

HIS FRIENDS

He Entertained Them but Once

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Having occasion to visit a little town nestling among the green hills of Vermont one autumn on a matter of business, I was walking, satchel in hand, from the station to the hotel of the place when I was accosted by a cheery man, who asked me if I were going to stop overnight in the town. Upon my telling him that such was my intention he said to me:

"I sometimes receive guests in my house and if you like will entertain you."

Not relishing a stay in the average country hotel, I concluded to go with the man. He led me to the handsomest house in the place. It had no appearance of being a hotel. Indeed, there was nothing public about it. I was shown to a bedroom containing every comfort and convenience. I arrived near the dinner hour and when I went down into the dining room found there only mine host and his family about a table at which there was but one vacant seat. My host introduced me to his wife and daughters and motioned me to the vacant chair.

Never was I more puzzled. I had been solicited, I supposed, by either a hotel runner or a landlord, yet I seemed to be in a private house. The conversation was general and was enlivened by a bottle of wine. This embarrassed me, for landlords are not used to furnishing wine unless duly ordered to be paid for. I had ordered no wine and did not know whether I would be permitted to return the host's civility by doing so. After dinner I spent a very pleasant evening with him and his family and at bedtime retired to my room.

I was given my breakfast the next morning alone, and, as nothing was said about remaining longer after I had eaten, I took up my satchel for departure. Each one of the family cordially bade me goodby, not one of them expressing a desire to see me again, though the eldest daughter's eyes sank to the floor at a pressure of the hand I gave her. I could not bring myself to call for a bill. I contented myself with expressing my thanks.

Going straight to the office of a man with whom I had business, I informed him of my adventure and asked if he could give me an explanation. He smiled and said:

"Have you read in the 'Arabian Nights' Entertainment' the story of the man who, disgusted with the selfishness of humanity, every evening invited a stranger to sup and remain the night with him and turned him away in the morning?"

"I have."

"You have been entertained by such a man."

"And I will not be admitted under his roof again?"

"No."

"We shall see about that. But tell me the story."

"Evan Thompson inherited the wealth of his father and grandfather. Evan was always very tender hearted. As soon as he came into his property he began to give it to any one who needed it. He never wasted a penny of it. Every cent was a blessing to whomsoever it was given. To condense the story, he gave away his whole patrimony, including the house in which he now lives. Not being satisfied to remain a poor man among those who had been his associates in prosperity, he went away and was not seen again here for ten years. Then he appeared one day ragged and for-

lorn looking. There was scarcely a person in the town who had not at some time been assisted by him. He applied to one after another for help. What assistance was given him was so trifling that it served him but for a brief period. Some of those he had helped to prosperity made him small loans, realizing that until they were paid he would not trouble them again. Some paid no attention whatever to his solicitations. And so, after he had asked for help from everybody and all had either refused him or put him where he could not well ask for more, he discovered that his former friends when they saw him coming would turn down a cross street before meeting him. Indeed, everybody wished he would go away again and stay away.

"He disappeared one morning, his absence being made manifest by his failing to call on a man who had promised to lend him a quarter. The man told others of the circumstance, and it soon got abroad that 'Seedy' Thompson, as he was called, had relieved the town of his presence. Then one day something happened. The owner of the Thompson homestead announced that he had sold it for twice what he gave for it. The next startler was the registry of the deed to the premises in the name of Evan Thompson. Lastly, one morning a maiden lady passed the Thompson house and reported that she had seen 'Seedy' Thompson himself sitting on the porch puffing a cigar. The end of it all was that Thompson was there with a wife and children.

"Thompson has told me that he never read the story in 'The Arabian Nights' Entertainment.' He seems to have hit upon the same method of procedure by coincidence. He will invite a stranger to stay at his house for one night, but will never receive the same person twice."

It was my good fortune to break his rule, but I did it through his eldest daughter. I married her.

SHE WAS NO SHIRK.

And She Had No Patience With Modern Cooking Methods.

Different persons have varying ideas as to what constitutes a good housekeeper. The ideas held by Mrs. Dana Goodyear were her own and firmly fixed. "I've got nothing to say against those that follow after these modern notions of cooking, like the minister's wife," she remarked one day, "but all I can state is that her ways aren't my ways and never would be."

"She's been to a city cooking school, I hear," said Mrs. Goodyear's visitor, "and does her work all the newfangled ways."

"I presume so," and Mrs. Goodyear's chin took on its firmest expression. "She was telling me yesterday how she could do a morning's baking—bread, cake, pies—and get the regular dinner, too, and only have three bowls and three or four spoons to wash when she's done aside from the dinner dishes. She told me 'twas by cooking school system she did it, planning and rinsing out as she worked, and so on."

"She seemed real proud of it, but it struck me as a pretty slack way of doing kitchen work. There isn't a lazy bone in my body, if I do say it, and when I've done a Saturday's baking I'm safe to say that there's hardly a bowl left on my pantry shelves, and I've got a good hour's work before me right in my kitchen sink where anybody that comes in can see it."—Youth's Companion.

KING OF THE METALS.

The Importance of Iron to the Electrical Industry.

The very root of the electrical industry is iron. Without iron it is doubtful if the larger generators and the mighty motors could be built, for the

powerful magnets upon which these inventions depend for their power are all made of soft iron either in the form of thin plates or long wires covered with insulation.

