MINNESOTA HISTORICAL SOCIETY.

MR. DOOLEY ON A BACHELOR'S LIFE—By F. P. Dunne

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"IT'S always been a wondher to me," said Mr. Hennessey, "ye niver marrid."

"It's been a wondher to manny," Mr. Dooley replied haughtily. "Maybe if I'd been as aisy pleased as most—an' this is not sayin' annything again you an' ye'ers, Hinnisy, f'r ye got much th' best iv it—I might be th' father iv happy

'Twas "Good mornin', Misther Dooley, an' will ye come in an' have a cup iv tay?"

childher an' have money in th' bank awaitin' th' day whin th' intherest on th' morgedge fell due. 'Tis not f'r lack iv opporchunities I'm here alone, I tell ye that, me bucko, f'r th' time was whin th' sound iv me feet'd bring more heads to th' windies iv Ar-rchey r-road thin'd bob up to see ye'er fun'ral go by. An' that's manny a wan."

"Ah, well," said Mr. Hennessy, "I was but jokin' ye."

His tone mollified his friend, who went on: "To tell ye th' truth, Hinnissy, th' raison I niver got marrid was I niver cud pick a choice. I've th' makin' iv an ixcillint ol' Turk in me, to be sure, f'r I look on all the sect as iligeable f'r me hand an' I'm on'y resthrained fr'm r-rentin' Lincoln park f'r a home an' askin' thim all to clave on'y to me, be me nachral modesty an' th' laws iv th' state iv Illinye. 'Twas always so with me an' I think it is so with most men that dies bachelors. Be r-readin' th' pa-apers ye'd think a bachelor was a man bor-rn with a depraved an' parvarse hathred iv wan iv our most cherished institootions, an' anti-expansionist, d'ye mind. But 'tis no such thing. A bachelor's a man that wud extind his beneficint rule over all th' female wurruld, fr'm th' snow-capped girls iv Alaska to th' sunny eileens iv th' Passyfic. A marrid man's a person with a limited affection—a protictionist an' anti-expansionist, a mugwump, be hivins. 'Tis th' bachelor that's keepin' alive th' rivrince f'r th' sect.

"WHIN I was a young man, ye cud search fr'm wan end iv th' town to th' other f'r me akel with th' ladies. Ye niver see me in them days, but 'twas me had a rogue's eye an' a leg far beyant th' common r-run iv props. I cud dance with th' best iv thim, me voice was that sthrong 'twas impossible to hear annywan else whin I sung 'Th' Pretty Maid Milkin' th' Cow,' an' I was dhressed to kill on Sundahs. 'Twas thin I bought th' hat ye see me wear at th' picnic. 'Twas 'Good mornin', Misther Dooley, an' will ye come in an' have a cup iv tay,' an' 'How d'ye do, Misther Dooley, I didn't see ye at mass this mornin',' an' 'Martin, me boy, dhrop in an' take a hand at forty-fives. Th' young ladies has been askin' me ar-re ye dead.' I was th' pop'lar idol, ye might say, an' manny's th' black look I got over th' shouldher at picnic an' wake. But I minded thim little. If a bull again me come fr'm th' pope himsilf in thim days whin me heart was high, I'd tuck it in me pocket an' say: 'I'll r-read it whin I get time.'

"WELL, I'd take one iv th' girls out in me horse an' buggy iv a Sundah an' I'd think she was th' finest in th' wurruld an' I'd be sayin' all kinds iv jokin' things to her about marredge licenses bein' marked down on account iv the poor demand an' how th' parish priest was thinkin' iv bein' thransferred to a parish where th' folks was more kindly disposed to each other an' th' likes iv that, whin out iv th' corner iv me eye I'd see another girl go by, an' bless me if I cud keep th' lid iv me r-right eye still or hold me tongue fr'm such unfortchnit remark as: 'That there Molly Hearney's th' fine girl, th' fine, sthrappin' girl, don't ye think so?' Well, ye know, afther that I might as well be dhrivin' an ice wagon as a pleasure rig; more thin wanst I near lost th' tip iv me nose in th' jamb iv th' dure thryin' to give an affictshionate farewell. An' so it wint on, till I got th' repytation iv a flirt an' a philandhrer f'r no raison at all, d'ye mind, but me widespread fondness. I like thim all, dark an' light, large an' small, young an' old, marrid an' single, widdied an' divorced, an' so I niver marrid annywan. But ye'll find me photoygraft in some albums an' me bills in more thin wan livery stable.

