

A Ladylike Man

And How He Was Reformed

By THOMAS R. DEAN

"I wish," said my friend Mrs. Scarborough, "that something could be done to bring about a match between Jimmy and Helen Swift."

I smiled inwardly. Jimmy was Mrs. Scarborough's only son. He had been kept under the thumb of a nurse till he was twelve years old and, so far as manliness was concerned, was dwarfed. And yet there was in the boy the material to make a splendid fellow. His mother, not he, was responsible for his condition. Had he not been a boy with a very tender conscience he would have broken away from her, deceived her and made a man of himself. Unfortunately for his manliness to speak paradoxically he was very honorable. But it wouldn't do for me to say all this to his mother.

Helen Swift was the reverse of Jimmy Scarborough. She was an athletic girl all over. She held a championship for singles in tennis, was a leader at basketball and was admitted to be the most fearless horseback rider in the county. She had even been up in a flying machine. To bring these two together would seem to be an impossibility. But I was an old friend of the family and had often pitied Jimmy, dressed in fine clothes and tied to his nurse's apron strings, when other boys were climbing trees in dannel shirts and corduroys.

"How would you like to have Jim visit me for a while?" I asked.

"Oh, I'd be constantly worried for fear he would get out in the wet without his rubbers."

"I'll look out for that."

"And Jimmy is very careless about putting on his overcoat when the wind is chilly."

"I'll see to that too."

The mother didn't ask me my object in soliciting a visit from her son, but since the invitation came on the heels of her expressing a wish that he should marry my ward she inferred that the one might have something to do with the other. So she consented to let him go. I live in the country, where I can be rid of city life and be out of doors most of the time. I'm especially fond of fishing, shooting and all kinds of sports.

Jim Scarborough was just twenty when he came to visit me. It was laughable to watch him. Having been brought up among women, he walked and talked like a woman. Had I not seen the elements of manliness in him underneath this femininity I would have despaired of making anything masculine out of him. As it was, I felt like one who tries to straighten a young tree that has grown completely out of shape. I knew it would require time to get his girl's ways out of him and to inculcate with his mother that he should remain with me a month - June. If he were not incurable I hoped to get him in such condition that he wouldn't go home till he felt inclined in other words that he would throw off the motherly yoke and declare his independence. There have been sovereigns who have been kept under a mother's sway for several years after coming of age and wearing the crown. So I had hopes for Jim.

Helen Swift lived near me and loved better to go about with me than men of her own age. When Jim came I took him with me in all my sports and my rambles, and Helen became jealous of him at once since she was left out in the cold.

"You seem very much smitten with that ladylike young man," she said to me, with a toss of her head.

"If you knew of the injustice that has been done him you wouldn't speak so unkindly of him," I replied.

"What injustice?"

I gave her a history of the treatment Jim had received, adding that I knew him to be naturally a splendid, manly, truthful fellow.

"Do you mean to tell me that such treatment didn't make a liar of him?"

"I do."

"Nor a moral coward?"

"Morally and physically I believe he is as brave as any man."

"Well, he must be a wonder! Do you suppose he'll ever get over his feminine ways?"

"I do. How can you expect a boy to act like a man who has been brought up exclusively with women? I've brought him here to try to make him over, poor fellow!"

"Sad, isn't it?"

"Indeed it is."

"You'd like any help from me I wouldn't mind giving it to you."

"Thanks very much. It's my object to keep him away from girls - at least for the present."

"Hm! I'm not going to hurt him. Then, after a pause, "How long will 'er the present last?"

"His mother agreed to let him remain with me a month. At the expiration of that time I hope to have so far improved him that he will -"

"Tell his mother to go to the dickens."

"Something like that. It is quite possible that I may then need your assistance to keep him."

"I'll shame him into staying."

"There's a better way than that."

"What way?"

"You might make yourself an object of interest to him, so that he would prefer to stay with you rather than with his mother."

"I never thought of that. But if I'm not to see anything of him in the mean time how can I interest him in myself?"

"Perhaps you are right. But if I permit you to be with him before I have taken some of his feminine ways out of him I fear you will be disgusted with him."

"I'll try not to be."

"Very well. If you'll promise to be patient with him I'll let you help me make him over. I'll bring him to see you tomorrow."

