The Town of Hollowell

By EUNICE BLAKE

Edgar Wharton when he came of age inherited $10,000. He did not consider the amount sufficient to compete in trade with the larger concerns doing business in the city and formed a plan to go west and grow up with the country. But with the whole west to choose from he was at a loss where to betake himself.

One day he received a circular directing his attention to the town of Hollowell, in a new fledged state beyond the Missouri river. The circular named numerous advantages that Hollowell possessed. The climate was a perpetual summer; the earth was so rich that seeds dropped anywhere would produce in abundance; the water was as clear as crystal.

"That's just what I'm looking for!" exclaimed Edgar, and he went right off to his fiancee to tell her about it. She was so delighted with the description of Hollowell that she said nothing would please her better than to live in such a place, whereupon Edgar proposed that since the distance there and return was great they be married and go there to remain. To this the young lady agreed. They were wed, and, prepared to settle in Hollowell, they started west.

The circular was signed by one Alphonse Honeydieu, a real estate agent, who was selling town lots in Hollowell like hot cakes. Wharton wrote him that he was coming, and Mr. Honeydieu, who proved to be a French Canadian, met him at the station, a handsome brick structure that bespoke prosperity for the town. He took them to his house in a $3,000 auto and insisted on their being his guests while they looked about them. After a rest overnight he took them on a tour of inspection, calling their attention to various properties that he had sold and resold at rising prices, making a number of persons rich. On the outskirts of the town was a very large factory surrounded by a forest of noble trees, a part of which had been cut down and the timber removed. Mr. Honeydieu explained that the factory was used for the manufacture of wood paper and employed 2,000 hands. It was shut down at the time for the purpose of putting in additional machinery, but would be started again in a week or two.

Then the couple were driven back to the town and stopped at the library, which had been founded by Mr. Gardner Hollowell, the president and principal owner of the wood paper company. There was no one in the building except the librarian, a young woman who was spending her time embroidering. Mr. Hopeydieu explained that books could be taken from the library and the citizens of Hollowell usually read them in their luxurious homes.

Mr. Honeydieu told Wharton that there was a tract of land that he thought he could get for him at a bargain in the direction toward which the town was growing. The owner had recently died and his estate must be settled within a given period. There was but little time to effect a sale, and he thought the property could be bought for a song. In a year or two it would be worth a fabulous sum. He drove the bride and groom out to look at it, and they were much pleased.

Wharton told Honeydieu that he wouldn't trouble him to take him and his wife in his auto any more. They would walk about and see the town for themselves. The real estate agent protested against this, saying that his car was especially intended for his clients; that he expected a dozen or two at once in a few days, but just now there was an interval. He couldn't think of permitting them to walk. Edgar insisted, and Honeydieu, when he found that he couldn't prevent Wharton from having his own way, reluctantly consented.

When they were alone Mrs. Wharton remarked to her husband that for such a prosperous place Hollowell looked very quiet. Mr. Wharton said that there were not so many persons in the streets as might have been expected. Meeting a man, Wharton stopped him and was on the point of asking him some questions about the location when Honeydieu swung around a corner in his car, interrupting the conversation by telling Wharton that he had got a price on the property he had shown him so low that it fairly took his breath away.

Mrs. Wharton expressed a desire to do some shopping and insisted on her husband accompanying her. This shut off Mr. Honeydieu, and the couple were left to themselves. Entering a dry goods store, a clerk who had evidently been asleep came forward.

"What's the matter with this place?" asked Mrs. Wharton. "There are a number of attractive buildings, and it looks prosperous, but there are few people in the streets, and there is an absence of hurry."

"I don't mind telling you," said the clerk, "since I'm going away tomorrow, that the town was built by the Wood Paper company. For some reason or other, tariff or trust, the plant has been left to rot away, and every one who bought property here at high prices is trying to sell out for what he can get."

The Whartons had left their baggage at the station. There they proceeded and took the next train for home. Wharton accepted a clerkship and invested his inheritance. He is doing very well.

LONG HAIR AND LONGEVITY.

A Theory That There May Be Some Relation Between Them.

