

Mr. Dooley on Things Spiritual.

By F. P. DUNNE.

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"Well, sir," said Mr. Dooley, "I wonder where science is goin' to stop?"

"What's it done now?" asked Mr. Hennessy.

"Th' latest thing," said Mr. Dooley, "is weighin' th' human soul. A fellow up in Matschoosetts has done it. He weighs ye before ye die an' he weighs ye after ye die, an' th' difference is what ye'er soul weighs. He's discovered that th' av'rage weigh iv a soul in New England is six ounces or a little less. Fr'im this he argues that th' conscience isn't part iv th' soul. If it was th' soul wud be in th' heavyweight class, fr th' New England conscience is no feather. He thinks it don't escape with th' soul, but lies burrid-in th' rooms iv its own fam'ly home, th' liver.

"It's so simple it must be true, an' if it ain't true anyhow it's simple. But it's a tur-rible thing to think iv. I can't see anny money in it as an invention. Who'll want to have his soul weighed? Suppose ye'er time has come. Th' fam'ly ar-re busy with their own thoughts, grievin' because they hadn't been as good to ye as they might, because they won't have ye with them anny more, because it's too late fr thim to square thimselves, pityin' ye because ye'er not remainin' to share their sorrows with thim, wondrin' whether th' black dresses that were bought in honor iv what peopl' might say if they didn't wear thim in mimicry iv Aunt Eliza, wud be noticed if they were worn again fr ye. Th' very young members iv th' fam'ly ar-re standin' around, thyrin' to look as sad as they think they ought to look. But they can't keep it up. They nudge each other, their eyes wandher around th' room, an' fr'm time to time they glance over at Cousin Felix an' expect him to make a laugh'ble face. He's a gr-reat frind iv theirs an' they're surprised he isn't gayer. Something must've happened to him. Maybe he's lost his job. There ar-re a gr-reat many noises in th' shreet. Th' undertaker whistles as he goes by, an' two iv th' neighbors ar-re at th' gate sayin' what a fine man ye were if ye didn't dhrink, an' askin' did ye leave much.

"An' little ye care. Everything is a millyon miles away fr'm ye. Fr th' first time in ye'er life ye ar-re ye-rr-siff. Fr Hiven knows how many years ye've been somebody else. Ye've been ye'er wife, ye'er fam'ly, ye'er relations, th' pellsman on th' beat, th' doctor, th' newspaper rayporther, th' foreman at th' mills, th' laws iv th' land, th' bartender that gives ye dhrinks, th' tailor, th' barber, an' public opinion. Th' wurruid has held a lookin' glass in front iv ye fr'm th' day ye were born an' compelled ye to make faces in it. But in this here particular business ye have no wan to please but ye-ersiff. Good opinyon an' bad opinyon ar-re alike. Ye're akelly untroubled by gratichood an' revenge. No wan can help ye or stay ye. Ye're beyond th' sound iv th' alarm clock an' th' factory whistle an' beginnin' th' Big Day Off whin th' man iv science shakes ye be th' elbow an' says: 'Ye've got to weigh out.' An' he weighs an' figures: 'Wan hundherd an' forty-siven fr'm wan hundherd an' fifty. Siven fr'm naught can't be done; borry wan; siven fr'm ten leaves three. I find that th' soul iv our late lamint-d frind weighed a light three pounds avrid opobose.'

"No, Sir, it won't do. 'Twill niver be popylar. People won't have their souls weighed. I wudden't fr all th' wurruid have th' wurruid go through th' ward; 'Did ye hear about Dooley's soul?' 'No, what?' 'They had to get an expert accountant to figure its weight, it was that puny.'

"D'ye suppose Dorgan, th' millyonaire, wud consent to it?" 'Whin he entered th' race iv life he was properly handicapped with a soul to offset his avarice an' his ability, so that some iv th' res' iv us wud have a kind iv a show against him. But as soon as he thinks no wan can see him he begins to get rid iv his weight an' comes rompin' home miles ahead. But th' judges say: 'Hold on, there; ye'll have to weigh out,' an' a little later a notice is posted up that Dorgan is disqualified fr ridin' underweight in th' matter iv soul. On th' other hand, there's little Miss Maddigan, th' seamstress. She's ail but left at th' post; she's jostled all th' way around, an' comes in lame, a bad last. But she's th' only wan iv th' lot that's kept th' weight. She weighs ninety-six pounds—six iv it bein' tea an' toast an' ninety iv it soul. An' amid exclamations iv rage fr'm Chancellor Day, who has plunged heavily on Dirgan in this Futurity, an' cries iv joy fr'm a thousand Father Kellys, who have backed th' billy, her number is hung out.

