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ANNOUNCEMENT. To our readers—gentle or otherwise: We need subscriptions. Send us your name and address with P. O. money order for four dollars. Your name will go on our subscription list from date of first issue, Dec. 5th, 1903, until Jan. 1st, 1905. Use your wisdom. **GET CLEVER.** You will get one month's issue **FREE.**

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THE PAPER OF THE WEEK

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CLEVER



PROLOGUE

WE have the honor of introducing to you a new weekly, that bears the ambitious title of **CLEVER**.

Forbear to jeer or criticize, until later on. Its title being not so much a promise, as an earnest of good will to utilize all the cleverness surrounding us.

No one will deny that California teems with clever people, all of whom we hope to have on our staff, some officially, others unconsciously.

CLEVER is not the battle flag of a party, but a flag of general enlistment,—under which we hope to enroll all those who can discern the unseen force, which moves the wires, of the many puppets enacting the human tragedy, all those

with an eye for art, and a soul and brain capable of feeling and understanding it. In a word, all who think and feel and who know how to express it,—cleverly.

There is only one class we shall not allow, those who take an Asmodeus flight, and expose the privacy of the home. Defamation may be a science or a business, but never an art, therefore we will none of it.

It is true, art to be vital, must have a refined intellectual environment, but cannot California amply fulfil this requirement?

The solution of that question remains with you.

It only remains to us, to ring up the curtain and let the play proceed.

CLEVER

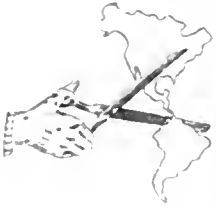
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VOL. I SAN FRANCISCO, DECEMBER 5, 1903 No. 1



The Panama affair seems likely to work itself out satisfactorily. Colombia has been feeling the government at Washington with the evident purpose of ascertaining what attitude it shall take in regard to Panama, the canal treaty being completed.

If we as a people choose to consider ourselves the guarantors of peace for our baby sister, the Bogotá plunderers will do no more than bluff. They do not want war if they think the United States will be a factor. The former government had a fair chance to deal with us. They tried to hold us up, and now they are sorry for it.

For a long time we have heartily desired permission to use the scissors on the Isthmian map. Now that we are able to make good we should not back down. The question is not purely a legal one. Law is only a rule of action. It is not everlasting. Only the other day the Supreme Court decided that a legal rule 500 years old might be set aside on the ground of expediency because its application in these modern times worked continual injustice.

There is no doubt we need the canal. It will help our commerce wonderfully and will double the efficiency of the United States navy. Surely we can justify our departure in this instance from old rules, if need be, on the ground of expediency.

Public necessity requires the canal. We have now a fair opportunity to get it on equitable terms from the new government.

The opposition to the administration will not be strong enough to jeopardize that opportunity.



Labor leaders will do well to read the dispatches from the Atlantic States announcing that many workmen there are having their wages set back to the mark from which the unions have raised them.

There is no good in speaking of strikes to remedy this. The condition of the country has

forced employers to use the pruning shears. Profits are not what they were a year ago. The men who hire can no longer afford to pay the advanced wages.

Until recently labor unions have seldom known, for over two years, what it means to fall short of all they ask for. The reason for this has been that public prosperity has been behind them in their demands. Rich men have been availing themselves of the upward condition of the country and have been collecting enormous profits on invested capital. The tide of prosperity swept everything ahead of it. On the crest of the wave labor unions found a continuous increase of wages.

Of late, however, there has been a tremendous amount of liquidation in stocks. As a result, business has quieted down. This tendency, financial people tell us, will continue all the winter and probably through the coming year. The wage-earner must suffer with his employer.



Notwithstanding the apparently quiet submission of laborers to the heavy cut of wages in certain sections of the country, capital is showing that it fears coming trouble. According to reports the employers of the country are perfecting alliances through which they can offset the demands of the labor unions. In San Francisco a number of big employers have already been enrolled in a national organization. The local branch is to be called the Citizens' Industrial Association, and will have a safety fund of \$50,000. Whether it will be appealed to, to oppose the unions if they prove unreasonable, no one can say.

It is to be regretted that this mutual distrust exists. While the clouds of trouble seem to be gathering on the horizon it were better to be building roofs than barriers. Should the wave of commercial depression reach the Pacific Coast we may see a falling off in the demand for labor such as has been witnessed in the East.

A contributing cause to the uncertain outlook is the unearthing of scandalous frauds not alone in the big trusts, but as well in almost every branch of the government.

Fortunately the street-car strike in Chicago was settled by an appeal to arbitration. That very fact, however, is an evidence of changing conditions. Of all the cities in the United States, unions in Chicago are most thoroughly organized. A year ago arbitration would not have been needed to.

Times are changing. Labor must not be too aggressive in its demands. Not all of them can be granted. A significant fact is that the Employers' Alliances originated in the Windy City. The counter-weight is beginning to show its effect. From now on we trust to see fewer strikes. Where just demands are made we may hope to see them settled by arbitration.



"TRUSTY, DUSKY, VIVID, TRUE,
WITH EYES OF GOLD AND BRAMBLE-DEW,
STEEL-TRUE AND BLADE-STRAIGHT,
THE GREAT ARTIFICER MADE MY MATE."



The Book's the Thing

"The Voice of the Scholar," written by David Starr Jordan, President of Leland Stanford Jr. University.

This book from the pen of such an eminent authority on educational matters should be read by all who are interested in the *higher education*, not only in the United States but abroad.