Did it ever occur to you that there was any relation between a fine, bushy head of white hair and the long life of the owner?

I believe that I can claim without fear of successful refutation that a very large majority of men who have passed the age of eighty years have or had a goodly show of hair on the crown or top of their heads. I by no means claim that this is universal, for it is easy to recall men who lived to even greater age than eighty who were quite bald.

Without any attempt at a chronological list, I jot down a few names that come to mind as I write: John I. Blair, known at his time as New Jersey's richest man, ninety-four; Daniel Drew, New York capitalist and college founder, ninety-one; Hon. William E. Gladstone, English statesman, eighty-nine; Commodore Cornelius Vanderbilt, New York, founder of the New York Central railroad, eighty-three; Rev. Edward Beecher (brother of Henry Ward), ninety-two; Hon. Peter Cooper, New York philanthropist, ninety-three.

It would be easy also to name quite a number of men who possessed fine heads of hair who reached only middle age, but my purpose is not to be statistical, but rather to possibly start interest in an unusual subject and see what can be deduced therefrom.—Pittsburgh Press.

RIGHT AND LEFT HANDED.

A Series of School Tests and an Ambidextrous Failure.

Ever since it was proved that in all righthanded people the speech center of the brain—the place from which talking is controlled—is on the left side of the brain and that in lefthanded people it is on the right side there has existed a suspicion that if a person became ambidextrous, or able to use both hands equally well, the speech center might be doubled, and consequently talking ability might be improved. Very elaborate tests have shattered this hope.

A German specialist obtained the assistance of the school authorities and tried it out on nearly 3,000 school children. After a careful record was taken of each child's hand preference, speech ability and general capability all the children were told to try to use both hands. For many months an effort was made to have all the children become ambidextrous.

At the end of the test all the teachers and other observers agreed that, though some of the children had succeeded in becoming ambidextrous, the effort had worried them all and had shown no advantages manually or in speech that in any way recompensed for the trouble taken. Consequently the scientist has decided that nature is doing pretty well with her own system of left side speech and right hand preference.—Saturday Evening Post.

Elephants' Ears.

The African elephant is equipped with enormous ears, while his brother in India has only small ears. Both animals have small, inadequate eyes and are forced to trust to scent rather than vision in the battle of existence. The Indian elephant lives in the jungle, where odors are pungent and easily discernible, but the African elephant is a native of the plains, where the air is dry and hot and barely circulates. The heat dries the moisture out of the tiny hairs in the nostrils which connect with the sensory nerves, and it is only through flapping his enormous ears that he can create the currents of air which enable him to discern any odor at all.

Travelers are prone to ascribe the flapping of an elephant's ears to fury, but this is a mistaken notion.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Gunners' Patron Saint.

Why was St. Barbara chosen to be the patron saint of all gunners? It is one of those things which are to be known and which one ought to know, but does not. Meanwhile there is the fact that she does intercede for all gunners by land or sea.

In the old French navy the Ste. Barbe was the gun room, and the name may be found with that meaning attached to it in all dictionaries. Moreover, in France she is the saint not only of gunners, but of all fire brigades. The sapeurs pompiers hold their holiday on the day of her feast.—Westminster Gazette.

Where He Learned Juggling.

Rankin—Do you know Professor Toabemup, the great juggler?

Phyle—I should say so. We were mised together

"How in the world did he ever learn all of those wonderful stunts?"

"He started to earn his living as a photographer, and he learned all of those tricks while trying to amuse the babies whose pictures he took."—Youngstown Telegram

Financial Strabismus.

"I'm afraid our new treasurer will ruin this concern," remarked the head of the trust.

"What is he doing?"

"Why, he talks of paying our debts instead of refunding them."—Philadelphia Ledger.

The Wedding.

"This poor girl was simply sold to a rich husband."

"Oh, you're mistaken. I was there and saw her father give her away."—Baltimore American.

Few persons live today, but are preparing to do so tomorrow.—Diderot.

Luxurious Military Aeroplanes.

