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MISS HALLOWAY OF CHICAGO

And the Way She Became Mrs. Parker of New York.

By MARY WOOD.

She was so decidedly petite that even when she drew her figure to its greatest height the assumption of dignity was laughable. But her eyes sparkled dangerously as she faced the bellboy.

The bellboy was impressed. He eyed the door as if meditating escape before she proceeded to stronger methods.

"Now, see here," she exclaimed beligerently, "this is the third note I have written to the office, and I want a reply this time."

"If you would go down to the desk," the bellboy intimated apologetically, "Mr. Parker."

"No; I will not go down to the desk," Miss Halloway interrupted decidedly. "That head clerk Parker, or whatever name he answers to, shall come up here or I will know the reason why."

The bellboy departed promptly. "And, by the way," she called after him, "just hustle along some telegraph blanks on your way back. I have a few things to say to my father and some of his friends concerning the lack of accommodations at the Great Eastern."

"Oh, Belle, Belle," wailed Mrs. Halloway, whose ample form had collapsed in one corner of a red plush sofa, "how can you make such a disturbance? Now, if your father was only here, but the two of us alone, without a protector!" And she rolled her eyes distractedly.

"Protector fiddlesticks!" said the energetic Miss Halloway. "Have you no spirit, mother?" She began to pace the floor excitedly. "Would you be treated as a nobody—you, the wife of Thomas P. Halloway? Consider your position."

Mrs. Halloway doubtless considered her position. She was absolutely at the mercy of her daughter's scolding tongue; therefore she maintained a discreet silence.

"They must be taught the deference due to us, the Halloways of Chicago," said the girl. She was very young and possessed of the follies as well as the graces of youth.

The bellboy now reappeared, holding out a handful of telegraph blanks like a yellow flag of truce. "Mr. Parker," he averred, "he says—'he's coming.'"

Miss Halloway seized upon the blanks and flung herself into a chair beside the writing table. "There will probably be ample time to get off the telegrams before he comes. Things don't quicken at the Great Eastern."

"But, Belle," Mrs. Halloway protested after the bellboy had closed the door in reverential fashion, "did you not better slip on another water, Mr. Parker?"

"Mr. Parker," her daughter interrupted superciliously, "is a hotel clerk, a servant. This dressing sack is good enough for him."

She dashed off a telegram and read it aloud reflectively:

Dear Dad—We are being shamefully treated at the Great Eastern. If things are not remedied we will change to the Grand. But don't worry. I am running this affair, and you can see on me.
ARABELLA HALLOWAY.

"I think that will make things hot for the Great Eastern," she said triumphantly. She did not hear the knock at the door nor its noiseless opening. Her mother's voice startled her, "Belle, here is Mr. Parker, but remember!"

Mrs. Halloway's voice trailed off into a deprecating silence. Miss Halloway straightened up in her chair with the laudable pride of a judge about to confer sentence.

"Mr. Parker," she said impressively, "I have called you here to complain of the treatment to which we have been subjected by this hotel." She began deliberately enough, but the words soon tumbled over each other in her vehemence. "How dare you," she cried—"how dare you put us into this stuffy back room, an eight dollar a day room, when we have always been accustomed to an eighteen dollar suite? Do you know who I am—the Hallow-



RALPH FARISS TO BE HANGED.
He held up the Sunset Express, killed H. E. Montague, and robbed the passengers, one of whom identified him on the streets of San Francisco. He confessed, and will be hanged. The trial lasted thirty-five minutes. The boy is twenty-three years of age.

ways of Chicago? is not our money as good as or better than other people's?"

The clerk remained silent. And now for the first time Miss Halloway looked up—far up—and encountered the serene gaze of his brown eyes.

Mr. Parker, the clerk, was tall—unusually tall. But it was not merely his inches which gave authority of bearing; it was his self confidence, his mental poise. Intuitively Miss Halloway of Chicago realized that here was a man who would always be the master of circumstances, no matter how adverse the contrivings of fate. Her judicial complacency vanished, and shame, hot cheeked and defiant, stood as a culprit at the bar, for a twinkling lurked in the cool depths of the brown eyes as he said easily:

"I can agree with you, Miss Halloway of Chicago, but only in part. Your money is as good as that of other people, but no better. At the Great Eastern first come must be first served, and that," with a half bow, "is why we have been forced to give this room to Miss Halloway of Chicago."

