end under the log next to the sill, and then both climbed out on the pole, hand over hand. When near the end their combined weight pulled it down and lifted the wall of the building, bodily, some eighteen inches, so that the prisoner easily crawled out.

His friends handed him a pair of snow-shoes and a blanket, in which they told him, in whispers, a piece of dried buffalo meat was rolled. Rain-in-the-Face adjusted the snow-shoes to his feet quickly, grabbed the blanket, and ran, and in doing so the piece of meat dropped out. So, he went into the desert in that howling blizzard, at nightfall, with only one blanket, without a weapon of any kind, without a mouthful of food, when the temperature was 40 below zero, and when the wind was blowing probably thirty miles an hour.

As soon as the prisoner fled the other two Indians crawled away, taking their tools with them, and when the guard came back on his round there was nothing to show that anything had happened since he left. At daylight the guard was changed, and when the new corporal went into the jail to look after the prisoner, he found the room vacant. The alarm was given, several scouting-parties were sent out who hunted far and near for the fugitive, but, being unable to find any trace of him in the drifting snow, returned to their quarters.

Rain-in-the-Face came back from Canada and rejoined his people just before they started on the warpath. Before they started, writes Colonel Shields, "I saw him and talked with him." The writer describes the interview:

I asked him to tell me the story of his flight across the plains, in the dead of winter, in the midst of that howling blizzard, without food, blankets, a gun, or any way to make a fire. (In fact, he would not have dared fire a shot if he had found game, nor made a fire if he had had matches, for he knew he would be hunted, and a fire or the report of a gun might have revealed his whereabouts to his pursuers.)

He told me the story of this great run, and I will tell it to you in his own words as nearly as I can recall them.

I asked him, through an interpreter, "Where did you go when you escaped from the jail at Standing Rock?" He said:

"I went to the camp of my friends, at the base of Woody Mountain, in Canada."

"How far is that?" I asked.

"Three hundred miles as the crow flies."

"How long did it take you to make that run?"

"Three days and nights."

"Do you mean to tell me that a man can run a hundred miles in twenty-four hours, on snow-shoes, and another hundred in the next twenty-four, and another hundred in the next?"

He said, "I did it."

"How often did you sleep on the way?"

"I didn't sleep at all. I knew I dared not sleep. I dared not even sit down to rest, for if I had, under the terrible fatigue and hunger and strain from which I suffered, I would have lost consciousness; a stupor would have overtaken me, and I would have frozen solid in half an hour. I was fleeing from the persecution, the wrongs, the outrages inflicted on me and my people by the white men. I was going to my friends and had determined to reach them. I knew the only way I could do that was to keep going. I ran most of the way. Occasionally I would slow down to a walk to recover my breath and recuperate my strength a little; then I would forge ahead again."

"What did you eat on the way?" I asked. He said:

"Browse. When I would cross a dry coulée I would break off a handful of brush, willows, or box-elder, and eat it as I ran across the next plateau, maybe ten miles, or twenty miles, or thirty miles. Then when I crossed another coulée I would break off more and eat that as I ran.

"After running two days and nights and the greater part of the third day, late in the afternoon the wind lulled, the snow cleared from the air for a few minutes, and I saw the dim outline of Woody Mountain towering away into the sky. That gave me new hope, new courage. I knew the camp was not more than twenty miles away, and I knew I should reach it. I put on a new burst of speed, and after running a few miles more the wind lulled again, the air cleared, and I saw the outline of the great blue forest that surrounds the base of the mountain; and I saw three little columns of blue smoke curling up among the trees.

"I knew this meant the camp of my friends. I knew there were no other Indians and no white men in the forest at that time of year. Again I was inspired, and again I forged ahead. When I got within three miles of the forest I began to yell, giving first the war-whoop, followed by the wail of distress. At first there was no response, but I kept on shouting as I ran. Finally I heard three shots fired in rapid succession. I knew what that meant. It meant that my friends had heard my call and that they would come to me. I kept on going, and a few minutes later I saw six men break from the cover of the forest and come toward me on a run. And that was the last I did know for two days and nights.

"When I regained consciousness I was lying on a buffalo-robe in the teepee of one of my friends. Several of them were sitting about, watching me anxiously. Two of the squaws were rubbing my arms, legs, neck, and shoulders, trying to restore the circulation of my blood and revive me. They were giving me frequent spoonfuls of hot soup. I slowly regained my strength and in a few hours was able to sit up; but it was three days more before I was strong enough to stand on my feet."