This noble and eloquent defence of university education is based upon three aphorisms of unquestionable exactitude:

"The scholar and the man must work together. The freeman must be a scholar. The scholar must be a man."

"Culture not only raises the man above the mass; it turns the masses into men."

"In democracy those who are ruled must also rule."

Paul Elder & Company have published a grand book. Price, \$1.50 net.

"Morley's Life of Gladstone," is the biggest publishing feat since "The Encyclopædia Britannica"—20,000 copies were printed of the first edition. It is probably the best English political biography yet written. It of course appeals more to the politician than the bookman. On the other side of the Atlantic it seems to be *the* book of the year.

The G. O. M., while not eminent as a humorist, took a good deal of pleasure in American humoristic exaggerations. One of his pet stories was about the clerk boasting to another, that his firm's correspondence involved an expenditure of \$5,000 a year for ink. "That's nothing," replied clerk No. 2, "last year we stopped dotting our i's, and saved \$10,000 by that alone."

MEMOIRS OF M. DE BLOWITZ

On dit that the Kaiser dining with a diplomat, peered under the table cloth, remarking he was afraid De Blowitz might be concealed there. The reader of the memoirs however will not have to search far, the author is very much in evidence. But in spite of the pervading egotism, which is perhaps pardonable, the memoirs are full of interesting episodes, and striking dramatic incidents which make absorbing reading.

THE ONE WOMAN

"The One Woman," by Thomas Dixon, Jr. There was decidedly one too many for comfort in the life of the Rev. Jordan, social dreamer. The book is highly melodramatic, full of sensa-

tional incidents, well told, and makes good reading for those who enjoy that type of novel. But the author (née preacher) is too evidently biased on the anti-socialistic side of the question, to give the modern Utopians quite a fair deal.

Geraldine Bonner's "Tomorrow's Tangle" is worth untwisting. The gold that was somewhat hidden by hard-pan now shines forth, and Miss Bonner is to be congratulated on her latest effort. The prologue alone is very much worth while; in fact it is so excellent, of such a large, vigorous style, that the latter part of the story suffers a little in comparison. Taken by itself, it is above the average romance, and the author's humor and incisive style, have a most telling effect.

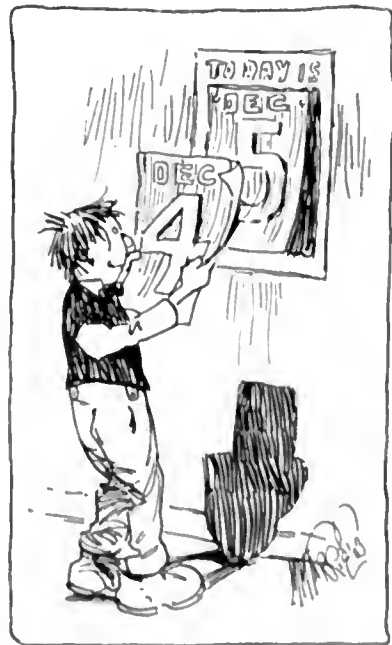
"The Heart of Rome" shows Crawford's usual felicity in depicting things Italian. The course of true love here runs in a novel and entertaining channel, the interest is well sustained, and the whole spiced with pungent sayings.

"No one can take the past from the dead, except a modern German historian."

"Sabina was very young, which as Pitt pointed out, is a disadvantage but not a real crime."

"There are snobs now who behave almost as nicely in the privacy of their homes, as in the presence of a duchess."

"Injustice is only what the majority thinks of the minority."



