

# PLAYING A PART

By WILLIAM CHANDLER

"Mr. Kenworthy," said Mrs. Middleton when that gentleman appeared for her dinner party, "before we dine I wish to speak a word to you about the young lady I have assigned to you for a dinner companion. She has a solid form of insanity, or rather monomania. She fancies that every man she meets is in love with her, and no matter what he says she considers it a proposal of marriage. But don't be alarmed; the next day she forgets all about it."

Kenworthy assured his hostess that he would excuse the young lady for anything that might occur between them and she left him to attend to other matters connected with her dinner party, without giving him any other information about the young lady he was to take out to dinner, not even mentioning her name.

At the last minute the sudden indisposition and regrets of an invited guest rendered a change in the arrangement of the couples necessary. When dinner was announced Kenworthy had not been presented to the lady that had been assigned him for a dinner companion. The procession had started for the dining room when a sister of the hostess hurried toward him and leading him to a young lady sitting by herself, introduced him. He bowed, crooked his arm, and the two formed the last couple to take their seats at the table.

Among the changes made was Mr. Kenworthy's dinner companion, and in the hurry the card bearing the name of Miss Bliss, beside whom he was to have sat, had not been changed for that of Miss Steele, the lady who had been assigned him in her stead. Miss Steele glanced down at the card on taking her seat, and a strange look came over her face. Then the corners of her red lips quirked upward, and a mischievous look came into her eyes. Kenworthy, too, gave a quick glance at the name and opened conversation.

For three hours the guests regaled themselves with Mrs. Middleton's table delicacies, and Miss Steele had ample time to win Mr. Kenworthy's good opinion, to say nothing of his admiration. During the early part of the dinner he was quite troubled lest she should construe something he said into a proposal of marriage, but about the time the game was served he began to think that he wouldn't mind it much if she did. Then he became curious as to what she would consider a proposal, and lastly he began to put forth certain tests. Pretending a mistake, he took up the glass of wine before her and sipped it, remarking at the same time that it must be a different brand from what he was drinking, for it tasted far sweeter. The supposed Miss Steele dropped her eyes, but said nothing. This started a succession of delicately turned compliments on the part of Mr. Kenworthy, to all of which the lady listened with apparent emotion.

It is the nature of the small boy to see how near he can skate to an air hole in the ice without breaking in. Urged on by a similar impulse, Mr. Kenworthy proceeded to see how far he could talk "soft" to the monomaniac without making love to her. The basis of his investigations was curiosity. If he had become infatuated with her in so short a time he was not aware of it. The dinner came to an end, and on retiring from the table Miss Steele led the way to a window seat quite apart from the other guests.

"Mr. Kenworthy," she said, opening and shutting a fan she held in her hand as though struggling with some deep emotion, "I confess that the period of our acquaintance has been very short. Nevertheless I believe in quick love. I have always felt that I could recognize my mate instantaneously, and my mate would recognize me as quickly. The flattering words you have spoken to me have convinced me that I am not mistaken in believing that you have honored me with your love, and I am sure you would not have given me to understand that you love me without proposing marriage."

Mr. Kenworthy had skated too near the edge of the air hole and had tumbled in. At the same moment Mrs. Middleton approached the couple with a young lady beside her.

"Mr. Kenworthy," she said, "I wish to present you to Miss Bliss, who was to have been your dinner companion had not regrets from one of my invited guests caused a change at the last moment."

## MONKEY ANTICS.

The Orang Outang is a Creature of Great Imitative Ability.

In hotels and private houses of India monkeys have been found that were trained to wait at table, bringing dishes and articles of food in a more or less mechanical way.

The story of the talented orang outang of Buffon, the naturalist, is classic. This creature gave visitors his arm, walked with them, showed them to the door, ate with a knife and fork and drank from a glass, poured tea into a cup, sweetened it and waited till it cooled before he drank it.