The German arrow type of flying machine can compare with nothing so much as an automobile de luxe, says an English journal. It has the strength, the perfection, the reliability, the safety of a superb motorcar. And it has the luxury. On the dashboard before the pilot, in addition to his control gears, there is a nest of drawers containing, among other things, a vacuum flask, chocolate cubes wrapped against the damp in tin foil, a small bottle of brandy in case the aviator should become faint, a petrol sponge for wiping the goggles, a revolver holder, a dispatch case with sharpened pencils of different colors, so that the dispositions of the enemy's troops can be more adequately marked, a map board and maps. Moreover, the exhaust pipe of the engine passes under the floor boards, so that the pilot, who must constantly keep his feet at an angle on the pedals, may have them warmed throughout the flight. The flier, too, sits in a comfortably upholstered club chair.

First Balloon Ascension in America.

The first balloon ascension in America took place in Philadelphia on Jan. 9, 1793. The aeronaut was a Frenchman named Blanchard. He secured the yard of the Walnut street prison as the place from which to make the ascent. Among the many distinguished persons present was George Washington, then president of the United States. The start was made 10:05 o'clock, and as the balloon began to ascend the aeronaut waved the United States flag and the tricolor of France. The voyage lasted forty-six minutes, during which the balloon traveled fifteen miles, descending a little to the eastward of Cooper's Ferry. N. J. Blanchard returned to the city about 6:30 in the evening, and immediately paid his respects to President Washington. Following this ascension, during the year he made a number of others, but owing to lack of public support and insufficient funds of his own, he returned to France sadly disappointed at his success in America.—Philadelphia Press.

A Knight of the Garter.

A knight of the Garter dressed in the regalia is an imposing sight. He wears a blue velvet mantle with a star embroidered on the left breast. His trunk hose, stockings and shoes are white, his hood and surcoat crimson. The garter, of dark blue velvet edged with gold and bearing the motto "Honi soit qui mal y pense" ("Evil to him who evil thinks"), also in gold, is buckled about the left leg below the knee. The heavy golden collar consists of twenty-six pieces, each in the form of a garter, bearing the motto, and from it hangs the "St. George," a badge which represents St. George on horseback encountering the dragon. The "lesser George" is a smaller badge attached to a blue ribbon worn over the left shoulder. The star of the order consists of eight points, within which is the cross of St. George, encircled by the garter.

Poor Gas.

Some men were riding in the smoker end of a Pullman car recently when one of them referred in a rather uncomplimentary way to the gas supply that was dished up in his home town.

"Yours may be bad enough," reflectively commented a party named Jones, "but I want to say right here that we have the worst gas of any town in the United States."

"That is saying a whole lot," returned the first speaker. "Do you really mean it?"

"You just bet a hundred that I mean it!" was the vigorous rejoinder of Jones. "Every morning when we go to cook breakfast we have to pour kerosene on the gas to start the fire in the gas stove."—Philadelphia Telegraph.

A Tongue Twister.

Do you read by sight or sound? Do you skim the sense or pronounce the words as you go? Inaudibly, but consciously? There are many readers who read by the ear, and when this writer had written the sentence about Wick (*there was an election there*)—"Wick is rich in Pictish relics"—he leaned back and tried to whisper it, thinking of the next. "Wick is rich in Pictish relics." Say it three times quickly.—London Mail.

Old Newspapers.

Old newspapers form the basis of most of the boxes in which goods are kept in the furnishings stores. When ground into pulp and treated with certain chemicals they furnish an ideal material for the pasteboard used in the cheapest as well as the more expensive grades of boxes.—Argonaut.

Truth or Fiction?

"Ah, what a difference there is," remarked the cynic wearily, "between courtship and marriage! Courtship is made up of soft nothings—marriage of hard facts."

And he broke the world's record for a sigh.—New York Times.

Best For the Inner Man.

We are very fond of music, literature and art, but when all is said and done nothing makes a stronger appeal to us than something in the nature of a fritter.—Ohio State Journal.

The Anemone.

The anemone, according to mythology, sprang from the blood of Adonis, mingled with the tears which Venus shed over his body.

The saddest thing under the sky is a soul incapable of sadness.—Countess de Gasparin.

