

MR. DOOLEY ON THE ARMY CANTEEN

By F. P. DUNNE

"Well, Sir," said Mr. Dooley, "I seen big Doherty runnin' in a sojer today an' 'twas a fine sight. Th' sojer was fr'm th' County Kerry an' had a thrip an' Doherty is th' champeen catch-as-catch-can rassler iv Camp Twenty-eight. He had a little th' worst iv it, fr' he cud on'y get a neck holt, th' warryor havin' no slack to his pants, but he landed him at last. 'Twas gr-reat to see thim doin' a cart-wheel down th' shreet."

"Was th' sojer under th' infloonce?" asked Mr. Hennessy.

"Ye might say he was," said Mr. Dooley. "That is, ye might say so if ye didn't know that th' dhrinkin' habits iv th' army have been rayformed. Didn't ye know they were? They ar-re. Yes, Sir. Th' motto iv our brave fellows is now 'Away, away, th' bowl.' 'Tis 'Wine fr' th' thremblin' debauchee, but water, pure water, fr' me.' 'Tis 'Father, dear father, come home with me now.' An' who did it? Who is it that improves men an' makes thim more ladylike an' thim quits thim but th' ladies? This here rayform was carried out by th' Young Ladies' Christyan Timprance Union, no less. Ye see 'twas this way. Fr' many years it's been th' theery that dhrink an' fightin' wint arm-in-arm. If ye dhrank ye fought; if ye fought ye dhrank to fight again. As Hogan says, Mars, who was th' gawd iv war, was no good unless he was pushed into trouble be Backis, the gawd iv dhrink. About th' time Mars was r-ready to quit an' go home to do th' Spring plowin' Backis handed him a jigger iv kerosene an' says: 'That fellow over there is leerin' at ye. Ar-re ye goin' to stand that?' an' Mars bustled in. Th' barkeeper or th' banker ar-re behind ivry war."

"Well, in former times th' Governmint kept a saloon fr' th' sojers. Up at Fort Shurdan they had a ginmill where th' warryors cud go an' besot thimselves with bottled beer an' dominoes. It was a tur-able sight to see thim grim heroes, survivors iv a thousand marches through th' damp shreets on Decoration Day, settin' in these temples iv hell an' swillin' down th' hated cochineel that has made Milwaukee what it is. To this place iv vice th' intrepid defender iv his Nation's honor hastened whin he had completed th' arjoos round iv his jooties, afther he had pressed th' Loo-tinant's clothes, carried th' Captain's horse, mended th' roof iv th' Major's house, watered th' geeranyums fr' th' Colonel's wife, an' written his daily letter to th' paper complainin' about th' food. There he sat an' dhrank an' fought over his old battles with th' cook an' recalled th' name that he give whin he first enlisted an' tried to think who it was he married in Fort Leavenworth until th' bugle summoned him to th' awful carnage called supper."

"Well, Sir 'twas dhradful. We opposed it as much as we cud. As a dillygate to th' Binivolent Association iv Saloon Keepers iv America. I've helped to pass many resolutions to save our brave boys in yellow fr'm th' insidious foe that robs thim of what intellects they show be goin' into th' army. Our organ-ization petitioned congress time an' time again to take th' Governmant out iv this vile poor-soot that was sappin' th' very vitals iv our sojery. Why, we asked, shud Uncle Sam engage in this here thraffle in th' souls iv men without payin' fr' a license, whin dacint citizens were puttin' up their good money a block away an' niver a soul comin' down fr'm th' fort to be thrafficked in? Did Congress pay anny attention to us? It did not."

"But wan day a comity iv ladies fr'm th' Young Ladies' Christyan Timprance Union wint out to th' fort. They'd seen th' Colonel at th' last p'rade an' they'd decided that, 'twas high time they distributed copies iv 'Death in th' Bottle; or, Th' Boozee-Fighter's Finish,' among our fearless sojery. Whin they got up there they seen a large bunch iv our gallant fellows makin' a dash fr' an' outlyin' building, an' says wan iv them: 'What can they be in such a hurry fr'? That must be th' chapel. Let us go in.' An' in they wint. Hinnessy, th' sight that met their young an' unaccustomed eyes was enough to shock even a lady lookin' fr' trouble. Th' air was gray an' blue with th' fumes iv that heezy weed that has made mankind happy though single fr' four hundred years, an' that next to alcohol is th' greatest curse iv th' sons iv Adam. Some iv th' degin'rate wretches were playin' cards, properly called th' Divvie's bible; others were indulgin' in music, that lure iv th' Evil Wan fr' idleness, while still others were in-tint on th' furious game iv dominoes, whose feet take hold on hell. But worse, still worse, they saw through their girlish spectacles dimmed with

