

and not having much carpentering to do this year, that I am taking you to the hospital doctor this year. I do not have to pay there—many hospital patients are kept and treated for nothing. I need the little money I have to buy food and clothing, and pay the rent—and there are seven of us altogether.”

“But am I to be made into a man all at once to-day, daddy, by the doctor?” questioned Charlie, now quite resigned to the strange hospital physician.

“Oh no, indeed not,” laughed the father. “He just measures and weighs you, I am told, examines your heart and lungs—has you take off your clothes, and sees you are all right. Then he will tell you how to take care of yourself, teach you how it is best always to keep clean, and instruct you how you will grow day by day and year by year into a man. But here is the hospital! We shall soon see and hear what he does and says. Don’t be one bit afraid, for he will not hurt you in any way,” and taking his boy by the hand he led him into the waiting room of the out-door department of the hospital.

Telling Charlie to seat himself in this vestibule where he was to await the opening of the door leading to the new life, William Roberts crossed to the admitting clerk. An honest man, plain, straight as his carpenter’s rule, square in his dealings with his fellow man, William Roberts believed in doing what was right in complying explicitly with the requirements of the law. Whilst he was arranging the preliminaries for his son’s examination, Charlie sat down quietly enough, but soon became a little uneasy concerning the outcome of his examination. Boylike, however, his eyes roamed about the room. He saw other boys there of his own age, and other ages, but, of course, did not know whether they were there in health or sickness. Quite a number of patients were waiting, and every once in a while a door, of which there were several in different directions, opened, and some one would come out and pass through the waiting-room to the street door. By-and-by he noticed each door bore a sign on it—Medicine, Surgery, Eye, Ear, Nose, Boys, Girls, etc. He was gazing at “Boys” when his father returned, remarking they would have to wait perhaps a half-hour.

It was a little longer when the door for “boys” opened, and the admitting clerk signed to William Roberts he was next. At this door they were met by an attendant who informed the father he could go in with his son or return to wait in the outer room. William Roberts chose the former alternative. They were then