No Fool Like an Old Fool

And In Love Young People Are Not Overwise

By J. BERRY CRAPO

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When I was fourteen years old my father one morning called me into his study and said to me:

"Frank, I have a letter from your Uncle Mark, in which he offers to take you to live with him and make you all his property at his death. I am sure that, being a poor clergyman, I have nothing to leave you, and by going to your uncle you will eventually be rich."

"Do you advise me to accept the offer?" I asked my father.

"There is a certain unpardonable reason for my not wishing you to do so. Your uncle is a non-communicant. He has had a love affair which has turned out badly and has consequently what he fancies to be a hatred of all women. He declares that he will never marry, and his spleen is so great that he wishes so far as possible to prevent any woman from enjoying his property. He therefore makes it a condition with you that you shall bind yourself never to marry."

"THAT INNOCENT LOOKING CREATURE."

Being too young to settle such an important matter for myself, my action was decided upon in a family conference or, rather, by my mother, who, being the last court of appeal in all matters pertaining to the household, decided that I should accept the offer. She gave no reasons in support of this decision, but it was supposed that she fancied my uncle might find a new love and his antagonism to women would vanish. In this case I would at least be educated by him.

When I went to live with my uncle he was forty years old. At that age a man, especially if soured as the disparage of a love affair is not likely to fall into another one. Instead of softening toward the opposite sex his antipathy increased. His connections were not with young and playful women, but with those of his own age. Something of the avid eagerness in them drew sparks, as flint striking flint. One by one his unmarried women friends fled away from him, he shut himself up in his house, receiving only his men friends there evenings for a rubber at whist.

Had my uncle desired to bring me up to break my contract he could not have placed me in a position better calculated to bring about such a result. An old housekeeper was the only woman in our home except the negro cook. We do not delve what we have, but what we are deprived of. I went to school with boys and never associated with girls. From the time I was fourteen till I was twenty I did not know what it was to have a girl friend. When I saw them on the street going to school I would turn to follow them admiringly with my eyes. One day when I was about sixteen, walking with my uncle, one of those lithe creatures whose skirts extend only to their ankles passed me. He observed me turn and look at her.

"You have remarked, I see," he said to me, "that innocent looking creature. She is very pretty to look upon, I admit, but under that grace and beauty is poison—poison of the most virulent kind. She will grow up to womanhood without a spark of that sense of honor which is born in us men and which I and your schoolmasters are endeavoring to stimulate in you."

"Nevertheless, Uncle Frank," I replied, "she's mighty pretty."

A deep sigh was his only response.

This girl I used to meet every day as we were going to school. She must have seen admiration in my eye, for after awhile she would pass me with a very conscious look, casting her eyes in every direction except toward me, hitching her shoulders, brushing back a curl that hung on one of them or in some other way indicating that she was aware that a youngster of opposite sex was interested in her. In one of these meetings she was sufficiently agitated to drop several of her books. I took them up and handed them to her, she avoiding looking at me as if I were an ogre, a glance at whose face would turn her to stone.

Not having any assurance and desiring to give her a flower, one morning upon meeting her I dropped it on the pavement shortly before we passed. I turned, dreading to see her walk over it with her head turned contemptuously upward, and when I saw her stoop and pick it up my heart beat like a trip hammer. I considered that I had been a marvel of bravery. I wondered how I had dared do it.

What avail is it for the old to attempt to instill their ideas, their fears, their hopes—indeed, their wariness, experience—into the young? It did not enter my head that this delicate creature would ever be aught but a thing of beauty and a joy forever. My uncle's prejudices had no more effect upon my heart than a drop of rain on my cheek. From the moment I saw her park on the flower I had not the courage to hand her money. I was a changed man—boy. I grew bold as a lion. A few days later I went to school with a bunch of violets in my hand and on meeting her did not have the—instead of courage that I was—to hand them to her. She caught them, and the smile she gave me set my heart afame.