"I THINK marrid men gets on th' best f'r they have a home an' fam'ly to lave in th' mornin' an' a home an' fam'ly to go back to at night; that makes thim wurruk. Some men's domestic throubles dhrives thim to dhrink, others to labor. Ye r-read about a man becomin' a millyonaire an' ye think he done it be his own exertions whin 'tis much again little 'twas th' fear iv comin' home impty-handed an' dislike iv stayin' ar-round th' house all day that made him rich. Misther Standard Ile takes in millyons in a year, but he

'Tis past two o'clock whin I hook him on a frindly polisman an' sind him thrippin'—th' polisman—down th' sthreet.

might be playin' dominoes in an injinehouse if it wasn't f'r Mrs. Standard Ile. 'Tis th' thought iv that dear quiet lady at home, in her white cap with her ca'm motherly face, waitin' patiently f'r him with a bell-punch that injooces him to put a shtick iv dinnymite in somebody else's ile well an' bury his securities whin th' assissor comes ar-round. Near ivry man's property ought to be in wife's name an' most iv it is.

"BUT with a bachelor 'tis diff'rent. Ye an' I ar-re settin' here together an' Clancy dhrops in. Clancy's wife's away an' he's out f'r a good time an' he comes to me f'r it. A bachelor's f'r th' enjoymint of his marrid frinds' vacations. Whin Clancy's wife's at home an' I go to see him he r-runs th' pail out in a valise, an' we take our criminal dhrink in th' woodshed. Well, th' three iv us sits here an' pass th' dhrink an' sing our songs iv glee till about ilivin o'clock; then ye begin to look over ye'er shouldher ivery time ye hear a woman's voice an' fin'lly ye get up an' yawn an' dhrink ivrything on th' table an' gallop home. Clancy an' I raysume our argymint on th' Chinese sityation an' afterwards we carrol together me singin' th' chune an' him doin' razor-edge tinor. Thin he tells me how much he cares f'r me an proposes to rassle me an' weeps to think how bad he threats his wife an' begs me niver to marry, f'r a bachelor's life's th' on'y wan, an' 'tis past two o'clock whin I hook him on a frindly polisman an' sind him thrippin'—th' polisman—down th' sthreet. All r-right so far. But in th' mornin' another story. If Clancy gets home an' finds his wife's rayturned fr'm th' seaside or th' stockyards, or whereiver 'tis she's spint her vacation, they'se no r-rest f'r him in th' mornin'. His head may sound in his ears like a automobill an' th' look iv an egg may make his knees thremble, but he's got to be off to th' blacksmith shop, an' hiven help his helper that mornin'. So Clancy's gettin' r-rich an' puttin' a coopoly on his house.

"BUT with me 'tis diff'rent. Whin Phibbius Apollo, as Hogan calls th' sun, raises his head above th' gashouse, I'm cuddled up in me couch an' Morpus, gawd iv sleep, has a sthrangle holt on me. Th' alarm clock begins to go off an' I've just sthrength enough to raise up an' fire it thru th' window. Two hours aftherward I have a gleam iv human intillygince an' hook me watch out fr'm undher th' pillow. 'It's eight o'clock,' says I. 'But is it eight in th' mornin' or eight in th' evenin'?' says I. 'Faith, I dinnaw, an' divvle a bit care I. Eight's on'y a number,' says I. 'It riprisints nawthin',' says I. 'They'se hours enough in th' day f'r a free man. I'll turr-n over an' sleep till eight-wan and thin I'll wake up refrished,' I says. 'Tis ilivin o'clock whin me tired lids part f'r good an' Casey has been here to pay me eight dollars an' findin' me not up has gone away f'r another year.