"No Sir, whin it comes to goin' up to th' scales to have their souls weighed

people'll be as shy as they are in a Customs House. Th' peiple that wud make th' invitation pay wud be th' last to want to be tested by it. Th' papers might keep records iv th' results: 'Misther So-an'-So, th' gr-reat captain iv fi-nance, died yesterday, universally regretted. His estate amounts to nineteen millyon dollars. There ar-re two large bequests to charity. Wan is a trust fund set aside fr his maiden sister Annybelle, who will receive fr life th' income on eight hundherd dollars in stock iv th' Hackensack Meadows comp'ny. Th' other is forty-two dollars to buy a wooden leg fr his brother Isaac, in Abilene, Kansas, it bein' understood that no charge is to be made be th' estate against th' brother fr a set iv false teeth bought fr him in the year nineteen four. Th' balance iv th' property is left in trust fr th' minor childhen until they ar-re 99 years old. Th' deceased requested that his soul be measured be troy weight. It tipped th' beam at wan pennyweight.'

"D'ye think th' soul can be weighed?" asked Mr. Hennessy. "I know it's there, but I think—I kind iv feel—I wonder—I don't hardly know—"

"I see what ye mean," said Mr. Dooley. "Scales an' clocks ar-re not to be thrusted to decide annything that's worth deciding. Who tells time be a clock? Ivry hour is th' same to a clock an' ivry hour is diff'rent to me. Wan long, wan short. There ar-re hours in the avenin' that pass between two ticks iv th' clock; there ar-re hours in th' arly mornin' whin a man pretenses."

"How can I know annything, whin I haven't puzzled out what I am mesiff. I am Dooley, ye say, but ye'er on'y a casual obsarver. Ye don't care annything about me details. Ye look at me with a gin'ral eye. Nawthin' that happens to me really hurts ye. Ye say, 'I'll go over to see Dooley,' sometimes, but more often ye say, 'I'll go over to Dooley's.' I'm a house to ye, wan iv a thousand that look like a row iv model wurrukin'mer's cottages. I'm a post to hitch ye'er silences to. I'm always about th' same to ye. But to me I'm a millyon Dooleys an' all iv thim straners to MgE. I niver know which wan iv thim is comin' in. I'm like a hotel keeper with on'y wan bed an' a millyon guests, who come wan at a time an' tumble each other out. I set up late at night an' pass th' bottle with a gay an' careless Dooley that hasn't a sorrow in th' wurruid, an' suddenly I look up an' see settin' acrost fr'm me a gloomy wretch that fires th' dhrink out iv th' window an' chases me to bed. I'm just gettin' used to him whin another Dooley comes in, a cross, cantankerous, crazy fellow that insists on eatin' breakfast with me. An' so it goes. I know more about mesiff than annybody knows an' I know nawthin'. Though I'd make a may fr'm mem'ry an' gossip iv anny other man, fr mesiff I'm still uncharted.

"So what's th' use iv thyrin' to know annything less important. Don't thry. All ye've got to do is to believe what ye hear, an' if ye do that enough afther a while ye'll hear what ye believe. Ye've got to start in believin' before ye can find a reason fr ye'er belief. Our old frind Christopher Columbus hadn't anny good reason fr believin' that there was anny such a place as America. But he believed it without a reason an' thim wint out an' found it. Th' fellows that discovered th' canals on Mars which other fellows think cud be cured be a good oculist, hadn't anny right to think there were canals on Mars. But wan iv thim said: 'I wonder if there ar-re canals on Mars; I believe there ar-re. I'll look an' see. Be Hivens, there ar-re.' If he'd wondhered an' thim believed about clothes poles he'd've found thim too. Anny kind iv a fact is proof iv a belief. A firm belief attracts facts. They come out iv holes in th' ground an' cracks in th' wall to support belief, but they run away fr'm doubt.