And so Dame Nature went on with her work as calmly as if an old rascal named Time was not attempting to thwart her at every turn. As for myself, I was determined that I should fulfill her intentions. Of what importance to me were my uncle's warnings? That time seemed centuries away. I revelled with passion in her breast. And what bonded it that I had made a contract with him never to marry? Marry! What had my love to do with marriage? It was love—pure absolutely pure—that had taken possession of me. Marriage was something to be considered when I should reach what to me was an advanced age. And the girl? Between her and that something which falls to the lot of older people was still the gulf of some five or six years—an unbridgable betrayal.

But time was passing more rapidly even than one realized. Before we had had time to realize it that comparatively romantic period when young people begin to talk of the love they feel—an affection stage on the road to matrimony—we were separated. I going to college, she to a seminary. However, there were four years before us of—we dreaming. I have always thought that we were especially fortunate that the period of feeling was so long in giving way to that of speech. There is in the former a delicious doubt, a fear that there will be nothing come of it all, a dread that at any time we may hear that the lovely one has entered into another such world far more beautiful than the first and bearing a horrible mist for the forsaken one.

When we returned, as estranged man and a woman, all was changed. The flower had opened, but there were a lot of thorns standing about it. I knew that the result of love was marriage, and between me and marriage stood a fortune. Still I was no wiser old man. I was merely one beginning life and endowed with the propensities bestowed upon mankind. I fear in honor bound since my uncle had brought me up for a certain purpose under certain conditions to fulfill those conditions. I was now old enough to realize the responsibilities I was under and that a carrying out of the contract with my uncle would involve the loss to me of my love. On one side of me was Sylvia, on the other Charybdis.

Though I was twenty-one I was no wiser in love than when I was fifteen, and my mind was now more often a greater tool as regards such matters than I. The truth is the further we get from that period when no more intends we shall make the same we know about mating. When we are it we and it are the truth, when we pass beyond it we know it by cool experience only. The boys and girls to whom in other matters we may be serious, in matters of love can act what we cannot often feel.

This analytical statement is preliminary to a confession. The first thing I knew I was married clandestinely.

The marrying occupied about three minutes, the ruptured state period that followed occupied months. Common sense should have told me to arrange the matter with my uncle first and marry afterward. But common sense is very sparing of visits to young people. It is supposed to be a natural faculty, but I am inclined to think it an artificial faculty. What does a pair of doves know about common sense?

After our clandestine marriage we lived in a perpetual whirl between alternate joys and mental tortures. At least I did. My wife, with the delightful sympathy of woman, said it would come out all right. Her prediction was followed by my uncle's suddenly falling dead of heart disease.

Here was a pretty kettle of fish! I was in her under pledge of matrimony, and I was married. However, I was glad that the blow had fallen. I was tired of living under false colors.

Then what happened? Why, when the will was read it was found that the bulk of the estate was left to me and under a condition. What condition? Why, that I marry before I could inherit a cent of the money. There was a codicil leaving the income of $6,000 to a Miss Arabella Wagstaff during her life. What did this mean? And who was Miss Wagstaff? It came out at last that even old people can sometimes be natural in matters of love. Miss Wagstaff was the woman with whom my uncle had had trouble in his youth and who had turned him against her sex. Shortly before his death he discovered that some forty years before he had made an ass of himself and had treated a girl very badly. He made amends so far as he could by leaving her enough to make her comfortable for the rest of her life.

"I didn't believe it would come out all right," remarked my wife, making one of those startling, inventive statements for which women are famous.

"You'd better say," I returned, "that in love matters all men, old and young, are idiots."