"A marrid man gets th' money, Hinnissy, but a bachelor man gets th' sleep. Whin all me marrid frinds is off to wurruk poundin' th' ongrateful sand an' wheelin' th' rebellyous slag, in th' heat iv th' afthernoon, ye can see ye'er onfortchnit bachelor

Manny's th' black look I got.

frind perambulatin' up an' down th' shady side iv th' sthreet, with an umbrelly over his head an' a wurrud iv cheer fr'm young an' old to enliven his loneliness."

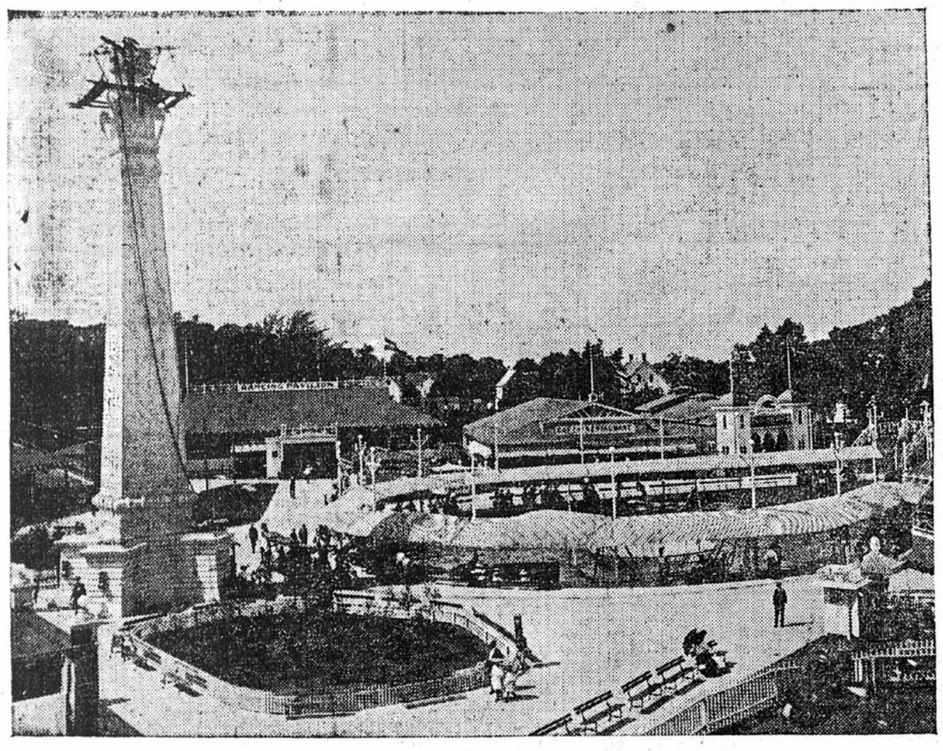
"BUT th' childher?" asked Mr. Hennessy slyly.

"Childher!" said Mr. Dooley. "Sure I have th' finest fam'ly in th' city. Without scandal I'm th' father iv ivry child in Ar-rchey r-road fr'm end to end."