Nearly every one is familiar with the common horseshoe magnet, which is but a piece of steel bent in the shape of a horseshoe and charged with magnetism. When a steel bar of this shape is rubbed against another magnet it is "charged" and will remain so for a long time. The magnets used in electrical machinery are of the induction type—that is, the magnetism vanishes just as soon as the current is taken away from them. If you wind a long insulated wire tightly around a soft iron core and send through this wire a weak current of electricity the core will be instantly possessed of strong magnetic qualities. This fact is the basis of all electric motors and generators. The field coils are usually made of a soft iron core wound with yards and yards of insulated wire. When the current is sent through this wire the soft iron core is turned into a powerful magnet, and this magnetic power is used to drive motors or to generate more electricity.—Electrical Bulletin.

Elephants in Captivity.

The trainer flashed for an instant his dark lantern on the long line of elephants.

"They are asleep," he said. "In captivity elephants always sleep standing."

"Why is that?" the visitor asked. "They lie down to sleep in the jungle."

"Yes," said the trainer. "I don't know why it is. But you'll never see a captive elephant sleep lying down. Some people say a captive elephant never really sleeps—sleeps sound. I mean—at all. He never has complete confidence, you know. He grieves. He longs to be free. Why, as a matter of fact, this light, standing sleep of his only lasts about three hours at that. All the rest of the night he rocks from side to side in the dark."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Hopi Courtship.

When a Hopi maiden decides which of the eligible young men of the tribe she wishes to marry she goes and sits in his house and grinds corn until he is sufficiently impressed by her industry to marry her. After the ceremony, which is an elaborate one, the couple go to live in the wife's house. If she tires of her husband she can obtain a divorce by merely throwing his saddle out of the house. After marriage the house, fields and all their property except the herds belong to the wife.

The Hopis are indulgent parents. The right of the children to do as they please is never questioned.

CROCODILE TEARS.

And Legends That the Brutes Shed Them Over Their Prey.

There was an old story, to which we find constant reference in Elizabethan writers, that crocodiles wept over their prey. No doubt the legend arose because the crocodile possesses largely developed lachrymal glands, but it appears in various amusing forms.

As early as the fourteenth century, in "Mandeville's Travels," we find: "In that contré ben great plente of Cokardilles. Theise serpentes slen men, and thel eten hem wepyng."

An odd turn is given to the tale by the narrator of one of Sir John Hawkins' voyages. Whether he was a married man or not we do not know, but he writes: "His nature is ever, when he would have his prey, to cry and sob like a Christian body, to provoke them to come to him, and then he snatched at them! And thereupon came this proverb, that is applied unto women when they weep, Lachrymæ crocodill, the meaning whereof is that

as the crocodile when he crieth goeth them about most to deceive, so doth a woman most commonly when she weepeth."

In Fuller's "Worthies" there is the added information that "the crocodile's tears are never true save when he is forced where saffron groweth." Shakespeare, Spenser and Dryden allude to this old world fancy.

LOVELY LUCERNE.

The Tourist Center of the "Playground of Europe."

Lucerne, situated in the heart of Switzerland, stands, as it were, enshrined amid the grandest and most picturesque features of Alpine scenery and is, of course, the tourist center par excellence of the "Playground of Europe," three main lines of railway converging on the famous town beside the lake. Nor could nature, indeed, have well done more for "Lovely Lucerne," as all the world acclaims it (declares a writer in London Sketch). On one side stands the Rigi, on the other Pilatus (7,000 feet high), with between them the fair, shimmering expanse of the Lake of the Four Cantons and beyond it again a widespread panorama of the glaciers and snow peaked ranges of the Alps.

From the Rigi (6,000 feet), easily climbed by aid of its famous "mountain train," the view takes in the Bernina, Gothard, Unterwalden and Bernese Alps, stretching far and wide, from the Sentis in the east to the Blumlisalp in the west, and to northward the Jura mountains, the Black forest and the Vosges barrier between Frank and Teuton. From the Rigi some fourteen lakes are visible on a clear day, among them Sempach, by the shores of which was fought the famous battle where the Swiss won their freedom.

Naming a Yacht.

The naming of a book is no holiday task, and authors particularly proud of a title are tolerably sure to discover that it has been already used. But the naming of a yacht is almost a greater perplexity. Plagiarism may in this case result in practical confusion carrying the most awkward consequences, and not all titles to which, in search of variety, recourse has already been had are satisfactory from all points of view. Not long ago, for instance, a very grave British cabinet minister, perhaps wishing for once to be sprightly, called his yacht Flirt. He had not consulted his family, who were, however, quite sure, he thought, to delight in his outburst of gaiety. However, his daughters naturally remarked how very disagreeable it would be to go ashore with that label around their hats.

Where Ears Grow Sharp.

A French balloonist has recorded the clearness with which sounds coming from the surface of the ground can be heard at a high altitude. At the height of 5,000 feet the ringing of horses' hoofs on a hard road was clearly audible. At 4,000 feet the splashing sound made by ducks in a pond was heard. The barking of dogs and the crowing of cocks could be heard at seven or eight thousand feet. These sounds penetrated through a white floor of cloud that hid the earth from sight, says Harper's Weekly. In the perfect silence of the air the investigator was startled by what seemed stealthy footsteps close at hand. It was ascertained that this noise was caused by the stretching of the ropes and the yielding of the silk as the balloon continued to expand.

Few to Collect.

Cholly—Give me time to collect my thoughts. Miss Keen—Certainly. Mr. Supleigh. You can have two seconds.—Boston Transcript.