An Ingenious Courtship

By WILLARD BLAKEMAN

Mrs. Martindale, realizing the dangers which beset young persons who step into matrimonial traps, desired that her daughter should be settled matrimonially while her mother lived and that she should marry a good man. Edward Sawyer was the person on whom Mrs. Martindale had fixed her intentions for her daughter. One day she said to him:

"Edward, I have noticed that you seem pleased with Gwen. I wish to see her settled before I leave her. If you wish to marry her I will help you to win her. If not, I shall try to make a match for her elsewhere."

"You have not been deceived in my partiality for Gwen, Mrs. Martindale, but I don't see that Gwen has any special partiality for me."

"Gwen is romantic and needs to be won by romance. That is why I fear for her. Some worthless fellow is liable to appeal to her in that way and marry her. I value that which is practical in you and wish that you might sink it temporarily, be a bit sentimental, catch Gwen and marry her. After marriage I am sure your good sense and wisdom will hold her."

Mr. Sawyer sat evidently turning something over in his mind, then assured Mrs. Martindale that, although he would be glad to win her daughter, he feared that he was too matter of fact to please her.

One day Gwen received a note which put her in a flutter. The writer declared that he had known her for some time; that he had loved her from the moment he first saw her; that he had forborne to give her the slightest talking of his affection because he had not observed any predisposition on her part for him. He was a believer in love from the beginning. He knew the woman he wanted the moment he met her and felt sure that if she wanted him she would know him. While he would not make himself known, he could not refrain from telling her that he loved her.

In a few weeks came a second letter. In it her correspondent said that he was impelled to write to her, though he had no information of himself to communicate. He had met her once since he had written the first letter, but had observed nothing in her greeting to give him any reason to think that she had chosen him as he had chosen her. Nevertheless he had a faint hope that there might be some subtle medium of transference which would enable his love to kindle its like in her.

Whether or not this medium existed, Gwen's heart went out to this unknown lover, or, rather, to a being whom she created. She was troubled that he did not enable her to make even a written reply by giving her an address. But one day she received a letter in which he said that he was ill and was pining for a word from her. If he did not get it he feared for the result. An address was given, but she was assured that she would not be able, even if she desired, to trace him.

Gwen did not find the difficulty to be expected in writing a reply, because she wrote to one created by her own fancy. She did not intend to write a loving letter to an unknown man. She thought she merely expressed sympathy. But sympathy is so nearly akin to love that the expression of the one will often do for the other.

The stranger having given an address where a letter might reach him, quite a brisk correspondence sprang up between him and Gwen. She suggested that he make himself known, that if they could not be lovers they might at least be friends, and she longed to do something to show her appreciation of his preference for her. To this he replied that he was sure that when she knew which of her acquaintances he was, that he was a plain, ordinary man, she could not refrain from showing her disappointment. Nor would she believe that one she had known could have so long concealed the love buried away down in his breast.

To this she replied that such a discovery could not but interest her and might turn the scale in his favor. After much urging and the expression of many misgivings he consented to make himself known. He agreed to call upon her on a certain evening. When that evening arrived she spent much time before her glass arranging her costume, and when she heard the ring of the doorbell her heart leaped into her throat. She went downstairs, trembling with anticipation.

"Why, Ned Sawyer!"

Sawyer shrank back as though fearing she was about to cast a blight upon him.

"Can it be," Gwen added, a slight color rising in her cheeks, "that you have so long lived near me, have seen me so often and yet have been able to conceal what you have expressed in those lovely letters?"

"Oh, Gwen, tell me, are you—do you wish I had turned out to be some one else?"

"Why, Ned, do you mean to tell me that you haven't known that I"—

He clasped her to his breast. "No; had I even suspected it I would not have wasted so much time on this confounded"—

He checked himself in time to prevent spoiling what he had accomplished.

PICKING A POCKET.

Rules That Guide Chicago Detectives in Spotting Their Game.

How to pull a pickpocket when you see one—the feat is apparently not difficult, for all applicants who take the civil service examination to become Chicago detectives are required to have mastered it.

"What are the physical characteristics of pickpockets?" the would be chief catchers are asked.

