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MAKE PORTLAND THE "ROSE CITY"

Frederick V. Holman Recommends That Bushes Be Planted by the Thousands, in Anticipation of the Lewis and Clark Centennial.

Now that Portland has determined to have an exposition to celebrate the centennial of the Lewis and Clark expedition, every resident of Portland should endeavor to make it a success and worthy of Portland and the Pacific Northwest. Every one can give aid, even if only in a small way.

We cannot hope to compete with the exposition at St. Louis, with the buildings and grounds of the exposition itself, but every yard can be made attractive and all the residence parts of Portland be made parklike with trees and with flowers. We can make the City of Portland itself an exposition of beauty, of homelike, attractive beauty.

Many people cannot afford to contribute money in sums large enough to be of any moment. But every one can make his place of residence pleasing to the eye, if there be a front yard, however small. This applies to tenants as well as to owners of property.

What Can Be Done With Roses.

The Oregonian has asked me to suggest what can be done with roses. Portland is already noted as a city with beautiful shade trees. It has some reputation as a city of flowers. Almost all flowers of the temperate zone thrive and bloom here exceedingly well. There are many flowering plants, from annuals to trees, other than roses, which are beautiful, which will bloom almost continuously during the exposition. I leave it to others who are competent to suggest other flowers. I suggest a few varieties of roses.

I believe no other city in the world excels, or even equals, Portland in the beauty and perfection of its roses. But we need more of them, so that visitors to the exposition will not only be pleased, but charmed, with the beauty of Portland's yards. I mean not only the large grounds, but also the humble home, with only a limited front yard.

Show Roses.

The Oregonian was kind enough last May to print my address on roses delivered before the Pacific States Floral Congress, at San Francisco. That address dealt with the cultivation of roses in Oregon, and spoke of many varieties which are beautiful, especially those producing specimen or show roses. Unfortunately many of the roses which are especially large and beautiful are shy bloomers, producing but a small number of roses, and after June, rarely blooming until the next year. The Baroness Rothschild family all produce wonderful and beautiful roses, but there is not often more than one rose on each stem, and they rarely bloom in the Fall. I do not oppose the growing of these rare and beautiful roses. There should be tens of thousands of rosebushes of these kinds planted this Fall or next Spring, in addition to the varieties I suggest in this article. People in the Eastern States have never seen such grand roses, and such quantities of them, as are grown in Portland gardens.

I wish, now, to urge the planting of rose bushes, most of which do not produce such magnificent specimen roses, but which excel them, not only in profusion of flowers in May and June, but because they bloom from May to December, that is, while the exposition will be open.

I think it best not to mention a great number of varieties. I know many people have pet roses, who will feel that their favorites are slighted by not being named. But this is a free country, and any person may plant any varieties he pleases. I suggest varieties to those persons who have no especial favorites or who are not familiar with names of roses. Almost all those I suggest are varieties which have been found by many years of actual experience to grow, thrive and bloom well in Portland. There may be some of the new varieties which may hereafter be found better for the purposes herein mentioned than those I name, but, as yet, they have not been fully tested, particularly in this climate.

Pink Roses.

Of these varieties it is the pink roses with which we can get the best and most satisfactory continuous color effects. If there is space for but one variety of roses, I urge the planting of Madame Caroline Testout: It lacks the perfume of La France, but it excels La France in every other quality. Madame Caroline Testout blooms from May to December, and holds its exquisite pink color even in the hottest days of August. In the Fall it blooms abundantly and is then the most exquisite of pink roses. Its clear, beautiful pink is most attractive from Spring to Winter. No rose approaches it in magnificent long-continued color effect. Some climbing roses excel it in a burst of color, but that lasts only a short time. It might well become known as the Portland rose, as the Banksia climber, Fortune's Double Yellow, is known in California as the San Rafael rose. Madame Caroline Testout should be planted in every Portland yard for blooming in 1905. Plant it singly, in hedges, or in great masses, and it will more than repay all expenses and trouble.

