

Bubble and Squeak

By B. L. TAYLOR

With some extracts from the unpublished work of the late Walter Blackburne Harte.

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A relative is a person who claims the privilege of insulting you without being kicked for it. We sometimes forget without forgiving, and owe a grudge though we cannot remember why.

When I get too much of myself I feel like killing the other fellow.

The wise and the worldly-wise are farther apart than the sane and the insane.

If it were not for the animal courage and ferocity of men, there would be no cowardice, and possibly without cowardice there would be no civilization.

A writer wants an incentive to work, and where love fails a disappointing marriage will supply the spur—work taking the place of all else in life.

She, who here shall be nameless, tells me: "I respect you in the positive, I admire you in the comparative, and I love you in the superlative degree."

The conscience is often an unfair accuser, for it incorporates and weaves into its texture all sorts of inherited prejudices and legal falsities of its environment, and is in consequence a prolific source of suffering and irremediable mistakes.

Some men try to make their public characters atone for their private ones—blind to the fact that this hypocrisy but accentuates the blackness of both.

An epigram is only tentatively so until it gets into print.

WALTER BLACKBURNE HARTE.

Concentration.

(Writing books is very exacting. You must make up your mind to renounce everything for the time being.)

When I am working on a book I must, I find, renounce all else. I cannot fish a meadow brook, Or prowl the wilds for peats.

I cannot climb the Matterhorn, And avoid glistening glaciers glide— From dewy morn to dewy morn My pen is occupied.

Off when I'm writing I will say: "I think I'll jump to Spain." But now, I cannot get away— I dip my pen again.

Or be it Russia or Algiers, Or any other foreign land; Travel, I notice, interferes With work one has in hand.

One's bow has but a single string, One must all other things forego, Writing is such a serious thing! One must concentrate so!

We wish some statistician would figure up the amount of tobacco consumed annually in fiction and in newspaper interviews. It must be astonishingly large. An average cigar will last the present writer half an hour or more, but smokers in novels burn up Havanas at an alarming rate, while a man who is being interviewed by a reporter will dispose of three cigars per column. Capt. Mogg, a Pacific coast sea dog, talked a thousand words to an interviewer recently. He began by "closing his square jaws on the end of a fresh cigar," and after he had been talking about five minutes, "his brown eyes twinkled, and he fished a fresh cigar out of a gunmetal case." The hero of fiction "tosses away" a cigar or cigarette on every other page, if he be a pipe smoker he is continually "knocking the ashes out of his pipe." One thing should be said in praise of the smokers of romance—they seldom borrow matches, whereas smokers in real life procure them exclusively from their friends.

The Scribners announce "String Figures; a Study of Cat's-Cradle in Many Lands," by Caroline Furness Jayne. Other important works to follow in this series are: "Continental Blind Man's Buff," "Comparative Leap-Frog," "Babylonian Duck-on-a-Rock" and "Tag; East and West."

Some Peculiar Rejections. Every publication has its own way of declining a manuscript.

The Century usually notifies the author by wire, adding: "Letter giving details will follow."

Everybody's sends word on a souvenir postal card, showing "A Busy Day in Union Square."

The Cosmopolitan returns the manuscript with a neatly printed card reading "Nothing doing."

The editor of *Alustee's* writes a long, friendly letter of regret and invites the author to lunch with him.

Harper's uses the long distance telephone whenever possible.

Every letter of rejection from the Associated Sunday Magazines is stained with the tears of William A. Taylor, or "Uncle Bill," as he is affectionately known.

McClure's returns a courteous note reading: "This is a very good story, but it is too interesting."

Munsey's never rejects anything.

A few periodicals employ the stiff "Declined with thanks" rejection slips, but more of them are delightfully informal in expressing their genuine regret that a manuscript must be returned.

Pugilist O'Brien says his favorite author is Balzac. He is hazy about Ibsen and he doesn't care for poetry, but he admires Balzac exceedingly. Well, a favorite author of a gentle lady of our acquaintance is Jack London. There is certainly no accounting for tastes—in literature any more than in wall paper.