An orang outang at the Jardin des Plantes in Paris regularly unlocked with a key the door of the compartment he occupied, opened the door, locked it on the other side after he had entered and then hung the key on a nail.

Flourens relates that he once visited the Jardin des Plantes in company with an aged scholar whose appearance greatly interested this orang outang, which was at large in the rooms of the institution. The scholar wore old-fashioned clothes, one article of which was a tall hat with a wide brim. He was much bent from age and in walking supported himself with a heavy cane.

When the two men were about to depart the hat and cane of the old man were missing. Presently the orang outang was seen trotting through the room, his back bent almost double, wearing the hat upon his head and walking stiffly by the side of the cane.—Chicago Herald.

## MADISON SQUARE GARDEN.

Story of the Growth of a Famous New York City Landmark.

Madison Square Garden, indubitably associated with the city of New York, was purchased in 1853 by the Harlem railroad after the extinction of the old eastern post road, which ran diagonally across the block. In 1854 the railroad company put up sheds for the handling of the early morning milk supply and farm produce.

In 1863 the train sheds were rebuilt to house a passenger terminal of the Harlem on Twenty-sixth street and of the New Haven road on Twenty-seventh street, the trains being broken up at the present Grand Central and the separate cars being drawn down by mules.

The railway ceased to use the building in 1871, and in 1873 it was remodeled and leased to Barnum for the congress of nations. Sheridan Shook and Patrick Gilmore, in joint conduct of a museum, were the next tenants. Barnum returned with the circus and menagerie April 27, 1874. Gilmore took the place for the next season and produced the first of his concerts May 29, 1875.

On May 31, 1870, the place was first designated Madison Square Garden. The tearing down of the old building was begun Aug. 7, 1880. The present structure was formally opened June 16, 1880.—Argonaut.

## Health For Canaries.

Even a canary must be cared for judiciously if its life is to be happy. Regular exercise outside its cage is desirable, if its owner has time to look after this exercise. A scrupulously clean cage, fresh water and seed every day, greens of some sort—lettuce, celery, plantain—once or twice a week, and enforced abstinence from sugar, sweet biscuits and other odds and ends that are often fed to birds—these details insure health and, therefore, happiness to the caged bird. Perhaps the fact that it is caged, that it has so few ways of making its wants known, should make its owner more careful of its health than she would be even of the health of a dog or cat.—New York Sun.

## Pictures in Gardens.

Above most other arts, landscape architecture is based on nature, and the art should be practiced on natural lines. The evolution of growing things, the development of distinct types of effect, although greatly varied, can be, and should be, made to bear the stamp alike of definite, though perhaps instinctive, ideas throughout the various kinds of landscape gardening, whether it be a park, an estate, a village garden or a window box. It should make a fine picture, no matter how small or how large.—New York Telegram.

## Cash Prize.

Flatbush—He always was a lucky sort of a guy. Bensonhurst—What's happened? "He's got the cash prize in a lottery." "Really?" "Yes, he's just married money."—Yonkers Statesman.

## Protection.

"What's the idea of using the pronoun 'we' so often in your articles?" "Well," replied the editor, "it's a matter of self protection. In case anybody takes offense I want to sound as much as possible like a crowd."—Philadelphia Record.

## Tempus Fugit.

"I want a warrant for the arrest of Father Time." "What's the charge?" "Outrageous and continuous violation of the speed laws."—Judge.

## The Proper Kind.

"I will give the boys a athletic club an acrobatic lunch today." "What is that?" "One consisting of turnovers."—Baltimore American.

He who lives after nature shall never be poor; after opinion, shall never be rich.—Seneca.

## A GOOD WORD FOR THE CROW.

Despite the Damage He Does He is a Good Scavenger.

In spite of the crow's instinct to feed on the eggs and young of other species (which he shares in common with several other birds), who would really wish to see him quite exterminated, even if it were possible to exterminate so resourceful a fellow?

