

MR. DOOLEY AS VIEWED BY AN ENGLISH REVIEW

When the present writer considers that this is Mr. Dooley's fifth collection of moral and satirical fantasies (as these monologues might be called), he remembers with peculiar satisfaction his indignant denial two or three years ago of the statement—made even by many of Mr. Dooley's admirers—that the philosopher could not keep it up. Yet the foundation of shrewdness and fun is bubbling as merrily and copiously as ever, and we (who dip our cups there), see no reason why it should be choked or its streams cease to refresh. For though his method is always the same, to anticipate the great man is impossible. No one, it may be said, can ever tire, who needs to be constantly watched, whether he be a criminal, a politician or a wit; and Mr. Dooley must be watched very closely. Skip a sentence, and you may lose one of his most endearing audacities; skip half a sentence, and you may run the same risk, as when he says of Prince Henry of Prussia, "ivrywhere he goes he makes a frind or an inimy," and adds, "which is th' same thing to the Germans." Mr. Dooley is possibly as surprised at Mr. Dooley's vitality as those critics of whom we spoke. But that is unimportant; it is the privilege of genius to build stronger than it knows. Mr. Dooley may have been invented (as the story runs), to fill a column of a Chicago paper an hour before going to press; but he is now as established an institution on both sides of the Atlantic as, say, Signor Marconi. The greatest men have often had the least auspicious beginnings.

And what an example of Irish improvidence we have in Mr. Dunne—pouring out these amazing improvisations week after week, each of them containing enough wit and sense to set up an ordinary journalist for life, carefully husbanded, as they probably would be. One of the joys of being an improvisator (as Lamb has shown), is that he enjoys his good things as they come as heartily as his readers or listeners do. Mr. Dunne must have stopped to delight to the full in some of the happy thoughts that we have picked out:

"I have th' joodicval temperament. I hate wurruk."

"I won't dhrag th' joodicval ermine in th' mud, though I haven't noticed that manny iv thim lit it immodestly whin they takes th' political crossing."

"I have a little money put away, an' ivry American that has learned to make wan dollar shtick to another is ex-officio, as Hogan says, a British subjick."

"Anyhow, no matter how bad a painter he is, annywan that can get money out iv an American millionaire is an artist an' deserves it."

"Matschoosetts, where human life is held so cheap that na wan thinks iv takin' it."

"Hogan says, all januses was unhappily married. I guess that's thre iv their wives, too."

"Ye niver heard iv a man rayformin' himself. He'll rayform other people gladly. He likes to do it. But a healthy man'll niver rayform while he has th' strength. A man doesn't rayform till his will has been imparred so he hasn't power to resist what the papers calls th' blandishments iv th' tinter."

"Be news ye name misfortune. I suppose near ivry wan does."

"No, sir, masheems ain't done much fr man. I can't get up anny kind iv fam'ly inthrest fr a steam dredge or a hydraulic hist. I want to see sky-scrapin' men. But I won't."

"If we wasn't so anxious to see our names among those prisin, at th' ball, we wudden't get into th' papers so often as among those that ought to be prisint in th' dock."

"I'd give all th' rights I read about fr wan privilege. If I cud go to sleep th' mainyit I go to bed I wudden't care who done me votin'."

"It needs an Irishman to be witty in this way, where audacity jostles audacity like mischievous boys crowding out of school at the full run."

And what an example of Irish impudence we have also in Mr. Dunne,—placing the chastisement of Kings and correction of peoples in the mouth of a Chicago saloon-keeper in conversation with a laborer in the rolling-mills. Yet in what pretentious periodical or book or by what publicist of European fame, has the German Emperor been analyzed as by the Archev Road publican, in the whiles of serving whiskey to his countrymen? The fun of it! Here is William II.:

"What do I think iv him? Well, sir, I think he's not a fighter, but a fight-lover. Did ye iver see wan iv thim young men that always has a front seat at a scrap so near th' ring that whin th' second blows th' wather he get what's left on his shirt front? Well, that's me frind Willum. He is a pathron of spoort an' not a spoort. His ideal is war, but he's a practical man. He has a season ticket to th' matches, but he niver will put on th' gloves. He's in th' spoortin' goods business an' he usully gets a percantage iv th' gate receipts. If he sees two nations bellowin' at each other th' assurances iv their distinguished consideration, he says: 'Boys, get together. 'Tis a good match. Ye're both afraid. Go in, uncle; go in, Boer.' He is all around th' ring-side, encouragin' both sides. 'Stand up again' him there, Paul; rassle him to th' flure. Good fr ye, uncle. A trifle low, that wan, but all's fair in war. Defind ye'er indipindance, noble sons iv Teutonic blood. Exercise ye'er sov'reign rights, me English frinds.' If wan or th' other begins to weaken th' first bottle through th' ropes is Willum's. Whin annybody suggests a dhraw he demands his money back. Nawthin' but a fight to a finish will do him. If ayether iv th' contestants is alive in th' ring at th' end, he congratulates him an' asks him if he heard that German cheer in th' las' round. . . . He's had no fights. He niver will have anny fights. He'll go to his grave with th' reputation iv nayether winnin' nor losin' a battle, but iv takin' down more foreleits thim anny impror puglist iv our time."