"Never fear. I'll be very careful with him."

I left her quite satisfied with my diplomacy for I had no fear of her adding to Jim's femininity, believing, on the contrary, that she would be of great assistance to me in my work. But my chief object in enlisting her aid was that I might assist my friend Mrs. Scarborough in bringing about the match she desired.

When I had taken Jim to see Helen I considered that my work was done. I had no special inclination for it, and since I had given her a definite object to work up to I knew that she wouldn't let me go. As to what would result so far as their making a match was concerned, that I must leave to themselves. I refrained from saying a word to either of them on that score, knowing that to do so would rather tend to defeat than aid my object.

It was soon evident that Helen was much interested in her work. She tried him on various sports, beginning with tennis. I watched them play one day and noticed that Jim called the score "15, 30, deuce, advantage, forty, love" with a feminine accent. Helen was trying to speak the words like a man to correct his pronunciation. This showed me that, after all, I must keep Jim with me a part of the time and introduce him to men. This I did with very good results.

Helen put her pupil through a course of sports, and, strange to say, the exercise he seemed to like best was horseback riding. He had never been on a horse's back till he met Helen and found something to interest him in learning to keep his seat in the saddle and manage his horse. There were plenty of ditches, logs and fences for him to take, and after giving him time to get accustomed to the saddle his riding mistress took him out one morning with her and, reaching convenient ground that she had often been on before, led him in a chase that was calculated to call out manliness if he was any such stuff in him. He soon lost his hat, his scarf and blew his hair with the wind, and he was obliged to hold on to the pommel of his saddle to keep his seat. But when finally Helen reined in for a rest he declared that he had never experienced anything so fine in his life.

"Are you going back the same way?" he asked.

Helen laughed. "Haven't you had enough for once?"

"No, let's do it again."

As soon as the horses had got their wind they started on their return, over the course, Helen leading. But before the end of the race Jim passed her, and every time his horse jumped she feared he would bound so far from its back as to come down in a different place. Having finished the run, Jim proposed to do it once more. Helen who had had enough of it for one time, not liking to be outdone by her pupil, assented, and they rode the course out and back. By this time Jim had got some control of himself and his horse and made quite a creditable ride of it. But when he proposed a third run Helen realizing that her strength was not a man's strength, was obliged to give up the leadership.

This was the turning point in the game. A woman may like a man who is faulty, but what she ties to the most readily is strength. From this time forward Helen found her natural place as second to Jim Scarborough, and she never after regained first place, at least not in athletics.

At the end of the month Jim received a letter from his mother stating that she expected him home on a certain day. I knew that the real tug of war was now at hand. He and Helen were in my house when he received the letter, and I overheard them discussing the matter. Jim had never disobeyed his mother before in his life. Helen held out all sorts of inducements to get him to do so. She coaxed, she pleaded, she threatened, all to no purpose.

A woman under such circumstances will not give up. Helen in her eagerness to win went further than she had intended. She did and said everything she could to induce Jim to throw himself into the position of a lover. It came as natural to him as if he had been brought up under manly instead of feminine influences. He caught her in his arms and vowed he loved her infinitely.

"Then choose between me and your mother."

"Mother he hanged!" he cried. "I'll stay with you forever."

Helen would have burst into a laugh, but she dare not lest she offend him beyond forgiveness. How she got out of the position she had taken I don't know, but in the end she didn't get out of it at all, for she married Jim Scarborough, and she never had a case of mother-in-law either.

No one would ever now know Mr. Scarborough for the "ladylike young man" I found him at twenty and whose reform I conducted, though the chief work was effected by another. He is an expert horseman and is quite expert at all athletic games. His feminine expressions and intonations have left him, and he is as manly a fellow as I know among all my acquaintances. All of which goes to show that not all boys who are supposed to be effeminate are to be despised.

The Wise Fool

He Proved His Worth His Own Way

By CLARISSA MACKIE

"There goes the fool of the family," growled old Simon Webb as he returned the salutation of a young man on the sidewalk.

Dorothy flushed deeply, and her pretty head turned a little aside. "Why do you call Bob Quincy that, father?" she asked.

