade. There are bums, there are loafers, there are hoodlums and there are—yours truly—tramps."
 M. QUAD.

Mean of Her.



"Boohoo! Ter think my own mother 'd go an' play me such a low down meanly trick!"
 "What she done, Arabella?"
 "Made me take care of de kids while she chased off to a mothers' meetin'!"
 —St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

Literally So.
 "I thought you told me you had a light role in the new play."
 "So I have."
 "Get out! I saw the play last night, and you're nothing but a 'suppe.'"
 "Maybe, but don't I carry on the lamps?"—Pittsburg Post.

Not For Her.
 "I am going to give Miss Oldgirl a new wrinkle!"
 "For heaven's sake don't! She is trying to have the old ones smoothed out now."—Baltimore American.

HE DIDN'T SWEAR.

But a Court Record Quoted Him as Using Strong Language.

One day during a term of court at Macon, Mo., Judge Shelton, who was running through a stenographic record of a trial, detected a sentence which reflected upon the piety of appellant's senior counsel, Major B. K. Dysart, an elder in the Presbyterian church.
 "Major," he said, "I have just been reading this record. I was inexpressibly pained to note in it some very disrespectful language you used in the presence of the court."

A funeral solemnity would fall short of describing the appearance of Dysart's features.

"What do you mean?" he asked.
 "Of course you may have been excited a bit during the trial, major. I know those other fellows were worrying you like everything, but that is hardly an excuse for using cuss words. You should have waited until you got outside. It won't do."

"Does your honor mean to intimate that I swore in your presence while trying a case?" demanded the major sternly.

"I don't intimate anything, major, but you just look at that." And he handed the transcript to Dysart. There, nesting in the midst of a long argument over an objection, printed as plain as type could make it, were the words:

"It is a damned obscure injury." It required nearly five minutes for the major to think out how it happened. Then he grabbed a pen, shoved it into the ink bottle and viciously scratched out the ribald sentence, over which he wrote:
 "It is a damnun absque injuria," meaning a damage without an injury.
 —Kansas City Star.

SHOPPING IN CAIRO.

Where Bargaining Is the Perfume, the Poetry of Trade.

"I entered Sidi Okba's shop in Cairo," said the man with the oriental labels on his luggage, "and a handsome carpet caught my eye. 'What is the price of that?' I asked.

"That carpet is not for sale," Sidi Okba answered. "I bought it at great cost for my own delectation only. How beautiful it is! But will not monsieur partake with me of coffee and cigarettes?"

"I partook. The next morning I was in that neighborhood again, and Sidi came forth and saluted me. He had changed his mind about retaining the carpet. Allah forbade selfishness among the true believers, and since I desired the thing he'd let me have it for \$1,000. 'I'll give you \$10,' said I.
 "He fell back, almost fainting; then in a weak, pained voice he offered me coffee again.

"Next day when I turned up he came down to \$900, and I went up to \$15, and we drank more coffee and smoked. Next day he dropped to \$800, and I rose to \$17.50. We were very cheerful over the coffee and tobacco that day. We had the carpet spread before us to admire. It was evident that we would strike a bargain yet, and just before I left Cairo we did strike a bargain. The carpet became mine for \$50. It would have cost \$250 at home. As we shook hands in farewell Sidi Okba said:

"I love a good bargainer like yourself. Bargaining is the bloom, the perfume, the poetry of trade. I adore it."
 —Exchange.

Another Kind of Guest.

"Won't you please write in my guest book?" said a woman to the friends she had entertained at dinner. And she brought out the treasured volume, with its record of hospitality. The names were inscribed.

"Why, what's this?" said the modern Eve as the pages were fluttered before the book was returned to its owner. "There are lots and lots of names in the back and all in your handwriting too."

The hostess laughed. "Do you want to know what these names are?" she asked. "Well, I suppose I might make a confession. They are names of guests, all right, but of another kind. It's the list of the servants I have had since my housekeeping experiences began."—New York Press.

Apply It to Your Life.

Have you ever watched the exceedingly delicate and yet firm pressure of the hand of a skillful tuner? He will make the string produce a perfectly true note, vibrating in absolute accord with his own never changing tuning fork. The practiced hand is at one with the accurate ear, and the pressure is brought to bear with most delicate adjustment to the resistance. The tension is never exceeded, he never breaks a string, but he patiently strikes the note again and again till the tone is true and the ear is satisfied, and then the muscles relax and the pressure ceases.

Barnum's Ready Retort.

Barnum once appeared at Oxford to lecture on "Humbug." The rowdy students would not give him a hearing. At length, in a momentary lull, he shouted, "Then you don't want to hear anything about humbug?"
 "We don't!" was the answer in a roar.

"Well," retorted Barnum, "I've got your money, and there's no humbug about that!"
 The disturbance came to a sudden finish, and Barnum proceeded in peace.

Broke the Law.

"What got me into trouble? Failure to ignore the law."
 "That seems odd."
 "Not at all. I couldn't resist the temptation to give the law a swift kick."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

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