For the Children

A Toy Trolley Car That Is Perfect in All Details

There is little doubt that every youngster who hears of the good fortune of Lester Kneeland of Lynn, Mass., will envy that lucky boy. His father recently completed for Lester a trolley car that is only six and a half feet long, weighs but 100 pounds and yet is a perfect working model of the ordinary trolley that we see on the streets every day. It has motors, brakes and all equipments necessary to enable it to run by electricity on a circular track in the yard. And you may be sure Lester runs it. The car is fitted to use two motors if necessary, while the brakes are so finely adjusted that they block the wheels when applied. The headlight was made out of a pocket flashlight. There is also a tiny fare register on the car, and it works just like those on big trolleys.

Story About Two Dogs.

A large dog was playing in the road near a country village, and a carriage went over one of its paws. It howled most piteously, and some farmers who were at work in a shop came out to see what was the matter. One of them, persuading that the poor thing was hurt, took him up, dressed his paw and wrapped it up, after which he let him go.

The dog went home, where he remained during some days, but as, though his paw becoming painful again, he returned to the man and, holding it up, seemed to show that it pained him. The man dressed it again, and the dog, after licking his hand to show his gratitude, returned to his home, where he soon grew well.

Some months afterward the same dog was playing in the street, when another dog met with a similar accident near the same spot. He, too, had his paw hurt and limped painfully. The well dog took the lame one by the ear and with much difficulty led him into the kind man's shop, where he had been so well dressed.

The Bird Catcher.

One is chosen to be bird catcher. He will have to invent a story about birds. The other players each take the name of a bird, but none are chosen the owl. Then they clasp their hands on their knees and listen to the story the bird catcher tells. At the name of the bird chosen by any player that player must, after that birds note as nearly as he can imitate it, never moving his hands from his knees. When the owl is mentioned every one must put his hands behind him until another bird's name is mentioned, when they must again be clasped on his knees. If when the hands are being moved the bird catcher can catch hold of one the owner must pay a forfeit and become bird catcher. He then continues the story. When in the course of his story he says "all the birds in the air" all the players are to utter at the same time the cries of the different birds they represent. The parrot may break into the story at a pause. The meddling bird, when "all the birds" are mentioned repeats the last word.

Trick With a Rope.

Procure a rope the size of a clothesline and about twelve or fifteen feet long. Ask some one to the room writers together with a handkerchief, then get him to draw the rope through the arms and bind the two ends tightly. Bid him stand as far away as the double rope will permit. The performer is now to drop the rope from his arms without untying the handkerchief.

To accomplish it he must pull either or against the person holding the ends of the rope. This enables him to draw the rope well in between the wrists until on shaking the rope the fingers can easily reach it and draw it through the handkerchief until sufficient is thrown to permit one hand to slip through the noose of rope which is formed by this last movement. A slight pull from the assistant causes the rope to fall free of the hands and arms.

Elephants as Swimmers.

Elephants delight in abundance of water and enter it freely, often remaining in it for a long time and with great evident enjoyment. Sometimes they swim not only with the body but the head under water, the only part elevated above it being the extremity of the trunk.

The Little Brown Leaf.

A little brown leaf as it fell to the ground
Sighed: "How what good can I be?
My service is over, for summer is fled,
There's nothing to do but to cover my head
Under snow. Ah, poor little me!"

But it fell on a flower and kept it from frost
The whole long winter through.
So that down on the ground as well up on the tree
The little leaf spent its life cheerfully.
Doing the best it could do.
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SUITABLE PLACE FOR MONUMENT

Statues Should Have Logical Relation to Surroundings.

BEAUTY IGNORED FOR SHOW.

While Definite Rules Cannot Be Laid Down For the Location of Monuments, Yet Certain Fundamental Rules Are Evident.

If your town contemplates building a monument or erecting a statue to a celebrity see that its location has some logical relation to the subject. If it be a poet put it in a glade [illegible] the things the poet sang—[illegible] brook, the lofty hill or the glen.

If it be a soldier, a man famed for his deeds of daring, his statue should be given a site which will display with vividness his bold attitude and brave poise.

