NOTED "B. L. T." IS DEAD.

"A Line o' Type or Two" Column Conductor Victim of Pneumonia.

(EXCLUSIVE DISPATCH)

"B. L. T." ended his last "A Line o' Type or Two," published last Sunday morning, with this paragraph, typical of his homely humor:

"You know the infallible sign of spring — father on the back perch, cleaning last fall's mud from his golf shoes."

CHICAGO, March 29.—Booth Leson Taylor, "B. L. T.," editor of "A Line o' Type or Two" in the Tribune for nearly fifteen years, died early this morning of pneumonia at his home at 165 East Chestnut street. He had been ill for two weeks. Bronchial trouble was the original cause of his illness, but he continued at work until the danger of pneumonia developed.

Dr. R. B. Smith and other physicians had been at almost constant attendance at the bedside during the last week. Arrangements for the funeral have not yet been made.

The news of the death of Mr. Taylor came as a shock to thousands who read his columns daily. The announcement was followed by thousands of telephone calls to the Tribunes for consolation.

IN NEWSPAPER WORK.

At the time of his death, Mr. Taylor was 51 years old. He was born in Minnesota, and was educated at the College of the City of New York. As soon as he was graduated, he entered newspaper work, serving as a reporter and as a writer on several weeklies and dailies. Later he was editor of a newspaper at Greenfield, Mass. Readers throughout the world knew Mr. Taylor as "B. L. T." The initials appended to his daily column of humor were more famous than the names of authors. A legion of readers and a small army of "contribi" regarded "B. L. T." with an affection rarely bestowed upon any writing man.

To "make the line" was regarded as an honor, not only by obscure contributors, but by men and women famous as poets and authors. Under such pseudonyms as "Pars," "Hipparchus," "P. H. Y.," "Aracne," and "Laura Blackburne," distinguished writers won a sort of double fame with contributions to the "line."

To his "contribi" was due perhaps the fact that "B. L. T." was essentially not a funny man, but keen, cultured, social, philosopher using satire and wit on his ideals.

COLLUMN ON Colds.

Ten days ago, as a hundred thousand followers learned through whimsical comment in "The Line," "B. L. T." contracted bronchitis. For a few days there was little dismal noise on the editorial side of the cold. "Chasing a little Wisconsin paper an advertisement in which a typographical error made a former advertiser "A 10-year-old cold" for sale," "B. L. T." wrote in his last column last week:

"We have now we will dispense of as a sacrifice and throw in a prescription plan."

As a youth, he became a newspaper man in rural New England, gaining an experience which was to give indebted material for his mild humor in later years. Subsequently, he attended and was graduated from the College of New York. In Minn., he worked for a colored newspaper for seven years. In 1891 he came to Chicago and joined the staff of the Chicago Journal.

As a reporter on the Journal the humor became notorious, author thus famous. It is told of him that he wrote of a certain murder a story so funny that it went into the notebook, while his author went into the irascible editor's office for censure.

To keep the Taylor humor within bounds an editorial note was added to the column called "A Little About Everything" was established by the Journal and as its conductor B. L. T., began making his initiatives famous.

Two years later, at the beginning of this year, he had developed the column into
national.
Mr. Taylor resigned from the Tribune in 1903 to go to New York where for six years he was one of the editors of Puck and a contributor to the New York Sun. In 1910 he returned to Chicago and resumed the line.

Flubdub of all kinds was B. L. T.'s pet aversion, to use one of the phrases he made current. He assailed mush-thinking as heartily as he denounced that mushiest of American institutions—bread pudding.

His quips, because of their circulation in a dozen or more newspapers, were on the tongues of thousands. One of them—the famous answer to the "Thank God for Wilson" slogan—was quoted in Congress:

"Thank God for Carranza—he kept us out of Mexico."

Another famous Taylorism was this: "We've paid our debt to Lafayette. WholNeill do we owe now?"

Mr. Taylor is survived by his widow and two daughters, Alva and Barbara, the latter the object of B L T.'s charming "Babette Ballads."

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