Indiana now has a town of Ade, named after her favorite son. This is a genuine compliment, and we may expect in due season Riley Bend, Tarkington Four Corners, McCutcheon Center, East McCutcheon, West McCutcheon, South McCutcheon and McCutcheon Junction.

The Publicity Fad in Little Arcady. (From the Little Arcady Argus.)

At the first meeting of the Searchlight league in the town hall last Tuesday evening, our honored legal townsman, James Dillenbaugh, was chosen president. Mr. Dillenbaugh is one of the great active advocates of publicity in Little Arcady, and has already earned an enviable reputation as the village Lawson. His article on "Frenzied Farming" appears on our sixth page. Mr. Dillenbaugh promised his readers that he will have something to say next month.

In response to the plainly evidenced desire of an aroused public sentiment the village board has promised to resign in a body. The board's defense of the outrageous act of burning the ballots cast in the recent election for sheriff is that there was no contest, only one candidate being voted for, and there was no necessity for saving the ballots. But President Dillenbaugh, of the Searchlight league, declared that the board is plainly unconstitutional and must go.

The disturbing fact has been brought to public notice that William Jodder, for nearly 40 years treasurer of Little Arcady village, has never given bond, and might at any time during that period have decamped with the funds entrusted to his care. Immediate action will be taken.

David Graham Phillips, author of "The Book Deluge," has been invited to address the next meeting of the Searchlight league. Topic, "The Novel of Business and Publicity." Tickets on sale at Chilcote's drug store.

Under a January date line the Messrs. Harper & Brothers inform us that William Dean Howells has closed his summer home at Kittery Point, Me. No reason is assigned for Mr. Howells' rather hurried flight for the city. Possibly the well froze up.

It is reported that the magazine "The Twentieth Century Home" will change its name to "The Apartment Hotel."

AMBITION OF PITCHERS.

They Are Happy When They Shut Out the Opposing Force Without a Hit.

Every pitcher that ever wrapped his fingers around a baseball hungers to shut out an opposing team without a hit or a run. It has been computed that only 33 times in the 30 years which have known great professional baseball, has the stunt been done. To sink the enemy, runless and hitless, requires an almost ideal combination in the twirler. He must have the fielding ability of a Wiltsie, to grip bunts and stop the drives; he must have the coolness of a McGinnity, the rapidity of delivery of a Waddell and the deliberate sure eye of a Mathewson. Which means perfection.

Five years after the establishment of the National league the achievement came. Lee Richmond, slinging the egg for Worcester, shut Cleveland out without a hit. He did not give a base on balls. Ward, of Buffalo, followed a year later against Providence. On May 5, 1904, the grand old warrior, "Cy" Young, leaped to the pinnacle and won imperishable baseball fame by sticking the Philadelphia American league team on the fence to dry, retiring every single man that came to bat nine long innings. The Boston bunch behind him committed not a single error, and Young's accuracy never faltered. He sent every man to glory in the blood-stirring, one-two-three order. Young was more hand-capped than his predecessors who made opponents hitless. They could exercise as much looseness of movement, nearly, as the man who delivers a cricket ball. They could run in, step back, to the side, balk, throw the ball any way they pleased. Young was circumscribed in his movements.

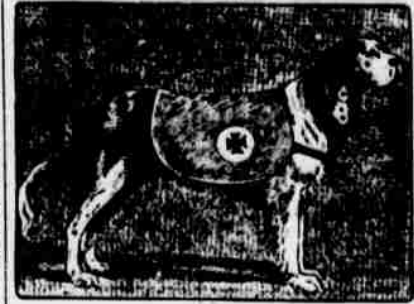
Corcoran, of Chicago, stands out as the only man who ever did the trick three times. "Cy" Young and Mathewson have two each to their credit. Clarkson, of Boston, rubbed it into Providence in 1885. Clarkson, with the lovable old "Mike" Kelly, will be remembered as half the battery that was sold for \$20,000 by Chicago. Amos Rusie in 1891, in revenge for Lovett, of Brooklyn, shaming the Giants on the hitless stage, put all his celebrated speed and skill into his arm and dashed Brooklyn over the cliffs similarly. Four games of this character were played in 1898, that year taking the palm. Henley and Harty hold the 1905 record, one each.

