HISTORICAL SOCIETY.

MR. DOOLEY ON THE COMFORTS OF TRAVEL---By F. P. Dunne

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"D'YE know," said Mr. Hennessy, "ye can go fr'm Chicago to New York in twinty hours? It must be like flyin'."

"It's something like flyin'," said Mr. Dooley, "but it's also like fallin' off a roof or bein' clubbed be a polisman."

"It's wondherful how luxuryous modhren thravel is," said Mr. Hennessy.

"Oh, wondherful," said Mr. Dooley. "It's almost a dhream. Ye go to bed at night in Kansas City an' ye ar-re still awake in Chicago in th' mornin'. Ye lave New York today an' nex' Thursdah ye ar-re in San Francisco an' can't get back. An' all th' time ye injye such comforts an' iligances as wud make th' Shah iv Persha invious if he heerd iv thim. I haven't thravelled much since I hastily put four thousan' miles iv salt wather an' smilin' land between me an' th' constabulary, but I've always wanted to fly thru space on wan iv thim palace cars with th' beautiful names. Th' man that names th' Pullman cars an' th' pa-aper collars iv this counthry is our greatest pote, whoiver he is. I cud see mesilf steppin' aboard a palace on wheels called Obulula or Onarka, an' bein' fired fr'm wan union deepo to another. So las' month whin a towny iv mine in Saint Looey asked me down there, I determined to make th' plunge. With th' invitation come a fine consarvitive article be th' gin-ral passenger agent indivrin', Hinnissy, to give a faint idee iv th' glories iv th' thrip. There was pitchers in this little pome showin' how th' thrain looked to th' passenger agent. Illigantly dhressed ladies an' gintlemen set in th' handsomely upholstered seats, or sthrolled thru th' broad aisles. Pierpont Morgan was disclosed in a corner dictatin' a letter to Andhrew Carnaygia. In th' barber shop Jawn D. Rockyfeller was bein' shaved. In th' smokin' car ye cud see a crowd iv jolly men playin' poker; near by sat three wags tellin' comic stories, while a naygur waither dashed to an' fro an' pushed mint juleps into th' fash'nable comp'ny.

'This porous plasther was a ticket three minyits ago.'

"Says I to mesilf: 'Here is life. They'll have to dhrag me fr'm that rollin' home iv bliss feet foremost,' says I. An' I wint boundin' down to th' deepo. I slung four dollars at th' prisidint iv th' road whin he had con-cluded some important business with his nails an' he slung back a yard iv green paper by which I surrindered me rights as an American citizen. With this here deed in me hand, I wint thru a line iv haughty gintlemen in unyform an' wan afther another looked at th' ticket an' punched a hole in it. Whin I got to th' thrain th' last iv these gr-reat men says: 'Have ye got a ticket?' 'I had,' says I. 'This porous plasther was a ticket three minyits ago!' 'Get aboard,' says he, givin' me a short, frindly kick, an' in a minyit I found mesilf amid a scene iv oryental splendhor an' no place to put me gripsack.

"I shtud dhrinkin' in th' glories iv th' scene ontil a proud man who cud qualify on color f'r all his meals at th' White House, come up an' ordhered me to bed. Fond as I am iv th' colored man, Hinnissy, I wud sometimes wish that th' summer styles in Pullman porters was more light an' airy. It is thrue that th' naygur porter is more durable an' doesn't show th' dirt, but on th' other hand, he shows th' heat more. 'Where,' says I, 'do I sleep?' 'I don't know where ye sleep, cap,' says he, 'but ye'er ticket reads f'r an upper berth.' 'I wud prefer a thrapeze,' says I, 'but if ye'll call out th' fire department, maybe they can help me in,' I says. At that he projooced a scalin' laddher an' th' thrain goin' around a curve at that minyit, I soon found mesilf on me hands an' knees in wan iv th' coziest little upstairs rooms ye iver saw. He dhrew th' curtains an' so will I.

"But some day whin I am down town I am goin' to dhrop in on me frind, th' prisidint iv th' Pullman company, an' ask him to publish a few hints to th' wayfarer. I wud like to know how a gintleman can take off his clothes while settin' on thim. It wud help a good deal to know what to do with th' clothes whin ye have squirmed out iv thim. Ar-re they to be rolled up in a ball an' placed undher th' head or dhropped into th' aisle? Again, in th' mornin' how to get into th' clothes without throwin' th' thrain off th' thrack? I will tell ye confidintially, Hinnissy, that not bein' a contortionist, th' on'y thing I took off was me hat.