TAKING A DAY OFF

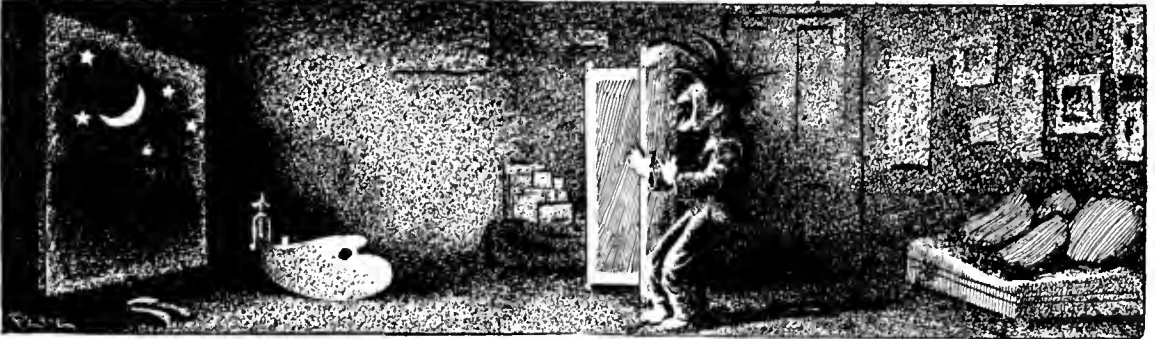
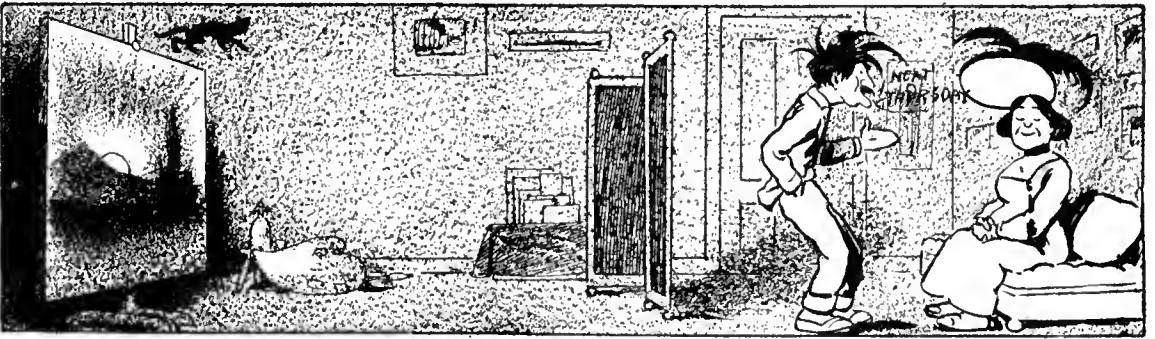
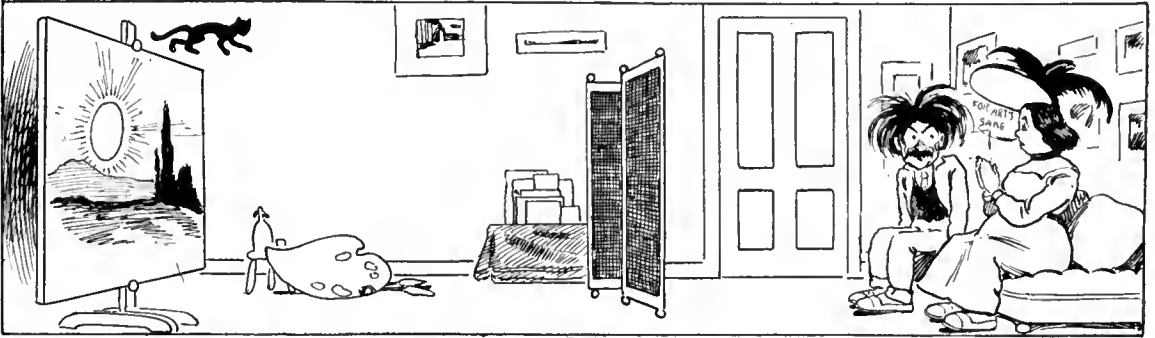
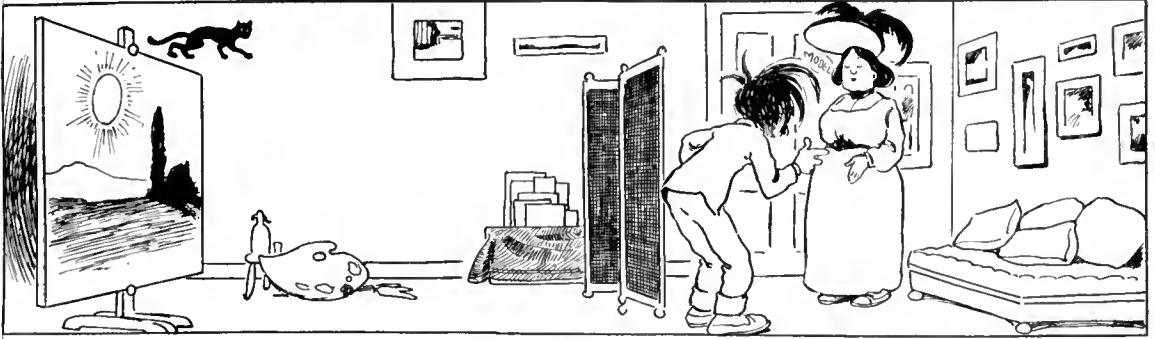
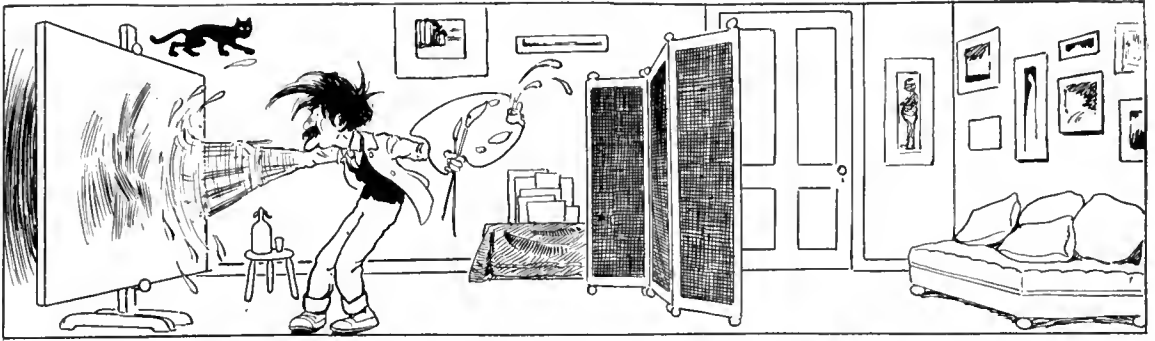
CORRECT

Small Boy—Papa, how much is an English pound sterling worth in American money?

Father—Four dollars and eighty cents, son.

Small Boy—How much is a crown worth?

Father—One daughter and several millions.



AN INTERRUPTED INSPIRATION.



"Oh, Helen, how glad I am to see you!"

"Well, I simply had to come in to see you, Louise, for a minute or two. I am dying for a chat. I haven't been anywhere, or seen anything, or anybody for days. Tell me, Louise, do you know what this Bible class is that people are talking about? Bible study is usually so bourgeois, you know, but there's really an awfully decent sort who are quite raving over it."

