

# MAKING OF A MAN

By Z. A. CLAY.

Young Fred Bamford had a rich mother. She became a widow when he was ten years old.

As an only child, he was made a pet of the same as poodle dog.

Freddie was given his way about everything, indulged in every whim, and was taught to believe that money made up for every deficiency in his man nature.

He had tutors and slapped their faces and they left.

He was sent to a boys' schools and ran away and came back to his tearful mother.

He was coaxed and bribed to go to college. After six weeks he found the lessons too hard, and by advice of a fashionable doctor, who charged \$200 for the advice, his poor brain was relieved of overwork.

At eighteen Freddie was a member of four clubs. He could play whist, and bridge, and golf, and polo, and other games. He could swear. He could smoke 40 cigarettes a day, each one with his monogram on. As to his education, Captain Briggs, who was a member of one of the clubs, had a slight curiosity, and he turned to him one day and asked:

"Freddie, which is it that revolves around the earth—the sun or the moon?"

"What's the catch, captain?" was asked in reply.

"There is no catch."

"Well, I never heard the question asked before, and must answer that I am not posted."

The captain did not have a contempt for him. He realized that any deficiency was not the young man's fault. Later on, Fred himself asked his mother the question, and her reply was:

"What do you want such a silly thing to worry you for? You have money and position, and you needn't care what revolves around the earth. I don't thank Captain Briggs for his officiousness."

At twenty-one Freddie Bamford was fast. He had four or five autos. He had bachelor quarters. He gave wine suppers. He sent orchids to chorus girls. He bet on the races. He was a patron of gambling houses. He was arrested for fast driving. He lost ten thousand dollars at Monte Carlo. A dozen different mammas said he would make a good husband. Their daughters had no criticisms to make. Captain Briggs had never again asked him a question in astronomy. Then came a question from his mother:

"Freddie, dear," she said, "are you thinking of marriage?"

"No, mother."

"But you should be. In a year or two more you should set up a house of your own. You are considered a most eligible part. Most any young lady would feel herself highly honored by a proposal from you."

"Yes, mother."

"Did you know that your Aunt Haskell had removed here from Chicago?"

"Never kept any track of the old lady."

"She has come here to reside. Do you know how much money she has?"

"Haven't a look-in."

"Thirty million dollars!"

"But don't ask me to marry it."

"I'm not going to. A year ago she adopted Estelle Holbrook, as handsome a girl as you ever saw."

"She'd have to be a clipper to beat some of them in the chorus."

"She's nineteen years old and bound to be a society favorite at once. Aunt Haskell has let it be known that she will leave Estelle all her great fortune."

"By George!"

"I thought you'd see it."

"Thirty million on top of what I have—wheew!"

"Go and call there this afternoon. I was at the house yesterday and told them to expect you soon. Don't let some one hear the prize away from you."

When Fred Bamford had made his call and departed Aunt Haskell asked the girl what she thought of him.

"He'd have to be made over to suit me," was the reply.

When the mother asked Fred what he thought of the girl he replied:

"She's a daisy. I shall win her in a month."

In the course of a fortnight he repeated his call, and it was then that he got a few unexpected jolts and jars. With the greatest confidence and conceit he began to approach the subject at first sight, but was brought up with:

"We will take another subject, please."

"But I have fallen in love."

"Then fall out again! You are an utter stranger to me, and such talk is insulting."

Fred Bamford really thought he was in love. At his third call he reiterated his sentiment, and Miss Estelle said:

"It is gigantic egotism on your part to think that you even interest me!"

"But—but I don't understand."

"Who are you, sir? The son of a rich mother. You have been mixed up with scandal after scandal. You have thrown away thousands and thousands of dollars, while you have not yet earned one. Your standard of womanhood is got from the chorus. You have almost ruined yourself physically by the fast pace."

She waited for him to protest, but he was too surprised, and she continued:

"Have you any dignity? Any ambition? Have you the respect of the solid men of your club? Have you,

up to this time, given the world one single idea to benefit it? Are you helping in science, business, morality, or charity?"

"Why, I am doing as other young men with money do," protested Mr. Bamford.

"As some other young men with money do," corrected the girl. "If it wasn't for those who have common sense and business ability with their wealth this country would be a laughing stock of the rest of the world. Don't demean by talking of love at first sight."

Fred Bamford went away in a huff and also astounded. He had flattered himself that he stood at the head and was a leader. No one had ever found a flaw nor made a criticism. His ego had been encouraged until he compared himself with men who had done things.

