

HOPEVILLE'S BOOM

Town Failed to Get the Railroad, but Prosperity Came Another Way.

By GEORGE ELMER COBB.

"We've missed it! We're nothing but a way-back settlement now." Thus Jared Bross, of the board of trustees of the neat, picturesque, but isolated town of Hopeville.

"You mean the railroad has missed you," corrected Phillip Dawes, president of this same board of trustees. "Well, gentlemen, that shall not prevent Hopeville continuing to do itself proud, I trust, as a model village without a blemish."

Very proud of the community he had helped build up was Phillip Dawes, and he spoke with enthusiasm. He had always predicted great things in store for Hopeville. Never a village of fairer location and environment. A rare trout stream bounded one of its limits, a dream of a lake bounded another. There were hills, dales and lovely undulating meadows, a thrifty farming community surrounding, and the town people ideal, morally, socially and as to their municipal harmony.

"Some day Hopeville will forge to the front," was his optimistic slogan—"some day values will go up, and each man come into his own."

When the new railroad was talked of, old residents began to boost their acres and town lots as to values. Enormous fortunes were figured out. In fancy they saw a busy traffic, crowds of summer visitors, picnickers from the city, scattered farm trade centered at the new shipping point. Hopes rose high, then they were correspondingly depressed, for the railroad made a detour, and Byron, quite a busy little city eight miles distant, was made the terminus of the new branch line railway.

"Wish I'd settled there as I intended to ten years ago!" grumbled disloyal and disagreeable Jared Bross. "There's some go to Byron. I don't care if they do encourage a rift-raft crowd—strife and sensation bring in the dollars, don't they?"

"But we don't want the dollars that way," insisted Dawes. "We go in for schools, and rational amusements, and clean, healthy children. Do you ever find any riotous crowds in Hopeville? No, sir!"

Bross had a strong personal reason for being disgruntled with Hopeville. He was a man of some means and his son, Bradley, had married a poor humble girl. The old man had railed at the secret match, and had promptly discarded his disobedient son. Nellie Horton, whom Bradley had married, was an orphan, but her parents had left her a small farm just out of town. There the wedding pair settled down. He was a poor place, however, situated near a sterile ravine, soil not fertile, and affording a bare living.

"That boy will rue the day he disregarded my advice!" the elder Bross had said one day to Dawes. "Oh, nonsense!" retorted his neighbor, "Bradley is a good boy. The poor young pair have hard scratching, perhaps, but they're happy and contented as two birds in a nest."

"Humph!" commented the iron-hearted father, and went his way sullen and unlovely. So Byron got the railroad and what went with it, both good and bad. There was a good deal of grumbling in Hopeville, and in a measure Phillip Dawes looked upon as a disappointing founder and builder. The pride and ambition of the old man were touched. Then he began to plan to retain his prestige. Neighbors noticed that he went to a city fifty miles distant a great deal. Also, that he brought distinguished-looking business men back with him, whom he showed all over the district.

"Trying to get a railroad into Hopeville?" inquired Bross, somewhat sneeringly. "Not at all," retorted Dawes, with an enigmatical smile. "We don't want one—why, I intend to explain to you weak sister growers at the annual."

representative residents of the place meet at the town hall to celebrate the founding of the village. Speeches, congratulations, suggestions for civic improvements comprised the features of the program. Then a banquet. Dawes was always the chairman of the functions, and so felicitous was his handling of the various toasts proposed, that he had won the title of "The Cheer Master."

They could hear the distant echo of an engine whistle across the valley as they sat in the town hall on the present occasion. It reminded some of the sore ones of their disappointment. Dawes, however, was in great fettle that evening, and when the banquet board was reached his buoyant, optimistic air communicated itself to others.

"Humph!" grumbled Bross, "I think Dawes will have to take a back seat this time."

But Phillip Dawes arose, looking brighter and prouder than he had ever seemed. He took no back water on the buoyant predictions of past years. He looked quite dazzled as he spoke of the golden stream of good fortune now knocking at their doors. And then they drank the toast. And then most everybody made a grimace, set down the unfinished libation, and looked queer.