"I think you mean Dr. Voorsanger's. Yes, a lot of people have taken it up. You know it is always considered *deep* to take an interest in a religion you don't believe in, and so the class is filled with Christians. Indeed, the Jewesses are quite out of it."

"Have you called on Kate Voorhies Henry since her return? Do you think she has changed?"

"I don't know, for I only met her a few days ago. You see, I was considered rather a little girl when she went away. I heard her holding forth rather amusingly at a tea last week. I have forgotten whether it was at Mrs. McNear's or Mrs. Sullivan's. She doesn't entirely approve of our ways out here, it seems."

"No, why not? She has been entertained rather extensively, hasn't she? What more does one want?"

"Well, she was complaining of the lack of punctuality, for one thing, and also of the provincial frankness of some of the matrons. At the Unsey tea, as she stood in line with her hostesses, looking (she thought) like a blonde goddess, one tactless woman exclaimed as she shook hands, 'Well, Kate Voorhies, I hardly knew you! How you have changed! Really, it astonishes me to see you looking such a woman!' Mrs. Henry eyed her with scorn, and replied coldly, 'Yes, and what would you expect me to resemble, a man?' She has found a base for many caustic remarks in the fact that she has been so punctual at every luncheon and dinner, that she not only has been the first to arrive, but also has been obliged to wait anywhere from fifteen to twenty minutes until her hostess languidly trailed in."

"I see that one of the papers 'trusts' that Mrs. Santa Marina's death will not prevent the Hopkins girls from going out this winter, although, it says, we shall probably see them with the English band on their sleeves. Won't it look well on those ballard-table-green things such as Mrs. Gus affected last winter?"

"Good Heavens, don't you suppose they will modify those chorus-girl costumes at all?"

"Never! The surest proof that one is in the smart set is to be taken for a demi-mondaine."

"Speaking of mourning reminds me of a shrinking, shy, young widow who is visiting here, a Mrs. Clement from Salt Lake. Mrs. McDonald and Mrs. Baxter are going to give her a series of luncheons, six of them, in quick succession. There will be only fifteen each time, for she is in mourning, you know, and it wouldn't be right to meet many people. They say she looks like a hearse at the card and theater parties, but isn't it a touching picture of wifely devotion?"

"Very. I heard a story today that struck me as rather typical. Mrs. Ellicott, who thinks herself the best dressed woman at the Bella Vista—think of that as a distinction—was asked to a tea not long ago, given in honor of a pretty young matron, about whom, unfortunately, there has been a bit of ill-natured gossip. Mrs. Ellicott, whose social position is a trifle insecure, even in her own estimation, intimated that although she would consent to meet the guest of honor, it must be on condition that her name should be omitted from the list of those present. 'For,' she said, 'although I am willing to meet her, of course I don't care to have people know about it.'"

"How disappointed everyone seems to be that Mrs. Spencer's marriage has turned out so pleasantly. All the people who predicted that he would beat her and that she would tear out his eyeballs, seem to take it as a personal affront because things have gone smoothly."

"It is rather disappointing, of course, to have your prophecies fail, but her marriage has left her still feline enough to claw at her sister, and they are deep in the throes of an old-fashioned, well-aired Josselyn family quarrel. She blames Mary bitterly for leaving her alone just at the time Mr. Spencer was called away."

"Yes, I know, but Mary says that Florence wouldn't dream of staying home on her account, were the cases reversed; that Florence is a pig anyway, and is jealous because she wasn't asked to Exeter, too."

"Ah, I must go now. I really only intended to stay for a moment when I came, and now I must fly. I have a couple of calls to make and I want to stop in at Evelyn Norwood's tea. You know what it will be like."

"Yes, one of those eminently respectables. Well, if you can't stay any longer, dear, then good by!"

"Good by!"



It's the under dog in the fight that does all the howling.

It's only the little dogs that think they can keep up with a railroad train.

CLEVER



MISCONSTRUED

HE. CHEER UP, DEAREST, MY AFFAIRS SHALL BE SETTLED UP QUICKLY
AND I WILL SOON RETURN.

SHE (Sighing). THAT'S WHAT I AM THINKING ABOUT.



HE. I HAD MY LIFE INSURED
IN YOUR FAVOR.
ARE YOU QUITE SURE YOU
LOVE ME?
SHE. ALWAYS LOVE YOU?
EVEN BEYOND THE

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LATCH KEY TO MYSTERIOUS DOOR OF THE SAN FRANCISCO COMEDY CLUB.

MEMORANDUM OF IMPRESSIONS ON "CUFFS" AT ITS DEBUT NOVEMBER 1896 AT LYRIC HALL.

Object, and Properties. Old Ladies Prot. Epis. Home Benefit. Chairs, tables for contortions, sofa, hearse-like cover, frames, hair, boots, mustaches, pots of paint, and faces all over the house, including the stage; none in the curtain raiser penned by a Miss or Mr. Miller, and *pinned* unmercifully on society—conspicuous by its absence.

Expectations—Great, for elevation of the stage, and hopes of "swells" in generous frame of mind.

Attendance—Cloudy, overcoated, without cant, un-socially social.

Relishes, and Oysters—Living tableaux of dead people by Lefebvre; Vittoria Colonna, Poesie Antique, Laura and Violette in frames of * * * mind, young and old. The tableaux were of a nature not to survive, happily, in the memory of the antique and unprotestant.