For the first time in his life Fred refused his mother's condolences. He wanted to do some thinking, and when he had done so he was honest enough to say to himself:

"She rubbed it in like blazes, but she was honest about it. Maybe I have been and am making a fool of myself."

The change that began in him held out hopes, though it worried his mother. Because he wasn't fined for fast driving during the next fortnight—because the newspapers didn't state that he had been thrown out of some restaurant—because no one whispered to her that a certain chorus girl was to sue him for breach of promise, she wanted an eminent physician summoned to feel his head and sound his lungs and toy with his heart.

"Do you know that you have changed terribly in the last few days?" she exclaimed when he refused to be pawed over by a doctor.

"I hope it will keep up!" was the answer he made.

Quickly enough, Fred Bamford found himself actually in love with the only girl that had dared to criticize him to his face. Day by day, as he thought things over, there was a change that more than his anxious mother saw and spoke about. At the club, when some one asked Captain Briggs what he thought of the boy, he replied:

"Nothing that will carry him to the grave. He's doing a think by himself, and I hope nobody will disturb him."

"Fred's mother worried over the case until it drove her to say to Aunt Haskell:

"Something inclines me to believe that Fred must have proposed for Estelle's hand and been rejected."

"Something inclines me to think the same thing!" was the reply.

"But the idea of her rejecting him!"

Fred called at intervals, but he was no longer the Fred of the first call. He did not talk of love, but sought to find out the girl's standard.

"I am old-fashioned enough to believe that men, young and old, should respect morality," she said. A spendthrift is worse than a fool. A man who is not respected by other men will not be respected by women. When a young man is lucky enough to discover that he has more money than brains he should make an effort to equalize things. Brains and money are given a man that he should take a high place among men. That is all, Mr. Bamford. Must you go? Well, good afternoon!"

Can the leopard change his spots? He can't, but now and then human character can change itself all over, if the incentive is strong enough, and there is no incentive as strong as love. After a long, long time Captain Briggs sat in his club and said to a friend:

"Ever see such a change as there has been in young Bamford?"

"Seems to have been made all over again," was the reply.

"Wonder what did it?"

"He fell in love with a girl who has old-fashioned notions."

"But not here in the city?"

"For a miracle—yes."

"And—and—"

"Oh, the news of the engagement is out. He's investing his money in business, and will be among the big ones some day."

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Why He Dislikes the Cow.

Frankly, I do not like the cow, and have never taken the trouble to make her acquaintance. I do not like her unremitting regularities, such as being milked twice a day and having her feed bills paid. I could not be patient under her glaring irregularities, such as breaking out of the pasture and meandering off into the next township, and it seems to me that if I had to go after her I should take along a shotgun. The cow has never appealed to me, either as a business proposition or a character; I am afraid of her husband, and her children interest me chiefly as veal.

This is just a statement of my own feelings in the matter, of course, and I seek no quarrel with the thousands of able men who can love and manage her. At one time I liked horses no better. But in the country a horse quickly became a necessity, and thus I formed an intimate acquaintance with one, and got to see the interesting traits of others, so that today I maintain friendships with many horses, both in the country and in town. Yet I should not like to pay the winter board bills.—Country Gentleman.

Popular Fad.

"Well, this will be your son's last year at college and football."

"Yes."

"Of course you're glad. He'll soon settle down to something practical and useful."

"I'm afraid not."

"Eh?"

"No. He expects to be a sociologist."

## NELL GWYNNE'S OLD HOUSE

Famous Residence in Pall Mall, London, Is Being Torn Down—Prince Regent Lived There.

London.—House breakers are at work on the last remains of a house in Pall Mall place which once was the residence of Nell Gwynne, and was the home of the Prince Regent just a century ago while his magnificent palace, Carlton house, was being built on the other side of the way.

The original frontage in Pall Mall was rebuilt many years ago and is now again being pulled down, but the gallery, the entrance of which is a court, is one of the original reception rooms of the house.

For many years past the building has been used for a picture gallery.



Nell Gwynne's House.

The Nell Gwynne room, with its magnificent ceiling, remained perfectly preserved until the house breakers took possession.

The house in Pall Mall chiefly associated with King Charles's favorite is No. 79, since rebuilt and now occupied by an insurance company. It was here that the diarist Evelyn "saw and heard a very familiar discourse between the king and Mrs. Nellie," as they called an impudent comedian, who looking out of her garden on a terrace at the top of the wall and the king "standing on the green beneath it."