Other constant-blooming pink roses which should be planted are La France, Maman Cochet, Duchesse de Brabant, and Papa Gontier.

La France grows to the greatest perfection in Portland, and, in my opinion, excels all other roses in perfume. It is too well known to require further description. It, too, may be planted singly, in hedges, or in masses.

Maman Cochet is one of the new tea roses. It is a very strong grower and an abundant bloomer. It produces very large and long buds, which open easily and are of the most exquisite form. It is a delicate pink color. Formerly the catalogues ranked Catherine Mermet as the queen of tea roses, or at least of the pink teas. Maman Cochet now occupies that throne.

Duchesse de Brabant is not a new rose. She is a patrician which the nouveau riche have not been able to push aside. Its color is an exquisite blush which does not turn purple. Its roses are not large, but are freely produced throughout the season. This is the rose the ignorant call "The Duchess." There are a great number of roses named for different duchesses. The Duchesse de Brabant is called "The Duchess" as the Baroness Rothschild is called "The Baroness." Countesse la Barthe is what is called a synonym of the Duchesse de Brabant, that is, they are so nearly alike that only an expert can tell the difference.

Papa Gontier is a light cherry red in the Spring and Summer. It has long, shapely buds. In the Fall it is a delicate pink of an exquisite shade, altogether different from its color in the Spring. It is a constant bloomer and should be planted in large quantities, especially for late Fall blooming.

Perle d' Or is the best of the Polyantha or so-called minature roses. Its buds are very small, but have a most exquisite perfume. No other salmon pink roses of any variety approaches it in beauty of color. The bushes grow of large size, as compared with most tea roses. It blooms in great clusters, and in masses gives a wonderful color effect. It excels its former rival, Madame Cecile Brunner, in every quality. It makes a dainty hedge.

White Roses.

Of the many beautiful white, pinkish-white and yellowish-white roses, I suggest the following:

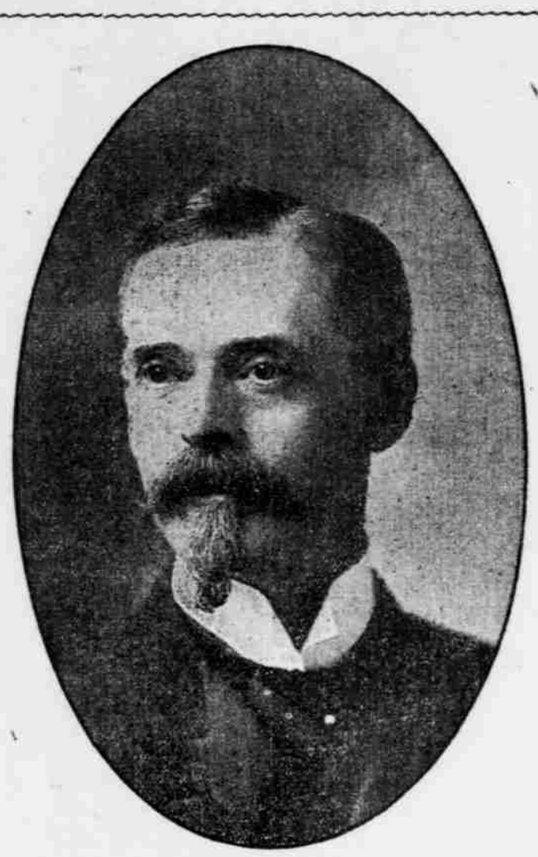
I place Viscountess Folkestone easily the first among the light-colored continuous blooming roses. While the bush is classed among dwarf-growers, its roses in the Spring and early Summer are of very large size and of the most exquisite, delicate colors. In the Fall it is not so large, but it is beautifully colored. It is slightly darker in color in the Fall than in the early Summer. It may be planted singly, in hedges or in masses.

The Good & Reese Company, of Springfield, O., have originated a climbing variety from the Viscountess Folkestone, which they have kindly named "Gainsborough," in compliment of the description of Viscountess Folkestone contained in my said address. The Gainsborough is advertised for the first time for sale in the Good & Reese Company's trade catalogue for the Fall of 1901. It will doubtless appear in its general catalogue for 1902. Being a new rose, it will be expensive. The Gainsborough is said to be identical in flower with the Viscountess Folkestone, but the bush is of a vigorous climbing habit.

