ALL ABOUT THE ENTITY OF THE "EGO" IS TAUGHT AT THE HOBO UNIVERSITY

THE LATEST EDUCATIONAL INSTITUTION in New York City to open its portals to persons yearning for knowledge is Hobo University. No, this is not a joke. It's a real institution. Also, it is referred to as a movement, which seems quite appropriate when you consider that it is for hoboes. "And what do they teach at this university?" asks somebody. "How to become hoboes?" Nay, nay, far be it. They delve into hefty subjects. They learn all about monads, the ultimate constituent, the goneness of the past, the whatness of the which, religion and the absolute, the traffic regulations of space, man's relation to the infinite, and many other fundamentally important things. Also, the school serves "eats" to its students, or, as it is referred to by President James Eads How, S.T.B., M.D., "a light luncheon." Presumably it's light so as to encourage the hoboes who have a desire for a "square meal" to seek that form of gastronomic delectation elsewhere and not hang about the university premises all the time. The university is located at 202 Bowery, and has been in operation only a short time, but it's grinding right along. While the number of students is not yet as great as it probably will be, especially if the university authorities should conclude to add a few more "eats," those already enrolled appear to be picked men, so that what the student body lacks in quantity it more than makes up in quality. The most interesting figure, of course, is the president, Mr. How, who is thus described by B. M. Johns in the New York *Tribune:*

James Eads How is the president of the Hobo University. He is also the dean, the committee on admissions, and if there are any fellows, he is one of the fellows too. Aside from this James Eads How is an organizer of Migratory, Casual, and Unemployed Workers and Their Friends, but above all he is president of the new movement, the Hobo University. He is admirably fitted to be president. Look him up in the catalog of Harvard University students, and you will find he was under the elms of Cambridge from '87 to '89. From the same source you will discover that he is able to write S.T.B. and M.D. after his name. He has attended the Meadville Theological Seminary and the College of Physicians and Surgeons at St. Louis. Not that Mr. How mentions any of these things. He is interested in his university and not in himself. And just as he is admirably fitted to be president of a university, Mr. How is drest for the part.

From first appearance he does not look as tho he had a string of initials after his name. His clothes hang about his slim and slightly drooping figure in undulating folds. His trousers are bagged at the knees. His coat is an old one. His shirt is of the O. D. type worn last year by Young America and minus a necktie. But his face is the face of a scholar, a long, kindly face, with the brow of a thinker and a mouth that twists into a gentle smile.

Mr. Johns interviewed the president at the university. "Yes," said Mr. How, placing chairs in neat rows in the center of the principal lecture-room, "we are getting back to fundamentals." He continued:

"For instance, there is the question of wealth. Our friends in the Hungarian Republic allow a man 10,000 kronen at 4 per cent. interest. Every one is on the same plane as every one else, and we have a true democracy."

Mr. Johns says he was anxious to have the president continue his exposition of this interesting line of philosophy, but the university was about to go into session and Mr. How was busy—

He had come all the way from Atlantic City to assume the duties of office. Where he would be later he did not know. He lived almost anywhere. He slept almost anywhere the night overtook him—any lodging-house or park bench. It was all the same to him, because Mr. How is a man of the world if there ever was one.

"At 9:30 in the morning," he explained, "the students assemble to see if there are any prospects of a job in sight. Should they fail in getting a job we meet at 11:30 and try to find out why there are so many more men than there are jobs. We study civil economics for an hour. Then we join in a light luncheon, and after that we study industrial law.

"That," Mr. How concluded, "is the curriculum as it stands at present."

At this moment there entered a tall man whose face was "wreathed in the untrammeled reaches of a beard as long and glowing as Canute's." Mr. How explained that this individual was Brother Meaker, adding, "Doesn't he look like the Apostle Paul?" The account continues:

Brother Meaker's face was ruddy from the outdoors. Through his beard his chin was square and determined. If he resembled the Apostle Paul he did not seem overpleased with the comparison. W. Lathrop Meaker is a leading light in the Liberal Socialist League, which sponsors a number of reforms, including a four-hour day at fifty cents an hour, in order to provide employment for all without overproduction, not to mention a project for the seizure by the Government of the entire food-reserve, thus guaranteeing three meals a day to all who are willing to work. Brother Meaker had come to speak to the students of the university.

"I have been through two colleges," said Brother Meaker, "and this one makes the third, but I think Mr. How has hit upon a big idea."

Then footsteps sounded in the room. The student body, all five of them, excepting the one who came in at lunch-time, was convening. They did not look like hoboes any more than their president. They affected a careless dress suited to the casual worker. They were not talking or laughing, but filed in solemnly and took their seats, and Mr. How shook hands with each in turn, which is a great deal more than most university presidents will undertake.