It is time to take seriously a man who can so discriminate.—time to recognize that Mr. Dunne is a profound and far-sighted critic. No man who cannot write good sense can ever get a reputation as a humorist, and it is not until he writes inspired sense that he is considered a great one. Mr. Dunne is a great humorist: his books are picked with true words spoken in jest. And he has the great humorist's instinct for what is universal, elemental. Whatever his subject, he strikes his finger on its essentials.

Finally, as an illustration of sheer irresponsible fun and joyous farcical humor, we quote from the remarks on Arctic exploration:—

"An' aven if ye get up near th' pole, what's it goor fr? Th' climate is disagreeable, an' th' society is monotonous. Ivrybody dresses alike. Th' wan tailor makes th' clothes fr pah, mah' Lucille an' th' Polar bear out iv th' same patter. If ye go to coort a girl, ye don't know before she speaks whether 'tis herself or her Uncle Mike. I heard iv an Arctic explorer wanst that held hands with a Swede second mate fr over an hour before he realized his mistake."

Here are now several extracts quoted, and yet we have not done justice to this rich, various and robust work. We have said nothing of Mr. Dunne's tenderness, as in the memories of the old courting days in the Irish quarter in "Money and Matrimony." It is such passages more perhaps than any other that convince us of Mr. Dooley's reality, for though now and then the temptation to make Mr. Dooley over clever has been too much for Mr. Dunne, in the main that figure is wonderfully consistent and a superb feat of dramatic creation; few of our intimate friends are more alive than this mythical bar-tender. And we have said nothing of Mr. Dooley's astonishing comprehensiveness. He misses nothing. The whole pot of civilization, so to speak, boils in his pages all the time.—an additional reason for esteeming his utterances. Americans and ourselves should indeed be very grateful for this genial laughter-maker, this caustic yet smiling exhibitor of our frailities.—The London Spectator.

MORE ABOUT GEORGE MOORE

Catholic Standard and Times.

Mr. George Moore, the Irish imitator of dirty Zola, proclaims to the world that he has gone over to Protestantism. That is just where he, and others like him, naturally gravitate. There is no room in the Catholic Church for people who strive to befoul the public mind and think they can continue Catholics. Filth and purity cannot associate. It is well that Mr. Moore's father, who was a good Catholic, is not alive to behold the degeneracy of his son. The reason offered by the turncoat for his apostasy is worth noting. I, is not religious, but political and it is only within the past couple of years that the world had any reason to suspect that Mr. Moore had any political convictions whatever. He writes: "I decided to leave the Church of Rome when I read the announcement that the Roman Catholic Archbishop had attended the King's Levee, and Maynooth was preparing to receive the King in spite of the opinion of Irish Nationalists." It is to the "Irish Times," a bitter Orange sheet, that Mr. Moore sends this curious piece of news; and it is this paper which the Bishop of Ardagh has just had to castigate publicly for its indecent language regarding the nuns who serve as nurses in Granard workhouse. The "Irish Times" is fit for Mr. Moore and he for it. Before his conversion to patriotism Mr. Moore wrote a book called "Parnell and His Island"—borrowing an idea from Max O'Rell, for lack of any of his own—in which he painted priests, patriots and people generally with foul smelling pigment. Here is a specimen scrap:

"Father Tom is a compromise between the priest of the past generation—the benign old man who loved his Horace and prepared his favorite landlord's son for a public school in England, and the drunken demagogue of the present day who preaches assassination from the altar.

"Father Tom knows that the Land League is Socialism and that Socialism is atheism, but the need of the moment is the greatest need of all, and he goes to the meeting striving to adapt murder to his cloth."

"The 'Irish People' does good service in giving copious extract from Mr. Moore's work just now, when he is at emptying to pose, like some other converts to Gaelicism, as a patriot of a far loftier type than any of those who are serving their country in the only practical way that seems at present open to them."

THE CATHOLIC COLONEL OF THE LONDON HONORABLES.

"Blood was thicker than water" in Boston last week. The hands across the sea sentiment got a great fillip, and even the Irish Ninth followed the British flag. The Union Jack waved over Bunker Hill, and the Lion and Unicorn on the old State House grinned broadly. It was a great time for the Anglo-Saxon brotherhood idea. But we fear there was one drawback in all this jubilation for some of our British-American friends. The leader of the London Honorables, Earl Denbigh, and Lady Denbigh, his wife, are Catholics—Catholics just like the Irish—and they attended Mass at the Cathedral of the Holy Cross instead of going to Trinity. The commander of the Honorables is Rudolph Robert Basil Aloysius Augustine Feilding, 9th Earl of Denbigh (England); Viscount and Baron Feilding, Baron St. Liz., (England); Earl of Desmond, Viscount Callan, and Baron Feilding, Ireland; and Count of Hapsburg, Rheinelden and Lauffenburg in the Holy Roman Empire. He was born in 1859 and succeeded to the earldom in 1892. He married in 1884 the Hon. Cecilia Mary, daughter of the Catholic house of the Cliffords of Chudleigh. He was educated at Oscott College, Birmingham, joined the Royal Artillery in 1878, and served in Egypt and India. He resigned from the army in 1888. He is known not only as a good soldier, but as a model landlord. He owns about eight thousand acres of land. An English paper tells us he has a beet plantation for the manufacture of sugar, owns a great fish hatchery, from which he has stocked the King's lake at Buckingham



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