Souvenir de President Carnot in color is somewhat like Viscountess Folkestone, but it is a distinct rose and an almost continuous bloomer up to late in the Fall. Its center is a more decided pink than the Viscountess Folkestone, and its buds are more beautiful than those of the Viscountess Folkestone.

Of the yellowish-white roses I name Kaiserin Augusta Victoria, White Maman Cochet and Marie van Houtte. These are all constant bloomers, and are extremely beautiful, particularly in the Fall. The Kaiserina Augusta Victoria is probably the best of the three, and it excels in perfume, but the White Maman Cochet is its superior in shape of bud, and Marie van Houtte is deeper yellow in color and is the most profuse bloomer of these three roses.

There is no yellow rose which blooms as satisfactorily as these white, pinkish-white and yellowish-white roses I have named. The best of the yellow roses in Portland is Sunset. It is a tea rose, and is easily Winter-killed. Perle des Jardins is the best known of the yellow tea roses. Yet, while it is a continuous bloomer, its flowers are often imperfectly shaped. Reve d'Or (sometimes called "Golden Chain") is an old and very good variety of yellowish rose. It is a constant bloomer and strong grower. It may be grown as a bush rose, or, if untrimmed, will make a very good climber.



FREDERICK V. HOLMAN.

Unfortunately there is no remarkably fine dark red rose which is a continuous bloomer. Of the hardy varieties Xavier Olibo is most nearly a continuous bloomer, but the bushes are always scarce, as it is hard to propagate. I suggest the new tea or hybrid tea rose, Liberty. While its flowers are not large they are beautiful in bud, and do not easily change in color even in the hottest days in Summer. I have found it an almost continuous bloomer. I have tried this rose for two years. It ceases to bloom only when the frost comes. Planted in hedges or in masses it will give a beautiful effect, crimson in color.

Pierre Guillot is a scarlet-crimson hybrid tea. It does not easily fade in the sun. For some reason it is rather scarce. It is a good bloomer, as distinguished from a continuous bloomer.

While I am not a great admirer of General Jacqueminot (commonly called "The Jack"), still it is a profuse bloomer, a strong and hardy grower. Its roses are shapely and beautiful, but fade quickly in the sun.

Dark Red Roses.

It is to be regretted that we have no fine continuous blooming dark-red roses, such as are found among the pink varieties, which I have named.

The Dingee & Conard Co., of West Grove, Pa., have introduced a new rose named Virginia R. Coxe. It is said to be a fiery crimson in color, and a continuous bloomer. It is not very double. The bush is a good grower. I have not tried it. A friend of mine, who is one of Portland's enthusiastic rose amateurs, has grown it, and speaks of it highly as a rose for brilliant color effect, although its flowers, not being very double, are not show roses. He says it will look well in masses, and is a steady bloomer.

The best rose for grand carmine color effect is Ulrich Brunner. It is a superb rose. It grows almost as rank as a climber does. Its flowers are of the largest size and freely produced. It can be cut with stems three or four feet long. Long stems are said to be the charm, I may say, the only charm, of American Beauty. Why a flower is beautiful simply because it has a long stem has never been explained. It has not succeeded in making the American Beauty beautiful—merely fashionable. The same may be said of thoroughbred English bulldogs. The Ulrich Brunner roses are extremely large and very beautiful, and excel American Beauty in every quality. American Beauty roses are born with that tired, magenta look which Ulrich Brunner does not show until it has been exposed to the hot sun for four or five days. While Ulrich Brunner is not a good Fall bloomer, it blooms into July. Of carmine roses which bloom well, it is the best. It will not make a good hedge, but it is superb in masses. Do not plant American Beauty. You will be sadly disappointed if you do.