THE GENTLE ART OF HOBOING, AS PRACTISED BY AN ARTIST

COLOSSAL NERVE AND A GLIB TONGUE are among the essential qualifications for a successful hobo, says "Saltbush Bill," who, in his experiences from Ballarat to the Bowery, has been tried by fire, hunger, and the usual perils attached to riding a brake-beam and being questioned by an inquisitive policeman. Not only must one have the call to be a hobo, says this old-timer of the road, but there is an art in it as well. He must have personality and be able to tell a convincing story—not always a true story, but convincing. Oftentimes he has to tell some kind of hard-luck tale to get a piece of change with which to fend off his hunger, and he must be able to pick his man on sight. Otherwise he might find himself cooling his heels in jail instead of licking his chops in an "armchair" dairy lunch. Likewise, he must be able to "soft-soap" the wrath of a conscientious brakeman, lest he bite the ballast. Many are the dangers he must encounter, and the only finger-posts to guide him are his intuition and his quick wit. Hoboing is no profession for the dullard. "Saltbush Bill" may be taken as an authority, for few are the wide roads he has not dusted. Born William West, in Australia, he early in life developed an acute *Wanderlust*, and he has been busy gratifying it ever since. But, he writes in the New York *Tribune:*

It is a hard life, and one that gets you nowhere. There is more bad weather than fair, and more cold days than warm, and more kicks and cuffs than sandwiches and kind words. This goes even for the best of the life.

In Australia, says this far-traveled tramp, the hobo is always welcome, because he can help in sheep-shearing time. At the sheep stations the welcome depends much on the storekeeper. Generally, however, there are bunks where the hobo may spread his blanket and a fireplace where he may cook his food. Also, the food itself is forthcoming, and a man may stay a week or more without doing any work—just living on the hospitality of the storekeeper. But if there is work to be done, the hobo is supposed to help. The life isn't lonely, for, says "Saltbush Bill,"

In these travelers' huts one meets many famous hoboes—such men as Jimmy the Washerwoman and Plain Billy, the latter so named because he is always on the plains. Then there are famous cooks, such as Martin Duffy and Tom Bright. In the sheep-camps the herders have the privilege of electing their own cooks.

Jimmy Tyson, a millionaire sheep-rancher, was a confirmed hobo, tho he owned dozens of ranches in Australia. Tyson used to beg food at his own ranches. I happened to be camped in a "sundowner's" hut one time, when toward evening who should come along but old Jimmy Tyson. He bid us the time of day and asked the name of the ranch, which was the Come by Chance, and then he wanted to know about the chances of obtaining some rations. He said:

"I believe this is old Jimmy Tyson's station, and I understand he is a very mean man."

I said I did not know anything about him.

"Anyhow," said Jimmy, "we'll go up and see the storekeeper and find out if we can get some rations."

Jimmy knocked at the door and out came the storekeeper, and before Jimmy had time to ask for rations he said that he did not feed tramps. Jimmy asked the storekeeper how long he had been at the station, and the man said it was two years.

"Well, that's two years too long," replied Jimmy, "and to-morrow you can go to the manager and get your money that is coming

PERSONAL GLIMPSES
Continued

to you, for I am Jimmy Tyson, and I have always made it a practise to give plenty to all tramps to take them to the next station. So you are fired, and I will get one of the tramps at the station to take your place."

Jimmy Tyson was known for his charities in other lines, but he was not a man to be pushed into any enterprise. He had given a check to a parson for a charity, and the parson, looking at it and seeing it was for £10, remarked on the smallness of the amount. Jimmy asked for the check, and the parson, thinking he was going to write a larger one, handed it over, but Jimmy tore it to pieces and walked away. To a young woman who asked him how he made so much money Jimmy replied: "By minding my own business."

Another rich Australian who was endowed with peculiar roving propensities was Jackie Dow, who went sometimes horseback and sometimes by boot, which latter suited him better. He was a graduate of Edinburgh University. He discovered some of the greatest gold and copper reefs in Australia, also one of the largest silver-mines in the world, the Broken Hill mine, in New South Wales. His favorite trick was to hunt up a lot of hoboes and then buy a couple of dozen bottles of champagne for the crowd.

