

HE WAS A BORN HOUSEKEEPER

And Knew Just How Dinners Should Be Served.

Blakey Tried an Experiment That He Never Cared to Repeat—Masculine Methods.

From Saturday's Daily.

Blakey is a born housekeeper. What he doesn't know about the care of the kitchen sink isn't written in the books, and a person who tries to teach him how to make good coffee is simply conveying anthracite to a well filled bin. It's a grief to Blakey that he can't get a proper substitute in his office, so that he can stay at home all day and see to things.

And yet, in spite of all these interests in common with them, Blakey isn't popular with women. There are days when he isn't even popular with his wife, and she is one of the most devoted spouses that ever made an effort to keep up with the procession. Some good friend ought to tell Blakey how women feel about these things. He ought to be informed that the man who is a winner tells his wife how it fills him with admiration to behold her as if by magic creating a feast from the materials in the pantry. That's the talk that sends a woman into the kitchen to fashion the puff paste with her own hands in order to have it just as "he" likes it. Blakey doesn't know this, though, and there are many more things that he ought to know—and doesn't. Perhaps life will teach him some of them in time. It has looked just a little that way of late.

They had been dining out, and on the way home Blakey commented on the serving of the dinner.

"Did you notice that Mrs. Gillespie didn't issue one order to her maid?" he asked. "She had her stationed behind that screen, where she could command a view of the table in the side-board mirror, and there was such a perfect understanding between them and Mrs. Gillespie only had to raise her eyes to that mirror and the thing she wanted was done. That's the way I'd like to see you have it, my dear. This ringing a bell and telling what you want rather than a dinner. Don't you think so?"

Mrs. Blakey murmured a weary word to the effect that much depended on having an expert waitress and thought the matter dropped. But next morning she was roused by her husband's voice. "I have it all planned out," he said. "I've been lying awake for two hours getting up a code of signals for you to use in calling Nora to serve the table. I'll write it down for you. This is the idea: One pressure of your foot on the electric button in the floor will mean 'clear the table for next course,' two pressures might call for re-passing of the bread, three would indicate that the glasses needed refilling, and so forth. I think I can make it cover the whole ground."

"But," David, it is Nora's duty to watch the glasses and keep them filled without any telling her at all."

"I know, but does she do it? She gets busy with something else and very naturally forgets that. Now, by this plan she won't have to tax her memory at all, and you can remind her without anybody knowing you're done a thing."

"But she'd have to remember what the signal stood for."

"Leave that to me," he answered. "I shall make it very plain and easy, and I'll take it down to the office and have two typewritten copies made—one for you and one for Nora."

"I—hope Nora will like it," ventured Mrs. Blakey anxiously. "She's a little particular, you know."

"She's sure to like it! You women never seem to understand what a sense of satisfaction it is to the employee when he feels a systematic hand on the helm. Why, the people who work for you would rather have things run pretty strict than not to feel system in the management. They want to know there's a head planning things for them. I've found that out in business. I tell you, all that housekeeping needs to make it run easy is the application of masculine brains and business methods! Nora will like it, all right enough."

But Nora didn't. Loyal Mrs. Blakey presented the plan as joyfully as if it were her own pet project, but her effort to catch and impart her husband's enthusiasm about it was a dead failure.

Nora looked very glum as she pinned the typewritten code of signals up by the kitchen clock, and Mrs. Blakey felt glummer still as she fastened her own copy on the edge of her mirror and stood mumbling over its words.

"One long ring and two short—finger bowls," she repeated. "One short and two long—repassing article last served." Two long rings—clear table for next course. "Three short rings—refill water glasses." Oh, dear! she broke off suddenly. "I sometimes wish David wouldn't take such interest in making my work easy."

But David's interest kept right up. He urged the use of the code with untiring zeal, and one day when pretty, black eyed Nora actually came and filled the water glasses in answer to "three short rings" he glowed with unspeakable pride and declared that they must really give a dinner.

"Eight is the proper number for our table," he told his wife. And then he began to plan the menu.

Mrs. Blakey was a cheerful, gay little body at the time of her marriage, and the sparkle isn't entirely gone. She looked very pretty on the night of the dinner. The table was perfect; the cut glass blazed with rainbow hues, the silver dazzled and the floral centerpiece was a credit to Mr. Blakey's taste. The feast was to be rather more pretentious than anything Mr. Blakey had heretofore planned, but he had no fears about the service. He relied on the code. Mrs. Blakey, on her part, was determined to please David by appearing quite unconscious whenever she signaled Nora. The consequence was that her smiles and attention to the man on her left during the soup course half turned his head.

"How delightfully clever; do tell me another!" Mrs. Blakey was saying to him, brightly, as her small foot pressed the button and telegraphed Nora to "clear table for next course."

Nora appeared—a dream of delight in a black dress, an exquisite apron and a brand new butterfly cap that Mr. Blakey himself had selected and brought home for the occasion. She waited for the cue. She never so much as glanced at Mrs. Blakey, who in her turn kept her eyes determinedly away from the maid as she chatted on with the man at her left. Nora flitted about, deftly removing soup plates.

Suddenly Mrs. Blakey felt herself pierced by her husband's gaze. Great heavens! What was the girl doing? Finger bowl after the soup! Had she given her the wrong signal? The guests were looking puzzled and watching their hostess. Mrs. Blakey rose to the occasion and desperately dipped her fingers, while she peremptorily gave the signal for the next course. Away went the finger bowls, and Nora, with a wild look in her pretty eyes, began to bring in black coffee.