Points of Contact—Yes, because Wynne Miller's play is, I don't know why, called "Dream Faces". By Jove, no, I protest!

Substantiality of the Play—Flimsy, no weight; except in the furniture.

Demonstration and Offerings—Robert Aitkin as contortionist of the highest rank when not on horseback on a chair. Dr. Porter, an impossible villain, spoiled by every-day practice of honesty. Mrs. McWilliams, as a stout, domestic English importation of Ellen Terry's shortcomings, in a vast area of English fog, and a hearse-like canopy.

Redeeming Features—Mrs. G. Wilson Shields, Audible, with possibilities outside of that penance imposed by Miller—on and off the stage, and the inaudibility of the other actors.

Backbone—Sins of fathers visited on children, perhaps during vacation.

Incidents and Special Marks—Freak ladies of the tableaux released from their cages into the arena, making a compact mass with the rest of witnesses unanimous in not understanding. (Applause.)

Latch Key of the Situation—In the midst of most pathetic, inaudible scene, Mrs. Shields is overcome by the ridiculousness of the situation and laughs at it! That's the "key." (*Drapery comes down hilariously, though not at all smoothly on the "Curtain Raiser."*)

Terms, 75 cents.

In reviewing the theater, my name will be Michonnet as a tribute to the patient, painstaking, debonnaire, uncomplaining régisseur of La Comedie Francaise, immortalized by Eugene Scribe in his comedy-drama, "Adrienne Lecouvreur."

That great artiste lived in the eighteenth century, therefore Michonnet was an old fashioned régisseur, and so am I, without being a pioneer,

or a pion. Following the example of the original Michonnet, I shall stick to the American Comedy, to the Protean Drama, and do not expect to be a candlestick without a flame, in my *deep-art-mending* department. I shall be good to the drama, and to the theaters, especially if I am made comfortable by the modern régisseurs.

I shall limit myself this week to stating that Ashton Stevens, Peter Robinson, "The Lobby Ghost," and all the other Michonnets were unanimously well inclined toward the productions and

Columbia—

"Way Down East," approachable.

Grand Opera House—

"Over Niagara Falls," no danger.

Alcazar—

"A Poor Relation," by stock company, rich.

California—

"At the Old Cross Roads," everybody meets.

Fischer's—

"I O U," by stock company, paid.

Tivoli—

There was a funeral.

Orpheum--

Vaudeville, no stones thrown.

Central—

"The Counterfeiters," by stock company, have the real stuff.

Chutes—

Vaudeville every afternoon and evening, with car conductors' permission.

The critics are still alive, and the theaters were not in need of firemen.

And here I would like to say, that differing from the usual custom in vogue amongst our fraternity, we shall always take particular pleasure in quoting from our esteemed contemporaries, thus making doubly sure that no gems of criticism will be lost to posterity.

We shall be much embarrassed not knowing where to begin with our praise and applause, and the cravings for personal interviews with the stars next week—perhaps—if it does not snow, in which case we shall look for the favorite at Ingleside.

MICHONNET,

(For once lost, and last: L. D. VENTURA.)

A GOLDEN GATE PARK IDYL.

He was monarch of all he surveyed, and of his rights there were none to dispute—until the powers that be, decided he must feel lonely, and introduced into his iron fortress, a small cinnamon clad lady, to be his mate, nolens volens.

Now he had been well satisfied with the existing arrangements of his bachelor's establishment, and resented hotly this unexpected intrusion, and the greeting she of the cinnamon received had altogether too much Tabasco in it, to be comfortable, and before long, matters reached such a crisis, that the authorities had to intervene and remove the lady to a safe distance, and erect an iron-barred partition between them.

But no sooner was the little Bearess out of reach, than the Grizzly began to think she was not so unprepossessing after all, and the mere fact of being unable to reach her, made her at once seem highly desirable, and he spent the best

portion of the day, with his muzzle glued to the dividing bars, trying to lure her back,—but she remained for some time, in the farthest corner of her section, nursing her grievances, giving him the glassy eye and saying: "Nay, nay," to all his blandishments.

Bruin continued to alternately soothe her, and throw bouquets at himself until finally he persuaded her that he was indeed *It*, and she approached the bars to re-enact Pyramus and Thisbe—with the difference—the authorities seeing how the land lay, finally removed the barrier, and the romance was happily terminated.

Which only proves the truth of the sage's dictum: "It is the forbidden thing we are all dying to do, we break our necks to climb over a wall, when we wouldn't walk through an open door."

A. M. TOMKIN, (Feste).



A NAVAJO WOMAN

Drawn by L. M. Dixon

AUTUMN SHOWERS

HE

If one umbrella shelter two
When down come swirling autumn
showers
And clouds of grey o'erspread the
blue;
If one umbrella shelter two,
This fosters most Love's nascent
hours,—
If one umbrella shelter two
When down come swirling autumn
showers.

SHE

These autumn showers bring less of joy
To me than you, alas, alack!
For you must know, conceited boy,
These autumn showers bring less of joy
If one must look serenely coy
While they come dripping down
one's back!
These autumn showers bring less of
joy
To me than you, alas, alack!
—John Bradley Strong.

The woman who wishes to appear ingénuo affects a love of sweets: she who desires to seem sophisticated prefers patés and oysters.

❖ ❖ ❖

The consistent pessimist is the only man who is never disappointed.