"I'll niver get anny medal fr makin' anny man give up his belief. If I see a fellow with a chube on his eye an' hear him hollerin', 'Hooray, I've discovered a new planet, I'll be th' last man in th' wurruid to brush th' fly off th' end iv th' telescope. I've known people that see ghosts. I didn't see thim, but they did. They cud see ghosts an' I cudden't. There wasn't annything else to it. I knew a fellow that was a Spiritualist wanst. He was in th' chattel morgedje business on week days an' he was a Spirituist on Sunday. He cud understand why th' spirits wud always pick out a stout lady with false hair or a gentleman that had his thumb mark registered. I Polis Headquarters to talk through, an' he knew why spirits liked to play on banjoes an' mandolins an' why they conversed be rappin' on a table in th' dark. Th' on'y reason I cud think iv

can't sleep that Methusalah's age cud stretch in. Clocks ar-re habichool liars, an' so ar-re scales. As soon as annything gets good enough to weigh ye can't weigh it. Souls ar-re fr th' other fellow. I'm perfectly willin' to take ye'er weight or ye'er soul's weight fr'm what th' scales say. Little I care. A pound or two more or less makes no difference. But when it comes to measurin' something that's precious to me, I'll not thrust it to a slight improvement on a see-saw.

"But what do I know about it annyhow? What do I know about annything? I've been pitchin' information into ye fr more years thin annywan iver wint to college, an' I tell ye now I don't know annything about annything. I don't like to thrust mesiff forward. I'm a moest man. Won't somebody else get up? Won't ye get up, Tiddy Rosenfelt, won't ye Willum Jennings Bryan, won't ye President Elliot, won't ye, pro-fissors, preachers, doctors, lawyers, iditors? Won't annybody get up? Won't annybody say that they don't know annything about annything worth knowin' about? Thin, be Hivens, I will. All alone I'll stand up before me class—an' how much more humbly before me teacher?—an' say: 'Hinnissy, about annything that can't be weighed on a scales or measured with a tape line. I'm as ign'rant as—ye-ersiff. I'll have to pay ye back th' money I took fr'm ye fr ye'er schoolin'. It was obtained be false was that they'd always lived in boord-in' houses an' could't get rid iv th' customs.

"But he had th' best iv me. He believed an' I doubted. He took me to what he called a seance wanst. They gave him a front seat. I heard a good deal iv talk among th' spirits bekind th' curtains. Says wan with a German accent: 'Who's th' fellow with th' old come-on?' 'Oh, he don't amount to annything, an' annyhow ye wudden't wake th' old boy up if ye set fire to him.' 'Hurry along with thim featherers,' says another spirit voice. I turned to me frind an' I see be th' look in his eyes that it wud be a waste iv effort to impose on him. 'They come,' he says. 'It is Ungawapa,' he says, as th' ghost iv a noble red man iv th' forest appeared through th' curtain, muttherin': 'Himmel, why didn't ye get that chain out iv th' way?' He looked ivry inch th' warrior fr'm th' war bonnet on his head to th' congress gaiters on his feet. 'Is Israel Simpson here?' says he. 'Yes,' says me frind. 'What can I do fr ye today, great chief?' 'Do ye know a man be th' name iv Mullarkey?' 'I do,' says Simpson. 'I see him carryin' a rockin' chair down stairs,' says th' haughty Pattywatomie. 'Gig chief wants wampum,' he says. Simpson pressed a roll iv bills into his swarthy hands an' says to me: 'Come along quick.' 'What fr?' says I. 'Mullarkey is movin' his furniture an' I have a morgedje on it,' says he. 'Th' Injun always advises me right on matthers iv business,' says he. An' there was a man that wud bite a silver dollar in two before he'd take it fr good."

"My aunt seen a ghost wanst," said Mr. Hennessy.

"Ivrybody's aunt has seen a ghost," said Mr. Dooley.

SHORT STORIES.

GRACIOUS, Fanny!" exclaimed a mother to her little daughter, "why are you shouting like that? Why can't you be quiet like your brother?"

"He's got to be quiet," replied Fanny. "He's playing papa coming home late."

"And who are you playing?"

"Oh, I'm playing you."

A teacher in a Long Island City school was giving her class a lesson in hygiene.

"Never sleep on more than one pillow," she said; "in fact, it's better to use no pillow at all, because if you do it's likely to make you round-shouldered."

Little Rocco Pisciotta waved his arm wildly.

"Well?" said the teacher.