The latest report of the art commission of the city of New York devotes considerable space to expressing its ideas concerning the desirability of

POSSIBLE AND WELL PLACED MONUMENTS.

1. Good surrounding for Schiller. 2. Properly placed bust of Moore. 3. Ideal statue of Frank Sigel. 4. Badly located figure of Alexander Hamilton. 5. Crouching animal finely adjusted on stone pedestal.

considering carefully the location as well as the design of a monument of any kind which is to be erected in a public place, in connection therewith calling attention to several in New York which by their inappropriate location either have failed greatly in their possible effectiveness or have even detracted from the landscape.

Discussing the subject of location, the commission says in its report:

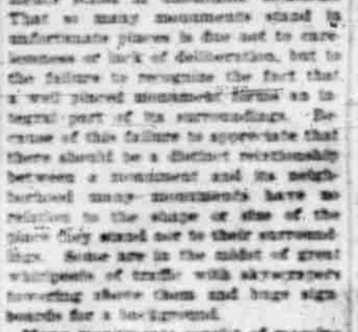
"These difficulties (the location of monuments) are due chiefly to the fact that in most cases the monument is not designed for a specific site. When completed it is submitted for a definite spot, which, in most instances, is selected not because it suits the character of the monument, but because it is conspicuous, as, for instance, at the junction of two or more important streets or in a prominent place in one of the chief squares or parks.

"It is self evident that the character of the monument should determine the nature of its setting. The all important question in selecting a site is that it should be of a character suited to the monument, but usually, in order to satisfy the desire for a conspicuous place, other considerations are ignored, and as a consequence many monuments stand in unsuitable locations. That so many monuments stand in unfortunate places is due not to carelessness or lack of deliberation, but to the failure to recognize the fact that a well placed monument forms an integral part of its surroundings. Because of this failure to appreciate that there should be a distinct relationship between a monument and its neighborhood many monuments have no relation to the shape or use of the place they stand out to their surroundings. Some are in the midst of great whirlpools of traffic with skyscrapers towering above them and huge sign boards for a background.

"Many monuments consist of massive granite pedestals surmounted by huge bronze busts. In general these have been erected in parks. Many of these stand on beautiful green lawns, conspicuous objects, but without logical relation to their surroundings. Surely it cannot be claimed that they are ornaments to the parks or that the green lawns would not be more beautiful without them.

"While definite rules cannot be laid down for the location of monuments any more than rules can with finality be given for the composition of a picture or a group of sculpture, yet certain fundamental principles are evident. A monument should be so placed that it stands in proper relation both architecturally and scenerally to the spot in which it is located, be it street, park or square; that its commemorative or particular character is in harmony with its surroundings and that it shall remain a distinct ornament to the location in which it stands. The probable permanence of appropriate surroundings should also be considered, for changes in the character and occupancy of adjacent buildings have turned harmony into discord.

In a Predicament.



"Tom, haven't what I sent you for, and you have been gone more than an hour."

"I was awaiting my turn and forgot what you sent me for."

"Why didn't you come back and ask?"

"I was afraid I would lose my place in the line."

THE JOYS OF ICE YACHTING

An Exciting Winter Diversion In Which Many Delight.

GREAT SPEED POSSIBILITIES

Some of the Frail Craft Have Gone Faster Than Any Machine That Ever Annihilated Space—What Ice-boats Are Like.

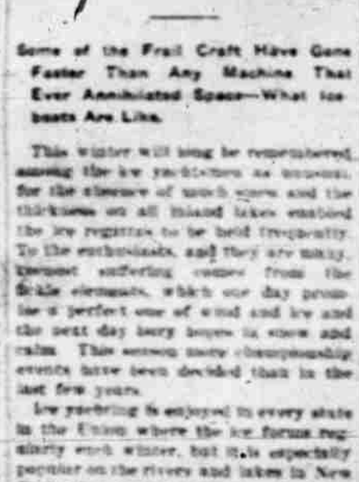
This winter will long be remembered among the ice yachtsmen as memorable for the absence of much snow and the thickness on all inland lakes enabling the ice regattas to be held frequently. To the enthusiasts, and they are many, [illegible] suffering comes from the fickle elements, which one day promise a perfect one of wind and ice and the next day bury hopes in snow and calm. This season many championship events have been decided than in the last few years.