❖ ❖ ❖

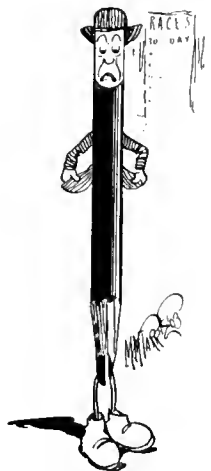
A woman who has a firm belief in her own beauty will often bluff the world into a similar opinion.

❖ ❖ ❖

It is wiser to refuse café noir after dinner than to make faces while you drink it.

❖ ❖ ❖

The immoral does not necessarily correspond with the vulgar.



A BLUE PENCIL



LONG JOHN, PIRATE—DECEASED

Former address, Treasure Island

ALSO HIS PARROT. "PIECES OF EIGHT, PIECES OF EIGHT

Robert Louis Stevenson—

*"Fifteen men on the dead man's chest,
Yo ho, ho—and a bottle of rum*

DID IT EVER OCCUR TO YOU?

To knock at the heart of some women is like knocking at the door of an untenanted house. No one is at home to answer.

“WHIRLWIND”

Agnes was a thorough Parisian to her very finger tips, the kind that gives you cold shivers, and palpitations of the heart combined, at the first glance. She came to San Francisco with a vaudeville company; she came, she saw, and she conquered—the public in general, and in particular General—no, I won't give him away, suffice it to say he was over sixty, rich and liberal, but very impetuous, and strong as Hercules.

I also succumbed to her charms, but stood somewhat in awe of my formidable rival, whose purse seemed unlimited, and whose fists were alarming. But very soon Agnes' fascinating eyes made me throw prudence to the winds, and my youth and audacity gained the day. After all, one hour of life, is worth a century of mere existence.

One glorious spring day, we had arranged an excursion to one of the redwood groves across the bay, that we might enjoy to the utmost the pleasures of youth and the spring sunshine, in that intoxicating atmosphere filled with pungent aroma.

Agnes had just retired to get her hat, and I was waiting, dreaming of approaching Paradise. Suddenly the house trembled, the door opened violently, in burst my rival, General “Whirlwind,” as we nicknamed him.

“Hullo, young man! What are you doing here?”

“Nothing,—that is, I am waiting for Miss Agnes.”

“She is not in,” sputtered the General, “at least that is what her maid assured me. By Jove, this is too much!”

He began to pace the floor like a bear in a cage. The bric-a-brac on the mantel and what-nots were rocking from the shaking of the floor, and making a merry chiming sound, as if in jest at the impotent fury of the General; a Chinese Bonze was quivering on his ebony pedestal, wagging his head to and fro with a comical air. Suddenly Agnes' golden head appeared above a screen, making roguish signs like a Parisian gamin at the General's averted back.

But I was not laughing like the bibelots, nor wagging my head like the Bonze, nor making grimaces like Agnes.

Oh, no! I was solemnly calculating the distance from the window to the street, wondering if I could land on my feet; I felt no doubt that “Whirlwind” would shortly compel me to take a short cut to the street below. Suddenly he stopped rampaging, the bric-a-brac ceased chiming, the Bonze kept still. It was the lull before a storm.

He seized me by my coat lapel, and almost jerked me off my feet. I felt like a mouse in the

claws of a cat. At last he opened his mouth, and with the air of one who has found the solution of a deep problem, said:

“Young man, I regret to inform you that Agnes is deceiving you, but it is your fault, you should look after her better.” With that he strode to the door, and slammed it after him.

Agnes ran toward me, with her arms open, exclaiming in her most roguish manner, “*Et à présent à nous deux!*”

R. DE ZAYAS—Enriquez.

PROFIT AND LOSS

To you who occupy tonight
An easy chair I know,
Where I was once a welcome guest,
But where I'm now *de trop*:

For fear of patronizing mood
From you who ousted me
I'll cast a retrospective eye
And tell you what I see.

You hold her hand—well, so did I.
'Twas oft my muse's theme.
A score of sonnets it called forth
Ere you disturbed my dream.

No doubt you've kissed her—do not
think
Yourself a pioneer.
She feigned resistance, did she not?
I hold that memory dear.

You start a lingering farewell
At midnight in the hall;
She sighs that you must go so soon—
You see, I know it all.

You wonder at my cheerfulness,
And think that I should pine
O'er what I've lost and you have
gained.
This fortitude of mine

Comes from the fact that once again
My heart is in a snare,—
More maids than one have sunny
smiles
And sunny golden hair.

Dear as the old love was I've found
Another far more sweet;
A cosy corner, easy chair,
And happiness complete.

So, pirate on the sea of love,
My thanks I give to you,
You made me walk the plank—but see
What port it led me to.

—R. J.

USUALLY

Girl—Say, dad, what are yellow papers?
Father—Those which are most generally
re(a)d.

The worse the picture, the bigger the signature.



In the beginning of the nineteenth century music was an inspired and inspiring art, keeping even steps with the numerous poets forming a grand symphony in which all the voices of nature were heard sounding the gamut of sorrow, hope and love.

Toward the end of the turbulent nineteenth century, amid the evolution and revolution of "affairism" and "positivism," music ceased to be an art pure and simple, and became a science, profound and nebulous, culminating with the stirring epopeas of Richard Wagner.

But alas! The reaction was bound to come and the twentieth century was ushered, by the jagged Ganimed "Rag-time." Ah, Richard! What hast thou done?

The multitude thus rejoices! *Odi profanum vulgus* delighted with those ragged melodies which can only be compared to telegraph wires on which dulcet squeaks hang like wisps of grass from the fields.