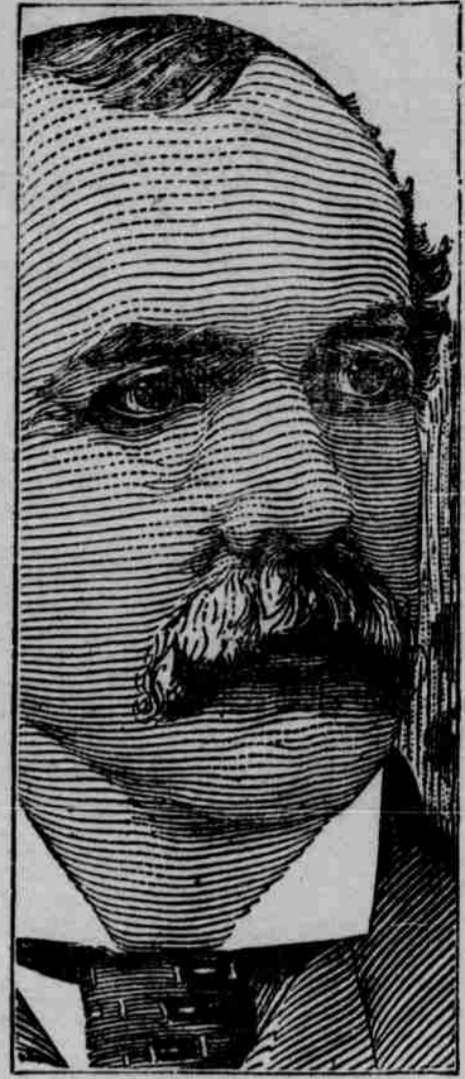
"S'posen you sleep on your stum-mick?" piped Rocco.

"While it is, of course, a platitude to say that a wise teacher learns by instructing others," recently observed an instructor in a preparatory school in Brooklyn. "It is permissible to remark that he frequently picks up some curious information in this way.

"I once asked a boy to explain, if he could, the difference between animal instinct and human intelligence. It was a pretty hard question, but the lad was equal to it.

"If we had instinct," he said, "we should know everything we needed to know without learning it; but we've got reason, and so we have to study ourselves 'most blind, or be a fool.'"

UNITED STATES SENATOR FROM SOUTH CAROLINA PRAISES PE-RU-NA.



Ex-Senator M. C. Butler.

Dyspepsia Is Often Caused By Catarrh of the Stomach—Peruna Relieves Catarrh of the Stomach and Is Therefore a Remedy For Dyspepsia.

Hon. M. C. Butler, Ex-U. S. Senator from South Carolina for two terms, in a letter from Washington, D. C., writes to the Peruna Medicine Co., as follows:

"I can recommend Peruna for dyspepsia and stomach trouble. I have been using your medicine for a short period and I feel very much relieved. It is indeed a wonderful medicine, besides a good tonic."

CATARRH of the stomach is the correct name for most cases of dyspepsia. In order to relieve catarrh of the stomach the catarrh must be eradicated. Only an internal catarrh remedy, such as Peruna, is available.

Peruna exactly meets the indications.

A certain member of the Pittsburg stock exchange has set his nephew up in business three times, but the young man lacks something essential to success in the line selected for him, and has failed with each effort.

When he recently appeared before the uncle with his fourth request, the latter said:

"You must learn to lean on yourself. I can't carry you all my life. I'll tell you what I'll do. You owe me a great deal as the result of your last failure. Pitch in on your own hook and go it alone till you pay off those debts. When you've done that, I'll give you a check for what they amount to. Such an experience will do you more good than all the money I could give you now."

Two months later the nephew walked in with every claim redeemed in full, and the uncle was so delighted that he gave the promised check.

"How did you manage it, Howard?" he asked, after an expression of congratulation.

"I borrowed the money," replied Howard.

A well-known American actor, who is old enough not to consider himself a matinee idol by any means, was somewhat surprised and pleased in a St. Louis hotel a short time ago, when a pretty girl stopped him in the corridor and presented him with a rose, without saying a word. He was more surprised and less pleased to receive a note the following day reminding him of the incident, and asking him to send the giver of the flower two seats at the theater in which he was playing "as a memento of the occasion."

"My dear young lady," the actor replied, waxing sarcastic as he realized what had been the object of the attention he had been paid, "I would be glad to send you the seats you ask for, but, on consultation with the manager of the theater, I have been informed that the seats are all fastened down, and that he is opposed to having them sent away as souvenirs in any event, so that you will have to be contented with an autograph for a souvenir of your benevolence of yesterday instead."