The climbing roses must not be overlooked. These, of all roses, should be planted without delay so that the bushes may be large and strong by 1905. It is best to plant large bushes and not depend on small plants. No climbing rose is a continuous bloomer, but some of these, with proper treatment, bloom tolerably well in the Fall, especially if they are well watered in August.

Madame Alfred Carriere is one of the best climbing roses to grow in Portland. It does not bloom well until the bush is about three years old, then it is one of the most profuse bloomers. It will stand more sun than almost any other rose and should have a strong southern exposure. For nearly two months in May and June it is a mass of beautiful roses, almost white. Last Thanksgiving Day I cut more than three dozen roses from one Mme. Alfred Carriere bush; the stems were fully 18 inches long, the roses were good and the foliage perfect.

Gloire de Dijon is another fine climber, but should have a northern exposure, for it does not open well if exposed to a great deal of sunshine. At a short distance a plant of Gloire de Dijon, having a northern exposure, in full bloom, looks much like the Marechal Niel. It is a hardy plant in this climate while the Marechal Niel is not.

The most satisfactory of the red climbers is the Gloire de Margottin. It does well with a northern exposure, but it will thrive with more sun than will Gloire de Dijon. In the Spring and Summer its clusters of roses, almost scarlet, are extremely beautiful.

There are many other good climbing roses. In fact all climbing roses, except possibly the Marechal Niel, grow well and are quite hardy in Portland and its vicinity. I have named the three varieties of climbing roses which I believe to be the best for the purposes suggested in this article.

I urge the planting of these varieties or some of them in great quantities. I mean by the thousands and tens of thousands. Fifty rose bushes to a garden, in the aggregate, will make an enormous quantity.

In planting a small number color effect can best be produced by planting one or two varieties only. If two varieties only are planted, they should be contrasting ones. Madame Caroline Testout and Marie Van Houtte will go well together. Viscountess Folkestone, Kaiserina Augusta Victoria or Souvenir de President Carnot will contrast well with Liberty or Papa Gontier. Duchesse de Brabant and Perle d'Or will make each other look more dainty, while the delicate pink of Maman Cochet will make a most exquisite contrast with the pale yellow of White Maman Cochet.

Plant Roses Next Spring.

If possible, these roses should be planted next Spring, the earlier the better, if there be no frost in the ground or the ground be not too wet. March is usually the best month, but April or early May will do. These bushes should, if possible, have three years of growth to produce good results for 1905. It is well to plant large bushes two or three years old, but these bushes are expensive, and small, cheap bushes will be of good size and blooming capacity in three years if well cultivated and cared for in the meantime.

Do Not Delay Orders.

I suggest that these bushes be ordered at once from the local florists. The quantity of rose bushes I hope to see planted in Portland in 1902 will tax the capacity of the California and Eastern rose-growing establishments, for they have not anticipated such orders in addition to their usual trade. The local florists can at once place orders for the thousands of rose bushes required. These can be propagated in California or in the East and shipped to the local florists who will plant them in pots and have them ready for immediate delivery when the soil and weather are right for planting. I believe these small plants could be furnished profitably at a price less than ten cents for a small bush if orders aggregating thousands of bushes are immediately placed with local florists. The bushes when delivered by the local florists will be in better condition than the same plants shipped in pots by express from California or the Eastern States could be, and advantage can be taken of favorable weather conditions for planting.

Let Us Make Portland the "Rose City."

No city in the United States has as beautiful a site as Portland. We can give a color-beauty and color-effect to every yard in Portland, which will charm every stranger and make him, and her as well, remember Portland as a city beautiful.

Portland has not yet a distinctive name, as many citizens have, emblematical of their peculiar charm or characteristic. For obvious reasons we cannot compete with San Francisco as the "Foggy" or "Wicked" city, with Tacoma as the "Sleepy" or "Sunday" city, or with Seattle as the "Raw" or "Hurrah" city, but we can, if we will, give to Portland the name of the "Rose City" during and after the Exposition of 1905.

FREDERICK V. HOLMAN.