unbidden tears. Fr' in front iv each iv these war-battered vethrans shud a bottle, in some cases har'ly half filled with a brownish-yellow flood with bubbles on top iv it. What was it, says ye? Hardened as I am to dhrink iv ivry kind, I hesitate to mention th' wurrud. But concealment is useless. 'Twas beer. These brave men employed by th' taxpayer iv America to defend th' hearths iv th' tax-dodger iv America, supposed to be all iv us to have consecrated their lives to upholdin' th' flag, were at heart votaries, as Hagon says, iv Aloes, gawd iv beer."

"Fr' a moment th' ladies shud dumbfounded. But they did not remain long in this unladylike atticood. Th' Chairwoman iv th' dillygation recovered her voice an' advancin' to'rd a Sergeant who was thyrin' to skin a pair iv fours down so that it wud look like a jack full to his inebryated opponent, she said: 'Me brave man, d'ye realize that that bottle is full iv th' Seed iv Destruction?' she says. 'I think ye'er wrong, mam,' says he. 'It's Pilsener,' he says. 'Soon or late,' she says, 'th' demon rum will destroy ye,' she says. 'Not me,' says th' vethran iv a thousand enlistments. 'I don't care fr' rum. A pleasant company, but a gossip. It tells on ye. Th' demon rum with a little iv th' demon hot water an' th' demon sugar is very enticin', but it has a perfume to it that is dangerous to a marrid man like meself. Rum, madam, is an informer. Don't niver niver take it. I agree with ye that it's a demon,' she says. 'Why,' said she, 'do ye dhrink this dhradful poison?' says she. 'Because,' says th' brave fellow, 'I can't get anything stronger without desertin',' he says."

"An' they wint down to Washington to see th' Congressmen. Ye know what a Congressman is, I've made a few right here in this barroom. Th' on'y thing a Congressman isn't afraid iv is th' on'y thing I'd be afraid iv, an' that is iv bein' a Congressman. An' th' thing he's most afraid iv is th' ladies. A comity iv ladies wud make Congress repeat th' ten commandments. Not that they'd iver ask thim to, Hinnessy. They'd make thim ten thousand if they had their way an' mark thim: 'Fr' men on'y.' But annyhow th' ladies comity wint down to Washin'ton. They'd been there before an' dhriven th' Demon Rum fr'm th' resthrant into a lair in th' comity room. A Congressman came out, coughin' behind his hand, an' put his handkerchief into th' northwest corner iv his coat. 'Ladies,' says he, 'what can I do fr' ye?' he says. 'Ye must save th' ar-rmy fr'm th' malt that biteth like a wasp an' stingeth like an adder,' says they. 'Ye bet ye'er life I will, ladies,' says th' Congressman, with a slight hiccup. 'I will do as ye desire. A sojer that will dhrink beer is a disgrace to th' American jag,' he says. 'We abolished public dhrinkin' in th' capitol,' he says. 'We done it to make th' Sinitors onhappy, but thim hardened tools iv predvorty wealth have ordered ink wells made in th' shape iv decanters. But,' he says, 'th' popylar branch iv th' Naytional Legislachure is not to be outdone. Ye see these panels on th' wall? I touch a button an' out pops a bottle iv Bourbon that wud make ye'er eyes dance. Whoop-ee!'"

"So Congress passed a bill abolishin' th' canteen. An' it's all right now. If a sojer wants to destroy himself he has to walk a block. Some iv me enterprisin' colleagues in th' business have opened places convenient to th' fort where th' bold sons iv Mars instead iv th' corrodin' beer can get annything fr'm sulphuric acid to knockout dhrops. I see wan iv thim stockin' up at a wholesale dhrog store last week. If th' sojers escape th' knock-out dhrops they come down town an' Doherty takes care iv thim. A sojer gets thirteen dollars a month, we'll say. Twelve dollars he can devote to dhrink an' wan dollar to th' fine. Twelve times eight hundred an' twelve times that—well 'tis no small item in th' course iv a year. Whin th' Binivolent Association iv Saloonkeepers holds its next meeting I'm goin' to propose to sind dillygates to th' Young Ladies' Christyan Timprance Union. It ought to be what th' unions call an' affliated organization."