And this is the answer they are expected to give:

"Pickpockets ordinarily travel in mobs and are of two distinct types—one small or medium stature, the other tall and muscular. As a general rule, the age runs from eighteen to thirty-five. Their hands are soft, show no signs of work, and the fingers of all except the 'stall' and particularly the fingers of the 'wire' are long and slender. Their eyes are shifting and furtive. Their complexion is generally sallow and without distinct color, this being due either to prison pallor in crime or to the use of cocaine or other drugs. The cocaine users show drawn features and prominent cheek bones and usually have distinct rings around the eyes.

"The temperament of pickpockets is high strung because of the dangers of the 'profession' or from the use of drugs. At the same time they are petite almost to the point of effeminacy. They seldom carry weapons and rarely resort to force. On dusty days they dress to suit the occasion, generally well, but not conspicuously. They avoid wearing anything that might lead to identification."—Baltimore American.

OUR FIRST ELECTION.

Methods in the Days When Washington Was Chosen President.

At the first national election at which General Washington was chosen president only eleven of the thirteen states voted. North Carolina and Rhode Island were yet having entered the Union, and in only three—Pennsylvania, Maryland and Virginia—were popular elections held. In the other eight states the legislatures chose the electors. New York did not choose electors because of a feud between the anti-Federalist house and the Federalist senate.

One exciting incident was caused by the fear on the part of Alexander Hamilton that John Adams, who was on the ticket for vice president with Washington, was plotting to tie the vote, and thus by throwing the election into the national house of representatives defeat the Father of His Country for president. So real was this fear in Hamilton that he dispatched messengers on horses to Virginia, Connecticut and New Jersey to stampede the legislatures of these latter two states to Washington.

So long did it take the messengers to make sure that Washington was unanimously indorsed president before some of the remote counties in Virginia had sent in their returns. In this first election there was only one ticket and there was no campaigning. There were only about 3,000,000 inhabitants in this country at that time, and the whole cost of setting up the machinery of this presidential election is estimated at less than $100,000.—Pittsburgh Dispatch.

The Spinster's Hint.

A maiden well advanced in years used to wait every morning for the postman, a bachelor of about her age, and ask him if there were not a letter for her. Several weeks passed thus, but the anxiously expected letter did not arrive. Finally one morning the postman said to her:

"Well, tomorrow you shall get your letter if I have to write it myself."

"That's right; do it," replied the old maid. "I shall be delighted to accept it."

"Well," said the postman, smiling, "what do you want me to write—a business letter or a love letter?"

"If you mean business, please write a love letter!" was her blushing reply.—London Scraps.

Ownership of the Air.

Our ancestors must have foreseen the aeroplane or they would not have embodied in the law the principle that he who owns the land owns the column of air above "usque ad coelum," or up to the skies. This can be traced back as far as the reign of Edward I., and from this time every authority to the present court of appeal has emphasized the right of every citizen not only to be king of his own castle, but of the sky above it.—London Chronicle.

Too Deep For Him.

A Britisher was announcing his views on things in general and summed up his own position by the statement, "Well, I've seen life." "But," said his American friend, "one of your own bright poets has said, 'Life's a joke.'" The Britisher is still exploring the remark.—New York Times.

Consistent.

She—This wait between the acts seems to me to be dreadfully long. He—Yes. You see, twenty years are supposed to elapse, and the management is simply trying to make the effect as realistic as possible.—Richmond Times Dispatch.

Trimming the Barber.

The Head Barber—Sure, Mr. Allgill, I'll lend you a dollar. Glad to help you out. Mr. Allgill—Many thanks, old man. They're having a sale of safety razors around the corner, and I didn't want to miss it.—Philadelphia Bulletin.

Every real and searching effort for self improvement is of itself a lesson of profound humility.

Ancient Inventions.