Once when he had gone through a lot of money and was broke Jackie bought out nearly the whole stock of a saloon treating his hobo friends. The saloon-keeper hinted that he would like to have payment, but Jackie put him off by saying that he did not dare bring a check to light among so many "cutthroats" and that he would settle up in the morning. Finally, the next day he threw over a piece of paper without a scrap of writing on it. The saloon-keeper was furious, but could do nothing. A little while later Jackie discovered another reef and made good his debts. He discovered a rich black opal-mine, but on going home the worse for liquor one night he fell down a shaft in this mine and ended his career.

Jackie Dent was another well-known character. He had made his pile in California in the rush of '49, but liked to try the road with the sundowners. He dearly loved a joke, and when two tramps called at his ranch in Australia, Jackie said: "I'll give you a job. You see that big gate near the roadway? Well, you big fellow, you swing your mate on the gate and I'll pay you ten shillings a day."

Both agreed, and they were on the job about three hours, when the smaller fellow told the big one to change places with him, to which he readily agreed. Jackie came along and, seeing the little fellow swinging the big one, he roared out:

"Who's bossing this job around here? Who told you to swing that big hulking loafer, anyway? Both of you are fired!"

A tramp called at Jackie's house and asked him for a job, and Jackie set him at work on a big iron-bark tree in the ranch yard. The tramp was an expert, and he had not been working very long before he brought the big tree down with a crash, whereupon Jackie came out in a rage, and said that the fellow had spoiled his chief amusement—that over 300 tramps had hacked at that tree and never had been able to make any impression on it.

Jackie Dent used to travel a good deal on the open road, living as a tramp, and

he once showed up at a cattle auction in a far-off part of the country. He bid against the richest men in that part of Australia, and when he brought out his check-book and they found it was Jackie Dent there was nobody more astounded than the auctioneer.

"Saltbush Bill" says he has ridden everything on a train but on the cow-catcher, and he may do that yet. Once, while on the Shasta Limited, between Portland and Seattle, he was nearly burnt to death. He was so close to the engine, that, when the fireman shook up the clinkers, he was covered with hot cinders. The train was going at top speed, and he had to balance himself at the same time he beat out the flames with his hands. Concerning the make-up of hobo society, he writes that—

Contrary to general opinion, there are few criminals among the tramp society. There are men who have done short terms for vagrancy or for minor offenses, but I mean the big criminals are absent. Hoboes flock together and the big criminal always travels alone. You can always tell a desperate man on the road, because he is alone and always in a hurry. He may stop a few minutes with a crowd of hoboes under a bridge or at some other meeting-place, but it's no more than to take a bite and say a word and then he is on his way.

There are all kinds of men among the hoboes, as in every other class. The worst class is what is known as the "jungle buzzards"—those who will not go out and get a bit of grub for the bunch. They are the drones in the hive—the parasites. But there are others who are willing to do something for the crowd, and who can get up a tasty meal out of whatever happens to be at hand.

There are no regular meeting-places. There can't be under the scheme of things, because the authorities are always routing out the hoboes and making them seek other quarters. Now there may be a meeting in an old, abandoned house, and again under a bridge—anywhere that the hoboes can find immunity from police interference.

I got my name from the salt-bush of Australia, which is not unlike your sage-brush in this country, except that cattle thrive on it. In that country I worked as a shearer, but I have not done any shearing in this country. It is hard, back-breaking work, is sheep-shearing. It's no small job handling the big rams that are brought in to be sheared. It's a sight to see the sheep brought into the sheds for the shearing there. You'd think it was a dust-storm coming up. You've got to shear them when they are dry, as there is nothing that will give you rheumatism quicker than shearing wet sheep.

I've done a little work in the oil-shale mines in Australia, which is a good deal like coal-mining. I always keep my papers with me to show that I am an able salesman. I've worked across the seas on various kinds of craft, and I've been across this continent several times. I've been in all the queer places where hoboes and the rich rub shoulders in England and Australia and this country—places like Dirty Dick's, in London, a resort where the swells like to drink with the tramps. I get uneasy for new experiences, and that's the reason why in all the twenty years I have been on the road, I never have broken my rule of not holding a job for more than thirty days at a time.