BY GEORGE ADE

MODERN FABLE OF THE HE-FLIRT WHO WAS VERY JIMPSY IN THE HOTEL OFFICE, BUT A PHONEY PIECE OF WORK WHEN TURNED LOOSE IN A FLAT.

A Drove of Mavericks was herded every Night in a sad European Hotel. One of them was a Lady-Killer, who didn't deny it. He had left a Trail of Broken Hearts from Penobscot, Me., to Puget Sound. He had a Style of Beauty made familiar by the Wood-Cuts in the Weekly Story Paper. He was the Police Gazette's Idea of a Gent. Also he was an Identical Ringer for the polished Villain of the Ten-Twenty-and-Thirt Repertoire Troupe. He had a long, inky Gambler's Mustache and he wore embroidered Suspenders. He was Elegant in every Detail. Trust him for that.

His name should have been Chilton Travers or Lionel Lyndhurst, but his Parents could not foretell that he would grow up to be manicured once a week, so they called him Bill.

He wore Satin Fronts and Velvet Collars and put Brilliantine on the Mustache. Bill had massive Jewels on each hand and a Watch-Charm the size of a Padlock. When he had combed his Hair so that it stood up in front, a la the Polite Brakeman, and whitened himself with Talcum Powder and splashed himself with Musk and eaten a few Cachous to perfume the Breath, he was more than Satisfied with himself. He wore sharp-toed Patent Leathers with Green Tops at all Hours of the Day and Night. Bill read the "Smart Set" every Month and told how much his Clothes cost and before he had conversed with a Stranger very long he would bring up the subject of Silk Underwear. One of the yearning Ambitions of his Life was to own a Seal-Skin Overcoat.

When Bill was on the Road there was never a Waitress with a waspy Waist and high-heeled Shoes that did not tremble violently when she handed him his Tenderloin of Beef Larded with Mushrooms. It is not often that a poor Working Girl gets a Chance to see the real Kafoozalum, although she often reads about him in The Duchess.

At the Hotel which he illuminated with his Presence, Bill was wont to gather a few Friends about him and tell of all the Happy Homes he had wrecked. He let it be understood that when he held up one Finger and whistled, they came running from all Directions.

His Stock Narrative always began with a Scene in a Parlor Car. According to his Tell it was practically impossible for him to ride any Distance in a Pullman without having some Society Girl of ravishing Beauty fix a hungry Gaze on him and begin to wig-wag for a Better Acquaintance. She was usually the Daughter of a Cincinnati Millionaire with a Swell Place on Walnut Hill, or maybe he learned afterward that she belonged to a Prominent Family living in Euclid Avenue, Cleveland. If he cared to mention Names, he could tell of a certain Party that moved in the very highest Push of Fifth Avenue, who wanted to break off an Engagement with a Guy from Boston, and all on his Account. He was a Devil among the Women, and he admitted it. As soon as a Lady had counted up his Rings and Lockets and got a good whiff of the Musk, she Capitulated and fell in a Swoon.

Sometimes, when the Pipe was drawing very freely, he would tell all about being invited to spend the Evening with a certain Queen, whose Father owned one of the principal Banks in Omaha. To prove that all he said was True, he would show a Pink Envelope with Sealing Wax on the back of it.

Those who had obtained a Flash of these Missives noticed that they were addressed in Blue Ink, with a little Curly Tail to each Capital Letter, thus proving that they must have been written by Heiresses.

One Peculiar Fact in connection with the Killings made by this Commercial Don Juan was that all the Victims of his Fatal Beauty lived at least 200 miles away. Here in Town, which was Headquarters for him, he seemed comparatively Harmless. He could put on his fawn-colored Prince Albert with a Red Carnation and a jaundice-colored Cravat, and

"Rainbow Bill."

carry his gold-headed Cane all up and down the main Thoroughfares and then come back to the European Hotel without having any of the Elite tagging after him and trying to Date him up. In fact, if he hadn't Confessed so often, no one would have suspected that Rainbow Bill, the human Mardi Gras, had ever cut any Melons outside of the Switchmen's Ball.