Yet it is undeniable that our period of transition may also vaunt the lofty effort of a few elected people striving to keep musical art in its decorous domain.

Our "Twentieth Century Club," for instance, is to be praised highly for its noble work to keep alight among us the sacred fire. Miss Elysabeth Ames, Mrs. B. J. Lathrop, and Mrs. J. E. Tucker, are indeed the most devoted vestals who constantly watch the burning tripod.

The concert given last week is an evident proof of their uncommon zeal, knowledge and sincerity.

Pergolesi's "Stabat Mater" was effectively given for the occasion under the direction of W. Sabin.

Perhaps some of the tempos were a little too hurried, giving to the celestial music a rather terrestrial savor; perhaps the pronunciation of the Latin text was a little too Anglicized, but the voices were blended prettily, the intonation was excellent, and the ensemble very commendable. The string quartet, piano, and organ rendered their parts in good style. The best numbers were the solo, "Vidit Summ," sung by Mrs. Lathrop, and the chorus, "Fac ut Ardeat." By the way, also the Campanari string quartet must be regarded as one of our most artistic resources, ready to redeem us from the pestilential exhalations of Rag-time. We certainly are in need of such a redemption considering that our public is far more inclined to listen to the huge voice of a minstrel, singing coon songs, rather than raise itself to the purest form of musical art. Hence

quartet playing, among us, is now a private luxury to which only ultra musical people are admitted. Tomorrow afternoon the Campanari string quartet will hold its first seance, of the second series, at the residence of Mrs. Austin Sperry, who, together with Mrs. A. Barkan, Mrs. L. S. Sherman, Miss B. Sperry, Mrs. Sidney Liebes, Mrs. Horace Davis, Mrs. A. M. Simpson and Mrs. John F. Smith, form the committee of patronesses.

I owe you a few words on "I O U," the new musical burlesque given at Fischer's theater. Gracious me! The libretto, by J. C. Brusie, is too good for my diminutive comprehension, its philoprogenitiveness and transubstantiationableness are too much for my poor brain; I leave it to my clever colleague, the dramatic critic, to deal with its super-risibility; he may venture an adequate judgment about it. My tender mental power is more pregnable to the lightness of the music, which my friend, Dr. Stewart, has written by the yard measuring all the hodgepodge strains of Arthur Sullivan, too dry for amateurs, too insipid for vaudeville players, too trivial for musicians.

Charming Miss O'Ramey and beautiful Miss Amber were the two redeeming features, with their own specialties introduced in the play.

Now we are even; I O U.....nothing!

MODULATIONS.

Cosima and Siegfried Wagner have despatched "Kundry" to Judge Lacombe to express their *benediction* for his sentence given about the production of "Parsifal" in New York. Thus Manager Conreid (*durch mittleid wissend*) has regained the Spear, but Cosima and Siegfried's wound will remain unhealed.

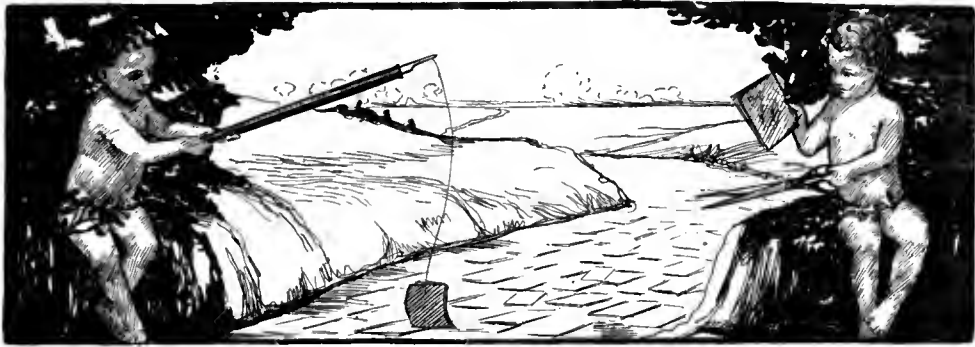
"Madam Butterfly," the new opera by Puccini, will soon be given in Milan.

Cav. Emilio Rivela made a great hit with his band at the Indora Park theater of Oakland.

Miss Grace Freeman, the local talented violinist, gave a recital, charming her audience with her fine schooling and graceful personality, amid the rousing cheers of her admirers.

"How do you defend yourself from the daily importunates calling on you?" asked a local musician of G. Martucci, the celebrated pianist composer, while visiting him in Naples. "Ah! 'tis already arranged with my wife," answered Martucci, "she simply opens that door and behind that portiere she says: 'Dear Guiseppie, it is time for you to take your medicine.'" At this very moment the door was opened and a suave voice timidly pronounced the fatal words: "*Caro Guiseppie è tempo di prendere la medicina!*" Martucci and his interlocutor looked at each other amazed, bursting into convulsive laughter. Thus the San Francisco musician left Martucci's house.

The criticisms pronounced by the eastern papers about Adelina Patti's present manner of singing, is marked by a crudity that verges on brutality.



CAUGHT IN THE STREAM.

CONTENTMENT

From Life.

I envy not the famous men
Of any time or land;
Horatius may have held the bridge,
I've held Myrtilia's hand.

Though Shakespeare may have writ-
ten plays
And sonnets not a few;
Suffice for me to have penned
A joyous billet-doux.

Drake may have circled 'round the
globe,
And though that pleased his taste,
Suffice for me to have my arm
Around Myrtilia's waist.

