

secutive hours was 1.56 inches on November 18th, 1875; the greatest amount of snowfall recorded in 24 consecutive hours (record extending to winter of 1884-5 only) was 9.7 inches on November 24th, 1892.

Average number of cloudless days, 12; average number of partly cloudy days, 10; average number of cloudy days, 8.

The prevailing winds have been from the northwest; the highest velocity of the wind during any November was 36 miles on November, 23rd, 1879; 36 miles on November 6th, 1881; 36 miles on November 23rd, 1892.

GEORGE N. SALISBURY,  
Observer, Weather Bureau.

#### VARIOUS TRAMP SIGNALS.

There are sermons in stones, books in the brooks and chapters on gate posts, board fences and other prominent features in the landscape of a territory through which tramps delight to lay out their itineraries, says the *Washington Star*. There is no poetry in the cabalistic language with which the knights of the road smooth the pathway of their brethren who may come after them with an unerring course of directions about the people who permanently reside along by it. All is prose, and meaning prose at that. There is none of the grace notes of literature; none of the high lights of intellect. The prosody is dislocated and ragged; the code it follows has neither rules nor rhythm. It may consist of a single word or a rough, uncouth outline of the hind leg of a dog. But despite all its shortcomings, from a university standpoint, it is as full of meaning as its students are full of hunger and thirst, and those sad symptoms are what it largely deals with.

The individual who lives isolated in the country or in a more gregarious manner in a suburban neighborhood knows a good deal more about the tramp genus than the dwellers in cities, but in a great majority of instances he doesn't know half enough. If he did he'd keep a big, ill tempered dog with a hearty appetite and would feed him only once a day and leave him free to roam about the premises at his own sweet will. When such an animal is seen cavorting about the front yard of a suburban dwelling with blood in his eyes and half a yard of red tongue hanging out of a tooth-filled cavern of devastation it is safe to bet that the person living there is a past grand master in the knowledge of tramps.

There are a few of us—or rather few such people, however, because the human heart is a pretty tender thing, and it shocks most of them to see a poor man and an indignant dog mix up suddenly in a catch as catch can event without any limit to the number of rounds. Consequently, such soft-hearted individuals feel a great pang of pity when a shoeless, hatless, ragged fellow comes shuffling up to the door and tells a doleful tale about having lived on a biscuit and a half for seventy-two hours. Then they seat him down, go to the pantry and bring out cold ham and light bread and sardines and crackers and milk and preserves and fill the hungry visitor until he distends like the pouch of a small boy's crying balloon.

The chances are that a first experience of this kind on the part of a suburban householder will be followed by another and another, the visitors being only different in their persons and the degrees of their dilapidation. Their periods of hunger are almost identical, and the ravenous gusto with which they interview the provender that is set before them precisely the same.

The diurnal procession of such callers is liable to cause the charitable entertainer of them all to ruminate on the immense amount of poverty caused by the depression of business, and he will expatiate to his friend upon the immense number of honest workmen going through the country in search of employment, illustrating his statements with allusions to the horny-handed sons of toil who have called at his own house and told such pitiful stories of hardship and ill fortune.

Of course, this is all very apparent to the unsuspecting raconteur of the incidents, but other suburbanites could have told him that the supposed unfortunate workmen were simply professional tramps, who had become aware of his kindheartedness and were playing a tune upon his heartstrings with consummate cuteness. The old suburbanite would have told him that he would have never seen another tramp if he had given the biscuit-and-a-half-seventy-two-hour starver two minutes to get off the premises in the first place, instead of all that bread and meat and preserves and other things. Why? Because as soon as that man finished his repast, simulated humble gratitude and shambled off onto the road he proceeded to leave hieroglyphics upon some prominently displayed surface like a gate post, fence rail or flat, stationary rock along the roadside near the entertainer's house, which conveyed to every other tramp coming that way that good cheer in profusion awaited his asking at yonder kitchen door.

If the first comer had been fired out or chewed up by the dog, what then? He would have left an indelible warning to that effect in the same manner that would have caused all his brethren who might follow to quicken their steps in passing such a dangerous dwelling.

That is the language spoken of at the beginning of this article—the language of the great army of worthless hulks of humanity, derelicts in the path of decency, who neither toil nor spin; who are too cowardly to steal when there is any possible chance of their incurring personal danger and who confine their peculations largely to the lunch baskets of frightened school children, and who shuffle up and down the roads and lanes of the country and the back streets and alleys of cities preying on the sympathies of the pitiful and eking out an existence appalling in its utter uselessness. Those professional tramps have a system of signs and signals which they leave in their wake and which are understood by every member of the multitude which is comprised within their fraternity. A small diamond-shaped chalk drawing on a fence or gate post near a house is a gladdening sight to the eyes of Moist Mike or Hungry Henry. It means that the residents are full of the milk of human kindness and will

give food or other assistance when asked without question.

The simple sign of the cross on the other hand warns the tramp to pass the house, as its occupants are cold and unsympathetic, and have no ears to lend to the plaint of poverty, either real or assumed.

The triangle pointed downward indicates that the house it refers to has been pretty steadily visited by tramps and that its people may have become tired of the continued assaults upon pantry and patience, but that no harm could ensue from a trial.

A cross within a circle suggests a proper line of procedure to him who tramps and reads. It tells the nomad to go to the house and be a humble-minded sinner of a deep religious turn and speak of holy things, and assures him that such hypocrisy will be well repaid by the really pious people within. A square with one corner cut off makes the average tramp shudder. It means that the house in sight is occupied by people who believe in the dignity of labor and that if he wishes to get assistance from them he must work for it. There are only a few cases on record where a tramp has approached a house pointed out by such a mark and these prove that sudden insanity does not discriminate among classes in attacking society. He also makes a detour around the house, whose gate post or fence is decorated by a square having a dot in the center. This means that the premises are permeated by one of the dogs hereinbefore alluded to. There are numerous other signs used, and there are words and phrases, too, in the silent language of the tramps, and the suburban readers of the *Star* might take a glance at their fences and find out with the key given above just how they stand in the estimate of the men who never work.

#### L. D. S. COLLEGE NOTES.

The Latter-day Saints' College colors, blue and gold, with their symbolism, "Truth and Worth," have proved both beautiful and appropriate. The main hall is decorated with them, and many of the students have provided themselves with tasteful badges. The colors are equally appropriate for decoration and for personal wear.

The writing of a college poem is being agitated.

Theology is being made the most prominent feature of the college curriculum. Regular courses are conducted in Book of Mormon history by Instructor Maycock, in Old Testament history by Instructor Haag, in Roberts's Outlines of Ecclesiastical History, by Instructor Nelson, and in Doctrinal Theology by Principal Done. The first of three classes recite from 9:15 to 10 a.m., and the last from 12:30 to 1:15 p.m.

In addition to these courses, special lectures on "Bible Evidences" are being delivered each Thursday, 9:10 a.m., by Elder David McKenzie, and on "New Testament History" each day, 1:15 to 2 p.m., by Dr. J. M. Tanner.

The class in political science will next week complete its survey of Greek and Roman governments. The study of Teutonic polity and government during the middle ages will be taken up.