

MR. DOOLEY ON THE CARNAYGIE LIBRARIES.

(Minneapolis Tribune.)

"Has Andrew Carnaygie given ye a libry yet?" asked Mr. Dooley.

"Not that I know iv," said Mr. Hennessy.

"He will," said Mr. Dooley. "Ye'll not escape him. Before he dies he hopes to crowd a libry on ivry man, woman an' child in th' counthry. He's givin' them to cities, towns, villages, an' whistlin' stations. They're tearin' down gas houses an' poor houses to put up libries. Before another year, ivry house in Pittsburg that ain't a blast furnace will be a Carnaygie libry. In some places all th' buildin' is libries. If ye write him fr' an auty'graft he sinds ye a libry. No beggar is iver turn'd away empty-handed fr'm th' dure. Th' pan-handler knocks an' asts fr' a glass iv milk an' a roll. 'No, sir,' says Andrew Carnaygie. 'I will not pauperize this unworthy man. Nawthin' is worse for a beggar man thin to make a pauper iv him. Yet it shall not be said of me that I give nawthin' to th' poor. Saunders, give him a libry an' if he still insists on a roll, tell him to roll th' libry. Fr' I'm humorous as well as wise,' he says."

"Does he give th' books that go with it?" asked Mr. Hennessy.

"Books?" said Mr. Dooley. "What ar-re ye talkin' about? D'ye know what a libry is? I suppose ye think it's a place where a man can go, haul down wan iv his fav'rite authors fr'm th' shelf an' take a nap in it. That's not a Carnaygie libry. A Carnaygie libry is a large, brown-stone impenetrable buildin' with th' name iv th' maker blown on th' dure. Libry, fr'm th' Greek wurruds, libus, a book, an' ary, sidom—sidom—a book. A Carnaygie libry is archytechoor, not lithrachoor. Lithrachoor will be ripsinted. Th' mos' cillybrated dead authors will be honored be havin' their names painted on th' wall in distinguished compny, as thus: Andrew Carnaygie, Shakespere, Andrew Carnaygie, Byron, Andrew Carnaygie, Bobby Burns, Andrew Carnaygie, an' so on. Ivry author is guaranteed a place nex' to pure readin' matter like a bakin' powder advertisement, so that whin a man comes along that niver heerd of Shakespere, he'll know he was somebody, because there he is on th' wall. That's th' dead authors. Th' live authors will stand outside an' wish they were dead."

"He's havin' gr-reat spoort with it. I r-read his speech th' other day whin he laid th' corner stone iv th' libry at Pianola, Ioway. Th' entire popylation iv this lithry cinter gathered to see an' hear him. They was th' postmaster an' his wife, th' blacksmith an' his fam'ly, the station agent, mine host iv th' Farmers' Exchange, an' some strhay live stock. 'Ladies an' gentlemen,' says he, 'Modesty compels me to say nawthin' on this occasion, but I am not to be bulldozed,' he says. 'I can't tell ye how much pleasure I take in distributin' monyments to th' humble name around which has gathered so many hon'rab' associations with meself. I have been a very busy little man all me life, but I like hard wurruk an' givin' away me money is th' hardest wurruk I iver did. It fairly makes me teeth ache to part with it. But there's wan consolation. I cheer meself with th' thought that no matter how much money I give, it don't do anny particular person anny good. Th' worst thing ye can do fr' anny man is to do him good. I pass by th' organ grinder on th' corner with a savage glare. I hit th' monkey on th' head whin he comes up similin' to me window an' hurl him down on his impecyonyous owner. None iv me money goes into th' little tin cup. I cud kick a hospital an' lave Wall threest to look after th' widow an' th' orphan. Th' submerged tenth, thin that can't get hold iv a good chunk iv th' goods, I wud cut off fr'm th' rest iv th' wurruld an' prevint fr'm bearin' th' laughy name iv papa or th' still loveler name iv ma. So far I've only got half me wish in this matter. I don't want poverty an' crime to go on. I intind to stop it. But how? It's been holdin' its own fr' cinchries. Some iv th' gr-reatest iv former minds has undertook to prevint it an' has failed. They didn't

know how. Modesty wud prevint me again fr'm sayin' that I know how, but that's nayther here nor there. I do. Th' way to abolish poverty an' bust crime is to put up a brown stone buildin' in ivry town in this counthry with me name over it. That's th' way. I suppose th' rason it wasn't tried before was that no man iver had such a name. 'Tis thru me efforts is not appreciated ivrywhere. I offer a city a libry an' oftentimes it replies an' asts me fr' somethin' to pay off th' school debt. I rayceive degraded pettyshuns fr'm so-called proud methropolises askin' fr' a gas house in place iv a libry. I pass thim with scorn. All I ask iv a city in rayturn fr' a fifty thousan' dollar libry is that it shall raise wan million dollars to maintain th' buildin' an' keep me name shiny, an' if it won't do that much for lithrachoor, th' divyle take it; it's unworthy th' name iv an American city. What ivry community needs is taxes an' lithrachoor. I give thim both. Three cheers fr' a libry an' a bonded debt! Lithrachoor, taxation an' Andrew Carnaygie, wan an' insiprable, now an' forever! They's nawthin' so good as a good book. It's better thin food; it's better thin me money. I have made money an' books, an' I like me books better thin me money. Others don't, but I do. With these few wurruds I will conclude. Modesty wud prevint me fr'm sayin' more, but I have to catch a thrain an' cannot go on. I stake ye this libry, which ye will have as soon as ye raise th' money to keep it goin'. Stock it with useful readin', an' some day ye're otherwise pauper an' criminal childher will come to know me name whin I'm gone, an' there's no wan left to tell it thim."

