

Bubble and Squeak

By B. L. TAYLOR

With some extracts from the unpublished work of the late Walter Blackburne.

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He—Dearie, I will buy you a parrot to talk to when I am busy.
She—Perhaps it would say something witty, and that would be a nice change.

If a man-maker endeavored to live according to his own maxims, he would be even a greater contradiction than most men, who live without any philosophy at all.

The saying that it is better to be an old man's darling than a young man's slave, was never written by a medical man, for such a man would know that a man who is worn out physically doesn't want a darling, but a nurse. A young woman would more likely be an old man's slave. A young man is often a young woman's slave, too; and there is happiness in a state of reciprocal bondage.

There is this to be said for mediocrity: It provides for those dependent upon it, while genius sacrifices all for an idea.

He—A modest man is an abomination to a woman in love.
She—A great anxiety and suspense, rather.

When a woman is reduced to talking only common sense to her male acquaintances, she is either recommended to being class 'M' as posse, or is badly disillusioned with life.

Wealth often accentuates a man's vulgarity; poverty somewhat excuses it.

A "friendly interest" is often a euphemism for an impudent curiosity.
WALTER BLACKBURNES (PARTE).

Disgruntlement.

"A morning in the city of the age!"
Heating by breakfast, I cry aloud.
Art, music, literature, the stage.
Are despised by the mad mob.
They make a most ungodly row,
And one is dazed by the din.
Culture was worth while once; but now
The Philistines are crowding in.

They overran the concert hall,
And hoisted the price of seats on chairs;
While I, who lack the wealth of gold,
Must clamor up six flights of stairs,
And scold in the gallery.

A decent seat is hard to win,
Along with the bourgeoisie.
The Philistines are crowding in.

Forward Shaw is all the go,
But since I had time to myself,
His plays, unknown, I don't stand a row,
Well thought, upon my study shelf.
Now, if I try to see those plays
I can't get in a bulletin.
Announces R. C. for days,
The Philistines are crowding in.

Grand opera, too, the maddevoyses;
They flock like sheep to see the "king,"
I have to stand in line for hours
To buy a seat for anything.
The air is vulgarized, one touch
Of culture makes the whole world kin.
And culture doesn't count for much
When all the Philistines are crowding in.

Have you joined the "See America First Association," the mission of which is to turn the American tourist tide westward? "See Naples and die!" if you must, but "See America first!"

The news that "The House of Mirth" is to be dramatized will be hailed with delight by all lovers of the drama. Of course it will be necessary to add a plot, but any stage carpenter can supply that, and what action the novel lacks can be furnished with a pair of low comedians and a male quartette.

Letters of An Art Student.
It will be recalled that Charles Dana Gibson sacrificed a tremendous income a few months ago, to go abroad and study art. How successfully this experiment is working out is shown in his letters to his friends at home, a few of which we have been privileged to publish.

Paris, Jan. 13, 1906.

My Dear Chambers:

Your splendid appreciation of me in Collier's finds an echo on this side of the Atlantic. I seem to be as well known in Paris as in New York. I see myself pointed out in the cafe or on the boulevard, or wherever I may go.

With that modesty which you have spoken of as one of my traits, I presented myself humbly before the old French Academicians, informing them that I wished to study art from the beginning. I feared they might take me at my word and set me to drawing the figure, but they finally acknowledged that they could teach me nothing about drawing, and advised me to begin at once on color. This I found extremely interesting, and all that I had imagined it. I have made a great many experiments on my own account, with startling results. Yesterday I discovered that by mixing red and blue one gets a rich purple. It was a revelation in impressionism. I hastened to the old

masters, my teachers. To my disappointment they were not surprised. Yes, they said; red and blue undoubtedly produced purple. They had happened on the same discovery in earlier years; but alas! they had forgotten it. After studying the figure indoors for years and years one forgets almost everything else. I am sending you some of the purple by express. Don't you agree that it would be a strong tonic color for a landscape? You will note that it is the exact tint of Robert Reed's automobile. It was Reed who said to me at the Players' club the day before I sailed, "When in doubt, my boy, use purple."

I heard to-day that Sargent uses a mason's trowel to lay colors on pure, and I spoke to the old masters about it; but you can't teach an old master new tricks. They advise me to paint very thin at the beginning.