Then the session opened and Mr. Johns, feeling that his knowledge of "fundamentals" was not what it should be, concluded to remain and partake of such intellectual provender as might be handed out. President How opened the session with a few well-chosen remarks about the laboring man and art. The account proceeds:

"Down where I come from," said Mr. How, "the negroes sing a song that goes, 'Every day'll be Sunday by and by,' and if we only had shorter hours and right conditions every day would be a day of gladness."

And to prove that the laboring men are writing poetry and music and gradually inculcating it into their work, he led a song, and sang it very well, too, with the following refrain:

Hold the fort, we are coming.
Union men, be strong.
Side by side we battle onward.
Victory will come.

Even in the interval of wondering whether "strong" and "come" rimed Mr. Meaker was introduced, prepared to talk on social economics; but first he also sang a song in a strong barytone. There was no doubt about it, Mr. Meaker knew how to sing:

Awake! Awake! Put on thy strength and loose thy bands:
Arise and shine! thy banners all unfurled:
Go forth! Go forth! united sons of many lands,
Proclaim the year of jubilee to all the world.

When the song was finished Mr. Meaker, who had addrest the university before, put on a sort of review of the ground previously gone over. He invited the students to ask questions, and one came right back at him:

"Is it true," he inquired in the pleasantly argumentative voice of a man of learning, "that man is naturally egotistical? Is man a social being? Is religion essential to him?"

This was a pretty large order to place with any man, even if he did wear whiskers like Canute's and looked like the Apostle Paul and was reasonably prepared to clear up almost offhand any old mystery regarding the universe or man's relation thereto, that might be suggested to him. It gave him pause for a moment—

"Hold on," expostulated Mr. Meaker, "you are asking three questions instead of one." But Mr. Meaker was not to be daunted by any of the vagaries blamed on man. Mr. Meaker holds the title of the Hobo Philosopher, and he was ready to display it.

Mr. Meaker called for a paper and a tack, and then equipping himself with a fragment of brick, he endeavored to nail the paper against the door, the better to explain his point. It proved to be an interesting struggle of mind against matter, with matter well up in first place. After hammering for a time, Mr. Meaker discovered the door was made of iron and likely to resist the efforts of the tack. Undaunted by the possible symbolism, he tried the wall, and there the paper remained affixt.

While the university watched him he made a dot in the geometrical center of the circle.

"Let this dot," said the lecturer, "represent the human

entity, since all the philosophy of Descartes, Leibnitz, and the rest must come down to this in the last analysis.

"And these other dots will represent other human beings besides the ego, and this circle represents human society, because there must be a limit to human society somewhere.

"And let this circle represent the limit of the animal kingdom, and this circle," and here he drew a very large one indeed, "this circle represents all."

"Of course," he acknowledged, "there is infinity, which is commonly supposed to represent everything beyond human comprehension, but we can include everything, even the universe, in the term 'all.'"

The Hobo University had not moved, had not shifted its position. It sat in quiet contemplation, staring at the whole plan of things as it hung, shivering slightly from a draft from somewhere out of the cosmos that tested the hold of the tack on the plaster.

"There you have it," Mr. Meaker continued. "There you have the ego which has been brought forth by society. Consequently man, tho egotistical, is social, and man in turn has come from the universe by the process of evolution. He has come from the animals, just as the animals came from plants. And if man comes from the universe, if we come from the universe, why the universe must at least be as alive and real as we are. Hence man is essentially religious and man must adjust himself, both to society and to the universe."

Which all goes to prove that they teach philosophy at the Hobo University; real technical philosophy. As the president says: "The laboring man has listened and clapped and cheered the sentiments of people he can not understand.

"He has done all this too long. Now the time has come when he is going to learn about society, and all the rest of it for himself."

A SEA TALE FROM REAL LIFE AS THRILLING AS LONDON'S "SEA WOLF"

A STORY OF DEATH, alleged mutiny, and stern disciplinary action upon the high seas, rivaling Jack London's tale of his famous "Sea Wolf," was told at the recent trial, in New York City, of Adolph C. Pedersen and his son, Adolph Eric Pedersen, captain and second mate of the barkantine *Puako*, who were charged with murdering one of their seamen. The defendants were acquitted of the charge of murder, but they are still under indictment for alleged cruelty to their crew, as is also the first mate of the *Puako*, who is another son of Captain Pedersen. The events which led to this development took place on a voyage made in the first part of 1918 by the *Puako*, carrying a cargo of lumber from Victoria, B. C., to Cape Town, South Africa. Captain Pedersen experienced considerable difficulty in securing a crew. At last he had thirteen men—unlucky number—of whom, however, only one—Peter Jergensen—had had any experience as a seaman. The account of the voyage is thus given in the New York *Tribune:*

On the morning of April 27, 1918, the gallant ship started on its fateful voyage. From the very first the two mates, both sons of the captain, were set to the task of instilling into the minds of the crew the mysteries of the compass, of sails, of ropes, and the art of steering, while navigating the ship at the same time.