The Japanese imperial library at Tokio has on its shelves something like 2,000 written and printed mathematical works, extending as far back as 1100.

AMBULANCE DOGS.

This Government to Use Canines in the Hospital Service of the Army.

San Francisco.—With a gallant record in the Red Cross service of the Kaiser's army, "Fritz," a pretty black-and-white setter, has come to the United States to teach American dogs a new usefulness. "Fritz" was imported by Col. J. W. Hardie recently at the Presidio under waiting orders. Col. Hardie, with "Fritz" as a demonstration, hopes to awaken the medical department of Uncle Sam's army to the fact that it is several years behind the European armies in seeking the value of trained dogs for seeking out and carrying "first aid" to the wounded on the battle field. Col. Hardie will take the matter up with Lieut. Charles



HOSPITAL DOG EQUIPPED FOR SERVICE. (Regular Feature of European Armies to be Introduced in United States Army.)

Norton Barney, of the medical department of the United States army, who is already much interested in the subject.

In the armies of Italy, France, Germany and England the ambulance dog has long been an official worker, and Italy has even provided a pension for ambulance dogs. The dogs are trained to understand military orders, and claim one order as distinctly their own. At the command "Seek wounded" the four-footed helpers are off over the battlefield to nose out those who have fallen. Attached to their collars or in pockets inside their Red Cross blankets they carry a packet of stimulant and bandages, and if the wounded can help himself this "first aid" gives him strength and fortifies him until the dog, by climbing a near-by bank or eminence and barking sharply, attracts the attention of a field surgeon or nurse. Every dog is taught to regard a prostrate man as wounded, and the intelligent animals lose no time in calling for help.

The German army has an especially fine lot of kennels, and the medical department takes great pride in its trained dogs.

The scenting powers of the ambulance dog supply a means of seeking out the wounded for which human shrewdness has no substitute. Many times the human searchers will pass within a few feet of an unconscious soldier hidden in a trench or brush, or fall to catch the faint cry of a badly wounded man.

A NEW NATIONAL PARK.

Revival of Movement for Setting Apart 2,000,000 Acres for Play Ground in Appalachians.

Washington.—There is reviving a movement to have the government establish a huge Appalachian forest reserve or national park to take in the most picturesque mountain section where Virginia, West Virginia, Kentucky, Tennessee and North Carolina converge. About 2,000,000 acres of the most nearly virgin land east of the Mississippi river is involved.

The idea got into congress in 1902, and a bill passed the senate to appropriate \$10,000,000 and was favorably reported by the house committee on agriculture. An association was formed of which Rutherford P. Hayes, a son of the late president, was the



MAP OF PROPOSED NEW NATIONAL PARK. (Shaded Portion of Map Shows Location of Preserve in the Appalachian Mountain Range.)

head. It has been revived by persons who have just met at Asheville, N. C. Whether \$10,000,000 now would buy the tract is very doubtful. However, a great deal of that land can be bought for the money if it is appropriated.

The idea is to give the perhaps 60,000,000 people who are within 48 hours' ride of the region a permanent playground and nature spot, such as the Yellowstone National park is to the west. The highest mountains and most ravishing scenery east of the Rockies is included in the heart of the great watershed, from which so many rivers flow.

It is largely for the purpose of saving these rivers that the project is urged. Commercialism is making terrible inroads upon the country, leveling its almost primeval timber, and scarring the mountain sides so that the surface soil is being swept away and floods and droughts alternately are the result.

