

Making a Man of Him

By DONALD CHAMBERLIN

"Who is the ladylike young man visiting you, Mrs. Crabtree?"

"My nephew."

"He looks as if he had come in a bandbox. What's his name?"

"Albert."

"What are you going to do with him, put him in a store window to show his clothes?"

"No. I brought him here to try to make a man of him. He is my brother's son. His father died when he was a baby, and he has been brought up by a dotting mother. He had a nurse till he was fourteen, then a governess. Since then his mother has not been willing to trust him with any one but herself, and she is the worst caretaker he has ever had."

"Poor fellow! I have known cases like that."

"His father was a splendid man, and Bert is as like him as possible at his age except, while the father was taught to rely on himself, the son is hand-capped by a mother who wishes to make a milkop of him."

"As the twig is bent the tree's inclined."

"That's it exactly. You can dwarf a man as well as a tree. Now, Boss, I wish you to help me make a change in the boy."

"If I can do anything about it?"

I suggested a plan by which she could make a start in Bert's reformation. He had never associated with any one but girls, and I knew that if I turned him at once over to the boys they would do for him what he needed. I proposed to initiate him through a girl who was more of a boy than boys usually are. There was something else I didn't tell her. In order to get Bert away from his mother I told her that I would make him my heir. But he was to remain with me so long as I lived.

I warned her to go slow at first with Bert, but she didn't heed the warning. She took him out in a canoe, upset it (on purpose) and was obliged to swim ashore, holding him up, for he couldn't swim a stroke. The feat was difficult, and it sobered the girl. She didn't upset him any more, but she forced him to learn to swim.

His next lesson was in horseback riding. Her first lesson in this was more gentle than her swimming lesson. At any rate she gave it on turf where there was no danger of killing him when he took a tumble, which he did every few minutes during his first lesson. Bert was encouraged from the fact that when thrown he scrambled back on to his horse without being urged to do so.

When winter came such sports as swimming, horseback riding and the like gave place to skating and skating Bert put on skates, which he had never used, hobbled down to the ice, his feet went up into the air, and he went down on the back of his head. But he was true grit and, getting up, struck out, fell again and kept it up, Bert alternately laughing and encouraging him. Then she skated with him, and doubtless he found that quite pleasant.

I don't claim that Bert made a first class swimmer or skater or rider. To do these well one must begin very young. Indeed, it was not my purpose to make him proficient in any of these. What I wished was to draw him away from the feminine tastes of his mother, his governess and his nurse, had implanted in him. He developed a taste for manly amusements, and this drew him toward manliness generally. Bert took charge of him when he was seventeen, and when she had had him a year he would occasionally break away from her for companions of his own sex. Within two years there was not a vestige of femininity in him. Then he went to college, and since he had developed physically, coming as he did of heavier stock, he surprised all by becoming a candidate for football.

When his college won the championship during his senior year, Bert, who was very active as well as strong, was one of the principal men on the team, and it was he who gained the points that gave them the game. I took Bert to see the game, and she was not only very much interested in it, but very proud of one whom she had converted from a Miss Nancy to a sterling man.

I had observed that this training of my nephew had been attended with that of which I by no means disapproved. It was plain that the two had become seriously attracted to each other. The day Bert was graduated from college he came to me and told me that he and Bert were engaged. Bert came to me as soon as he had left me to see for herself how I viewed the matter.

"Well, Boss," said I, "you have made a man out of a milkop and—"

"He never was a milkop!" she interrupted angrily.

"Anyway, I suppose you deserve him and something else besides—a pecuniary consideration."

"What do you mean by that?" she asked, bridling.

I told her that when Bert had come to me I had promised his mother to make him my heir. "I will do better than that," I added. "I will settle a fourth of my fortune on you and him jointly now."

Bert sprang into my arms.

NEW YEAR'S IN CHINA.