"TH' thrain sped on an' on. I cud not sleep. Th' luxury iv thravel kept me wide awake. Who wud coort slumber in such a cozy little bower? There were some that did it; I heerd thim coortin. But not I. I lay awake while we flew on, I might say, bumped thru space. It seemed hardly a minyit befure we were in Saint Looey. It seemed a year. On an' iver on we flew past forest, river an' plain. Th' lights burned brightly just over me left ear, th' windows was open an' let in th' hoarse, exultant shriek iv th' locomotive, th' conversation iv th' baggage man to th' heavy thrunk, th' balmy night air an' gr-reat purple clouds iv Illinye coal smoke. I took in enough iv this splindid product iv our prairie soil to qualify as a coal yard. Be th' time th' sun peeked or, I may say, jumped into me little roost, I wud've made a cheerful grate fire an' left a slight deposit iv r-red ashes. Th' mornin' came too soon. I called me illusthrees almost Booker Wash'nton an' with th' assistance iv th' step laddher, th' bell rope an' th' bald head iv th' man in th' lower berth, I bounded lightly out iv me little nook, an' rose fr'm th' flure with no injury worse thin a sprained ankle. I thin walked th' long an' splindid aisle flanked be gintlemen, who were writhin' into their clothin' an' soon found mesilf in th' superbly appinted washroom.

'With a can opener,' says he, givin' a hearty laugh.

"What hasn't American ingenuity done f'r th' wurruld? Here we are fairly flyin' thru space or stoppin' f'r wather at Polo, Illinye, an' ye cud wash ye'ersilf as comfortably as ye cud in th' hydrant back iv th' gashouse. There were three handsome wash basins, wan piece iv shy, evasive soap an' towels galore—that is, almost enough to go round. In front iv each wash basin was a dilicately nurtured child iv luxury cleansin' himsilf an' th' surroundin' furniture at wan blow. Havin' injyed a very refreshin' attimpt at a bath, I sauntered out into th' car. It looked almost like th' pitchers in th' pamphlet, or wud've if all th' boots had been removed. Th' scene was rendered more atthractive be th' prisince iv th' fair sect. A charmin' woman is always charmin', but niver more so thin on a sleepin' car in th' mornin' afther a hard night's rest an' forty mile fr'm a curlin' ir'n. With their pretty faces slightly sthreaked be th' right iv way, their eyes dancin' with suppressed fury an' their hair almost sthraight, they make a pitcher that few can f'rget—an' they're lucky.

"BUT me eyes were not f'r thim. To tell ye th' thruth, Hinnissy, I was hungry. I thought to find a place among th' coal in me f'r wan iv thim sumchous meals I had read about an' I summoned th' black prince who was foldin' up th' beddin' with his teeth. 'I wud like a breakfast fr'm ye'er superbly equipped buffay,' says I. 'I got ye,' says he. 'We have canned lobster, canned corn-beef, canned tomatoes, canned asparygus, an' wather fresh fr'm th' company's own spring at th' Chicago wather wurruks,' he says. 'Have ye annything to eat?' says I. 'Sind me th' cook,' I says. 'I'm th' cook,' says he, wipin' a pair iv shoes with his sleeve. 'What do ye do ye'er cookin' with?' says I? 'With a can opener,' says he, givin' a hearty laugh.

"An' so we whiled th' time away till Saint Looey was reached. O'Brien an' his wife nursed me back to life, I rayturned on th' canal boat an' here I am almost as well as befure I made me pleasant jaunt. I'm not goin' to do it again. Let thim that will bask in their comforts. I stay at home. Whiniver I feel th' desire to fly thru space, I throw four dollars out iv th' window, put a cinder into me eye an' go to bed on a shelf in th' closet.

"I GUESS, Hinnissy, whin ye come to think iv it, they ain't anny such thing as luxury in thravel. We was meant to stay where we found oursilves first, an' thravelin' is conthry to nature. I can go fr'm Chicago to New York in twinty hours, but what's th' matther with Chicago? I can enjye places betther be not goin' to thim. I think iv Italy as th' home iv th' pope, but Hogan, who has been there, thinks iv it as th' home iv th' flea. I can see th' dome iv St. Pethers risin' against th' sky, but he can on'y see th' cabman that charged him eighty liars or thirty cents iv our money to carry him around th' block. I think iv New York as a place where people set shinin' their dimonds with satin napkins at th' Waldorf an' dhrinkin' champagne out iv goold coal scuttles with Jawn W. Gates, but I know a man down there that dhrives a dhray. I've always wanted to see th' Rocky mountains, but they don't look as tall nearby as they do far away.