At this same Hotel there lived two or three Young Fellows who did not use Brilliantine or Scented Soap, and not one of them had ever made Cruel Sport of the trusting Affections of a Railway President's only Child. They thought they were good and lucky if they could sally out after Nightfall and while away a careless hour with a few nice Stenographers and Music Teachers. All they expected was a little Coon Stuff on the Piano and then some Dutch Lunch.

It happened that they told the Girls about Rainbow Bill, who lived down at the Hotel, and was receiving come-back-to-me Letters every Minute or two from the Leaders of Kansas City's 400 and the Prize Beauties of Lexington, Kentucky, to say nothing of the Hot Looker whose Old Man had just built a $250,000 Hut outside of Philadelphia. The Girls said they would like to meet one who had got in right with so many of the First Families, but they were afraid that he wouldn't pause to daily with them, seeing that they were on Salary. Perhaps one accustomed to show off in a spacious Drawing-Room would find his Style more or less cramped when thrown into the six by nine Parlor of a $22 Flat. However, the Boys said they would try to Inveigle Rainbow Bill. Only, they gave Fair Warning that he claimed to be a Sorcerer and that after he looked a Soubrette in the Eye and made a couple of Passes, she was his Willing Slave and took Orders from no one else. The Girls said they were ready to take a Chance; Besides they had been Vaccinated.

The Boy with the Wardrobe of Many Colors did not show any Eagerness when told that he was wanted up at the Flat. He began to back Water and fake up Excuses. They had to tell him that the Girls had seen him on the Street and were dying for an Introduction. At last he fixed himself up until he smelled like the front part of a Drug Store, and they took him in Tow.

He began to lose out from the Minute that he came up the front Steps. His Reputation had preceded him and it was the kind that would sink a Ship. The nifty tailormade Damsel of 1901 doesn't ask any better Sport than to walk up and down on the tonsorial Wretch who fancies that he is Irresistible. As soon as a Man bills himself as a Girl-Tamer, the whole Sorority wants to get out and stab him to death with Hat-Pins. For some Reason, the latest variety of New Woman resents the Suggestion that she is a Soft Mark for the curbstone Masher, who stands in front of Cigar Stores and does the Ogle.

It may have been True that Rainbow Bill cut a wide Swath in Kansas City and visited all the warm Tamales in St. Paul, but up in the dinky Flat he was one cold Portion of Lobster a la Newburg. The Girls sparred him into a Corner and kidded him to a Frazzle. They passed the Sarcastic Shots at the Rate of one per Second with no Return, although frequently he had told that he was a great Hand for Repartee. They hurled the Javelins into him until he curled like a Rubber Band. The fascinating Wiles that had played such Havoc among the Society Belles at other Points somehow refused to come to the Surface. All he could do was shift his Legs and look Sheepish. In the whole course of the Evening he found his Voice eight times, but he didn't say anything that would have induced a Girl to leave her Comfortable Home. After the first half hour they wouldn't have known that he was there at all, if he hadn't got in the Way occasionally.

MORAL—Copper all Confessions.

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MR. DOOLEY ON ART PATRONAGE

By F. P. DUNNE

"I see in this pa-aper," said Mr. Dooley, "they'se a fellow kickin' because an American painther ain't got anny chanst again foreign compytition."

"Sure," said Mr. Hennessy; "he's alsy displazed. I niver knew th' business to be betther. Wages is high an' 'tis a comfortable thrade barrin' colic."

"I don't mane that kind iv painthers," said Mr. Dooley. "I don't mane th' wans that paints ye'er barn, but th' wans that paints a pitcher iv ye'er barn an' wants to sell it to ye f'r more thin th' barn is worth. This man says no matther how industhrees an American painther is, no matther if he puts on his overalls arly in th' mornin' an' goes out with a laddher an' whales away all day long, he can hardly arn a livin', while th' pauper artists iv Europe is fairly rowlin' in th' lap iv luxury. Manny a la-ad that started in life with th' intintion iv makin' in' wurruld f'get that what's his name—Hogan's frind—ye know who I mane—Michael Angelo iver lived, is now glad to get a job decoratin' mountain scenery with th' latest news about th' little liver pills.