When All Debts Are Paid and the Whole Country "Painted Red." New Year's is the national pay day in China. All accounts must be squared up at that time, and the man who can't raise money enough to pay his debts has to go into bankruptcy. The laws are such that the creditor can enter the debtor's house and take what he pleases if there is no settlement. To prevent such action families club together and make all sorts of compromises to keep up the business reputation of the clan.

New Year's is a great day for the pawnbrokers. Their shops are crowded with people who want to redeem their best clothes before the new year. There are crowds, also, who want to pawn other things in order to get money to pay their debts. Pawnbrokers receive high rates of interest, in which they are protected by the government.

The Chinese paint the whole country red, figuratively speaking, on New Year's day in more senses than one. Red is the color which with them denotes good luck and prosperity, and all the New Year cards and invitations are on paper of that color. Every child gets its New Year's present wrapped in red paper, and red inscriptions are pasted over the doors of the houses.

These inscriptions bear characters praying for good fortune, wealth and happiness, and they are pasted on each side of the outer doors of the houses. New pictures of Chinese generals are put on the front doors, and the houses are-scoured and made clean.—Exchange

DIDN'T TAKE THE HOLE.

But That Was Probably Because the Court Said They Shouldn't.

An amusing instance of legal sharp practice is set forth in the annals of Westerly, R. I. It occurred a hundred years ago, when, it seems, lawyers were quite as adroit at quibbling as certain of their successors are today.

A farmer of broken fortunes hired for cultivation a piece of land, agreeing to pay for the use thereof with a certain proportion of the crop. He planted potatoes and had an unusual degree of success. Being without a storehouse, he obtained the consent of a neighboring landholder and deposited his share of the potatoes in what farmers call a potato hole—that is, an excavation in the earth in which the potatoes are placed and covered with earth and straw in the form of a pyramid.

Shortly afterward he had occasion to go to Connecticut, and one of his creditors seized the opportunity to attach the potato hole.

Upon this another creditor bestirred himself and consulted a lawyer as to what could be done to secure his claim. The attorney was equal to the occasion. He secured the issuing of a second writ, by which an attachment was levied upon the potatoes in the potato hole, the documents specifically setting forth that the potato hole should be left upon the land where it was found.

The warrant was promptly served, and when the first creditor appeared upon the scene he found the potato hole, but not the potatoes.—Case and Comment.

A PAINTERS' PARADISE.

Capri's Quaint Inn, Where Poor Artists Can Get Free Board.

Capri, beautiful in itself, offers an irresistible invitation to artists, since it has an inn where any one, by painting a picture on the wall, can get free board.

To the lovely island of Capri with its peacocks, summer, its blue groves and its lemon groves, came some fifty years ago a ruined artist. He opened an inn and died rich. In his will, leaving the inn to his heirs, he made these conditions:

"The charge per day, two bottles of red Capri wine included, is never to be more than 6 francs.

"If any artist is too poor to pay he shall paint a picture upon some wall space, receiving all the accommodation accorded to those paying the highest price.

"If any German artist shall come to the inn he shall be accommodated and shall receive the amount of his fare to Germany upon his promising never to return to Italy."

The inn is conducted today on these conditions. Its walls are covered with paintings. Now and then a German artist gets his fare home.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Pair Exchange.

It was Mrs. Malloon's birthday, and she felt a trifle disappointed that there was no gift beside her plate. It was the first time in twenty years that her husband had forgotten the occasion. Mr. Malloon smiled at her frankly.

"My dear," he said, "I have been so busy lately that I have not had time to buy you a birthday gift, but I'll give you the cow."

She thanked him graciously. "Daisy is a beautiful cow," she said.

Two months later Mr. Malloon's birthday came round. When he appeared at breakfast his wife greeted him with a radiant smile. "My dear," she said, "I have been so busy lately sewing for the children that I haven't had time to make you a birthday gift, but I'll give you the cow"—Chicago News.

Three Ages.

The Berlin botanical gardens, says Lustige Blatter are wonderfully beautiful, but to small children they are forbidden paradise. Boys and girls under ten are not permitted to enter.