"Something the matter with the water, friends?" smiled Dawes. "That's the merit of it. It is Hopeville water, though not from the home well. Gentlemen, you have drunk of the soon-to-be-celebrated Lithia-Magnesium water, specially presented to you to introduce the last requirement of this beautiful district needed to make it famous."

"Say, what are you driving at, anyhow?" inquired Bross bluntly. "Just this," explained Dawes. "I reasoned from the first that the new railroad would open up a popular outing resort somewhere along its line. The noisy railroad has spoiled Byron. Besides, they have no such magnificent scenery as Hopeville, nor a lake nor a trout stream, nor the model town. Again, tourists like to ride from terminus in a stage—think they're diving into the primeval wilderness. Well, gentlemen, for two months I have been negotiating with wealthy promoters in the city. The deal is closed, a big hotel is to be built at the head of the lake, and people will come to Hopeville next season, dead loads of them."

"Voices arose in eager demands for more detailed information. Property and rents would go up! The town stores would quadruple their business! The rich golden harvest was coming at last!"

"But what about this horrible tasting water?" queried Bross, with a wry face. "Pronounced by chemists the most healthful beverage in the world," boasted Dawes proudly, "a true mineral water. When the promoters learned that, they offered ten thousand dollars cash for the spring it came from."

"And where is that?" "Down in a forgotten corner of that poor, neglected farm your boy lives on over in the ravine. Now, Neighbor Bross, as all the town is happy over the grand general prospects ahead of us, suppose you go down to the ravine farm, and congratulate your son, Bradley, and his wife on their share in the general good luck."

And this it was that the name of the popular Cheer Master became a household word in Hopeville for all time to come.

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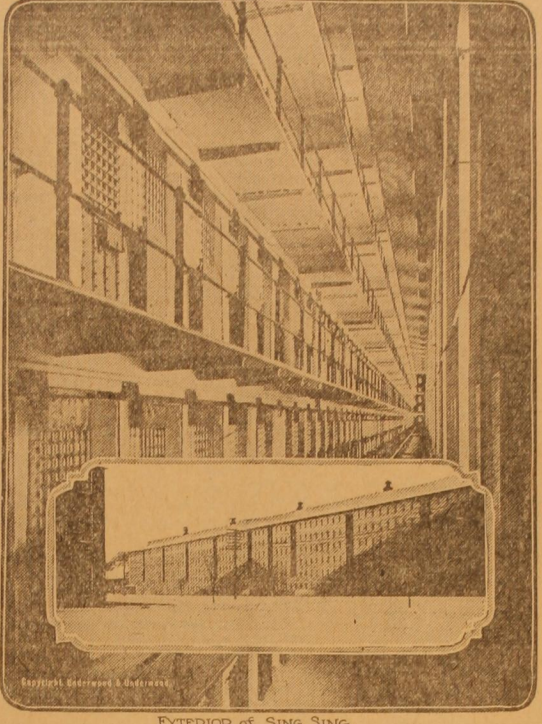
Three Birthdays Yearly. There is apparently plenty of fun for the child in Sweden in the matter of birthdays, but the parent can hardly be expected to feel the same, for the children there do not confine themselves to one birthday, but they must have three.

Of course, the first one is the real birthday, and the other two are those whose names the Swedish boy or girl bears.

For every day in the year of the Swedish calendar has its own separate name, besides the weekly names which other nations have. Sometimes if the parent gives the child a second name or a first one that cannot be found in the calendar the child loses out on one birthday. And considerable protest must follow, too, when the child becomes old enough to realize what he is missing.

In the German calendar every day has a name also, but the observance of these days is not at all common in the latter country.

GRAY PALACE OF ATONEMENT



EXTERIOR OF SING SING AND INTERIOR, SHOWING CELLS

YOU can see it from the river, or you can see it from the road; either way it looks very much the same. If you brought to look at it an Eskimo from the northern seas or a native of the Tonga Isles and asked him what he thought it was he would say:

"A prison!" Every stone in the long, low, dark building spells prison. Every narrow slit of a window, every grill of iron bars, every foot of thick wall, every glint of a sentry's gun—they all spell prison.

