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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 us," 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 riff-raff crowd—stir 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.

Neille Horton, whom Bradley had married, was an orphan, but her parents had left her a small farm just out of town. There the wedded pair settled down. It 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!" insinuated 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 growlers at the annual."

The "annual" was a time honored institution of Hopeville, and now again close at hand. Every year Phillip Dawes had insisted that the

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.

They never had anything stronger than clear, sparkling water at these celebration functions. They had nothing stronger, because in the first place no one seemed to want it, and furthermore the big artesian well that supplied the town ranked third in the state as to purity of output, so, as a matter of local loyalty, the toasts were drunk in aqua pura.

"Hopeville—her splendid past and her glorious future," was the toast read.

"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, 'bough 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 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 fact 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 thus 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.

Following Up the Fads.

Sharp-Draper—What are you at now?

Bookkeeper—Making out Mr. Bullion's bill.

"All right. Charge him an extra \$20 for sundries."

"Huh! I better put in the items?"

"There are no items. They weren't bought."

"My goodness; He'll say we're swindlers."

"No, he won't. He won't say a word."

"Why not?"

"Well, you see, kleptomania is very fashionable now, and he'll think his wife has got the sundries."

KOREAN COURTS OF JUSTICE

Though There Has Been an Improvement of Late Their Administration is Still a Scandal.

The Korean judge dispenses justice in the open, and by etiquette only the judge can sit; everyone else must stand, excepting the prisoner and his friends, who are forced to remain in a humble kneeling position with bowed heads. Until quite recently these trials were always very one-sided and shockingly unjust.

When a man was brought to a judge, it was taken for granted he was guilty, and, if he did not confess he was tortured and made to do so. Witnesses, too, were openly bribed. In fact, giving evidence for or against an accused person meant a living to a portion of the community, and these witnesses naturally favored those who paid best. Punishments varied. If the prisons were too full, and the condemned could not pay a fine, they were often given a chance to escape, or disappeared by some means. Though these are things of the past, Korean judges, like those of China, possess a poor idea of the sense of justice.—Wide World.

HIS SCHEME



Henpeck (greatly exasperated)—If I ever marry again it'll be to a Mrs. Henpeck—Yes, yes. Henpeck—Woman who is tongue-tied.

AID TO SKY STUDY.

A celestial sphere, an apparatus designed for instruction in astronomy, and particularly for promoting popular knowledge of the constellations, has recently been installed at the Chicago Academy of Sciences. This device, invented by Wallace W. Atwood, secretary of the society, is the only one of its kind in the world. It consists of a hollow sphere 15 feet in diameter, with minute perforations placed in the correct positions for representing the stars. The sphere is mounted with its axis parallel with the earth's axis, and revolves in a direction opposite to the revolution of the earth, so that the stars and planets seen on the miniature sky of the interior of the sphere have the same apparent movement as the stars and planets of the real sky. With the interior darkened the usual illumination outside the sphere is sufficient to make the star perforations distinct. A pointer carrying a small electric light, which appears as a spark, is used in explaining the constellations.—Popular Mechanics Magazine.

WHERE JULY IS HOTTEST.

Edwin C. Martin, author of the work, "Our Own Weather," states that the world's record for the highest absolute heat is held by the United States—130 degrees in the shade being registered at Mammoth Tank, Cal. Though this is not a weather bureau record, a record of 128 degrees at Salton in the same region has the weather bureau's indorsement. The highest record in any other part of the world is 127.4 degrees on the northern edge of the Sahara desert, according to "Our Own Weather."

WAY WITH MEN.

"The men at our church certainly contribute cheerfully for one cause."

"What is that?"

"To send the minister away."

WHY IT'S SPREADING.

Mrs. Bacon—I see the English language is spreading faster than any other.

Mr. Bacon—Go on talking, ladies; keep it up.

PLENTY THERE.

She (poring over a list)—There is more crash needed in the kitchen. He (looking up from his paper)—It doesn't sound out there like it, my dear.

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Are you now taking the Farm Journal? (Write "Yes," or "No")

Miss Ruth Korsemeier returned Sunday morning to her home in Jefferson City after a visit in this city with relatives.

A. E. Taubman spent Sunday in Sweet Springs. We presume the waters from this noted spring are very beneficial to our Mayor judging from his numerous visits.

Mrs. S. N. Wilson returned Saturday evening from a visit with relatives in Warrensburg.

Prof. and Mrs. B. M. Little returned Sunday morning from a visit with relatives in Kansas City.

Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Steele of Kansas City arrived Sunday in a automobile to spend the day with Mr. and Mrs. B. R. Young.

Miss Elliott Todhunter of Boonville, arrived Sunday for a visit with her parents, Capt. and Mrs. Ryland Todhunter.

Miss Mary Willson returned Saturday evening from a visit in Kansas City.

Miss Mary Lillian Atkinson returned Sunday from an extended visit in Chicago.

Mr. and Mrs. E. C. Graw spent Sunday here with Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Young, Sr.

Ike Noyes and C. L. Glascock went to Higginsville Monday to spend the day on business.