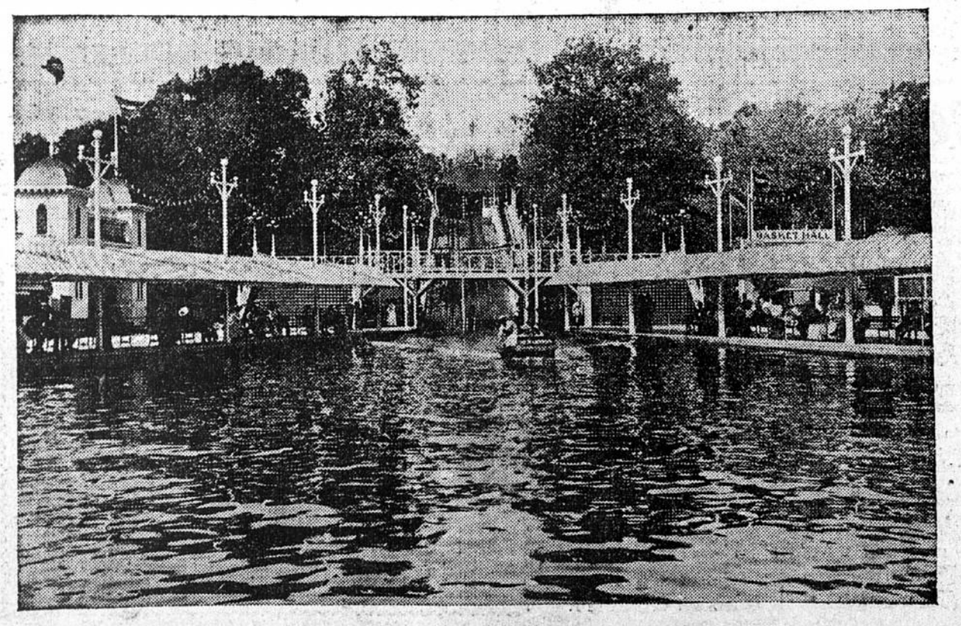
"An' none iv ye'er own," said Mr. Hennessy.

"I wish to hell, Hinnissy," said Mr. Dooley savagely, "ye'd not lean against that mirror; I don't want to have to tell ye again."

GLIMPSES OF "DREAMLAND CITY" THE NEW AMUSEMENT PARK TO BE BUILT IN MINNEAPOLIS



"THE WHITE CITY" AT NEW HAVEN, CONN., TO BE REPRODUCED HERE.



THE ARTIFICIAL LAKE WITH THE SHOOTING-THE-CHUTES ATTRACTION.

MUSIC

The Kneisel Quartet.

A musical event that will be welcomed by all who love the beautiful and artistic in music will be the appearance of the famous Kneisel string quartet, Oct. 14, under the auspices of the Thursday Musical. The club intends to place the tickets within the reach of every music lover and give a liberal reduction to its members, so that no one need be deprived of hearing these musicians who have reached the perfection of quartet playing.

With but one exception these men have been playing together for over twelve years until not even the famous old German quartet, the Joachim, holds any higher rank in the estimation of the musical world. The members of the quartet have been leading players with the Boston Symphony orchestra, and during the illness of Mr. Gericke, Mr. Kneisel conducted the orchestra with great success.

When but 17 years old, Mr. Kneisel was soloist with the famous Vienna Philharmonic orchestra, and later was heard with other great orchestras of Europe. In 1885 Mr. Kneisel, then only 20 years old, became concert master of Boston's great orchestra, a position which he held until last year, when he, with the other members of the quartet, resigned to devote their time exclusively to quartet and solo work.

The quartet especially wished to make a trial of its skill as quartet players in the larger musical capitals of Europe, having already achieved an immense success in London, but the tour was cut short owing to the death of Mr. Kneisel's son.

For personal reasons Mr. Kneisel preferred to stay in America this year, and thus the Thursday Musical is enabled to open its season with this famous organization.

Philharmonic Plans.

The Philharmonic club will begin rehearsals as soon as its conductor, Emil Oberhoffer, returns from the east, where he has gone in the interests of the club and the Minneapolis Symphony orchestra.

Haydn's oratorio, "The Creation," will be given at the first concert.