Sing Sing is its name, and when it passes and is succeeded by a new prison the new one's name will be Sing Sing, too. So long as New York endures and men are wicked, there will be, somewhere, a Sing Sing. Some buildings grow old gracefully. But Sing Sing, at the end of a hundred years, grows musty in every stone and at every angle. It is grim, repelling, suggesting all the horrors of its mediaeval prototypes—if, indeed, it is not actually mediaeval itself.

Has Special Function. Yet, to the city of New York, which has most to do with it, Sing Sing is not only a prison. It is the cold gray palace of atonement. It has a special function for the metropolis. It slays the city's slayers.

New York furnishes the stage setting for any crime. It provides the principal and his victim. Its labyrinthine streets serve as a place for the criminal in his flight. Its police make the pursuit and, usually, the capture. Its lawyers make the pleas, for and against. Its juries find the verdict. Its judges pass the sentence. But when the sentence is death, the city turns to the old gray dungeon in Westchester county and says: "Take him; he is yours—to kill."

And so the last man sees of the city is at the moment when he steps from the carriage to take the train. His lawyers have told him they will appeal his case. He knows that he will not die the next day, nor the next week, nor the next month. He still has money and the lawyers are sanguine. Surely they will win for him.

On the train he sits, with his lawyer, in the smoking car, and the two guards sit behind them, very placid and pleasant, but with very serious revolvers in their pockets.

They get out at Ossining station. It used to be Sing Sing station, but the people of the village got it changed because they did not like to say, when visiting in other towns, that they came from Sing Sing. People laughed, and Ossining is a serious town.

At the Ossining station, whenever a train arrives, there is always a line of old-fashioned, two-seated carriages. The town is a hilly one, and it is a steep walk either to the business section or the prison.

Brooks No Delay. Then he sees the cold gray palace of atonement that squats square and flat, its western edge touching the Hudson river. A door is open and the carriage stops in front of it. The prisoner goes in.

Sing Sing begins to griad its machinery. It brooks no delays and stands on no formalities. The guards from the city surrender their man to the guards of the prison. He is led into the office at the left. A clerk takes his name, age, place of birth, occupation and what else is needed for

the record. Opposite this record is put down his number. His pockets are emptied and a careful inventory made of everything in them. If he leaves Sing Sing his watch and keys and money will be given back to him—or to his heirs and assigns. No more does the property of the felon revert to the state.

He is shaved by the prison barber, and if his hair is too long to be considered sanitary, from a prison point of view, it is cut, but not shaved. He is photographed from both sides and in front and his measurements are taken for the Bertillon system.

Stripes went out of use at Sing Sing years ago. The prison garment is of dark gray. If the cloth were fashionably cut any man could wear a suit of it. The prisoner dons a suit of this, shakes hands with his lawyer, who has been fidgeting about, and is led away.

One rainy afternoon, as he lies on his cot, a keeper with no stomach for his errand comes to the door of his cell. He has his little speech ready and fires it quickly.

"Sorry," he says, "but the court of appeals sustains the finding of the lower court."

When his last morning comes he is ready, and the clergyman is at his side, talking so earnestly that he does not notice it when the keeper slits his trouser leg from bottom to knee. He pays little attention as the prison barber quickly cuts the hair from the crown of his head. He is ready when the cell door swings open, and he follows the priest and his flaring candle.

From the curtained cells come the last goodbys of the rest of the condemned company, some of them to follow him that very morning. He walks bravely through the black door.

And now he is out of the gray walls and in a little brick house of one room. It is about twenty-five feet square. Its woodwork is oak, brightly varnished. Even the back of the black door is yellow. The walls and ceiling are as brightly blue as the bluest sky of spring.

No furniture is in this room except the chair, the chair of atonement, made of yellow oak and leather straps. He sees it and knows its purpose, but the priest is still talking and he listens. The talk is carrying him far away from the room of blue and oak. It is little to him, now that they are fastening the wet electrodes to his head and to his leg where the trousers were slit. It is even less that the pipelike fixture above him is lowered so that its wires fasten to the electrodes.

From the lethal stores of energy's most mysterious realm liberated by a hand unseen, 1,800 volts of lightning leap down the pipelike fixture. Sing Sing has done what the law bade it do.

