

MANY TRAMPS FIND KIND AND HOSPITABLE TREATMENT AMONG THE WARM HEARTED PENNSYLVANIA GERMANS

TRAMP ENTERTAINERS.



J. C. GOTTSALL.
He feeds tramps.



BARN OF JACOB HIESTAND.
Where thousands of "Weary Willies" have slept.



JACOB HIESTAND.
He lodges tramps.

wheels on his heel and hooks the thug by the foot with the handle of his cane or umbrella. This is sure to send the ruffian over backward on to his back. Another way is to dodge the kick, and crack the upraised leg with a stick over the knee. Such a blow will break a man's leg if it be administered hard enough.

Tactics which might supplement those of the London stick men have been introduced into the United States Navy. They are trick catches which are for the most part based on the Japanese system of wrestling. A sailor renders an assailant powerless simply by twisting his muscles the wrong way. It is called the leverage system, for the reason that it tends to pry a victim's joints apart by using the bones as levers one against another. Should a New-Yorker combine both the tactics of the London stick man and the United States naval wrestler, it is safe to say that the police of this city would have far fewer holdups and burglaries to record than at the present time.

FEED AND LODGE TRAMPS.

Pennsylvania Baker and Farmer Display Hospitality.

There is no State in the Union that shelters and feeds more "hoboes" than the Keystone State, and there is no spot that has a greater reputation as a "hobo" haven than the lower end of Berks County, where Pennsylvania Germans are settled in great numbers. Among those residents are two prosperous men, one a farmer, who shelters tramps from the bitter cold in his warm barn, and the other a baker, who feeds them.

Pennsylvania has a score of tramp entertainers, but no others are so widely known to tramps as Mr. and Mrs. Gottshall, of Fleetwood, in the Kittatinny Valley, and they have made thousands of the "Weary Willies" smile when on the doorstep of their bakery they have supplied them with rolls, biscuits, cakes, pies and hot coffee. It is believed that every tramp in Pennsylvania is aware of the Gottshall hospitality, as hardly a day passes without a strange face appearing upon the threshold.

Mr. Gottshall has much sympathy for tramps,

claiming that justice demands food for the hungry and weary, no matter who they are or where they come from. They must certainly be fed by somebody, and under no circumstances shall a weary or hungry person ever leave his doorstep, he says, without being furnished with sufficient food to appease his immediate hunger.

"We've treated the 'Weary Willies' right, and they've treated us right," says he, "and not to our knowledge have they stolen a penny's worth from us. They have been honest in every respect, and in case I am not at home they pay their best regards to Mrs. Gottshall, telling her to convey the same to me when I reach home.

"By coming in contact with so many Hooligans I have gained considerable popularity among the knights of the road, and have come across some queer personalities, and seen many amusing incidents.

"All have been well satisfied with the food we have given to them as 'handouts,' and on Thanksgiving Day one of the regulars came to the door, and having lots of turkey to spare, we gave him double measure. I have never seen a more joyous tramp; the way he ate would make any dyspeptic quake.

"We have weekly diners, some who come semi-annually, others monthly, while others seem to have a mortgage on our table. Among the most noted of our diners one is known among the tramp fraternity throughout Berks County as 'Prince Bismarck,' who is one of our summer boarders, as he only calls in the warm weather. He is of a kind disposition, and is one of the witty fellows among the knights of the road.

"Another of our customary diners is Frank Berkeuman, who came from Germany in 1869 and who has been fed by all the kind hearted people from Maine to the Lone Star State. He is slovenly dressed, and is one of the most curious types of the tramp. He never leaves his hostess until he has replenished her woodpile."

The tramps do not ask for lodging from those persons who furnish them with food, but usually trudge along to the homes of farmers who have large barns, where lots of cattle are stabled, and where they find warm shelter. One of the most comfortable of these structures is the barn owned by Jacob Hiestand, one of the prosperous farmers of Berks County. This barn

stands in the historic Perkiomen Valley, in Hereford Township, and this old fashioned Swiss structure is probably known by every tramp from the Atlantic to the Pacific Coast, as it is estimated that twenty thousand persons, representing tramps of every nationality, have slept and dreamed in the straw in this barn in the last decade.

The barn is a large structure, and within its walls are stored the products of the hundred-acre farm that surrounds it. During every month of the year the barn is a popular resort, and no "hobo" passes through the Perkiomen Valley without stopping to while away a night in slumber or in a chat with a fellow lodger.

They know that they are welcome to the shelter given to them, and no one has inflicted any injury whatever on Mr. Hiestand's property.

Mr. Hiestand has few rules for his nightly lodgers, but those that he has must positively be obeyed by the "Weary Willies," or they will not be allowed to share his hospitality. First, they must surrender all their matches, and if they are in the habit of carrying firearms of any sort they must surrender them for the night, and when those conditions are complied with the "hobo" is led forth by the benevolent entertainer to his sanctum, his big shepherd dogs are called aside, and the tramp crawls into his bed of straw, feeling just as proud of his host as if he was the guest of a king.

The lodging quarters are on the first floor alongside of the cattle. The tramps seldom go on the hay mow, as they say it is too cold, except in July and August, when they occasionally make use of the upper floor.

The same law holds good at this resort as at the Gottshall place, for as they never ask Gottshall for lodging they never ask Hiestand for breakfast, as they do not wish to impose too much upon one person. Some of the tramps have been the guests of Mr. Hiestand for many years, so that their personality is well known. Among them is Charles Snyder, a tailor by trade, and who returns every alternate night to the tramp quarters. He is a good tailor and has repaid Mr. Hiestand many times by mending wearing apparel for himself and his farmhands. Another is Captain Charles Smith, a Frenchman of seventy-three years, forty-nine

of which he has spent in America, and he has slept in every State east of the Mississippi River, but has not enjoyed the opportunity to sleep in a bed for twenty-five years. He is an expert at the woodpile, and many a farmer's wife has cooked a meal with wood that has been cut by his muscular hands.

CLEANING PARK LAKES.

Rats No Longer Infest Them—Plant Growth Removed.

The rats which formerly dwelt in the banks about the lakes in Central Park are "silently stealing away." A "pied piper," equipped with instruments of his own invention, has called unto them in no uncertain tones. Where they are going he does not know. Perhaps in the course of time persons living in the neighborhood will be asking him to apply his inventions again and lead the rats further afield—at least as far as the river.

The rats did not obey his orders readily. They had lived long in the thousands of holes which honeycombed the banks of the lakes, and at first they manifested a strong desire to stay. The holes were cemented up, and then they took to the trees and to the water. A Flobert rifle was pressed into service, and carnage reigned. For a short time there was shooting that would have been good practice for a sportsman. One man out of one hundred shots bagged ninety-seven rats. Occasionally a rat was discovered in the water. If possible he was prevented from landing, but it was found that the rats had great staying powers as swimmers. They would dive and swim about for a long time without giving in.

Edmund B. Southwick, the entomologist of the Department of Parks, is the "pied piper" who charmed the rats. A few days ago while engaged in carrying out his machinations he saw a rat swimming in one of the pools. "That fellow shall not come ashore," he said under his

SOME OF THE ENTERTAINED.



▲ TAILOR TRAMP.



EARNING A MEAL.



▲ MOMENT'S RESPIRE.



▲ HANDOUT.