His tone was courteous, but the girl felt the sting of underlying reproach. It was a new experience for her. All her twenty years had not discovered a person who should dare to cross her. The great T. P. Halloway himself lacked the necessary courage, or, rather, he openly encouraged by his willingness as a refutation of his own indomitable spirit. As for Mrs. Halloway, she was always a minus quantity on such occasions as demanded firmness. She preferred to be comfortably seated and writing her hands gently. Tears came easily and in unwise interferences with her heart action or gradual increase of avoirdupois.

Now she looked entreatingly at her daughter and unsmilingly, "Oh, Belle, don't, don't."

Miss Halloway did not hear. Her world seemed falling about her ears. For the first time the shameful helplessness of her sex overcame her. But woman's wit came to her aid. Her lips trembled piteously, and two large tears ran down her cheeks.

This was a new method of warfare. The redoubtable Mr. Parker stood aghast, then, as became a prudent general, threw out scout lines.

"Really, Miss Halloway," he said soothingly, "the whole thing is a trifle

spoke first. It is a way youth has. And he did not mind matters. He struck straight from the shoulder.

"Mr. Halloway, I love your daughter; she loves me. We are going to be married. Have we your approval?"

"The mischief!" ejaculated the astounded T. P. Halloway. "Why, you're nothing but a hotel clerk. My daughter!"—Words failed him.

Mr. Parker was quite unmoved. "She does not object," he said easily, "Some day I shall own this hotel; then you will not object."

T. P. Halloway glared at him. "I will," he sported. "And the sooner you take yourself off the better."

"There is Belle to be considered," Mr. Parker intimated gently. "She usually has her own way."

T. P. Halloway weakened visibly. "Yes; she usually does," he repeated more calmly.

And the matter of her marriage Mr. Parker intimated gently. She did. And that is how Miss Halloway of Chicago became Mrs. Parker of New York.

Strange Death of Rival Stag.
Many records exist of the way in which rival stags have met their death when fighting for supremacy. Probably none is more strange than that described by Herr C. Drathmore of Charlottenburg in the Deutsche Jager-Zeitung. In 1908 the keepers on the Gelbensand shooting in Mecklenburg Schwin found a fine twelve pointer lying dead, apparently from antler thrusts and with both beams close together. Not far off was a smaller stag, a ten pointer, still living, but as its back was broken it was put out of its misery. On examination it was found that the antlers of the larger stag were torn out of the skull and the frontal bone was broken. The back of the smaller stag must have been broken in the struggle.

One of Mark Twain's Jokes.
Mark Twain played a practical joke on the first audience he addressed in England. This was in 1872, when his reputation was already high in that country, and the announcement of his lecture filled St. George's hall, London, to overflowing. Few if any of those present had ever seen the humorist. He came on the platform in evening dress, with the crestfallen air of a manager announcing a disappointment. "Mr. Clemens had landed at Liverpool and had fully hoped to reach London in time, but unfortunately missed his train." The audience started boing, but the boos changed into cheers and laughter when he added that, fortunately, Mark Twain was present and would do his best to fill the place of the defaulting Clemens.

Mistook Their Purpose.
Mr. J. L. Toole, the great comedian, had a great antipathy to street music of any kind. About this there is a story told of him. The waits, one Christmas evening, played under his windows, greatly to his annoyance, and on Boxing Day they paid him a visit.

"We played under your window last night," said the spokesman of the party, when they were shown into his presence.

"Well, and what do you want?" saith the comedian.

"We've come for our little gratuity."

"Come for a gratuity, have you?" exclaimed Mr. Toole. "Bless me! I thought you had come to apologize!"

Famous Christmas Trees.
The biggest private Christmas tree ever seen in Britain was one which the Duke of Norfolk had cut from his own estate and conveyed with much trouble to Arundel Castle. It stood 70 feet high, weighed nearly four tons, and bore on its branches presents to the value of £4,500.

The Christmas tree which Queen Victoria gave soon after her marriage to the Prince Consort was 40 feet high, and its crop of gifts was valued at something like £9,000.

Natural Result.
"Binks is broke."
"That's why he looks all gone to pieces."

It's easier to talk like a philosopher than to act like one.
Love is never so blind that it can't see a rival around the corner.

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