"Oh, well," said Mr. Hennessy, "they think they're doin' what's right."

"An' they ar-re," said Mr. Dooley. "Ye'll not find me definidin' th' sellin' iv dhrink to anny man annywhere. There's no wan that's as much iv a timprance man as a man's that's been in my business fr' a year. I'd give up all th' fun I get out iv dhrinkin' man to escape th' trouble I have fr'm dhrunkards. Drink's a poison. I don't deny it. I'll admit I'm no better thim an' ordinary doctor. Both iv us gives ye something that cures ye iv th' idee that th' pain in ye'er chest is pneumony iv th' lungs. If it really is pneumony ye go off somewhere an' lie down an' ayether ye cure ye'erself iv pneumony or th' pneumony cures ye iv

life. Dhrink niver made a man better, but it has made many a man think he was better. A little iv it lifts ye out iv th' mud where chance has thrown ye; a little more makes ye think th' stains on ye'er coat ar-re eppyets; a little more dhrops ye back into th' mud again. It's a frind to thim that ar-re cold to it an' an' inimy to those that love it most. It welcomes thim in an' thrips thim as they go out. I tell ye 'tis a threacherous dhrog an' it oughtn't to be given to ivry man. To get a dhruk to a man ought first to be examined be his parish priest to see whether he needs it an' how it's goin' to affect him. Fr' wan man he'd write on th' prescription 'Ad lib,' as Dock O'Leary does whin he orders a mustard plaster fr' me; fr' another he'd write, 'Three times a day at meals.' But most people he wudden't prescribe it fr' at all."

"Do I blame th' ladies? Faith, I do not. Ye needn't think I'm proud iv me business. I on'y took to it because I am too Janial to be a mechanic an' too tender-hearted to be a banker or a lawyer. No, Sir, I wudden't care a shraw if all th' dhrink in th' wurrud was dumped tomorra into th' Atlantic Ocean, although fr' a week or two afther it was I'd have to get me a diving suit if I wanted to see anything iv me frinds. Boozee has always been a pop'lar bivrage with men, but th' ladies have niver admired it much. An' I don't wonder. How often have I sat with Hogan an' ye'erself an' passed th' can an' see ye'er wife lookin' on with puzzled eyes. We'd begin perfectly ca'm an' sensible, but about th' third dhrink some wan iv us wud make a remark that was about as funny as a coffin-plate an' we'd burst into howls iv laughter, beat each other on th' knee, crow an' gurgle with th' tears runnin' down our cheeks. Th' good woman knew th' joke was not worth th' expinse iv a dhreary smile, an' 'twas not us but old King Alcohol that was yellin' at it. Afther th' jolly we got to th' boastful stage. Ye told how ye called Jawn L. Sullivan a loafer in th' year eighty-eight, Hogan admitted that whin he was eight years old he was th' best debater in th' Brothers' school, an' I recited a few iv me adventures be flood an' field. To'rd eleven o'clock somewan mentioned th' death iv Bill Huggins, who passed away durin' th' Mexican War, an' we had a good weep. A little later I noticed ye were broodin' over something. Ye said nawthin' fr' a while an' thim ye got up on' ast Hogan if he meant what he said to ye while ye were waitin' to start on th' Patrick's day p'rade two years ago. At that th' good woman put down her sewin' with an alarmed face an' sint ye off to bed an' th' party was over. Now what d'ye suppose ye'er wife thought about dhrink while this here game was goin' on? If ye want to know, if ye want to know why nearly all ladies ar-re timprance rayformers, stay sober ye'erself some night whin ye'er frinds are makin' merry. Be hivens, whin I close up this establishment iv a Saturdah night afther me boon? companyons have started to grope fr' their varchous homes, I feel like goin' down-town an' askin' to be enrolled in the Young Ladies' Timprance Union. I do so."