"They ain't anny easy way iv thravellin'. Our ancesthors didn't have anny fast thrains, but they didn't want thim. They looked on a man thravellin' as a man dead, an' so he is. Comfort is in havin' things where ye can reach thim. A man is as comfortable on a camel as on a private car, an' a man who cud injye bouncin' over steel rails at sixty miles an hour cud go to sleep on top iv a donky injine. Th' good Lord didn't intind us to be gaddin' arount th' wurruld. Th' more we thry to do it, th' harder 'tis made f'r us. A man is supposed to take his meals an' his sleep in an attichood iv repose. It ain't nachral to begin on a biled egg at Galesburg an' end on it at Bloomington. We weren't expicted to spread a meal over two hundherd miles an' our snores over a thousand. If th' Lord had wanted San Francisco to be near New York, he'd have put it there. Th' railroods haven't made it anny nearer. It's still tin thousan' miles, or whativer it is, an' ye'd be more tired if ye reached it in wan day thin ye wud if ye did it in two months in a covered wagon an' stopped f'r sleep an' meals. Th' faster a thrain goes, th' nearer th' jints iv th' rails ar-re together. Man was meant to stay where he is or walk. If Nature had intinded us to fly, she wud've fixed us with wings an' taught us to ate chicken feed."

"But th' railroods assists Nature," said Mr. Hennessy.

"They do," said Mr. Dooley. "They make it hard to thravel."

"Oh, well," said Mr. Hennessy. "Afther all, they'se no place like home."

"Maybe that's why people thravel," said Mr. Dooley.

With th' assistance iv th' stepladdher, th' bellrope an' th' bald head iv th' man in th' lower berth.

PASTIMES OF A CHILLY JUNE DAY IN SWEDEN

Good Form to Sit Around Drinking "Punsch," Wrapped in a Red Blanket, While a Half-Frozen Orchestra Plays Music—Solid Buildings in Sweden—Cobble Sidewalks Drive Pedestrians to the Smooth Curbstones.

By OLOF Z. CERVIN.

Correspondence of The Journal.

Upsala, Sweden, June 28.—This is certainly the coldest June day I have ever experienced, and it is a shock to have to wear an overcoat. Still, nearly every one else does the same thing, natives tho they are. But for all that the popular summer pastime keeps on, just as tho the sun were shining and every one wearing linen suits. This pastime is to listen to the band in the concert garden while dining in the afternoon or over the glass of an evening. For the Swedes insist on enjoying their short summer to the utmost, and so every large city and many of the small ones and all summer and bathing resorts have these little gardens where people eat and drink in the open air. First, however, you must know what a peculiar order for eating is observed.

Breakfast 10 or 11 o'clock, dinner from 3 to 5 o'clock and supper at 9 o'clock. And the band concerts are arranged accordingly from 3 to 5 in the afternoon and from 77 to 11 in the evening.

This little university city of Upsala has two bands, tho one would naturally expect to find the place deserted of a summer when the lecturerooms are closed. But today the tables in front of the bandstand are all but deserted, and one must admire the persistence of a few old-timers who insist on enjoying the time-honored glass while the uncomfortable-looking musicians are doing their best to keep warm by working hard. The guests sit around the tables like a sombre war council of Kickapoo Indians, each wrapped in a big blanket.

You see, the management is weather wise and knows that the evening is likely to turn cold. For less than 3 cents one gets a blanket from a pile kept at hand. A large garden filled with people in groups in sombre discourse with coffee or liquors on the table, or perhaps the innocent vichy water, each one wrapped in a red blanket, is a sight.

"Punsch" the National Drink.

These outdoor restaurants are certainly the feature of Swedish social life that the visitor is most apt to observe. And he is apt to be surprised to find such high living in a country which he has always considered poor. For it is high living with a capital H and capital L. The German is content to sit by the hour with his family and drink his beer, the Frenchman or the Italian his light wines. But here a man who would order a mere glass of beer is considered a phenomenon, and if he come again and still again and try to do the same thing he will soon be an object of scorn. The standard Swedish drink is "punsch," which to the foreigner seems insipid and too sweet. But it is really strong in spite of its innocent appearance. The proper "chaser" is vichy, which is manufactured in immense quantities. Bottle after bottle of this "punsch," together with coffee, wines, whiskies and other liquors, is consumed while the music plays merrily. Night after night the same thing, and quite often the same guests. Stockholm takes the lead. With at least seven large restaurants with music, and dozens of hotel cafes and minor places, it sets a pace with which the rest of the country is striving hard to keep up. The surprised foreigner asks over and again, how can they afford it, and naturally concludes that, after all, Sweden must be a wealthy country.

