

MR. DOOLEY ON MR. CARNEGIE'S HERO FUND

The Irish Philosopher Makes Some Sage Remarks to His Patient Friend, Hennessy, and Points Them With an O'er True Tale.

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"I T'S no use," said Mr. Dooley. "I give it up." "What's that?" asked Mr. Hennessy. "I can't get away from him," Mr. Dooley went on. "I can't escape me o' frind Andrew Carnagie. I've avided him successfully fr many years. Th' bookless libry an' th' thoughtless university niver touched me. I'm not enough iv a brunette to share anything he done fr Booker Washington. Up to now, he been onble to land on me anywherre. But he's got me at last. He's r-run me to earth. I throw up me hands. Come on, Andrew, an' paint yer illustrious name on me. Stencil me with that glorious name."

To Martin Dooley, Hayro, This Medal is Presented by ANDREW CARNEGIE Duley et decorum est pro Carnagie to spoil ye'er Sunday clothes. "I'll be so mad, I'll throw ye in again but that won't help matters. I'm a hayro fr good an' all. I'm friver doomed to be a sandwich man an' parade th' shretes advertisin' th' gin'rosity an' noble character iv Andrew Carnagie. If ye want philanthropy go to Carnagie's. Largest assortment iv canned charity in th' wurrudd. Save a life an' get a medal. "Iv course, I won't be good fr anything else. I'll have to sell out th' liquor store. What's a hayro doin', pushin' bottles across a bar an' mendin' a refractory beer pump? I'll quit wurruk fr good an' hang ar-round a lively stable pitchin' horseshoes. They're nawthin' a hayro with a medal can do fr a livin' that ain't beneath him. Wanst a hayro, always a hayro. Aft'er awhile I'll be lurkin' in th' corner iv th' bridge an' pushin' me frinds into th' river an' haulin' thim out fr a medal. "I'll become an habichool Carnagie hayro an' good fr nawthin' else. No, me frin, don't iver fall into th' canal whin I'm ar-round. I might be lookin' th' other way. "A N' think iv th' position ye ar-re in all this time, th' man who's life I've saved. Nawthin' but a foolish person that cudden't swim an' was dragged fr'm a watery grave be th' owner iv th' Carnagie medal. Ye'er wife despises ye because ye had to have ye'er life saved. She was always sure that if she iver fell into th' wather, ye'er strong arm an' risolute heart wud r'isue her an' lo an' behold whin ye tumble in ye-erself, ye have to be rescued by a stout gentleman in the liquor business. Ye'er little boys an' girls have to bring presents around to me on me birthday. Ye have to find me money whin I want it an' if ye complain, people call ye an ingrate. Before ye die, ye'll wisht ye'd pulled me into th' canal with ye."

"I wanst knowed a la-ad that was more or less r'iscued fr'm a watery grave be th' tallor be th' name iv Muggins. He took th' la-ad be th' ar-rms an' walked ashore with him. Well, th' agnised parents, not wantin' to appear stinge, s'fure th' neighbors, pr'isented Muggins with a good watch an' Muggins became a hayro. Th' la-ad didn't think much iv it. He'd have done th' same fr Muggins. But aft'er awhile he found that Muggins was chained to him fr life. As a boy, he was spoken iv as th' fellow that had his life saved be Muggins th' tallor. As he grew older he was still Muggins' boy. Muggins wasn't much to look at, bein' a little, bow-legged man, but aft'er he became a hayro, he acted th' part. Me young frind cudden't get away fr'm him. If he was playin' baseball in th' corner lot, Muggins was lanin' over th' fence with an indulgent smile. When he gr'ated with honors at th' Brothers' School, Muggins set in th' front seat with a look iv fond att'ention on his face. Whin th' Brother Sup'eryor handed out th' first prize, he remarked that it gave him great pleasure to reward th' ability an' larnin' iv this young man in th' pr'isence iv th' hayro to whom he owed his life. It was th' same in aft'er years. He became a lawyer an' Muggins niver missed a day in court. Th' lawyer fr th' opposition always managed to appeal to his finer feelin's in th' pr'isence iv th' man to whom he owed his life. If it was a suit over a pair iv pants, me frind always lost it. He niver wud take a case ag'inst a tallor fr th' jury wud always vote ag'inst him. In pol'ytics he thr'ied to succeed but Muggins hung on to him. Whin th' chairman iv th' meetin' arose, he invariably began: "Ladies an' gentlemen, before I throofoocdn' th' speak iv th' avenin', I want to present to ye th' man to whom he owes his life an' who is here on th' platform tonight, M'ister Alphonso Muggins. "Me frind was always supposed to put his handkerchief to his eyes at these wurrudd an' with fatherin' step escort him to th' front. Wan night he tol' me he give Muggins a kick. He said he cudden't help it. Th' temptation was too strong fr human endurance. Muggins didn't mind it. He niver minded anything. He was a hayro."