Herr and Frau Muller found this out to their disappointment when they planned to take their little Paul on a Sunday trip to view the beautiful gardens. Nevertheless they gave their young hopeful a few instructions and started out. At the gate the porter stopped the young Muller. "How old are you?" he inquired. Paul answered, "Six for the electricity; really eight; for the botanical gardens, ten."

The Stoning of Hamilton.

Alexander Hamilton was stoned by a New York audience in the summer of 1795. While at a public meeting he was speaking in favor of the Jay treaty, which had just been negotiated by John Jay between the United States and England. Dr. Francis in his "Old New York" says that among those who did the stoning was the famous Edward Livingston, together with many other "leading citizens."

Do You Get It?

A young author solaced himself with the following epigram: Criticism is always of value, if only to show us of what little value criticism may sometimes be.—Woman's Home Companion.

How He Called.

He—Do you know I've called full a dozen times and not found you in. She—Nor will you ever find me in if you call in that condition.—Boston Transcript.

Avoid Introspection.

Photographer (taking plain looking girl and her escort)—Now, try not to think of yourselves at all—think of something pleasant.—London Opinion.

There's many a good bit o' work done with a sad heart.—George Eliot.

The Terror Of Darkness

By SAMUEL E. BRANT

"I have wondered," said Ned Foster, "since an episode that occurred to me in the dark that blind persons are not all arrant cowards. Children who fear nothing by daylight are timid when they can see nothing. Women who will spend day after day in a horse alone will look under the bed at night for robbers, although at the time surrounded by their family."

"While traveling I entered a city one evening where there was a celebration of some sort and was obliged to sleep in the same room with some one else. I did not see the other fellow, nor did he see me. There was a bed for each of us, and he was in his bed before I went to the room. His face was turned from me, and all I could see of him was a little bald spot on the back of his head.

"I undressed, put my wallet, containing a couple of hundred dollars, under my pillow, turned off the light and went to bed.

"I am not an effeminate man or a coward by daylight, but I am free to confess that the moment I found myself in a dark room with a strange man an uneasiness crept over me that I was ashamed of. I tried to think of the olden times, when taverns were small affairs and one might be thankful if he could get half of a bed with a stranger instead of a whole one to himself even in the same room. Imagination began to work upon me, and it was not long before I had a picture before me of my roommate standing over me with a long knife in one hand raised to drive into me, while the other was thrust under my pillow in search of my wallet.

"I could not sleep. My throat was dry, and I wished for a drink of water. I feared that if I arose to get one my roommate might fear that I was getting up for some hostile design against him. I was as much afraid of his fears as I was of him. However the night was as hot as my throat, and slipping out of bed quietly, I groped toward what I supposed to be the washstand.

"What was my horror at putting my hand on hair, not only on hair, but the bald spot of a man's head that I surrounded. I withdrew it immediately and retreated on tiptoe. But since I could see nothing I had no idea where I was going. I kept my two hands extended before me, and the first thing I struck was some glass article with a very large top and a very small bottom. It fell and with the usual crash made by breaking glass.

"I heard nothing from my roommate, but fancied that he was doing just what I would do under the circumstances—that is, he had grasped what ever defensive weapon he had and was prepared to defend himself to the death. I stood horror-stricken after knocking over the glassware, my heart beating like a kettle-drum. I listened, but heard no sound. I felt sure that I had awakened my roommate by putting my hand on his head and that he was keeping perfectly still so as not to reveal himself. Had I heard any movement I would have felt easier.

"Click!"

"Was it the cocking of a revolver or one of those sounds that come from a creaking caused by expansion under heat? I did not know, but under excitement I felt sure it was the former. A cocked pistol was undoubtedly pointed out into the darkness. It made matters worse, for now I would not dare strike a match even if I could find one.

"I stood still for what was probably a minute, though it seemed to me a quarter of an hour. Then, touching the wall, I concluded to try to find my bed that I might possess myself of my money. But I did not know which way to move. If I went wrong I might stumble over the bed of my roommate in the dark a sense of direction leaves me. I was obliged to take a frightful risk, but it was no worse than suspense. I felt my way, making no sound in my bare feet until a board in the floor creaked under my tread.