The plan, which no doubt will be fought bitterly by the many great commercial interests that are boring into this retreat of the dryad and faun, does not involve dispossessing the small farmers who now inhabit the region, but is to limit them to cultivation of 200 acres each. The country is not very adaptable to agriculture. It is claimed that only about 50,000 people are settled in this country, mostly in villages.

THE CHOICE OF PAINT.

Fifty years ago a well-painted house was a rare sight; to-day an unpainted house is rarer. If people knew the real value of paint a house in need of paint would be "scarcer than hen's teeth." There was some excuse for our forefathers. Many of them lived in houses hardly worth preserving; they knew nothing about paint, except that it was pretty; and to get a house painted was a serious and costly job. The difference between their case and ours is that when they wanted paint it had to be made for them; whereas when we need paint we can go to the nearest good store and buy it, in any color or quality ready for use. We know, or ought to know by this time, that to let a house stand unpainted is most costly, while a good coat of paint, applied in season, is the best of investments. If we put off the brief visit of the painter we shall in due time have the carpenter coming to pay us a long visit at our expense. Lumber is constantly getting scarcer, dearer and poorer, while prepared paints are getting plentier, better and less expensive. It is a short-sighted plan to let the valuable lumber of our houses go to pieces for the want of paint.

For the man that needs paint there are two forms from which to choose; one is the old form, still favored by certain unprogressive painters who have not yet caught up with the times—lead and oil; the other is the ready-for-use paint found in every up-to-date store. The first must be mixed with oil, driers, turpentine and colors before it is ready for use; the other need only be stirred up in the can and it is ready to go on. To buy lead and oil, colors, etc., and mix them into a paint by hand is, in this twentieth century, about the same as refusing to ride in a trolley car because one's grandfather had to walk or ride on horseback when he wanted to go anywhere. Prepared paints have been on the market less than fifty years, but they have proved on the whole so inexpensive, so convenient and so good that the consumption today is something over sixty million gallons a year and still growing. Unless they had been in the main satisfactory, it stands to reason there would have been no such steady growth in their use.

Mixed paints are necessarily cheaper than paint of the hand-mixed kind, because they are made in a large way by machinery from materials bought in large quantities by the manufacturer. They are necessarily better than paints mixed by hand, because they are more finely ground and more thoroughly mixed, and because there is less chance of the raw materials in them being adulterated. No painter, however careful he may be, can ever be sure that the materials he buys are not adulterated, but the large paint manufacturer does know in every case, because everything he buys goes through the chemist's hands before he accepts it.

Of course there are poor paints on the market (which are generally cheap paints). So there is poor flour, poor cloth, poor soap; but because of that do we go back to the hand-mill, the hand-loom and the soap-kettle of the backwoods? No, we use our common sense in choosing goods. We find out the reputation of the different brands of flour, cloth and soap; we take account of the standing of the dealer that handles them, we ask our neighbors. So with paint; if the manufacturer has a good reputation, if the dealer is responsible, if our neighbors have had satisfaction with it, that ought to be pretty good evidence that the paint is all right.

"Many paints of many kinds;— Many paints of many kinds; but while prepared paints may differ considerably in composition, the better grades of them all agree pretty closely in results. "All roads lead to Rome," and the paint manufacturers, starting by different paths, have all the same object—to make the best paint possible to sell for the least money, and so capture and keep the trade.

There is scarcely any other article of general use on the market to-day that can be bought with anything like the assurance of getting your money's worth as the established brands of prepared paint. The paint you buy to-day may not be like a certain patent medicine, "the same as you have always bought," but if not, it will be because the manufacturer has found a way of giving you a better article for your money, and so making more sure of your next order.

P. G.

Spelling Reform.

The name of Andrew Carnegie appears to stand at the head of a long list identified with the spelling reform movement, though aside from his undoubted ability to successfully unname it, he may not be its most prominent factor. The revival of a simplification and a clarification of our orthography starts again the pleasantness with which previous attempts along the same lines have been greeted. But it is after all a serious matter. It has behind it some, even most, of the prominent literary men, scholars, publishers, lexicographers and so forth of the present day. They are the men who have made the deepest study of the language, who have familiarized themselves with its strength and its weaknesses, and they are in hearty accord as to the need, or at least the desirability, of reform.—Boston Transcript.