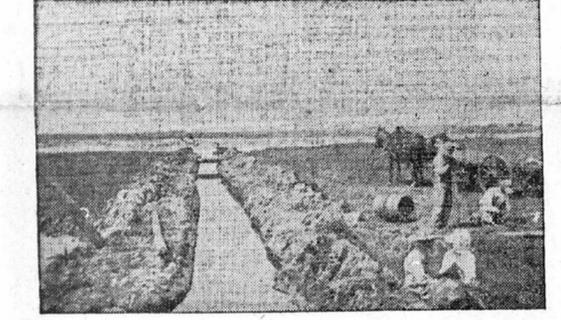
"Aft'er awhile he took to drink. Habichool hayroes always do, an' whin in drink he was mel' an' an' an' quarrelsome, as drunk men an' hayroes sometimes ar-re. Clancy wud be settin' quietly in a cafe with some frinds whin Muggins wud blow in an' set down with his hat over his eyes. Th' frind wud have to intrajooce him with a catch in his voice an' a tear in his eyes. 'Boys,' he'd say, 'I want to intrajooce ye to Alphonso Muggins. Gawd bless him, boys, he saved me life.' Is that so?" says wan iv his companions. 'Ye betcher life it is,' says Muggins. 'Did I save his life? Well, ask him. Ye ask him if I din save his life. Ye just ask him. If he don't lie about it, he'll tell ye who saved his life. Din I leap into th' ragin' flood an' r'isue him at th' risk iv me life? Maybe, I din. Maybe it was a man in Milwaukee that done that. Looky here. Look at this clock, I got fr'm his folks, if ye don't believe me. An' what's he done fr me? Tell me that, will ye? Who am I? I'm nothin'. I'm Muggins, th' tallor. An' what's he? Look at him, will ye, with his dimon' pin an' his plug hat so gay. An' wher'd he be if it wasn't fr me? But it's all right, boys. It's all right. Life is a curious place an' gratichood is a thing unknown.' An' he wud weep an' go to sleep. Sometimes he wud fight. He punched Clancy two or three times on account iv his ingratchood. Clancy had to support him an' bail him out an' get th' clock out iv th' pawnshop ivry Saturday night. But an' end comes to all things. Hayroes don't live long. They can't th' way they live. An' wan day Muggins wnt th' way iv all our kind, proud an' simple, coward an' brave man, hayroes an' hayro worshippers. Th' pa-apers had an account iv his funeral. Among th' mourners none was more affected th' Congressman Clancy, whose life, near forty years ago, this humble hayro had saved fr'm a watery doom in Lake Michigan. Th' r'apporters didn't observe that Clancy tamped th' grave with his foot to make sure it was solid. He wnt home with a light heart, an' says to his wife: 'Mother, today I begin me rale career. We wurrid Muggins.' 'But Cornelius,' says th' good woman, 'ye owed him ye'er life.' 'Fraps,' says Clancy, 'but,' he says, 'he took it out in thrade long ago.'

"N O, sir, Hinlissy, if ye see me in distress kindly call fr professional help. I'll be r'isued be a fireman or a policeman because it's all in their day's wurruk, but amachoor hayroes is a danger whin they're rescuin' ye an' a worry iver aft'er. If I owe me life to anywan let it be to a man who won't try to collect it. Anyhow, what is hayroism? If a man stops a runaway team that is chraggin' an empty milk wagon into a ditch, he's not a hayro. He's a fool. Th' line is ligitly drawn anyhow. A hayro is often a successful fool an' a fool is an unsuccessful hayro. I've heard Andrew Carnagie called a hayro, but I don't believe it. If he was, he wuddn't be givin' medals fr hayroism. If he was a professional swimmer, he wuddn't think anything iv savin' people fr'm drownin'. If he was a fireman he'd think nawthin' iv carryin' a man down th' fire-escape iv a burnin' buidlin'. If he was a stable boy, he'd find that he'd have to catch runaway horses or lose his job. I wuddn't hesitate to go down a ladder on ye shoulders, but if ye thr'ied to save me fr'm drownin' I'd scream fr help. What wud I be doin' thr'ying to stop a runaway team? But if ye fell thru my coal hole into me cellar, I'd organize an hayroic r'isue. I know th' way. Hayroes ought to know th' way to be safe. If they do they don't need any medals. If they don't, they'd better turn in an alarm. "T HERE ar-re hayroes an' hayroes. We're all hayroes more or less. Ye're a hayro ye-erself, towin' those tired feet aft'er ye ivry mornin' whin th' whistle blows. An' he hives, if ye'er wife had a medal fr ivry act iv hayroism she's performed, she'd have as many now as Sousa. Hayroes in th' humble walks iv life, says he. Well, there's enough iv thim to break him if he gives each wan iv thim th' on'y kind iv medals they need, th' kind th' ivry government foundry makes with an eagle on th' back. "Well, anyhow, he's a very gin'rous man an' he deserves ivrybody's gratichood," said Mr. Hennessy. "Oh, as for that," said Mr. Dooley, "what good wud my little gratichood do him? He'll get gratichood enough. He tends to that himself."