I am receiving every day commissions for oil portraits from my agents in the United States and Canada, but I am resolved to study another fortnight or two before executing them. One cannot know too much about color, I am convinced.

At present we are living very modestly in hotel quarters that cost only a thousand francs a week, but we expect to move to more comfortable quarters when the money from the portraits flows in.

Yours, for Art's Sake,

C. D. GIBSON.

The New York Philharmonic Orchestra is still without a permanent conductor. Many of the "conscript fathers," as Mr. Henderson calls the members of the band, favor Safanoff, whose specialty is conducting without a baton. Others prefer Weingartner, who conducts without notes. Then there is Strauss, who conducts without a hat; Hertz, who conducts without a reserve; Sousa, who conducts without a thought; and James K. Hackett, who conducts without an orchestra. The Philharmonic has not yet found a conductor who conducts without a salary.

The Literary Market.

(For the guidance of authors who are unfamiliar with the needs of the various periodicals.)

McClure's, New York, is overstocked with articles on graft, and is not purchasing at present.

Munsey's, New York, is in the market for anything. Nothing rejected that is decipherable.

The Baptist Union, Chicago, does not pay for stories about actresses or baseball players.

Town Topics, New York, requests its correspondents to be a little more careful until further notice.

The Woman's Home Companion, New York, wants "really funny jokes." They must be perfectly safe and well-aged.

The Century does not care for articles on timely topics unless they are well written.

Harper's Bazar will pay good prices for bright, snappy dress patterns that have a strong human interest and end happily.

Can Journalism be taught? Experts have disagreed. At the time Mr. Pulitzer's College of Journalism was proposed, opinions as to its value were sharply divergent. Journalism was held to be a mysterious calling, no more to be taught than clairvoyance or second sight. Now, literature is as much more mysterious and recondite than journalism as Freemasonry is more mysterious and recondite than, say, the Union League club, and its appeal to popular interest is proportionately greater, as is attested by the columns of notes about authors in the daily newspapers. Without venturing upon the argument, can literature be taught? It will be our pleasant task, from time to time, to lay bare the mysteries of literature, and readers are assured that nothing could possibly be more interesting. A complete expose is promised. We shall probably begin with the Author Chaser, one of the most interesting figures in modern literature.

Equal to the Occasion.

Speaking of the peculiar incidents that occasionally occur on the stage, a well-known actor said that one of the most laughable happened some time since in the theater of a thriving town up the state. The scene at that particular moment was the deck of a ship, around which rolled and heaved a vast theatrical sea. The hero was soliloquizing on the pitching deck and the audience was intently listening to his spell binding words, when a ruddy head protruded through a hole in the ocean in full view of all. The hero, however, was equal to the occasion. Glancing at the apparently floating head, he lustily yelled:

"Men overboard! Men overboard!"

Hardly had he spoken before the head of the sea manipulator was withdrawn, and, with a sad sigh that could be heard all over the house, the actor pitiously cried:

"Too late, too late! Another poor fellow has gone to his last account."—Philadelphia Telegraph.

Provisional Name.

A girl baby was brought to a Seattle clergyman to be baptized. He asked the name of the baby.

"Dinah M.," the father responded.

"But what does the M. stand for?" asked the minister.

"Well, I don't know yet. It depends upon how she turns out."

"Why, I do not understand you," said the minister.

"Oh, if she turns out nice and sweet and handy about the house, like her mother, I shall call her Dinah May. But if she has a fiery temper and bombshell disposition like mine, I shall call her Dinah Might."

San Francisco, Beautiful for Situation

To Become a Second Naples—Similarity of Natural Features and Now the Sinister Similarity of Nature's Violence.

In San Francisco grand plans were making for a City Beautiful, when descended sudden destruction and death.