Will He Stay There.

"I see that they admit that young Willie Hoppe is the greatest living billiard player."

"Hopped right to the front, eh?"

"Yes, but Willie stay there?"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

UNCLE SAM'S WASTE BASKET

Paper Refuse of the Government Departments Is an Item of Importance.

Economy is said to consist in the care of trifles, and of this the waste paper department of the United States government's stationery office affords an excellent example.

An official of this department while in New York recently gave an interesting account of the system.

No less than \$30,000 is saved annually by the government waste paper basket," he said. "It was not so very long ago that the waste paper of the government offices was an unrecognized requisite of the heads of departments and many of the minor officials, with the result that no small quantity of good stationery was thrown away and in some cases large amounts of government property were systematically misappropriated. Not only was this the case, but papers of an important and confidential character found their way into the hands of outsiders, sometimes with very unpleasant consequences.

"A visit to the waste paper department would forebly illustrate to you the enormous amount of correspondence and clerical work with which the various government offices have to deal.

"To the department—it is really a large warehouse—come 3,000 tons of waste paper every year, the average day's receipts varying from 10 to 20 tons. How vast is this amount will be better realized from the fact that if a single week's waste paper from the government offices was thrown into Washington square it would come pretty near burying the Washington monument. Vast as the present quantity is, it is steadily increasing at the rate of about 20 tons every year.

"The paper received is of the most miscellaneous character, consisting of old letters, state documents, printed matter, old account books, and the like. On receipt it is at once handed over to the sorters, who classify it under 12 heads and pack it separately in large sacks. The sacks are then shipped to a pulp mill. Confidential documents receive careful and effective treatment. They are thoroughly sliced up by a cutting machine. When papers of an especially secret character are dealt with the middle section of each pile is taken out and placed in a separate receptacle from the rest. The cut fragments are then placed in a sealed sack, and are conveyed in charge of an officer to the pulp mill, and is there reduced to pulp under his eye.

Another section of the waste paper department contains the used ribbon from the Morse telegraphic instruments. This pours in at the rate of about fifteen hundredweight per week, measuring approximately 300 miles."

WASHINGTON SOCIETY.

Its Principal Charm Is Its Truly Cosmopolitan Character, Says This Authority.

Washington is a peculiar city. It has a distinct physiognomy of its own. It is unlike any other town in the union, and is continually in the eye of the public. The peculiarities of the administration are criticized, notwithstanding it is dear to all of us, says the Metropolitan Magazine, Pennsylvania avenue, by sheer force of its many historical associations, keeps alive in us an appreciation of the capital.

The principal charm of it is perhaps its truly cosmopolitan character. Of course New York lays claim to the same distinction. But cosmopolitanism in New York is of a different kind. The term would only apply to its middle class and its large laboring contingents. Society is rather exclusive in that respect. Only a few titled foreigners, with the best of introductions, can hope to gain admittance. In Washington, on the other hand, society itself is cosmopolitan. The members of the foreign embassies, the army and navy officers, the representatives of the house, and the members of the senate, all nomads by inclination as well as by profession, make it so. Washington is the only city in the world where one may have the keen-witted daughter of a Russian diplomat, the wife of a Chinese minister in her quaint, flower-starred costume, and the ambassador of some South American republic, at the same table.

Routed Longworth.

Representative Longworth visited the senate the other day. Fearing the ordeal of congratulations likely to occur he came in very quietly and was well within the chamber before he was seen. Senator Keane was quick to offer his congratulations and after him came a dozen or more senators. Longworth got red under the volley of remarks that fell upon him. Just as the incident was at the height of its interest the door opened again and in came Prince Cupid, of Hawaii. "Longworth is here," said Keane, "and Cupid came also." The next moment the young son-in-law of the president was making a hasty flight back toward the south end of the capitol.

