

Mr. Van Arsdale's Partner

He Was Very Practical In Making a Selection

By ELINOR MARSH

Shortly after I had been introduced to the social world as a budding...

It was surprising to me how soon I lost all my friends in society...

I had met a certain Mrs. Abercrombie, the widow of a capitalist who himself...

My employer regarded the fortune her husband had left her as a trust for the benefit of those who needed help...

On this last gentleman led the conversation to various topics not of a business nature...

One morning after the arrival of the mail Mrs. Abercrombie called me into her boudoir and said to me...

Mrs. Abercrombie dispensed a good deal of money in connection with other philanthropic capitalists...

I had heard of a certain Edgar Van Arsdale, an old gentleman who joined Mrs. Abercrombie in various gifts...

It was not long after filing this letter that Mrs. Abercrombie sent me to Mr. Van Arsdale to state her reasons...

"Not at all. In such a matter Mrs. Abercrombie and I are one and the same person."

"I see," he replied. "Just as Mr. Van Arsdale and I are one and the same person."

"As to the matter in hand," I began. "Mrs. Abercrombie regrets deeply that she does not see her way clear to join you in the erection of a laboratory for college."

"I believe he wants some one to..." "He wants a partner..." "You mean one to..."

"I will explain. My father died recently and I am his heir. I have practical views. Expecting that some cold-blooded society woman would marry me for my money..."

"What else he said to me on that eventful evening is too near my heart to be repeated here, though my brain was in such a whirl that I only got its meaning. I need only say that I accepted his proposition and became his partner."

PRANKS IN SCHOOL

While Ma Raccoon Was Giving Her Young a Lesson in Fishing.

A naturalist came upon a wild-wood scene which might aptly be compared with a boys' school.

"I couldn't with ten times the practice. I can write anything so that it may be understood by a very intelligent person, but I can't speak it."

"Not at all. Will you kindly say that Mr. Van Arsdale has met a party who, he thinks, will fill the bill, but he has no assurance that the person will accept the position."

"I didn't understand this partnership matter and was sorry that I had been so indiscreet as to mention it. The gentleman saw by my looks that I was embarrassed and added:

"Never mind that. Mr. Van Arsdale can attend to it himself that is if it is attended to at all."

As I was to go the young man took a rose out of a vase on his desk and offered it to me. I took it, thanked him and after inhaling its delicious perfume for a moment left the room and the house, he gallantly seeing me to the door.

Soon after this visit I was sent another letter to Mr. Van Arsdale's house on another matter. I was received by the same young man and when I mentioned that I presumed his chief might be in the city he replied that Mr. Van Arsdale was very much indisposed and probably would not attend to any more business.

"Is he very old?" I asked. "Very." "On this last gentleman led the conversation to various topics not of a business nature and I was delighted with his chat. We spent so much time together in this way that I feared I would receive a rebuke from Mrs. Abercrombie. But she said not a word on the subject of my dear match to my relief."

One morning after the arrival of the mail Mrs. Abercrombie called me into her boudoir and said to me: "My dear, I have an offer for your services from one who needs a person on whom to place much greater responsibilities than I, and the compensation will be much greater. Mr. Van Arsdale writes me that if I will consent to give you up, he will take you."

"Mr. Van Arsdale! Indeed Mrs. Abercrombie, I could not possibly take his place. He is very old and very ill. His secretary has told me that he will probably never again attend to business. I have understood that he needs a partner."

"A partner? Where did you hear that?" "I noticed it in a letter of his that you gave me to file."

"Oh!" replied my employer. "I think that by a partner he meant one to whom he might intrust matters that he could not intrust to a clerk or a secretary."

"What's the matter with the young man who has been acting for him?" "Can't Mr. Van Arsdale keep him?" "If you consent I will write Mr. Van Arsdale to that effect, and you can see to it with him."

"Do you think I will be able to fill the position?" "Most assuredly."

"Do you know what the salary will be?" "I do not."

"After more inquiries on my part, to which I got no satisfaction, I consented to consider a proposition from Mr. Van Arsdale, and Mrs. Abercrombie wrote him to that effect. I was surprised the next morning to be informed that Mr. Van Arsdale had called and was waiting for me in the drawing room."

"Mr. Van Arsdale," I exclaimed, "Why, I supposed he was bedridden!" "He's waiting for you. By the way, why not wear your new crepe de chine?"

"What! Dress to receive a broken-down old man? He'll think I'm too good for a business woman!" "But Mrs. Abercrombie insisted and superintended my toilet, and after she was satisfied I went downstairs to the drawing room. There sat the young man who had several times received me at Mr. Van Arsdale's. I stopped a moment on seeing him, then advanced saying: "I thought that a broken-down old man couldn't come to see me, but you would send for me to go and see him. I presume you come with a proposition for Mr. Van Arsdale."