"No, Sir, th' ladies ar-re not to blame. They've always thried to rayform man, an' they haven't yet got onto th' fact that maybe he's not worth rayformin'. They don't understan' why a man shud be allowed to pizen himself into th' belief that he amounts to something, but thim they don't understand man. They little know what bluff he is an' how 'tis on'y be fortifyin' himself with stuff that they regard as iv no use except to burn undher a teakettle that he dares to go on livin' at all. He knows how good dhrink makes him look to himself an' he dhrinks. They see how it makes him look to ivrybody else, an' they want to take it away fr'm him. Whin he's sober his bluff is on th' outside. Whin he's dhrunk he makes th' bluff by his own heart. Dhrink turns him inside out as well as upside down, an' while he's congratulatin' himself on th' fine man he is th' neighbors know him fr' a boaster, a cow'rd an' somethin' iv a liar. That th' ladies see an' hate. They do not know that there is wan thing an' on'y thing to be said in favor iv dhrink, an' that is that it has caused many a lady to be loved that otherwise might've died single."

"They're all right," said Mr. Hennessy. "I'm against it."

"Yes," said Mr. Dooley. "Anny man is against dhrink that's iver been really against it."

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John A. Johnson would hardly have been governor of Minnesota had the state-wide primary been in effect there, so as to give the majority party a chance to nominate a satisfactory candidate of its own. This may not be the reason why Governor Johnson does not favor the state-wide direct primary, but it is worth remembering in that connection.

Gentlemen "Supers"

New York Times: Herr Direktor Conreid of the Metropolitan Opera company prides himself that he has the most gentlemanly force of supers in the world. Among the 250 who take part in the opera a large proportion are school teachers, doctors, artists, lawyers, bank clerks, undergraduates, students, and even numbers of professional musicians.

"There is one thing I am glad to say," remarked Herr Conreid, as the supers were assembled upon the stage for rehearsal, "and that is, you are all gentlemen. Years ago we did not have such fine men, and there was more of the rougher element."

The work of selecting the force begins early in September. An advertisement is inserted in the newspapers calling for gentlemen supers. It is surprising what a large number wish to be engaged as supers, and incidentally be paid for hearing and participating in the opera behind the scenes. In response to his call Mr. Castel-Bert, the stage superintendent, receives hundreds of replies, and from these he selects the names of those summoned for personal interview.

When the work of actual selection is completed the fortunate ones are called to rehearse their parts. At the first rehearsal the stage is bare, chairs and chalk marks represent the position of the scenery, and the piano takes the place of the orchestra.

On one occasion when the piano player was absent, Herr Conreid himself supplied the deficiency. Arm in arm with Mr. Viviani, who had charge of the French and Italian operas, the director led the supers around the stage, sang out the cues, and pointed out where the men were to place themselves on the opening night. The recruits go through the various movements which have to be impressed by repetition. In spite of practice, in the beginning mistakes happen.

Last season when "Aida" was produced, the Egyptians who were carrying the sacred bull walked all around the stage with it, and instead of remaining to the rear, occupied the center of the stage, reserved for Caruso's entrance. At last they heard the shout "Come back!" which the distracted manager uttered so loudly that it could almost be heard in the orchestra.

And so, too, a group of supers who were assigned to guard the canopy on which Caruso was borne, forgot their relative positions, and Caruso had to be content without a bodyguard on the opening night.

In the last act of "Carmen" the gay Spaniards who were entering the amphitheater to witness the bull fight made such a wide circle around the stage that they stepped all over the prompter's score, and a super lost his slipper in the action. This produced such merriment among them that they received a chiding lecture at the end of the act.

In "Tannhauser," among the procession which descends from the Wartburg chanting a funeral song over the bier on which Elizabeth lies, there are four supers who carry candles, which they are supposed to extinguish as Tannhauser expires. Yet these were glowing bright at the critical moment, all because Mr. Groeder, who takes charge of the German operas, spoke in German and could not be understood as he shouted from the wings.

When the supers are not engaged they have permission to go up in the "flies." The "flies" are two galleries erected on both sides of the stage for convenience in the shifting of scenery. From this point a complete view of the stage below may be had. The opportunity of listening to the opera instead of acting is always welcome after a long hour of standing. The supers climb to the upper galleries up a maze of steps. They are told to report again at a certain scene. All want the best places on the iron framework. From here one can see the staging from which the ropes are pulled that raise and lower the scenic background, and from which the limelights flash down upon the stage. From his lofty perch, seated on a pile of ropes, the super looks between their beams down along the vertical picture screens, and sees the action going on below with the privacy of a box holder, though perhaps in a little less enviable situation.

"Our supers," explained Mr. Castel-Bert, the stage superintendent, "have the satisfaction of being participants in the opera and critics both on the same night. I have known many of them to become experts in judging voice quality merely from attending during the first season and listening to the prima donnas, at such an advantage as few have."

At the first end of the week the su-