Great Poet Not Methodical. Tennyson, like Mrs. Browning, was careless regarding his manuscripts. Some weeks after leaving his lodgings in Mornington place, Hampstead, he wrote from Bonchurch, telling Coventry Patmore that he could not find his "book of elegies—a long, butcher-ledger-like book," and asked him to make inquiries. Patmore went to Mornington place and, being allowed to search the poet's old rooms, found the book in a closet where Tennyson had kept his tea and bread and butter. It was the unpublished manuscript of "In Memoriam."

SPLendor OF ALPS

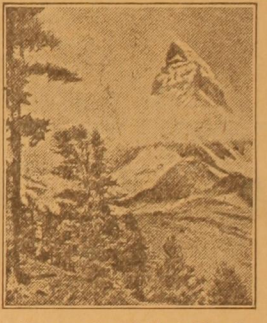
Gorgeous Coloring of Peaks at Sunrise and Sunset.

Phenomenon Is Most Complex, Varying Greatly With the Weather, and at Times Exhibiting Features That Appear Mysterious.

London.—Everybody who has sojourned among the Alps, or other snowcapped mountains, must have admired the gorgeous coloring of the peaks at sunrise and sunset. Watching the splendid spectacle from day to day, that it is a complex phenomenon, varying greatly with the weather, and sometimes exhibiting certain peculiarities that to the uninitiated are decidedly mysterious.

In fine weather the following sequence of events may be noted: When the sun has sunk nearly to the observer's horizon, the peaks to the eastward begin to have a reddish or golden hue. This fades gradually, but in a few minutes, when the sun is a little below the observer's horizon, but the peaks are still bathed in direct sunlight, an intense red glow begins down the slopes and moves upward to the summits. This is identical with the rosy "twilight arch" that in clear weather rises from the eastern horizon as the sun sinks below the western; and it is bordered below by the blue shadow of the earth. Now, for a few minutes, the peaks are in the earth shadow; their rocks and snows assume a livid appearance, aptly described by the inhabitants of the vale of Chamounix, whence the phenomena in question are well seen on the summits of Mont Blanc, as the "tinte cadavereuse."

Presently occurs the remarkable phenomenon known as "recoloration" or "afterglow." In Chamounix it is called "the resurrection or Mont Blanc." The peaks, from which all color had faded, again assume a rosy tint; but this time gradually, and without any sharp line of demarcation between the glow and the shadow beneath. The recoloration is by no means a daily occurrence—in fact, it is rather uncommon—and it varies greatly in appearance and duration. Sometimes it lasts until an hour after sunset, and it passes away from below upward. Very rarely a faint sea-



"Resurrection of Mont Blanc."

ond recoloration may be seen. All these phenomena may be seen, in reverse order, at sunrise, though they are less common then than at sunrise.

The recoloration of the Alps has been variously explained, but there seems to be little doubt that it is due, at least principally, to the reflection from the peaks of the rosy glow which forms in the western sky after sunset, known as the "purple light," and which is sometimes intense enough to constitute a secondary luminous source. The diffuse appearance of the recoloration, as compared with the well defined zone of rosy light that rests upon the peaks while the latter are still in direct sunlight is explained by the broad expanse of the "purple light" as compared with the small disk of the sun. Sometimes the sky itself (i. e., the fine dust in the upper atmosphere) reflects the "purple light," giving rise to a "second purple light" for an observer situated at a suitable angle of vision. This in turn may be reflected by the mountains giving the rare phenomenon of a second recoloration.

MEN GET IMITATION MONEY

Passaic, N. J., Grocermen Carry Bogus Roll in Expectation of Highwaymen.

Passaic, N. J.—Learning from experience when they were held up and robbed of \$150 in genuine money a year ago, Benjamin Goldberg and Julius Verban, partners in a produce business here, have ever since carried a goodly quantity of bogus money around, ready to fool the next highwaymen they encountered. Their chance came when two masked men held up their wagon at the point of revolvers and forced the men to empty their pockets of \$10,000 in bogus bills. The robbers fled, with the grocermen gleeful because their real money—\$110—was safe beneath the wagon seat.

Springfield.—State Auditor Brady has a permit for the organization of the People's State bank of Marengo, which will have a capital stock of \$25,000. The stockholders are D. M. Wright, Ernest C. Robb and David R. Joslyn.