Uncle's Books.

The Library of Congress now contains 1,344,618 books, 419,352 pieces of music, 183,724 prints and 82,744 maps and charts, according to the annual report of the librarian, Herbert Putnam, just presented to congress. The library gained 68,951 books and about 50,000 pictures and pieces of music during the last year. There were bought 22,998 books, 16,348 were received by gift, 11,763 by copyright and 6,174 gained by exchange with foreign governments.



"PE-RU-NA WORKED SIMPLY MARVELOUS."

Suffered Severely With Headaches— Unable to Work.

Miss Lucy M. McGivney, 453 3rd Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y., writes: "For many months I suffered severely from headaches and pains in the side and back, sometimes being unable to attend to my daily work. 'I am better, now, thanks to Peruna, and am as active as ever and have no more headaches. 'The way Peruna worked in my case was simply marvelous."

We have in our files many grateful letters from women who have suffered with the symptoms named above. Lack of space prevents our giving more than one testimonial here.

It is impossible to even approximate the great amount of suffering which Peruna has relieved, or the number of women who have been restored to health and strength by its faithful use.

Not Alarmed by the Seethe.

We are now in the maelstrom grip of a seething vortex of municipal politics. The price of spring vegetables remains firm and the demand is strong, especially for onions. The prevailing Montana storm is something adverse to the administration. The vortices of the charybdis are seething. You can see 'em seethe any afternoon. Meanwhile the demand for local real estate is firm and strong. The banks have more money and are loaning more money than during any March month in their history. Let the seething vortex become still more ebullient.—Helena (Mont.) Independent.

ATTACKED THE HEART

Awful Neuralgia Case Cured to Stay Cured by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

Neuralgia in any form is painful but when it attacks the heart it is frequently fatal. Complicated with indigestion of a form that affected the vital organ it threatened serious consequences in an instance just reported. The case is that of Mr. F. J. Graves, of Pleasant Hill, Ia., who tells of his trouble and cure as follows:

"I traveled considerably, was exposed to all kinds of weather and was irregular in my sleeping and eating. I suppose this was the cause of my sickness, at my rate, in May, 1905, I had got so bad that I was compelled to quit work and take to my bed. I had a good doctor and took his medicine faithfully but grew worse. I gave up hope of getting better and my neighbors thought I was surely going to die.

"I had smothered spells that it is awful to recall. My heart fluttered and then seemed to cease beating. I could not lie on my left side at all. My hands and feet swelled and so did my face. After reading about Dr. Williams' Pink Pills in a newspaper I decided to try them and they suited my case exactly. Before long I could see an improvement and after taking a few boxes I was entirely cured. I am glad to make this statement and wish it could ease every sufferer to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills do not simply deaden pain; they cure the trouble which causes the pain. They are guaranteed to contain no narcotic, stimulant or opiate. Those who take them run no danger of forming any drug habit. They act directly on the blood and it is only through the blood that any medicine can reach the nerves.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are sold by all druggists or will be sent, postpaid, on receipt of price, 50 cents per box, six boxes for \$2.50, by the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Schenectady, N. Y.

Kept Away From Home.

"Is yoh husband lookin' foh work?" "Yes," answered Mrs. Pinkley. "He's done foun' out dat it's less work to go out lookin' foh work dan it is to stay home an' chop wood an' carry water foh de wash tubs.—Washington Star.

In a Pinch, Use ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE.

A powder. It cures painful, smarting, nervous feet and ingrowing nails. It's the greatest comfort discovery of the age. Makes new shoes easy. A certain cure for sweating feet. Sold by all druggists, 25c. Trial package, FREE. Address A. S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

When Lean Meets Fat.

The Stout One—Really, my dear, I was never so embarrassed in all my life. I felt as if I could sink through the floor.

The Thin One—I don't wonder. These modern buildings are such flimsy affairs.—Brooklyn Life.