"Horrible!" ejaculated Mrs. Blakey to the man on her left, who had just finished quoting her a little quatrain of his own. Then she apologized, with one eye on him and another on Nora, who was floating past her, all unconscious of appealing glances and furtive clutches at her sleeve. The code of signals was eddying like a whirlpool in Mrs. Blakey's mind. The coffee was finished and something must be done. She gave one long, continuous ring, and watched breathlessly to see what would turn up. A cold perspiration started upon her forehead. Another round of finger bowls! And while they were using them, Nora, with a face like a lobster, passed the bread.

It was a long dinner—the largest and most indigestible that either he or Mrs. Blakey had ever eaten—but it came to end at last. The guests had departed, and Mr. Blakey stood with his hands in his pockets looking reproachfully at his wife as she sobbed it out on a sofa pillow. Suddenly she sat up and gave a shriek of laughter. Then another and another.

"Eleanor! Eleanor!" cried Mr. Blakey, in alarm. "What's the matter? Is it hysterics?"

"Hysterics—no!" she echoed, with another burst of laughter. "It's—it's masculine brains and business methods!"

And that was one time when Mr. Blakey spelled out a new page in his primer of life.—Chicago Record.

One of Nature's Wonders.

At the sacred village of Totatri, about 40 miles from Tinnevely, India, there is one of the most wonderful natural curiosities in the world. It is an oil well containing inexhaustible quantities of the liquid. The well or spring is situated within the celebrated temple of Narayan, said to be about the largest sacred edifice in India. At Baku, in the southeastern part of Caucasus, there are also wonderful oil wells that spout petroleum high into the air. In September, 1886, a well tapped in the ordinary manner began to spout with such extraordinary force that it deluged the whole district. For eight days the outflow continued, finally reaching an output of 11,000 tons. Another fountain broke out in March, 1887, and rose to a height of 350 feet, leaving an enormous petroleum lake.

We fit glasses. Pioneer drug store.

Crafty Cupid.

Cupid told man he shot blinded. But I doubt it. He has aimed at far too many Without ever missing any. Nay, he lied, that boy divine did. He is merely blindfolded While about it.

He once pierced me to the marrow, Or his dart did, And the maid who walked beside me, Being unhurt, only grieved me, For he used his other arrow On a swiftly passing sparrow And departed.

—Frederick Truesdell in Scribner's.

Large British Gains.

The following letter from Skagway appeared in the P.-I. of recent date:

The work of delimiting the provisional boundary in the disputed Alaskan-Canadian territory having been completed in that part crossing the Dalton trail and touching the Porcupine district, the Americans in the district find they have lost a large part of what they believed was rightfully American territory. The survey has been run and the monuments set within the last few weeks by O. H. Tittman, of Washington, D. C., and W. F. King, of Ottawa, and assistants, who have simply followed instructions as set forth in the modus vivendi, agreed to provisionally some months ago by Secretary Hay on the part of the United States, and British representatives, after the adjournment of the joint high commission.

The survey and demarcation of the line leaves nearly one half of the Porcupine gold mines in the British territory, and it has been the general opinion for a long time that the mines, in fact the entire Porcupine district, was on the American side. Much of the Dalton toll road, leading to Porcupine City now lies within Canadian territory also, that is, is on the Canadian side of the iron monuments set on the provisional line.

The American miners in the Porcupine having watched the development of the work of delimiting and marking the boundary, were immediately so aroused over the result of so much of the mining district being left on the British side that they were not long in addressing a protest to President McKinley. The names of 146 miners are attached to the protest, a copy of which has reached here. It will be considered by the Skagway Chamber of Commerce this week.

The protest is emphatic. It says in part:

"The modus vivendi has permitted the British to seize acres of the public domain consisting of river beds and benches containing rich deposits of gold. All of Klabeena river and Glacier and Boulder creeks, upon which Americans spent thousands of dollars in prospecting, is taken away from their rightful proprietors. The iron posts demarcating the boundary are crowded up to the foothills crossing and recrossing the Dalton toll road, thus cutting off our entrance to and exit from our mining camps. * * * All this makes our future look uninviting."

"We protest to you, Mr. President, against the unjust seizure of the Klabeena, above Klukwan, which is only ten miles from tidewater, whereas we are entitled to the country 20 miles beyond Klukwan, including the Klabeena river and Boulder and Porcupine creeks, upon which Americans have made valuable discoveries at great expense of time and money."

* * * Did you not say you were not in favor of ceding one inch of public domain? Here are thousands of acres of rich mining ground that the British are enclosing within their iron posts. Will you not, Mr. President, act with the people and see that these posts are moved back?"

Copies of the protest have been sent to the chamber of commerce of Seattle, Skagway, San Francisco and Portland, with a request for co-operation.

A committee of the Skagway Chamber of Commerce has just waited on Commissioner Tittman, American, and he has spoken to them courteously, giving information corresponding generally with the statements set forth by the Porcupine miners. No blame is attached to Mr. Tittman, for he acted merely according to instructions in his work of making the physical markings of the boundary.

The commission will be in the vicinity of Skagway a month, delimiting the provisional line on White Pass and Chilkoot pass.

The Porcupine placer mines, it is estimated, will yield \$250,000 this year. Work of sluicing, hydraulicking and other kinds of mining is carried on in the district.

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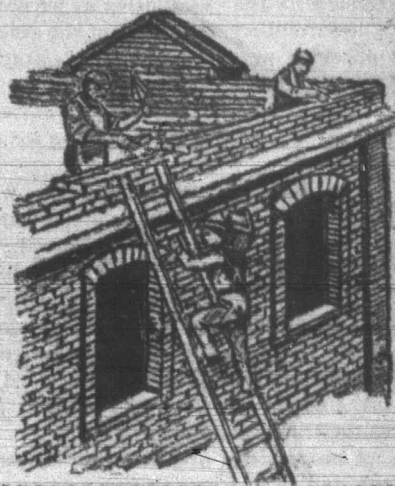
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