"Because he is one," asserted Simon, with more asperity than the occasion demanded, for the Quincys were not related to him. The only bond between the two families was the long existing partnership between the respective heads. "Look at him, Dorothy! The eldest of four boys, every man-jack of 'em has branched out in business for himself except Bob, and he's content to clerk in our offices - clerk it, mind you, for he's too woolly headed to assume an executive position. What do you think of that, eh?"

"I think it must please Mr. Quincy to have one of his sons remain in the business," remarked Dorothy firmly.

"Humph! The business has done mighty well so far without assistance from any of the youngsters. Tom and Dick have gone into the automobile business, as you know, and Frank is junior partner in the house of Hedder & Co. Here's Bob, who has been in our offices for twelve years, still pecking away as head bookkeeper. He ought to have pushed his way to the fore. He'd had any ginger in him, by George, he'd have glowed his father out of the place. It makes me nervous to see such a dead one around."

"Why, father," cried his daughter, with some indignation, "don't think it's right to call Bob a fool just because he hasn't pushed his father out of business. It seems to me that he is very considerate and -"

"Bah!" roared Simon Webb rudely, and, with a saucy upward tilt of her chin, Dorothy turned her face away and apparently became absorbed in the passing crowd as seen from the top-deck of their handsome motorcar.

That evening after dinner Dorothy was called into her father's library.

"Close the door, Dorothy," said Mr. Webb, with an austere smile.

"What is it, father?" asked the girl.

"Sit down, my dear, here, close to my desk. I have had a singular experience today, Dorothy. He looked keenly at her over his spectacles.

Dorothy was fairly puzzled. "And you want to tell me about it, dad?"

"Yes. You recollect we were speaking about the Quincy boys today, eh?"

She nodded carefully. "What about them?"

"You've never told me they were attentive to you," he suddenly accused her.

For an instant she was disconcerted. "You never asked me anything about it," she answered quietly.

Simon Webb threw back his head and laughed heartily. "My own daughter!" he chuckled. "Glad you didn't slip over it. I detest a slipperiness miss. Then you knew the Quincy boys were in love with you?" He fixed the question suddenly at her.

"No, I didn't," she replied honestly.

"What did you think they were doing around here, then? Coming to see your mother - or me, eh?"

"I knew they came to see me. Why, father, you know we've always been friends with the Quincys, and the boys are more like cousins than anything else," said Dorothy warmly.

"And now they crave a closer relationship, eh?"

"You are joking, father. What do you mean?" Her face was very pale and her voice was unsteady as she rose to her feet and stood beside him.

"I mean that three of the Quincy boys have each written me a letter asking permission to pay his addresses to you. What do you think of that in this land of the free and home of the brave, eh? I thought the present custom was to ask the girl first and then announce the result to paternal families."

"Well?" asked Dorothy.

"It so happened that I found all three letters in this evening's mail. What started the boys off I don't know, unless you met them somewhere last night and flirted outrageously with all of them. Is that so?"

"I met all of them at the Teales, and I danced with each one," said Dorothy evenly.

"Well," said Mr. Webb, tapping the communications, "what shall I tell them? Suppose I say that here is a letter from Tom Quincy?"

"Tom!" repeated Dorothy, with an incredulous smile. "Why, dad, Tom Quincy is a mere baby."

"Ha! We won't rob the cradle, then. Exit Master Tom!" Simon Webb flung the letter aside and clapped a second one at his daughter. Dorothy grew pale again, as if written with suspense. As she made a gesture of impatience her father spoke once more: "Suppose I ask how about Dick, eh? A likely young fellow, smart as a trap, inherits \$25,000 from his godfather and bound to make a howling success of whatever he undertakes."

Dorothy shook her head. "I like Dick, but -"

"Skidoo!" ejaculated her father, sending the second letter after the first. "I know like an auctioneer, Dorothy, offering these chaps to you. Never mind, here goes. How about Frank?"

The girl's breath suddenly left her lips in a little gasp, and she leaned against the desk as if for support.

"Frank?" she asked after a little while. "I'm sorry, father, for I believe he is your favorite, but I think I like Frank least of all."

"Very well, my dear," he said gently, laying the third letter aside. "Shall I tell them that they may come to you for their answers or what?"

"I don't know what to say, father. I'll feel brighter in the morning. You know I was dancing all night."

"Plenty of time, dear. Run off to bed now and get some beauty sleep - not that you need any."