Professor [illegible] recently [illegible] that the ancients had invented almost everything that we have today, even down to [illegible] and [illegible]. There are certain things, however, about which we have no record that the ancients ever dreamed of. They corresponded in some respects to so called Martha's [illegible]. Pickpockets were the most numerous [illegible] during these periods of [illegible] which has [illegible] to be [illegible]. He is convinced that [illegible] were [illegible] during the [illegible] of [illegible] their [illegible] you can see them at all [illegible] shadows are absolutely [illegible] black cover of the night [illegible] sale. So [illegible] only in a [illegible] of [illegible] that women either [illegible] in the lunar [illegible] this in the [illegible] knew of an [illegible] matter, and the only [illegible] either means to be that it is the [illegible] of a covering of vegetation.—Knight's Companion.

The Smoker's Paradise.

Mexico may be called the smoker's paradise. There is plenty of good cheap tobacco in that country, where the leaf grows freely. Furthermore, no tax is levied upon it. One may buy in Mexico a cigar, every bit as good as the average ten cent brand in this country, for a sum equivalent to two and a half cents of our money. Cigarettes are cheap in proportion. [illegible] the domestic article [illegible] a prohibitive tax upon imported tobacco, so that no Mexican [illegible] buying an American [illegible]. The [illegible] smoker are able to buy two packages of cigarettes, containing ten each, for two and a half cents in our money. The tobacco in these is the same [illegible] natural leaf and of coarse grade, [illegible] coarse paper wrappings. The market is abundantly supplied also with cigarettes of high grade tobacco in the finest paper wrappings. For the most part the Mexicans [illegible] form of cigarettes.—New York [illegible].

The Chins of Burma.

The Chins of Burma are divided into a large number of clans, and a man may not marry a woman of his own clan, but after the marriage ceremonies are over the wife is initiated into her husband's clan and has her [illegible] wrapped round with cotton [illegible] witness to all evil spirits that she is under the guardianship of her ancestry, of her husband. The Chins are afraid of whatever [illegible] the sons with [illegible] great difficulty in [illegible] whether a given woman is [illegible] not. If they know it they certainly drive the woman out of the village and perhaps treat her with [illegible]. Like the Bangons, they believe that witches have the power of incantations to induce [illegible] into the bodies of [illegible] they hate and so to cause them [illegible].

The First London [illegible].

The great family of [illegible] Jones and Robinson had [illegible] far over London when the [illegible] was published at [illegible] eighteen Smiths, ten Browns, [illegible] Jones and four Robinsons [illegible] it, the Opies, Mills, [illegible] being almost as numerous. There then but five London bishops, [illegible] names that keep running [illegible] directory describes them—[illegible] Blanchard & Child, at the Marquis [illegible] Fleet street; Mr. Cogg, in the [illegible] at the King's Head; Benjamin [illegible] at the Flower de Luce in [illegible] street; James Harriott, at the [illegible] Boy, in Fleet street, and James [illegible] ne, at the Three Flower de Luces [illegible] Lombard street.—London Graphic.

Dresses and Flowers.

If you have had a wait-on-a-[illegible] dress stained by wearing a [illegible] flowers you will appreciate how [illegible] trouble might be saved by [illegible] chamois case to cover the [illegible] this by stitching into shape a piece of chamois the desired size. Into this case may be slipped the stems of [illegible] short stemmed flowers, and these may be carried or worn without [illegible] ing waist, glove or gown.—[illegible].

It Would Help.

A facetious bishop went to preach a charity sermon a short time ago in a church. The rector said:

"I am grieved that you should have to come on such a windy day."

The bishop replied: "Tut, tut, my friend. Didn't I come to raise the wind?"—Wisconsin State Journal.

Greatest Railroad Terminal.

Chicago is a greater railroad center than New York, or any other place on earth. As a railroad terminal the Windy City bears the palm over all the world and will probably continue to do so for a long time to come.—New York American.

A Modern Trend.

"Then she doesn't think that two can live as cheaply as one?"

"No; her idea is that two ought to live as expensively as five or six."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Widows' Caps.

The widow's cap is as old as the days of Julius Caesar. An edict of Tiberius commanded all widows to wear the cap under penalty of a heavy fine and imprisonment.

Beth.

Beth is the name of place mentioned in the Bible in the Hebrew word for "house." Thus, Bethlehem is the house of bread; Bethsaida, house of [illegible].