But he is wrong. There is one thing the Swedes cannot and apparently do not wish to forget. Their country was once a world power, a factor of mighty influence in the old-time concert of Europe. And it has a history calculated to make every patriot "chesty." And patriots or not, they still love to make a grand splurge. It is rather pathetic, this effort to keep up the semblance of a great past.

Solid, Substantial Building.

It is perhaps this same remembrance of the glorious past that is still potential in the Swedish manner of building. One notes the many monumental public buildings, structures that would do credit to countries with far greater resources, and the generally substantial and solid character of all manner of construction. Frame houses are put together in a careful and painstaking way, with a mass of material that would stagger our builders. Solid four-inch planks are bolted and screwed to form the walls and all the joints are caulked with oakum, much as is done in shipbuilding. The exterior is often lathed and covered with stucco or simply boarded. The interior is plastered.

In the city all modern houses must have stone, cement or iron stairs within brick walls. They must be noncombustible if the house be only two stories high. There is one general building law that governs all the cities, but each city enacts supplemental regulations to fit local conditions.

The new houses of parliament in Stockholm are now nearing completion. This building and the National bank connected with it by arcades are entirely of granite. This is quite in contrast to the building in England where thousands are being spent to keep the stone from disintegrating. The other day on a bicycle trip I saw in the small town of Sala a new schoolhouse under construction, erected and ornamented in a way that would be a credit to a large city. In Vesteras, a city of 10,000, a new schoolhouse was being built in the outskirts for the growing population. It was fireproof except the roof. A few years ago the city of Helsingborg spent $100,000 on a splendid city hall. Even factories are often ornamented and grouped in a way to make them attractive. I remember specially the Carnegie brewery in Gothenburg, and in Malmo the community itself is just completing new slaughterhouses where one must admire the ingenuity of the architect who prevailed upon the authorities to spend so much for mere looks, and at the same time regret that the money was not used where it might have been a pleasure to a greater number.

There is one thing they do here that is absurd, and that is invariably to cover their houses, wood, brick or stone, with stucco. A plain, honest brick building with every brick brave enough to show its face is a rarity. Even the churches, many built of splendid granite, are plastered over and finished white. It is a pity.

Sidewalks of Cobble.

The sidewalks are not the most comfortable, being usually made of cobble. But the curbstone along the gutter is of granite in long slabs and smooth cut. Walking on the cobbles is a sure and quick way of getting corns. So everyone tries to get in the narrow path of the curbstone. They give them an expressive name, these granite curbings, the "soft stones." The rule for the pedestrian is to walk on the left-hand side of the street. If he gets on the right-hand side he will have a hard time working has way against the current of humanity and is likely to be unmercifully jostled, unless he is a foreigner and not expected to know better.

Bookings for the first two months of the regular season at the Metropolitan include "The Runaways," "The Southerners," De Wolf Hopper in "Wang," "Bird Center," "Glittering Gloria" and "The Pit."

WILD FLOWER OF THE WEEK

THE BLACK-EYED SUSAN.

When the black-eyed susans begin to dot the meadows the arrival of summer is assured, tho one should be careful not to step on a blossom before one has seen twelve. If one should, disasters worse than all fairy tale catastrophes will overtake one. This species of the composite family which embraces the hollyhock, sunflower, daisy, dandelion and many others, is like its distant cousin, the daisy, exclusively the day's eye. The poet says of it:

When smitten by the morning ray
I see thee rise alert and gay
Then cheerful flower, my spirits play.

When the day breaks it unfolds and when the sun sets it hides behind closed bars of yellow. Even a cloud makes the flower pout and seek seclusion.

The foliage of the flower as well as its stalk is coarse-fibered and very hairy, tho the blossom itself is of velvety texture. The flowers proper are clustered together in a dark brownish-purple ball which is surrounded by twelve or fifteen rays about the base of rich yellow. The whole is then set on a mat of green parts which overlap. Tho the heads are usually single it is not uncommon to find freak flowers where two or three heads are bunched or set one on top of the others.

This blossom, variously known as the coreopsis, yellow daisy, yellow marguerite and golden Jerusalem, is the emblem of fidelity as well as of the sunshine. Its yellow rays suffice as well as the little white daisy to tell the lovelorn maid what fate has in store for her and they are frequently put to that same use. Sometimes one may even fancy that the grasses near these bright day flowers whisper as they sway, "He loves me, he loves me not."

JANET PRIEST "MAKES GOOD" IN GOTHAM

As "Muggsy" in "The Maid and the Mummy" the Petite Minneapolis Girl Attracts Attention on the New York Stage.

JANET PRIEST, PORTRAYED BY A NEW YORK CARICATURIST.

THE REAL "MUGGSY."