His destruction to crops is certainly far less than that of the bobolink in the southern rice fields. He is an efficient scavenger, and his destruction of white grubs, cutworms, wireworms and grasshoppers is of great value. Above all, however, his place in our landscape is such that his passing would leave a dreary void.

Winter or summer we are conscious of him against the sky, against the fields or sentinel on a patriarch pine in the misty mornings of summer when the sun has not yet rolled up the curtains of cloud from the mountains we hear his voice far off in the woods, rousing us from slumber, and when autumn has come and our sugar groves are a glory of crimson he is still there, his distant call floating down sweetly from the upland woods and testifying in some strange way the height of the peaks beyond.—Harper's Magazine.

## LAY OF THE NIGHTINGALE.

Why It Sings When the Little Birds Come Out of the Shell.

It is generally assumed that a bird sings because he is happy, but science goes deeper for an explanation of the why and wherefore of the bird's song. Nature's optimistic joy in constructive progress is expressed in the singing of the male birds who charm their mates to further their wooing and continue after eggs are laid to encourage the fulfillment of hatching.

The song stops when the little birds come out of the shell. The nightingale for weeks during the period of nest building and hatching charms his mate and human ears near him with the beautiful music of his love song. But as soon as the little nightingales come from the eggs the song changes to a sort of guttural croak, implying anxiety and sense of responsibility.

If the nest and contents were destroyed the nightingale would at once resume his beautiful song to inspire his mate to help him build another nest and start all over again the loving work of being fruitful and multiplying.—Cincinnati Commercial-Tribune.

## Economizing Labor.

Two laborers were engaged to deepen a well which had become dry. One of them sent his mate down into the well while he sat at the top and directed the work. He first ordered the other man to "dig a bit on this side," then "dig a little more on that side," until the latter, tired of both the work and the orders, exclaimed, "You sit up there and use your tongue, while I have to do all the work!" "One man here giving directions," said the man at the top, "can do as much as ten men down there."—London Strand.

## Skating on the Water.

The ski is recommended as both a life saving device and a pleasure craft, combining safety with novelty. It cannot sink, makes better speed than a swimmer and does not tire the rider as swimming does. It is more practicable for long distances and can go through water where there is a heavy under-tow, as it sits so high in the water that it is not caught in the grip of the undercurrent as the legs of the swimmer are. It doesn't take a long time to master, as the surf board does, requires no skill in balancing and sticking on and has the great advantage of being equipped with a motive power, whereas the ordinary surf board must be pushed and paddled out to sea before it can be ridden in.—Outing.

## Where Art Ceases.

All art is a matter of nature or life acted upon by man; a part taken out of its accidental surroundings and given artistic form. At either side of the field of true art is a waste place where art ceases to have beauty. And the waste on the one side is reached when the artist becomes so enamored of life that he forgets to interpret, to give artistic form, and only brings forth a photographic image, while the waste on the other side is reached when the artist perfects his form but forgets to put life into it.—Sheldon Cheney.

## The Outdoor Life.

"The doctor says I don't take enough interest in outdoor pastimes." "Are you going to profit by his suggestion?" "Yes, I'm going to sit down and read every word on the sporting page."—Washington Star.

## Cause of the Pessimism.

Orator—On the surface things are often right, but it is when we explore the depths of things that we see the deceptions of our fellow creatures. One of the Crow's—Gavinor, you've been buying a barrel of apples, haven't you?—London Tit-Bits.

## The Real Need.

Book Agent—This book will teach you how to economize. The Victim—That's no good to me. What I need is a book to teach me how to live without economizing.—Philadelphia Ledger.

The song that nerves a nation's heart is that of a dead.—Tennyson.

## Mr. Treadwell's Vacation

By MARTHA V. MONROE

Elisha Treadwell about the 1st of April saw in a newspaper among advertisements for summer hotels and boarding houses one that arrested his attention. It was this:

A widow with several grown sons and daughters, owning a country home, would like a few boarders for July and August. A small auto, tennis grounds and other means of amusement will be at the disposal of guests; references required.