HOW IOWA FARMERS ARE REDEEMING WASTE LAND

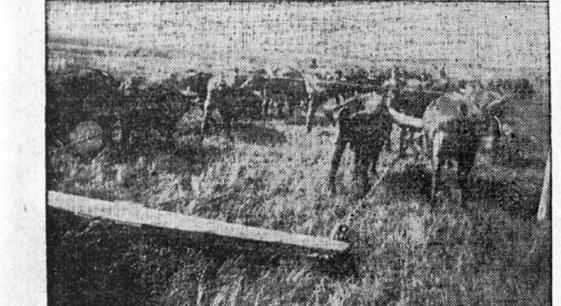
Immense Ditcher Drawn Thru the Soft Ground by a Team of Forty-eight Sturdy Bulls--Novel Spectacle Near Iowa Falls Where the Bird Pond Is Being Drained--Disposal of Surplus Water a Problem.

Iowa Falls, Iowa, July 8.—Hundreds of persons have driven miles to witness a novel sight east of this city. So attractive has this been that farmers have been forced, in self-defense, to warn trespassers that they would be prosecuted for venturing on the land producing growing crops. This unique sight is forty-eight sturdy bulls hitched to a mammoth ditching machine that is used to drain slough land between here and Ackley and redem it for crop or grazing purposes.



THE COMPLETED DRAINAGE DITCH.

The past few years have been unusually wet and the disposal of surplus water has become a problem. Big country drain ditchers have been proposed and in some localities adopted, but even this solution of the question has its drawbacks. What is known as the Bird pond has for years been a eyesore to many farmers in east Hardin county and, hoping to rid themselves of the water that spoiled the acreage of many farms, a contract was made with a ditching firm to drain the surplus



A LONG, STEADY PULL ALL TOGETHER.

water and it is on this job the many yoke of bulls are employed. These appear to be the only animals that can wallow thru the marshes and pull after them the big plow that leaves in its trail a drainage ditch that is to carry off the surplus water from hundreds of acres. When it is possible to do so, the bulls are yoked in a string and hitched to a long cable the other end of which is attached to the big plow or ditcher. The bulls are put on high land so as to give them better leverage, and when the signal is given the

continue the ditch. At times the ditcher becomes so firmly imbedded in the mire that even the combined strength of the twosome bulls is insufficient to move it, and the plow has to be dug out by hand. The plow, or ditcher, makes a drain that is six feet across at the top and two feet at the bottom. There are times when it is impossible to work the oxen on dry ground and maintain the direction in which the ditch must run in order to insure the best drainage, and then it is that the severest strain is put upon the animals. Sink-

THE ADVENTURES OF BILLY PRUNES COMMERCIAL TRAVELER.



BILLY NEWTON

IF THERE WERE ONLY MORE LIKE THEM. Hans Peter (the Hotel Proprietor)—Dere, Beal, vot you think of a room and bed like dis? Billy Prunes—What do I think of it? Hans Peter—Yah. Billy Prunes—Well, it takes me back to my boyhood days down on the farm.

SATOLLI FAMOUS FOR HIS LEARNING

Father Byrne of Minneapolis, a Life-Long Friend, Tells of the Genius of the Cardinal Who Is Coming to the City.

The fact that Cardinal Satolli will visit Minneapolis next week has caused general enthusiasm throughout the city. Cardinal Satolli is not only well known among the churchmen of the city, but is very popular among the people at large. On a former visit to the city he received the keys of the new seminary of St. Paul from the hands of J. J. Hill and the address he made upon that occasion became famous throughout the northwest. Among the priests of the city who will welcome the cardinal is Rev. J. C. Byrne of the St. Lawrence parish, who has recently come to Minneapolis. He has been a student under the cardinal and a life-long friend, and to no one city will the visit give greater pleasure. In speaking today of the manifold talents of Cardinal Satolli, Father Byrne expressed the strongest praise for the work he has accomplished both in the spiritual and scholastic world.