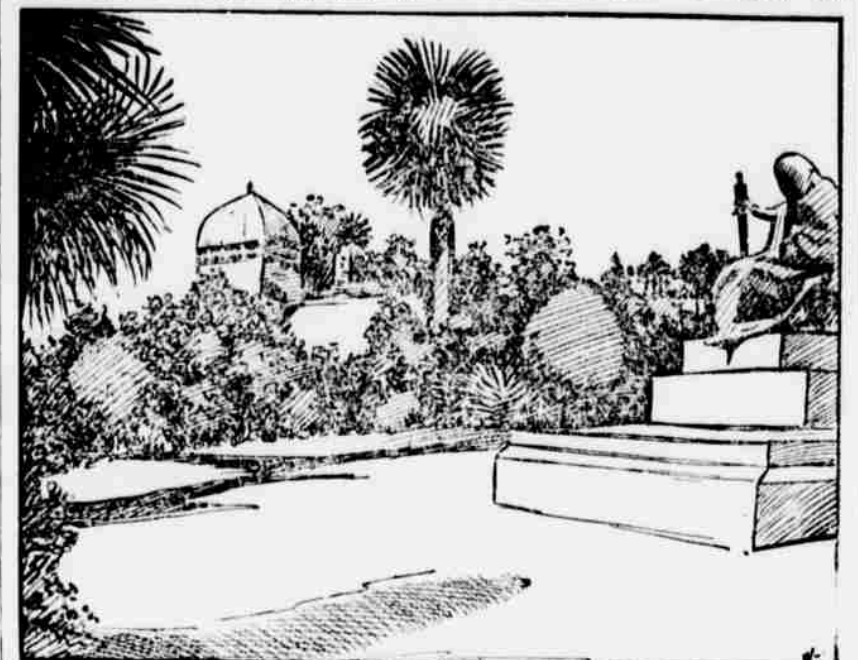
Though the scientists tell us no part of the world can be declared immune from danger of earthquake shocks, yet there are certain regions known as "earthquake countries"—Japan, China, India and the western coast of South America—here there have been frequent visitations, great loss of life—and California used to be spoken of as an earthquake state. It was not until recently her citizens hazarded the building of tall structures. Formerly it was a town of low dwellings, with little stone or brick used in their construction. A short while ago I held conversation with a man from the Hawaiian Islands—to the people of the Islands San Francisco is the great metropolis, looms to them much bigger than London or Paris or New York—and reference was made by him to the marked change now noticeable in San Francisco, the uprearing of modern sky scrapers, people evidently feeling safe from earthquake menace, putting up such structures as the Chronicle building, ten stories high, the Spreckles building rising 16 stories.

Commercial progress taken care of, San Francisco of late had been in-

horror and wailing! In an instant the flower-brightened streets ruined the rose-wreathed houses become houses of mourning, the joyous people crazed with grief!

Never before in the history of this country had there been inflicted such an overwhelming earthquake catastrophe any place within the country. Three notable earthquakes, but in destruction of human life not to be compared with the terrible present, had worked ruin. In 1811-12 there occurred a strange disturbance in the Mississippi valley, a series of shocks covering a space of two years, and severe manifestations occurring at short intervals for several months; at some time during the period of disturbance, an area over 60 miles in length and about 30 in breadth sank from six to ten feet before its former level. In 1872 in Inyo Valley, California, an earthquake destroyed ten villages and killed one-tenth of the population. The Charleston earthquake, 1886, destroyed property worth millions and killed 41 people.

When one learns that something like 250 earthquake shocks in San Francisco have been recorded in the last half century, one understands the inhabitants have had cause to hesitate about raising piles of stones that



SCENE IN GOLDEN GATE PARK.

tensely interested in making of the town seemingly so happily situated, a place as beautiful as far famed Naples, with which Italian city the California city had often been compared in regard to natural features, each with precipitous hills and wonderful water view. San Francisco was built on a peninsula, between the waters of the beautiful bay and the Pacific ocean; the business portion on what once were sand dunes, but just north and boldly, precipitously. Plans were making for cutting the hills into effective terraces and adorning the terraces with flowers, that they might resemble Naples' streets of steps. But more

any moment might topple and add their threatening to the terrors of an earthquake. But though so numerous, earthquakes hitherto caused very little damage; apprehension retired into the background.

The city has suffered vastly more from fire than from earthquakes. The abundance of fine timber and the popular belief that frame dwellings were safer, resulted in San Francisco becoming a city of wooden buildings, easy prey to the flames. From 1849-51 there was a series of most disastrous conflagrations, \$16,000,000 worth of property destroyed and many persons killed.