Here is Miss Janet Priest as she appears in New York, according to Harmony, the artist for the World, and the picture is a very good sign that Miss Priest has made good in the dramatic world, for artists on big New York papers don't waste time sketching persons not in the public eye.

Miss Priest left Minneapolis in May to join Richard Carle's company in Philadelphia, where the new musical medley, "The Maid and the Mummy," was being rehearsed, and when the play opened in Chicago the honors were easily hers. The same success seems to have met her in New York, where the company began its Gotham season last week. Miss Priest takes the role of Muggsy, and the reporter says of her:

"This midget Muggsy was so interesting that we asked a press representative what her real name was and the story of her life. He said she was Miss Janet Priest and used to be dramatic critic, but asked us not to publish the fact as she was trying to live it down. We insisted on being steered down to the subway dressingrooms and being introduced to Muggsy. Harmony was there already sketching her, as she sat on a trunk with one of those funny ashbarrel hats on her head, absorbed in the perusal of a quarterly review article entitled, "Could the Elizabethan Dramatists Have Written Up to the Rogers Brothers?'

"'You don't look like a dramatic critic,' we stammered.

"She looked up at us with her big, serious kid eyes and answered thoughtfully: 'Thanks, that is if you are not jollying me. I only went on the stage last fall. I had a leading part in "The Little Outcast," but when the opportunity came to join Mr. Carle's company I took it. There is a fascination in these pathetic little waif characters, splendid scope for study, don't you think? I get lots of encouragement and it's just immense to play to these New York audiences.'"

The other members of the company are enjoying Miss Priest's success and unanimously prophesy that "she will be a second Lotta some day."

THE THEATERS

Lyceum—"The Highest Bidder."

"The Highest Bidder," next week's bill at the Lyceum, was E. H. Sothern's first and greatest success. This excellent comedy has been played in this city but once, and that was at the old Grand. Dick Ferris has promised his patrons to appear often this summer and has kept his word, having played in nearly every play put on by his company all summer, scoring a success in every one, especially the comedies. His selections of plays have been up to the standard. Lawrence Barbour, who staged the great success, "Cleopatra," will remain with the company as director. Mr. Barbour came direct from Payton's famous stock company of New York city. Fredric Clark, Oscar Grey Briggs, Miss Claudia Lucas and Louis Stone are other additions to the company, all being actors of established reputations. Perhaps the most notable addition has been the beautiful new leading lady, Miss Florence Stone, who has made a "hit" with Minneapolis audiences. Miss Stone was engaged to appear in a repertory of Sardou plays, of which three have already been produced—"Cleopatra," "La Tosca" and "Gismonda."

"The Highest Bidder" assures the patrons a good comedy, in which Dick Ferris and Florence Stone will be seen in the leading roles. The cast is as follows:

Jack Hammerton, of Hammerton, Mallet & Co ..... Dick Ferris
Bouham Cheviot, of "The Firs" .... Ben Johnson
Lawrence Thornton of the Larches. True S. James
Sir Muffin Struggles, a philanthropist, Charles C. Burnham
Sir Evelyn Graine, baronet, etc ... Louis Stone
Parkyn ..... Oscar Grey Briggs
Joseph, servant to Thornhill ..... Ernest Fisher
Sergeant Downey ..... Fredric Clark
Bill, his assistant ..... Burt McCann
A Jew ..... Lawrence Barbour
Clerk ..... William Groulx
First Purchaser ..... George Armstrong
Second Purchaser ..... Harry Plympton
Rose Thornhill ..... Florence Stone
Mrs. Honiton Lacy ..... Laurette Allen
Louisa ..... Lovell Alice Taylor
Ann ..... Amy Webb

FOOTLIGHT FLASHES.

William A. Brady's "Way Down East" will be the attraction at the Metropolitan for the week commencing Sunday evening, Aug. 28. "Way Down East" is a story of New England life written by Lottie Blair Parker. It is the same elaborate and realistic production and the same company that is at present playing an extended engagement at the Olympic theater in St. Louis.

Chauncey Olcott will open his season at the Metropolitan in St. Paul Aug. 25 with a revival of "A Romance of Athlone," and will play ten days, appearing also in the title role of Terence. Immediately following his St. Paul engagement, Mr. Olcott will be seen at the Metropolitan in this city for one week.

"Under Southern Skies" will be the offering at the Metropolitan for the week of Sept. 18.

Some of the coming attractions at the Lyceum are "Theodora or Her Last Race," "Miss Hobbs," "Charlie's Aunt," and "The Lady of Lyons."

The Feris Stock company will for the third time in two years present Marie Corelli's great Norwegian play, "Thelma," fair week, commencing Aug. 29.