Aurora.—Lillian Sanderson, six years old, was killed and her sister, Viola Sanderson, aged four, was fatally injured when an automobile carrying six children and three adults was struck by a Burlington express train near Sugar Grove. Mrs. Sanderson, mother of the children, was internally injured. The car went dead just as the train came into sight. Seward Sanderson of Lee, owner of the car, and father of the children, was just getting out of the machine to crank it, but was too late.

Baby Pig Society Woman's Pet. Denver, Colo.—A baby pig is the latest society pet. Mrs. Whitney Newton, prominent in society here, is the owner of a baby pig, of which she is very proud. Its skin is washed, combed and perfumed every day and it sleeps in a downy bed every night near its mistress.

NEWS OF ILLINOIS

Danville.—J. G. Avery of St. Louis and three girls occupying the automobile of George Gay, proprietor of the Aetna house, were injured when the auto, running fifty miles an hour over paved road three miles south of Danville, suddenly skidded and plunged into a ditch. The women, who gave fictitious names, each sustained a broken arm, and are in the hospital, but will recover. Avery and Gaylord Small, the chauffeur, were pinned under the car, being rescued by people in the vicinity. When the car was lifted up Avery rolled the remainder of the way down hill and landed in a pool of water. He is being attended at a local hotel. Gay, owner of the car, has been out of the city for the past week. The car is said to have been taken without permission and is a complete wreck.

Springfield.—Upon the request of Mayor Schriver of Rock Island, who asks for information to guide the election authorities in Rock Island in a special election in the near future, at which women will vote, Attorney General Lucey declares: That a foreign-born woman, who marries a citizen of the United States, whether such a citizen be natural-born or naturalized, by such act of marriage becomes a citizen of the United States. An unmarried foreign-born woman, whose father did not become naturalized until after she arrived at her majority, would not, by such act of naturalization upon the part of her father, become a citizen of the United States. A woman born in the United States, whose father was not naturalized prior to her arriving at her majority, is a citizen of the United States.

Lawrenceville.—As the result of a quarrel over a well which has been used by both Mrs. Frank Wright and Mrs. L. W. Skidmore fought. Mrs. Wright's left ear was bitten off. A charge of assault and battery was lodged against Mrs. Skidmore in the city court and she will be held for the next grand jury on the charge of mayhem.

Golconda.—Residents of Dixon Springs, near here, are excited over the disappearance of C. D. Anderson, who last was seen on the road near a neighbor's house where he was to spend the night. Anderson had \$800 with him. Many persons from Dixon Springs have been searching the woods for him. It is the theory that he was killed for his money.

Joliet.—Because he cranked his automobile while it was in gear, Harry Lewis, a Joliet banker, was run over and seriously injured. Lewis was in a hurry to take some friends to the Union station and neglected to inspect his gears, the machine would not spark the first few whirrs of the crank, so he opened the throttle wider, one of the friends put on the exhalator to help matters, and now Lewis faces a two weeks' hospital sentence.

Decatur.—Stephen Keeling, aged twelve, of Fort Scott, Kan., was killed and his brother Keith, aged fifteen, was badly injured when an automobile driven by the boy's father overturned ten miles east of Maroa, Ill. The Keeling family, consisting of parents and four children, was touring from Ft. Scott to Indianapolis.

Chicago.—An estate of \$200,000 left by William Henry Lee of the Laird & Lee Publishing company, who died in this city June 30, is in the hands of Public Administrator James F. Bishop, awaiting claimants. Efforts of public officials to find heirs have been unsuccessful. Under the law the estate reverts to the state within twenty years if no claimant appears.

Chicago.—A jury in the criminal court returned a verdict of guilty against Fred Hrodek, a chauffeur, charged with the murder of Patrick J. Condon, who was run over and killed by an automobile driven by the defendant. His punishment was fixed at fourteen years' imprisonment in the penitentiary. Fred Cordes, who was in the car with Hrodek when the victim was killed, was found not guilty. Reckless drivers of automobiles were characterized as being far more dangerous to the community than highway robbers by Assistant State's Attorney Stephen A. Malato in his argument to the jury in the case of Hrodek.

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