In 1898 occurred an earthquake said to be most severe of any recorded in the city's history, but resulting in no loss of life. The last earthquake occurred about the middle of January, 1906, like this dreadful one of 1906, taking place very early in the morning. There were several shocks, of such severity people were thrown from their beds, the well-known St. Nicholas hotel, the chief building affected, was severely shaken, buildings all over the city felt the vibration.

Though not a Naples in loveliness, San Francisco was very rich in charm. Perhaps at first one felt disappointed, still carried—if arriving by train—the dust of the desert in one's mouth and inclined to criticize a certain dry and barren aspect here and there. But after a few days, a little wandering about the streets, enthusiasm grew apace. Not the enthusiasm for piles of brick and stone and all the signs of gold and money sent; but for the individual, novel, local fascination. Such fresh handsome women, fairly radiating health. They did more than make a picture, they bespoke outdoor living, a climate kindly yet with twang enough to stir one's blood, something ample and free and generous.

Down in the Market street whirl of business and pleasure at every corner flower vendors offered their fragrant wares, the temperate easterner could get tropical luxuriance of blossom for a mere nothing.

Then there were added other enthusiasms. For Golden Gate park—now, alas, so woefully changed; become an encampment of homeless and desolate. For the trim houses and well-kept grounds of the Presidio—now bearing signs of an affliction sad as ever befell wretched humanity.

From the heights one may still look upon a view of rare beauty. There is still the wide ocean, the island-dotted bay, the distant mountains. San Francisco is still the gateway to the orient. And the spirit which built up the splendid city has not been utterly broken, even now they plan and labor for restoration. Yes, how feeble is man, but how wonderful, how heroic!

KATHERINE POPP.

THE FINISH FOR POOR LO.

Indians Visiting the National Capital Get Into Trouble Through Writing.

Mr. Francis Leupp, commissioner of Indian affairs, is seeking to discourage the visits of the red men to Washington, and to induce them to do their business with the government by mail. He says that their junkets to the capital cost the government a deal of money and that they consume an unnecessary amount of the official time. This is all well from the official standpoint, but poor Lo is to be considered, too. He has a decided aversion to signing papers, and with good reason. Usually, when he signs a paper, even the most innocent-looking, it turns up later as a promissory note or a deed to his property.

Drink has done less harm to the aborigine than ink—and it might in truth be said that his white brother has suffered in like ratio from the two. And the two, taken in conjunction, have well-nigh ruined both. The serpent taught Adam and Eve to write, after they had made their marks on a paper that gave him all their real estate.

It is not here insinuated that the government officials in Washington would induce poor Lo to sign bank papers, but there are many scribes hanging about the reservations who would take advantage of the Indian commissioner's advice to wrong the ignorant savage by writing.

If the government officials really have any regard for the Indian, they will permit him to transact his affairs by word of mouth, according to ancient usage. And if any business is to be transacted by mail, let it be that of the white office seekers, who now through the streets of the capital. This would enable the officers to save more time than they "waste" on the Indian delegations.

TROUBLE FOR THE CLERKS.

Government Employees at Times Are Subjected to Much Useless Labor.

"Congress makes lots of unnecessary trouble for the government clerks," said a veteran employe, "but the worst case I know of occurred a few years ago. A certain western senator asked the comptroller of the currency to tell him how much stock a certain man had in a national bank. He was informed that such information was regarded as confidential and couldn't be given out.

"We'll see about that," said the senator, who was plainly disappointed and displeased.

"Several days later he secured the passage of a resolution calling upon the secretary of the treasury to furnish the senate with the names and holdings of the stockholders in all the national banks in the country. He really wanted to know only the interest of one man in a bank, but he knew that he couldn't get a resolution of that kind through the senate, so he included the stockholders in all the national banks.

"It took the entire force of the comptroller's office several weeks to prepare the information, and when it reached the senate nobody paid any attention to it except the author of the resolution, and he merely looked at the mass of papers only long enough to see about the man he was after, and then tossed the papers aside. It was an immense lot of work for nothing."

NOT A LAME SENATOR.

And Being a Fighter the Hotel Caller Didn't Care to Intervene Him.