Ice yachting is enjoyed in every state in the Union where the ice forms regularly each winter, but it is especially popular on the rivers and lakes in New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Michigan, Wisconsin, Illinois and Minnesota.

The Shrewsbury river, which flows out far from Long Branch, N. J., and flows into New York bay at Sandy Hook, is the greatest ice yachting center. Upon this shallow river scores of the fleet craft are seen, and the swift racers shoot by faster than the fastest trains that ever rolled on rails.

Lake Winnebago, Wis., is another great ice yachting center. The Lake Winnebago Ice Yacht association is a highly prosperous organization with a tremendous fleet. Winnebago is thirty-five miles long and sixteen miles wide in places. Its surface usually remains hard for three months in each year, so there is unlimited opportunity for ice yacht sailing.

Few persons except those who have ridden in one have an accurate conception of the appearance of the ice boat. Save for the tall masts and sails it bears little resemblance to the ordinary yacht. The body of the boat is



ICE YACHT GOING ON STRAIGHTAWAY AT FULL SPEED.

shaped like a cross with the [illegible] forward. The beam is long enough to bear a couple of [illegible] ting at length.

On the underside extending [illegible] ner, which is usually the [illegible] sailboat. The ends of these [illegible] shod with steel runners [illegible] in length. The rudder and [illegible] same plan as that of the ordinary [illegible] but is also reenforced with [illegible] runner, which cuts into the [illegible] swinging the yacht around.

Once started the boat travels easily, even in a moderate breeze, [illegible] course in a series of leaps through the air, in each of which the boat [illegible] several inches from the ice and [illegible] through the air like a flying machine. The return to the ice is so easy that there is not the slightest jar. It is this continual rising and [illegible] at high speed which make ice yachting so attractive.

With all its so called dangers yachting has a fascination that cannot be denied, and it is a glorious pastime. With the racers wrapped up in heavy clothing and speeding faster and faster with the air full of electric spray, the ice sparkling ahead, the pulses and cheeks and the flashing eyes of participants in this sport are signs of wholesomeness. To steer in a high wind and to stand on the windward side of an iceboat is one of the thrills of life.

For some boats records of a mile in a minute and less are easy, while in a heavy wind with perfect ice it is not uncommon for a speed of eighty miles an hour to be accomplished. In fact there is a well authenticated record on the books of one-eighth of a mile in fifteen seconds or at the rate of a mile in two minutes, two and one-half miles a minute, faster than any aeroplane or any machine known to [illegible] unhindered space.

Double Position For Coach Who Is Also Player.

For the first time in the history of the Naval academy athletics one man will fill the position of coach of two important teams, Frank Wheeler having accepted the proposal of the Athletic association to handle the football nine this spring and act as coach of the football team next fall. The latter position he filled to the great satisfaction of the navy men last fall.

Points to Remember.

It has been proved by experiment that children who drink milk grow and develop three times as fast as those who habitually drink tea or coffee.

Tea and coffee stimulate the heart and the secreting action of the kidneys. These effects cause them to be unsuitable beverages for children.

Raw vegetables—cucumbers, lettuce, radishes, etc.—are more indigestible than those which are cooked, and for this reason they should not be given to children.

Biscuits of any kind are not nearly so nutritious as bread and butter.

Training the Baby.

Babies are babies only such a little while, and there is so much difference in their makeup. They have so many things to learn. It is hard to have patience with them, but if mother, nurse or [illegible] who is going to? They must be taught to love pretty things and have [illegible] able things about. It is a problem of time and patience will be required.

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