The genius of Satolli first flashed upon Rome and the world in 1839 when Pope Leo called together the most brilliant scholastic professors of the church. For years the pope had been interested in the society for the propagation of the works of St. Thomas and the plan of having the complete works published on a worthy scale. Dr. Satolli was appointed professor of Logic and Metaphysics in the college of the Propaganda, and from that moment, altho a comparatively young man, became one of the most conspicuous figures in the Catholic world. The hundreds of students who had the privilege of attending his lectures carried back to their respective countries news of the profound learning and marvellous attainments of this professor of dogma. Since then his writings have found their way to the libraries of the priests all over the world. Cardinal Satolli was born at Macclano, in the archdiocese of Perugia, July 21, 1839. He first attracted attention in the seminary of his native diocese and early became celebrated as the profoundest Thomistic scholar in the Italian peninsula. It was inevitable, therefore, that a mutual friendship should spring up between himself and the illustrious archbishop who afterward became Pope Leo XIII. At all times he enjoyed the closest intimacy with the pope and at no time needed an announcement before entering the presence of supreme pontiff. He is at present archbishop of Frascati, one of the six suburban sees in the immediate vicinity of Rome.

THE WILD FLOWER OF THE WEEK



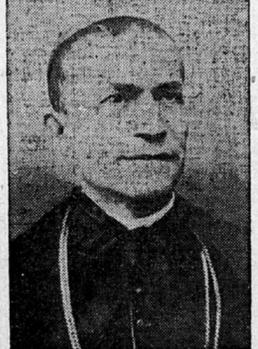
MINNESOTA'S STATE FLOWER—THE INDIAN MOCCASIN. Photo by A. S. Williams.

Minnesota has chosen for her state flower a member of the oroid family, the yellow moccasin, which inhabits low marshes and damp regions and fills them with an attractive glow of yellow. The smaller species of the moccasin plant, or Lady Slipper, is beautiful, with its pouched blossom of yellow hanging gracefully from a tall, slim stalk curved like a shepherd's crook. The botanists tell us this pouch is the result of the lateral position of the flowers on their stems until this peculiar formation came in response to the habit. In the spring, when the flower first blooms, there is little danger from its poison, but in the fall, when the numberless little light seeds are forming, there are tiny hairs on the stem, some of which secrete oil which acts upon the skin about as the poison ivy does. This is probably a means of protection against grazing animals in the autumn. But the larger specimen of the plant rivals all the wood flowers in its beauty and challenges the power of the post. The flower, which shades from crimson to white, is held on its stem with a flaunting outward swing which is not seen in the commoner plant. It grows much higher, sometimes reaching a height of two or three feet, and the leaves which surround it are broad in proportion. In maiden wildness is one whose charm is never wholly oiled. Nor related to our mood; One trueborn blossom, native to our state. We dare not claim as kin—Nor frankly seek for all that in it lies. The Indian Moccasin, Graceful and tall the slender, drooping stem, With the broad leaves below, Shapely the flower to slightly poised between. And warm her rosy glow; Yet loveliest rock-strewn haunts are all her haunts. She needs no soft appeal, And they alone who dare a rude ascent. Her equal charm may feast, With careless joy we tread the woodland ways, And reach her broad domain. Thru sense of strength and beauty, awe as stir, We feel our savage kin—And thus alone, with conscious meaning wear The Indian's Moccasin. —Elsie Goodale.

MARY ANDERSON WILL NOT RETURN

The Former Actress Refuses a Petition Signed by Prominent Americans and Will Not Give Readings in the United States—Mr. Navarro Dislikes to Hear of Her Stage Life.

In spite of the fact that half a hundred prominent Americans signed a petition Mary Anderson Navarro has refused to come to the United States to give a series of recitals. Chauncey Depew, Russell Sage, Bourke Cockran, George J. Gould, Clarence Mackay, Bishop Potter and Archbishop Farley are some of the men who joined in sending a special representative to Mrs. Navarro to ask her to return to America to give readings from the poets, and an offer of \$15,000 was made for half a dozen programs. When Mary Anderson was married she vowed that she would never return to the stage save for an occasional charity entertainment and altho those interested in the scheme offered to donate half the receipts to some philanthropic institution, she shook her pretty head. It is Mr. Navarro's wish that no reference be made to his wife's stage career. Mrs. Navarro never speaks of it, but her friends can not be silenced, much to Mr. Navarro's annoyance. It was for this reason that he ceased to bring his wife to America to visit, for he could not do so without hearing her dramatic success recited to some philanthropic institution, she shook her pretty head. any regret for her former brilliant life.



CARDINAL SATOLLI.

Workmen Signaling to the Drivers of the Bulls Hitched to the End of the Cable, Often a Quarter of a Mile in Length.