"Ye see, Hinnissy, whin a man gets hold iv a large hatful iv neegotyable money, wan iv th' first things he does is to buy some art. Up to th' time whin th' top blew off th' stock market, he bought his art out iv th' front window iv a news an' stationery shop or had it put in be th' paper-hanger. He took th' Sundah pa-apers that are a gr-reat help if ye're collectin' art, an' he had some pitchers iv fruit that looks natural enough to ate, d'ye mind, a paintin' iv a deer like th' wan he shot at in th' Manotowish counthry in Eighty-eight, an' a livin' likeness iv a Lake Supeeryor whitefish on a silver plate. That was th' peeryod, mind ye, whin th' iron dogs howled on his lawn an' people come miles an' miles f'r to see a grotto made out iv relics iv th' Chicago fire.

"Manetime his daughter was illustratin' suspinders an' illuminatin' China plates an' becomin' artistic, an' afther awhile whin' th' time come that he had to keep a man at th' dure to sweep out th' small bills, she give him a good push to'rd bether things. Besides his pardner down th' street had begun collectin' pitchers and ivery time he wint aboard th' mannyfacthrers iv pitcher frames bought new autymobiles f'r th' Chappe All Easy. So 'twas a soft matther f'r our frind Higbie to be persuaded that he ought to be a pathron iv art, an' he wint abroad detarmined to buy a bunch iv chromos that'd make people come out iv th' gallery iv his pardner down th' sthreet stiflin' their laughter in their hands.

"Now, ye'd think seein' that he made his money in this counthry, he'd pathronize American art. Ye'd believe he'd sind wurrud down to his agent f'r to secure forty feet iv Evansville be moonlight an' be con-tint. But he don't.

"Ye don't catch Higbie changin' iv anny iv his dividends on domestic finished art. He jumps on a boat an' goes sthraight acrost to th' cinthral deepo. The first thing he gets is a porthrait iv himsilf be wan iv th' gr-reat modhren masthers, Sargent be name. This here Sargent, Hogan tells me, used to live in this counthry, an' faith, if he'd stayed here ye might see him today on a stagin'. But he had a mind in his head an' he tore off f'r Europe th' way a duck hunter goes f'r a rice swamp. An' afther awhile, Higbie shows up an' says he: 'I'm Higbie iv th' Non-Adhesive Consolidated Glue Company,' he says. 'Can ye do me?' 'I can an' will,' says Surgent. 'I'll do ye good. How much have ye got?' he says. 'Get some more an' come around,' he says. An' Higbie puts on his Prince Albert coat an' leaves it open so that ye can see his watch charm—th' crown iv Poland with th' Kohinoor in th' top iv it—an' me frind Sargent does him brown an' red. He don't give him th' pitcher iv coorse. If ye have ye'er porthrait painted be a gr-reat painther, it's ye'er porthrait but 'tis his pitcher an' he keeps it till ye don't look that way anny more. So Higbie's porthrait is hung up in a gallery, an' th' doctors brings people to see it that ar-re sufferin' fr'm narvous dyspepsia to cheer thim up. The pa-apers says 'tis fine. 'Number 108 shows Sargent at his best. There is th' same marvelous ticknick that th' great master showed in his cillybrated take-off on Mrs. Maxenheimer in last year's gallery. Th' skill an' ease with which th' painther has made a monkey iv his victim are beyond praise. Sargent has torn th' sordid heart out iv th' wretched crather an' exposed it to th' wurruld. Th' wicked, ugly little eyes, th' crooked nose, th' huge graspin' hands, tell th' story iv this miscreent's character as completely as if they were written in so manny wurruds, while th' artist with wondherful malice has painted onto th' face a smile iv sickenin' silf-complacency that is positively disgustin'. No artist iv our day has succeeded so well in showin' up th' maneness iv th' people he has mugged. We ondhersthand that th' atrocious Higbie paid wan hundherd thousan' dollars f'r this comic valentine. It is worth th' money to ivrybody but him.'