Their Palace For Two

How She Solved the Problem

By VICTOR LAURISTON

Tom Ringling was bound to buy the big Warkworth place, while his fiancée wanted the Pine avenue cottage worth only \$3000.

By taking the option she would save money anyway. And long before thirty days she would be Mrs. Tom Ringling and Tom, debarred from buying the big house, would compromise on the Pine avenue cottage and be saved the harassing, crushing burden of a costly house.

She disliked very much to cross Tom in his wish, but she dreaded the burden of debt the cost of the big house would place them under at the very outset of their matrimonial career.

Mr. Sharpley drew from his desk a contract for purchase and filled in the blanks. She signed it triumphantly, then glanced up at Sharpley.

"Remember, Mr. Sharpley," she held up a warning finger. "If Mr. Ringling any one asks who is buying the place you mustn't mention my name."

"I don't want it known. But you can say," she smiled, "that the place is held at \$4,500."

Tom came that evening with a black as a thunder-bolt. The girl faced him in embarrassed silence.

"Just my luck," he growled moodily. "Some one has slipped in ahead of me and snatched up Magna Villa at \$10,000."

"And now well buy the cottage," cried Ethel jubilantly. "Cottage," he exclaimed, his tone redolent of utter disgust. "Cottage?"

She suddenly decided not to urge her views till a more opportune moment. Responding next afternoon to the summons of the doorbell she found herself face to face with Silas Sharpley.

"Just thought I'd drop in and close up matters," he suggested. "But I've thirty days," the girl protested quizzically.

"Of course of course," he rubbed his hands together. "But there are so many things to do—transfer the mortgage, and search the title, and arrange for financing the balance of the purchase price under the agreement."

"The agreement?" She stared at him. "Why, all I signed was an option."

"An agreement to purchase," returned Mr. Sharpley, apologetic, yet dogmatic.

"You remember I read it all over to you—purchase to be completed within thirty days. Twenty-five dollars paid on account to bind the bargain. Mrs. Warkworth has signed, too, so there's nothing in the way of closing up the deal at once."

Ethel had stood thus far with lips frozen dumb. Now she found voice to protest.

"But, Mr. Sharpley, I never intended to purchase."

"You signed the agreement, Miss Grafton and so did Mrs. Warkworth, and on the strength of it she's rented already and is taking up the carpets. I hope you're not afraid of your bargain," he added ingratiatingly.

Where Jonah Is Buried

Mesa is an ancient Arab city, built, not on the actual site, as some authorities state, but on some outlying suburb of Scriptural Nineveh.

It was once a very prosperous place famous for the manufacture of muslins, which probably got their name from this city.

But commercial ruin began by the rise of Basra, culminated with the opening of the Suez canal. Mesa possesses a population of curiously mixed religions who display the "Kikuyu" tendencies that recently distressed Anglican bishops, Christians and Mohammedans equally venerate the two great saints, St. George and Jonah.

The major prophet is supposed to be buried here, and his traditional tomb still stands on the opposite bank of the Tigris. Westminster Gazette

The Cedilla

Sometimes the letter C is written, or, rather, printed, with a sort of tail under it called the "cedilla."

In early English, about the fifteenth century, there was a form of the letter Z, the last letter of the alphabet, which resembled closely a fashionable and flaring form of the letter R, a rounded form of the R called "R rotunda." To distinguish the Z from R rotunda a small tail was added to the Z, which in turn came to be printed as C, hence cedilla means simply a "little Zed" (Zed).

Man's Early Building

The ruins of successive human habitations unearthed in Asia show how man advanced from primitive savagery to the pomp of Babylon and Nineveh.

First he improved the caves in which he dwelt by leveling the floors and cutting wood-work to give him light. Afterward he constructed entirely artificial habitations for himself, at first roughly made tents of boughs and leaved mats of mud and finally dwellings of wood and stone.

According to Formula

A tramp knocked at a kitchen door and said: "Please, kind lady, I'm a sick man. The doctor gives me this medicine, but I need something to take it with."

"The lady was ready to help. 'Poor fellow,' she said, 'do you want a spoon and a glass of water?'"

The tramp answered: "No, mum! I wouldn't trouble you. But this medicine haster be took before meals. Have you got a meal handy?"

Eyes of the Giraffe

The giraffe, which is a very timid animal, is approached with the utmost difficulty on account of its eyes being so placed that it can see as well behind as in front.

When approached in this same faculty enables it to direct with great precision the rapid storm of kicks with which it defends itself.

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