All went well apparently until May 13. No sign of the impending tragedies appeared in the life of the little community housed upon a 1,000-ton ship in the vast waters of the Pacific. Then came the first incident that proved to be the forerunner of a series of events that culminated in the death of the ship's cook and a seaman.

In the language of the pallid-faced eighteen-year-old second mate, told on the witness-stand, the incident was as follows:

"In the morning we had a new coil of rope on deck which we wanted to send aloft to hoist a gant-line on deck. The first mate ordered Frank Grielen to take it aloft. The captain came on deck and asked Grielen what was the matter with him, and why he did not go forward. Grielen replied, 'Shoot me, shoot me, I will jump overboard.' The captain put him in irons."

This is the same incident described by the crew in another manner. It led to Grielen's detention over a period of five weeks, in which he was constantly in irons. At night he was placed in the paint-locker, a small storeroom, 4 feet 5 inches high, without windows.

Ten days later the first death of the ill-fated voyage took place. The second mate in relating his narrative on the witness-stand described the incident as follows:

"On May 23, at 10:15 A.M., John Stewart, the cook, jumped overboard. I was on watch at the time. I threw him a rope and it fell right on him, but he would not take hold of it. I saw him with his hands over his eyes and his mouth wide open swallowing water. The weather and sea were calm. I shouted to the captain that the cook was overboard, and he sang out, 'Go get him.' By the time we got to the boat there was no sign of Stewart. From this time on the crew acted very queer, stupid, and defiant."

From this point onward the cabin-boy, L. A. Smithson, was the storm-center of the ship. On June 25 he brought a jug of milk into the captain's cabin for breakfast. This jug of milk led to his undoing and placed him in the bad graces of the officers of the ship. In the narrative of the second mate the incident was related as follows:

"The cabin-boy, L. A. Smithson, was the next one to cause trouble. He had been neglectful, disobedient, neglected to clean the cabin, and we had to keep at him all the time to get him to work. He had a jug of milk, which he placed on the table, and it was sour. It had been in the jug for about three days and he poured hot water on it and put it on the table for breakfast.

"The captain asked him what was wrong with the milk, that we could not use it. It was all lumps and it smelled awful. We placed him in irons for disobedience. He had been insubordinate on several occasions before. We put him in the lazaretto until noon, when he apologized to the captain."

One of the most sensational portions of the evidence brought out at the trial was that dealing with the "water cure," which it was shown had been administered by the ship's officers as a disciplinary measure. It was described by William Jones, who declared he had been one of its victims. Jones testified as follows:

"I was chained with another man in the pump-hold. We were down there for three days. The captain and mates started the gasoline-pump and then pumped bilge-water on us as long as there was any water in the bilges. This would last for half an hour at a time."

The second mate on the stand did not deny Jones's story, but gave his own version of the "water cure" as follows:

"Peter Jergensen was tied down in the hold with the cabin-boy, Smithson, for insubordination. We had found Jergensen with thirteen shirts on his back, altho the temperature was 80 degrees Fahrenheit at the time. He was in a very dirty condition.

"Matson, the carpenter, came to me and told me that the two men in the pump-hold were very dirty. 'All right,' I said, 'let's wash them down a bit.' We went down and turned the hose on them until we got them clean."

The account tells of various other incidents which took place, each adding to the irritation. Thus, one man made a complaint that somebody had put tobacco in the beans, making the entire crew sick. The cabin-boy finally confessed he had done this because he wanted to cause bad feeling between the cook and the crew. Then came the trouble with Axel Hansen, the seaman for whose death by drowning, on August 6, the captain and his son were placed on trial. As the story is told:

He first appears upon the scene in Los Angeles in the winter of 1916 as an I. W. W. agitator. There he was arrested three times while delivering orations from a soap-box in one of the streets of the harbor district of Los Angeles. After serving short terms in prison he finally turned up in Victoria, B. C., where he became a member of the *Puako's* crew.

Altho he had several minor encounters with the two mates and the captain, the first serious incident occurred on July 30. The testimony of both sides agreed on the main points of this incident, but the interpretation placed upon them was opposed.

John W. Campbell, one of the crew, describing it, said:

"I was called into the captain's cabin to witness a statement made by Hansen. When I got in Hansen was handcuffed. His face was a mass of blood and his eyes were almost closed. There was a big gash across his face.

"The captain said to him: 'Confess, you ——, confess.' Hansen would not confess. The captain said, 'Wake him up,' and the second mate hit him on the head with a club. When he would not confess fast enough the second mate hit him again. Finally, he confessed and I witnessed the statement."

Captain Pedersen related this incident in the following manner: "When Hansen came into my cabin his face was badly bruised. His eyes were almost closed and his face was bleeding. He had been fighting with the cabin-boy, Smithson.

"I said to him, 'You've got a fine face for your foolishness,