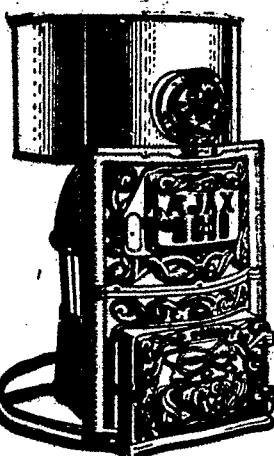
"My heart stood still, and so did I. "Then I remembered that sound alone does not give direction, and I grew bolder. Passing my hand along the wall, I came to the door frame. Now I had my bearings. I remembered that my bed was beside the door, and in another moment I reached it. Possessing myself of my money, I stood considering what to do. I had no match with which to strike a light, and would not dare use it if I had one. I concluded to take advantage of being near the door and get out of the room even at the risk of being shot.

"With my valuables in one hand I unlocked the door with the other; then, opening it quickly, I slipped out into a lighted hall. Finding a speaking tube handy, I asked the night clerk to come to me and gave him the situation. Not having been worked upon by the dark as I had been, he bravely opened the door of the room I had left, went in and lighted the gas. I followed him.

"There in the other fellow's bed was the bald spot I had seen turned toward me. The clerk went up to the man and spoke to him. No answer. The clerk shook him. Still there was no apparent consciousness.

"He's sound asleep," said the clerk. "I noticed when he came in that he was very full."

"Well," said I, "if the fool killer should come along he would take me and burn me at the stake."



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While waiting for something to turn up you are more than likely to be turned down.

Some people never break their good resolutions simply because they never make any.

Hardship comes when the fire of genius isn't hot enough to keep the pot boiling.

You may soon buy all the fine steel engravings of Ben Franklin you want at \$100 apiece.

In Russia it is the world he male voter that seems to be causing most of the trouble.

By the way, how many of the world's greatest advocates of peace and universal brotherhood would stand on courtesy if the cook burned a nice, new porterhouse steak?

Wouldn't it be nice to be able to declare a sixty days' moratorium on your debts?

When your house is on fire you don't stop to filter the water which you pour upon it.

One country is keeping perfectly cool in this crisis, and that happy land is Iceland.

The inhabitants of Mars will be glad to know that the earth has the conflict localized.

Troubles are like eggs; the more you brood over them the more likely they are to hatch.

Don't despise the little things. "If" is a mighty small word, but it causes a lot of trouble.

The man who always makes a bluff at handling usually succeeds in making everybody tired.

Seeing is believing, so perhaps it is as well that we can't see ourselves as others see us.

Should this war keep on six months longer the troops will all be suffering from spring fever.

An ounce of prevention isn't worth a grain of ocean sand unless it is applied to the right spot.

If the war is a long one, keeping up its present rate, human endurance will establish a new record.

Self confidence is a good thing, yet there is nothing so productive of absurdity as an excess of it.

It is all very well to talk of disarmament after the war, but what if the winners refuse to disarm?

The real destruction in the war is being carried on by machinists and surveyors. The soldiers are targets.

Nothing has been heard of the slightest indication on the part of Jack Johnson of desire to get into a real fight.

Ambassadors formerly grumbling because they couldn't rent a palace are now fairly content with a comfortable hole in the ground.

Careful study of a live-subject produces the announcement that the name Przemysl is pronounced as if it were not spelled that way.

Let some lover of the intricate say what does become of the money that Uncle Sam, but for the war, would be getting from his port collectors.

General Botha leading a Boer army to fight England's battles is an even stranger sight than Russians and Japanese fighting in a common cause.

With the plague in the south of Europe and the cholera in the Austrian armies, Europe may look forward to the most unforgettable winter in history.

Many a man has made a good living who has made a poor life. Some men have made splendid lives who have made very moderate and even scanty livings.