"Whin th' historyan comes to write th' histhry iv th' West, he'll say: 'Pianola, Ioway, was a prosperous town till th' failure iv th' corn crop in nineteen hundherd an' wan, an' th' Carnaygie libry in nineteen hundherd an' two. Th' government ast fr' thirty dollars to pave Main sthreet with wooden blocks, but th' gr-reat philanthropist was firm an' th' libry was sawed off on th' town. Th' public schools, the workhouse, th' wather wurruks an' th' other penal instichoochions was at wanst closed an' th' people began to wurruk to support th' libry. In five years th' popylation had deserted th' town to escape taxation an' now, as Mr. Carnaygie promised, poverty an' crime has been abolished in th' place, the janitor iv th' buildin' bein' honest an' well paid."

"Isn't it good fr' lithrachoor, says ye? Sure, I think not, Hinnessy. Libries niver encouraged lithrachoor anny more thin tombstones encourage livin'. No wan iver wrote annything because he was tol' that a hundred years fr'm now his books might be taken down fr'm a shelf in a granite sepelcher an' some wan wud write 'Good, or 'this man is crazy' in th' margin. What lithrachoor needs is fillin' food. If Andrew wud put a kitchen in th' libries or build some bunks or aven swing a few hammocks where livin' authors cud crawl in at night an' sleep while waitin' fr' this enlightened nation to wake up an' discover th' Shakesperes now on th' turf, he wud be givin' a rale boost to lithrachoor. With th' smoke curlin' fr'm th' chimby an' hundreds iv potes settin' round a table loaded down with pancakes an' talkin' pothy an' prize fightin' in wan grand ehorus, with their wives holdin' down good payin' jobs as librarians or cooks, an' their happy little childher playin' through th' marble corrydors, Andrew Carnaygie wud not have lived in vain. Maybe that's th' on'y way he knows how to live. I don't believe in libries. They pauperize lithrachoor. I'm fer helpin' th' boys that's now on th' job. I know a pote in Halsted sthreet that wanst wrote a pome beginnin' 'All th' wealth iv Ind' that he sold to a magazine fr' two dollars, payable on publicayshun. Lithrachoor don't need avancin'. What it needs is advances fr' th' lithrachours. Ye can't shake down posterity fr' th' price."

"All the same, I like Andrew Carnaygie. Him an' me ar're agreed on that point. I like him because he ain't ashamed to give publicly. Ye don't find him puttin' on false whiskers an' turnin' up his coat collar whin he goes out to

be binvolent. No, sir. Ivry time he dhrops a dollar, it makes a noise like a waiter fallin' down stairs with a tray iv dishes. He's givin' th' way we'd all like to give. I niver put annything in th' poor box but I wud if Father Kelly wud ring it up like wan iv thim slot machines, so that whin I put in a nickel me name wud appear over th' altar in red letters. But whin I put a dollar in th' plate, I get back about two yards an' hurl it so lard that th' good man turns around to see who done it. Do good be stealth, says I, but see that th' burglar alarm is set. Anny benivolent money I hand out, I want to talk about me. Him that giveth to th' poor, they say, lindest to th' Lord, but in these days we look fr' quick returns on our investimints. I like Andrew Carnaygie, an' as he says, he puts his whole soul into th' wurruk."

"What's he mane be that?" asked Mr. Hennessy.

"He manes," said Mr. Dooley, "that he's ginrous. Ivry time he gives a libry, he gives himself away in a speech."

C. M. B. A.

Resolutions of Condolence.

Winnipeg, Man., Jan. 25, 1903. The Northwest Review, City.

Dear Sir,—At the last regular meeting of Branch 52 of the C.M.B.A. the following resolution was unanimously adopted: Moved by Bro. Dr. J. K. Barrett, and seconded by Past Chancellor Bro. D. Smith, that:

This Branch has heard with feelings of the deepest regret of the death of our esteemed and revered Grand Secretary, Brother S. R. Brown. In the death of Bro. Brown, who has so long and so ably filled the position of Grand Secretary of the Grand Council of Canada, the C.M.B.A. has met with a severe and almost irreparable loss.

Resolved, therefore, that this Branch place on record our sense of our loss, and the loss of our Association generally, and express our sympathy with the widow and family of Bro. Brown, and also with the President and Officers of the Grand Council.

Resolved, that the charter of this Branch be draped in mourning for the space of thirty days, and that a copy of this resolution be sent to Mrs. Brown, the Grand President and the official organs of the Association. R. F. HINDS, Rec. Secretary Branch 52.

Whereas, it has pleased Almighty God in His Infinite Wiwdom to call to his reward our Grand Secretary, S. R. Brown, be it

Resolved, That we the members of Branch 163 of the C.M.B.A., while bowing submissively to the will of an All Wise Providence, desire to express our deep grief at the death of our Grand Secretary, S. R. Brown, who for many years had held that office, and was one of the best known members of the Association, Be it further

Resolved, That we the members of this branch pray our Lord to comfort the bereaved relatives in this the hour of their sorrow and grant eternal rest to his soul. Be it further

Resolved, That the charter of the branch be draped for three months, and that copies of this resolution be sent to the Northwest Review and Canadian for publication.

WM. J. KIELY, R.S., St. Mary's Court, 276.

Winnipeg, Jan. 16, 1903.

CATHOLIC ORDER OF FORESTERS.

The Editor Northwest Review.

Dear Sir,—Kindly show the following officers as elected to St. Mary's Court, No. 276, at a meeting held in Trades Hall 15th January, 1903:—

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