Though Sherman may have made a
march
From Georgia to the sea,
A wedding march right up the aisle
Is good enough for me.
—McLandburgh Wilson.

THE BITTER TRUTH

From the Philadelphia Telegraph.

Husband (looking up from a book)—
Do you know what I would have done
if I had been Napoleon Bonaparte?
Wife—Yes, I know. You would
have settled down in Corsica and
spent your life grumbling about bad
luck and hard times.

ONLY AN ENGLISH VISITOR

London, V. C.

A showman who was on a tour
through the Highlands had the mis-
fortune to lose a large gorilla, which,
to save the trouble and expense of
burial, he left by the wayside not
far from Pitlochry. Two Highland
drovers on their way to Perth came
across the carcass, dressed, as it had
been left, in its performing garb.
Never having seen such a strange
specimen before, they were greatly
puzzled what to make of it. "What'll
she pe?" asked Tonal. "Weel," re-
plied Tugal, "she'll no pe a High-
lander, or she wid hae a tartan plaid,
and she'll no pe a Lowlander either,
or her trouser wid pe gray." After
consideration, Tonal exclaimed, "I'll
tell ye whit she'll pe; she just pe
a wee English veeisitor, and pe of nae
consequence whatever."

THE HAVEN OF MONKEY SOULS

From the Chicago Tribune.

"You seem to think a good deal
of that monkey," said the little girl.
"Yes," replied the organ-grinder.
"He good monk."
"Do you think he will go to
heaven?"
"No; when ze monk die he go
to Newport."

Texas has a postmistress who ex-
pects white gentlemen to remove their
hats when entering the post office.
The mayor of the town refused to
remove his, when the postmistress
promptly shot it off his head. She
will not permit negros nor greasers
in the sacred precinct. An inspector
has been ordered to investigate the
office and was instructed from Wash-
ington to remove his hat before call-
ing on the postmistress.

NOT READY YET

From the Philadelphia Ledger.

A Philadelphia photographer tells
this as having actually happened. A
woman entered his studio.
"Are you the photographer?"
"Yes, madam."
"Do you take children's pictures?"
"Yes, certainly."
"How much do you charge?"
"Three dollars a dozen."
"Well," said the woman, sorrow-
fully, "I'll have to see you again.
I've only got eleven."

BEAUTY SKIN DEEP

From the Boston Traveler.

Two friends, Pat and Mike, hap-
pened to pass on opposite sides of
the street one day. Mike had a lady
with him. On crossing over to greet
Pat the following conversation took
place:
"How are you, Mike?"
"Fair, Pat. How's yourself?"
"Fair to middling. That's a home-
ly old woman ye've got with ye,
Mike."
"Arrah, Pat, that's me wife, and
ye've heard the saying that 'beauty
is only skin deep.'"
"Begorra, Mike, take her home
and skin her at once."

THE EXTENT OF HIS INTEREST

From the Cleveland Plain Dealer.

"They say your new son-in-law is
a handsome fellow."
"I never looked to see."
"That's strange."
"Not at all. My daughter picked
him out, and all I had to do was
to pay for him."

BAITING A GOSSIP

From the Philadelphia Ledger.

Miss Kidder—They've only been
married six months, but whenever her
husband goes away on a business
trip she's delighted and prepares to
have a good time.
Miss Meanley—Aha! Do you know
I suspected something like that. I
always said—
Miss Kidder—Yes. You see, he
takes her with him.

BROKEN PARTS SUPPLIED

From the Youth's Companion.

"My brother bought an automobile
here last week," said an angry man
to the salesman who stepped forward
to greet him, "and he says you told
him if anything broke you would
supply a new part."
"Certainly," said the clerk. "What
does he want?"
"He wants two deltoid muscles, a
couple of knee-pans, one elbow and
about half a yard of cuticle," said
the man, "and he wants 'em right
away."

TO AN OLD PEN

From the New York Herald.

I can sympathize with you,
Cast off and lying there;
With nothing left to do,
You rust, but who will care?
What of the things you've done?
Who gives you credit, say?
You are cast away, and none
Have a thought for you today.
There may have been words of cheer
That you gave to those who sighed;
The hungry orphan's tear
You may perchance have dried.
I've scratched for a living, too,
O poor old rusty pen.
They'll forget me when I'm through;
I'll be even as you are then.

SOME TIMELY APHORISMS

By JOHN BRADLEY STRONG

A woman who is disliked by women may have all the virtues; a man whom other men dislike is a creature to be avoided by all humanity.

* * *

A reputation for wit gained by saying sharp things is usually at the expense of one's reputation for morals.

* * *

Married love is like a disease which has grown chronic: it ceases to be interesting.

* * *

A man is not truly your friend until he has a bad opinion of you: a woman is never truly your friend.

* * *

Do not tell your dreams at the breakfast table. If they are good you will be considered a liar; but if they are dull you will be dubbed a bore.

* * *

When a self-made man tells how he did it his friends are interested, his children bored; but the wife of his bosom is put to shame.

* * *

People so æsthetic that they despise the pleasures of the table usually become so through dyspepsia.

* * *

The worst fanatic of the present day is the liberalist.

* * *

A Jew is some times to be commended for his good Christian heart.

* * *

For one flower which blushes unseen there are a myriad that can't be seen to blush at all.

* * *

Do not pretend that you have never been kissed. A man does not want what no one else thought worth having.

* * *

You have reached the nadir of desolation when your old associates will no longer listen to you howl.



MADAME LIVORNO

The celebrated palmist at present
residing in San Francisco