Mr. Treadwell inferred what was not stated in the advertisement—that a guest would be received as a member of the family. He was obliged if he went on a vacation to go alone. Consequently he had no desire to go, for he was much dependent upon associates. In this country place he fancied he would obviate this difficulty. The "sons and daughters," especially the latter, seemed inviting. He entered into correspondence with the advertiser with the result that he engaged a room for his vacation in July.

He arrived in the evening about 8 o'clock, which was shortly before dark. A negro butler announced that most of the family had gone on a picnic and he expected them home at any minute, as Miss Clara was somewhere about, but he didn't know where. Treadwell said he would wait. He went into the living room and, seeing a lounge, on which some one had evidently been reclining, for there were an Afghan and a pillow on it, he sat down for a rest.

The twilight deepened. There seemed to be no one about to light the lamps, and the young man soon found himself in the dark. Tired from traveling, he stretched himself on the lounge. The first thing he knew, or rather, didn't know, he was asleep. He was awakened by a hand laid on his forehead—a soft hand, which he felt sure was feminine.

"Feel better?" The voice of the speaker was a melodious soprano. Now, there was something extremely pleasant about this petting, which was, of course, intended for another, and Treadwell was not minded to bring it to a termination, so he simply said "Um," without opening his mouth.

"I've brought you some supper for you. Do you want it?" "Um, uh," granted Treadwell, giving a negative intonation. Meanwhile the hand was removed from the forehead and slid down to one of Treadwell's. This was becoming a member of the widow's family with a vengeance. Treadwell was somewhat troubled about the result of his accepting these attentions, but both the hand and the voice were so soft that he thought only of how to avoid interrupting them.

"I wish they'd come," the lady continued. "Mother said they'd surely be back by 7 o'clock, and it must be 9. I'm going to light up."

"Oh, uh!" granted Treadwell, as though his throat were out of order, still holding on to the hand.

"Rather lie in the dark, eh? That's the way with me when I'm sick. I wonder what's become of the man who was to arrive this evening. If he should come and find the house dark it would be a poor reception. He might turn around and go back to the city. I wonder what he's like."

Treadwell could hardly help saying, "He's a fine fellow, and when you see him you will have met your fate," but he refrained. He was thinking that he would excite suspicion by silence when there was the sound of an automobile and a babel of voices approaching. Withdrawing his hand from hers, he rubbed his eyes, started up and exclaimed:

"I must have fallen asleep." There was a subdued shriek. The girl bustled about and struck a match. She saw a strange man looking at her as if just awakened from sleep.

"Reg pardon," he said. "I'm Mr. Treadwell. I was waiting for some one to come in when I dozed off, I suppose."

"Are you sure you've been asleep?" She raised the chimney of a lamp and touched the match to the wick. At the same time a noisy party of picnickers came up the steps and poured into the room.

"Mother," said the girl who had been petting the guest, "this is the gentleman that was to arrive."

"I'm Elisha Treadwell," said that gentleman. "Am happy to see you, Mr. Treadwell. I'm sorry you've had such a dreadful reception."

"Don't mention it." "Ethel, why didn't you light the lamps?" "Why, mother, Jim was in here on the lounge, or I thought he was, and I didn't think he wanted a light. He had gone up to his room."

"He didn't," said Treadwell—"I mean I didn't mind sitting in the dark at all." Mr. Treadwell was taken into the dining room, where a hot supper was served—with plenty of light—and it was evident to him that he had struck just the place he needed for a vacation. Now and again he caught Ethel looking at him suspiciously, but he put on an expression of unconscious guilt—if that expresses what he was trying to do—and at last she seemed satisfied. The month of July passed only too rapidly for Mr. Treadwell, who found the companionship of the family very pleasant. There is nothing more to this story barring the commonplace, except that Treadwell went back to the city at the end of his vacation engaged to Ethel.

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