While he was waiting for the completion of Carlton house the Prince Regent lived in Nell Gwynne's old house in Pall Mall place and he used to watch the extravagant magnificence of his splendid place rising over the way. It was pulled down in 1827 and the eight Ionic columns facing Pall Mall were used in the facade of the present National gallery and are familiar objects of that frontage.

IS RELIC OF THE "ICE AGE"

National Museum Curator Reports on Petrified Remains Found in West Virginia.

Marlinton, W. Va.—A report has been made by J. W. Gidley, assistant curator of the National museum, Washington, on the petrified remains found in blasting the big limestone cliff at the boundary of the town of Renick, this county, by the Renick Stone company. He says: "The specimens are remains of a pig-like animal known as phatygonus. This animal is related to the peccary now living in Central and South Africa, but was much larger than the present species. They were very abundant in the eastern and central United States during the pleistocene or 'ice age.'"

A skull found among the fossils was in an especially fine state of preservation and looks not unlike the skull of a horse, though much smaller, with immense tusks. Mr. Gidley says the skull is of especial interest as it probably represents an undescribed species and because it supplements another recent discovery of somewhat similar character near Cumberland, Md. Arrangements were made with the stone company to protect the deposit until an experienced collector can be detailed to visit the place. Mr. Gidley expects to visit Renick soon to make a thorough investigation.

TO HELP GERMAN BARMAIDS

"Dogs in Berlin Treated Better Than We Are," One Writes, Telling Her Experience.

Berlin.—Appalling conditions of abuse, want, misery and immorality have been uncovered among Berlin's "barmaids." The editor of a local paper is conducting a crusade to help them. The lot of those in the cheaper beer saloons is the hardest. Wages are small, hours long, and the barmaid is largely dependent upon tips, which in turn depend upon her comeliness and her lack of resentment at the coarse jokes and indignities which she must suffer from customers.

If the barmaid complains of treatment of the guests, she is discharged on the ground that she drives away trade. It is but a step from the position of barmaid to the "easiest way" and in many instances the proprietors of the cheaper beer saloons are practically white slavers.

One barmaid, writing of her experience, insisted that "dogs are better treated in Berlin than we are."

Signs Name 4,000 Times.

St. Louis.—Edward B. Pryor, receiver for the Wabash railroad, must sign his name in full 4,000 times to receivers' certificates.

## DOG SHOW IN MINNEAPOLIS

Minneapolis, Minn., April 8.—The largest and most notable exhibition of pedigreed dogs ever held in the northwest opened in this city today under the auspices of the Minneapolis Kennel club. An offer of \$2,500 in cash prizes has attracted the blue ribbon winners from the recent shows in the east and in Canada. All of the popular breeds are well represented. Judging was commenced soon after the opening today and will be continued until the show closes Saturday night.

When run down with kidney trouble, backache, rheumatism or bladder weakness, turn quickly for help to Foley Kidney Pills. You cannot take them into your system without having good results. Chas. N. Fox, Himrod, N. Y., says: "Foley Kidney Pills have done me more good than \$150.00 worth of medicine." They give good results. O. G. Schaefer and Red Cross Drug Store.—Adv.

## HEARING ON EXPRESS RATES

Columbia, S. C., April 8.—The state railroad commission today held a public hearing on the advisability of putting into effect in South Carolina the interstate zone rates on express recently promulgated by the interstate commerce commission. Arguments for and against the proposed rates were presented by representatives of the commercial organizations of various South Carolina cities and towns and by officials of the express companies doing business in this state.

## BATTLE CELEBRATION

Mansfield, La., April 8.—The fiftieth anniversary of the battle of Mansfield, in which the federals were defeated by the confederate troops of Louisiana and Texas, was celebrated today with appropriate exercises on the battlefield. The Sons and Daughters of the Confederacy conducted the celebration. The Mansfield Battle Park association has been organized

## CHEMISTS MEET IN CINCINNATI

Cincinnati, April 8.—The foremost leaders of the chemical profession in America, together with several eminent chemists from Europe, gathered in this city today for the annual meeting of the American Chemical society. The sessions will continue three days, during which time there will be numerous papers and addresses dealing with the latest discoveries and the recent progress in chemical science.

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to place markers and monuments to commemorate the chief events of the battle.

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