He had been hanging around the desk of a hotel in Washington for ten minutes before the clerk asked what was wanted, and mentally sized him up as an office-seeker from the wild and woolly west.

"Senator Blank stops here, don't he?"

"Yes, sir, he does."

"Was that him that took a couple of few minutes ago and took a toothpick from the holder?"

"I don't think so."

"He walked with a stiff knee and didn't look at all like a fighter."

"Then it wasn't Senator Blank. He has no stiff knees and you have only to look at him to see that he's a fighter. Do you want to interview him?"

"N—o, I guess not—not if he isn't a lame man."

"What difference does that make?"

"A heap, my friend. I wanted to ask him what corporation owned him, but if he's got two sound legs and is a fighter I guess I'll let it go and write him a post card."

Changeable.

This story was told in the senate cloakrooms apropos of the speech of Senator Patterson, supposed to be a Democrat, in which he eulogized all of President Roosevelt's policies: "A local census enumerator visited the senator's home in Denver and was received by the negro butler. After the usual questions, he asked: 'What is the senator's politics?' 'For goodness' sake, mister, I dunno: 'de senator ain't done been home since breakfast time.'

To Relieve the Boots.

"Why are all the sofas and chairs in the cloakrooms upholstered in leather?" asked Congressman Tyndall, the Ozark mountain member, of Champ Clark. "Dunno," answered Clark. "I suppose it's fashionable and don't wear out like black hair cloth." "Oh, that's it, is it?" Tyndall said. "Somebody told me it was so that we could sharpen our knives without hacking our boots."



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PATENTS AND PENSIONS

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Branches at Chicago, Cleveland, Detroit.

She Got the Wrong Garment.

"Oh, it was awful—awful," said the girl with the bright brown eyes. "At the same time it was screamingly funny—any yet I want to shed tears of mortification every time I think about it."

"It happened at the Van Atta's affair the other night. The Van Atas are rather exclusive people, you know, and I fairly thrilled with delight when I read their invitation. The night of the affair I spent hours getting ready. I put on my prettiest gown of course, and prinked and preened as I had never done before. When everything was at last complete I surveyed myself in the mirror. And if I do say it myself, I was radiant. The excitement of anticipation had given my cheeks a glow and my eyes a sparkle that I felt would fetch the first man that saw me.

"As I entered the crowded reception room in the big mansion that night I drew from my shoulders a little white silk scarf I had snatched up from a corner as I left my room, and handed it out to the maid. I saw a young man standing near the doorway look at the scarf and then at me with a rather queer expression in his eyes. At the same time I noticed that the face of the girl he was talking to was frozen with horror. In surprise I glanced at the scarf as the maid stepped up to take it, and—Oh—oh—oh, what do you suppose I was holding out by the one sleeve? A gauze under-vest!"—New York Press.

Mr. Goelet Was Honest.

The late Ogen Goelet, when a director in a gas company, was called upon to pass upon the making of a contract with another company. He said to his fellow directors: "Gentlemen I happen to be a director in that company and I never will consent to be a director in one company on a pass upon business with another company in which I am a director. I will resign first." And resign he did.

Customers of a shoe dealer insist upon their rights, and they also get their lefts.

FOUND OUT.

A Trained Nurse Discovered Its Effect.

No one is in better position to know the value of food and drink than a trained nurse.

Speaking of coffee a nurse of Wilkes-Barre, Pa., writes: "I used to drink strong coffee myself and suffered greatly from headaches and indigestion. While on a visit to my brothers I had a good chance to try Postum Food Coffee, for they drank it altogether in place of ordinary coffee. In two weeks, after using Postum, I found I was much benefited and finally my headaches disappeared and also the indigestion.

"Naturally I have since used Postum among my patients, and have noticed a marked benefit where coffee has been left off and Postum used.

"I observe a curious fact about Postum used among mothers. It greatly helps the flow of milk in cases where coffee is inclined to dry it up, and where tea causes nervousness.

"I find trouble in getting servants to make Postum properly. They must always serve it before it has been boiled long enough. It should be boiled 15 or 20 minutes and served with cream, when it is certainly a delicious beverage."

"There's a reason" for Postum.