"But Higbie don't see th' pa-aper. He's over in Paris. Th' chimes are rung, bonefires are lighted in th' sthreets an' th' Pannyma Comp'ny declares a dividend whin he enters th' city. They's such a demand f'r paint that th' supply runs out an' manny gr-reat imprishionist pitcher factories is foorced to use bluein'. Higbie ordhers paintin's be th' ton, th' r-runnin' foot, th' foot pound, th' carload. He insthructs th' pitcher factories to wurruk night an' day till his artistic sowl is satisfied. We follow his coorse in th' pa-apers. 'Th' cillybrated Gainsborough, that niver would be missed, has been captured be Misther Higbie, th' American millyonaire. Th' price paid is said to be wan hunderd thousan' dollars. Th' pitcher ripresints a lady in a large hat fondlin' a cow. It is wan av the finest Gainboroughs painted be th' Gainsborough Mannyfacthrin' Comp'ny, av Manchesther. At th' las' public sale it was sold f'r thirty dollars. Misther Higbie has also purchased th' cillybrated Schmartzmeister Hobooma, wan iv th' most horrible examples iv this delightful painther's style. He is now negotyatin' with th' well-known dealer Moosoo Mortheimer f'r th' intire output iv th' Barabazah school. Yisterdah in a call on the janial dealer th' name iv th' cillybrated painther Mooney was mintioned. "How manny pitchers has he painted?" "Four hunderd an' forty-three thousan' at iliven o'clock today," says th' dealer. "But four hunderd thousan' iv thim ar're in America." "Get th' r-rest iv them f'r me," says the connysoor. "What did ye say th' gintleman's name was?" We ondershtand that Misther Mooney has had to put in two new four-deck machines to meet th' ordhers, which include thirty green an' mauve haystacks, forty blue barns or childher at play, an' no less than ninety ripristintations iv mornin' at sea, moonlight avenin', flock iv sheep, or whativer ye may call thim.'

"An' whin he comes home he hangs thim in his house, so that his frinds can't turn around within takin' off a pasthral scene on their coats, an' he pastes th' price on th' frame, an' whin he dies he laves his pitcher to some definceless art museem. An' there ye ar-re.

"So I tell ye, Hinnissy, if I was a young an' ambitious American painther, I'd go to Europe. Whin Hannigan was over there he met a young man that painted that fine head iv Murphy that looks so much like Casey that hangs in Schwartzmeister's back room. 'Ar-re ye still at th' art?' says Hannigan. 'I am,' says th' young man. 'How does it go?' asks Hannigan. 'I've more thin I can do,' says th' young man. 'Since steel rails got so high I'v had to hire an assistant. Ye see, I didn't get on in Chicago. Me "Bridgepoort in a Fog" was th' on'y pitcher I sold, an' a sausage mannyfactherer bought that because his factbry was in it. I come over here, an' so's me pitchers will have a fair show I sign annywan's name ye want to thim. Ye've heerd iv Michael Angelo? That's me. Ye've heerd iv Gainsborough? That's me. Ye've heerd iv Millet, th' boy that painted th' pitcher give away with th' colored supplimint iv th' Sundah Howl? That's me. Yis, sor, th' rale name iv near ivry distinguished painther iv modhren times is Remsen K. Smith. Whin ye go home, if ye see a good painther an' glazier that'd like a job as assistant Rimbrandt f'r th' American thrade, sind him to me. F'r,' he says, 'th' on'y place an American artist can make a livin' is here. Charity f'r artists,' he says, 'begins abroad,' he says.

"Well," said Mr. Hennessy, "perhaps a bum European pitcher is betther thin a good American pitcher."

"Perhaps so," said Mr. Dooley. "I think it is so. Annyhow, no matther how bad a painther he is, annywan that can get money out iv an American millyonaire is an artist, an' desarves it. There's th' rale art. I wish it was taught in th' schools. I'd like to see an exhibition at th' museem with 'Check iv American gintleman, dhrawn from life,' hung on th' wall."

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