She bent suddenly and kissed him ere she fled from the room, but she left something on his cheek which Simon Webb angrily brushed aside, and then he lifted his voice and called names for five straight minutes. At last he paused for breath and reached down the group photograph showing the office force of Quincy & Webb.

In the foreground was the form of a finely put together, good looking young man. Dark of feature, with clear, straightforward eyes, there was a purposeful look to the whole face. It lacked the strained expression begotten of the tearing, hurrying race for money. Bob Quincy might be the show-off of the family, but he was by no means the fool that Simon Webb had called him. There was a quiet, masterful air about him which Simon had never been able to overcome, and yet the younger man had never been lacking in respect to either of the heads of the house.

"The fool of the family," ejaculated Simon bitterly as he struck the picture a smart tap with his lean finger - "a blind fool! What is he thinking of? And she - I wish I could forget how my little girl looked when she found he wasn't one of the three!" He turned and dug the picture into the fire.

"Like a boy's love," said Simon bitterly. "Why couldn't it have been one of the others, eh?"

One morning a week later, when Mr. Webb reached his office, he was requested to step into the private room of the senior partner. There he found Mr. Quincy and his eldest son, Bob, was wearing his old alpaca office coat, and a pen was stuck behind his ear. He placed a chair for Mr. Webb and withdrew into the background.

"You'll be surprised at my news, Webb," began Mr. Quincy ponderously. "It's rather a sudden decision. You see, my doctor says if I don't get out of business of my own accord I'll drop out any way, so I've concluded to withdraw and let Bob take my place."

"Bob?" ejaculated Simon Webb contemptuously. He turned around and cast a withering glance over the stalwart form of the new member of the firm. "What does Bob know about the business except to oversee the trial balances, eh?"

Mr. Quincy's huge bulk of flesh quivered with silent laughter. "You don't know Bob, Mr. Webb. Just give him a chance. I'll back him against any fellow I know, or you know either, to win out."

"What about the other three boys, Tom, Dick and Frank?" sputtered Webb facetiously, but Quincy only smiled broadly at the suggestion.

"Skyscrapers, all three of them," he said seriously. "Take my word, Webb, I know what I'm talking about. Bob's been holding back from taking an authoritative position because he feels that the old man's entitled to all the glory he has earned in the past. He has told me that if he had his way there'd be only one Quincy so long as I chose to remain in the business, but don't forget for one minute that Bob knows the business. Now, let's talk it over amiably."

"Let her go," said Webb grudgingly. Bob Quincy came forward and joined the conference. At the end of an hour, Simon Webb had changed his mind regarding Bob Quincy. In fact, he had difficulty to keep out of his telltale eyes the admiration he felt for the clean-cut, clever man of business this fool of the family had proved to be. "He's another kind of fool just the same," he told himself savagely, but he was doomed to change his opinion about this at once.

"I've got to go down and see my daughter off; she's sailing for Bermuda at 10 o'clock," he said, rising suddenly and jamming on his hat.

Bob Quincy was on his feet in an instant, tearing off the alpaca coat, flinging aside the pen behind his ear, no longer a quiet, capable man of affairs, but a hot, tempestuous youth, awake to a great truth which has suddenly been revealed to him.

"What steamer?" he demanded authoritatively.

"The Annah," replied Simon meekly, grasping his cane and opening the door.

But Bob Quincy was ahead of him. He had dashed out and returned abruptly, glancing himself into his coat, his hat on wrong side before, his eyes blazing with excitement.

"I've got to see her before she goes," he said impatiently. "If you'll let me pass, sir?"

"See who?" asked his father and Simon mechanically.

"Why, Dorothy, I'll tell you about it when I come back." He tossed over his shoulder and was gone.

Simon Webb sank back in a chair and removed his hat. "They won't want me," he said smilingly. Then he added, with a twinkle in his eyes: "He didn't ask my permission, William. I suppose he'll ask it afterward, eh?"

"Surest thing," grinned back his partner. "I asked the girl first, and then told her father I wanted her. What did you do, Simon?"

"Same thing," confessed Simon. "I asked the girl first, and then told her father I wanted her. You know, I've always called Bob a fool. Well, William, I've come to believe he's the wisest fool I ever met."

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