"The Dream of Gerontius," by Edgar Elgar, which the club will present during the season, is one of the great modern works, and one which will live thru coming generations, it is predicted. As yet it has been given but twice in America and then, owing to its extreme difficulty, only by old and experienced societies. Mr. Oberhoffer has the utmost faith in the ability of his chorus to sing the work and with the able support of the Minneapolis Symphony orchestra, believes that the great work will be given the interpretation its merit deserves.

Verdi's "Aida" in concert form will be another novelty. Those who remember the fine performance the club gave of "Samson and Delilah" last season will look forward to this presentation of Verdi's great dramatic opera.

The soloists for the three concerts will be those who have already achieved success in the chosen works and with the support of the Symphony orchestra, the club anticipates the most brilliant choral season in the history of the city.

With the Musicians.

Miss Jean Wakeman is home from a delightful summer in California, and is already planning a busy winter. Two or three of her pupils will give recitals in the early fall. Next summer Miss Wakeman will go abroad to join her former teachaer, Mme. Stepanoff, among the mountains of Norway, and take a course of lessons. This is a new departure for Mme. Stepanoff, who has never had summer pupils before, but she has arranged this opportunity for a few of her old scholars. Miss Wakeman studied with her in Berlin.

Carlo Fischer and Marie Falk-Gjertsen have been winning new laurels in California, where for two months they have taken part in the bi-weekly programs in the tent city at Coronado Beach. Mr. Fischer played fifty-four different solos and Miss Gjertsen read sixty-one times, giving three readings for the first time. One of these was Meredith's poem, "The Portrait," for which Arthur Koerner, a young St. Paul pianist, wrote a musical setting.

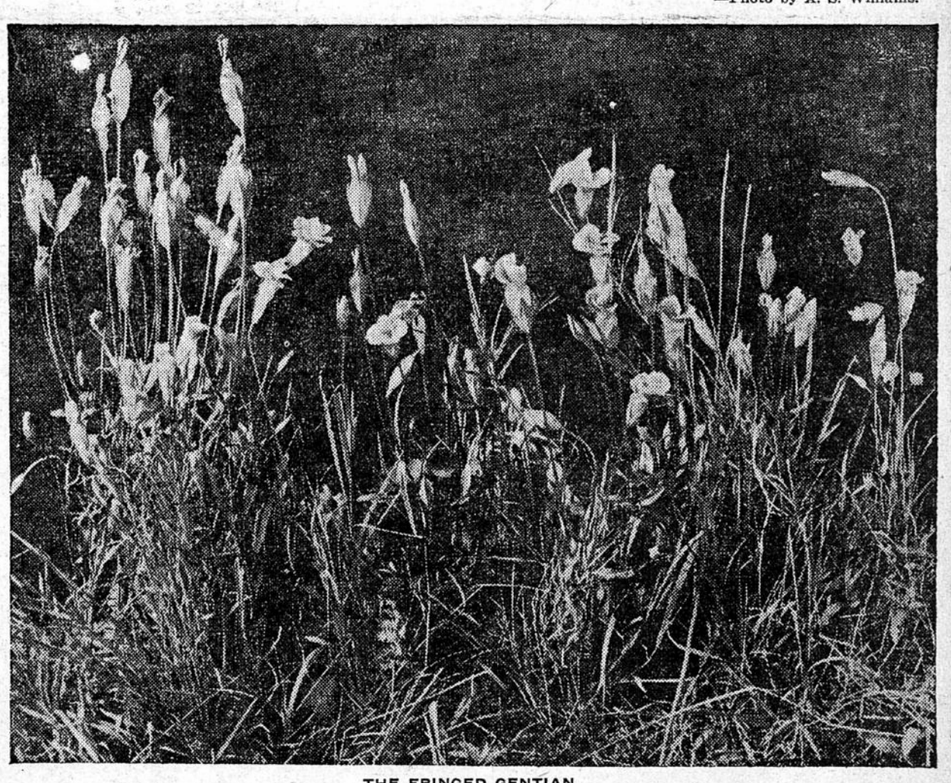
Miss Gertrude Sans-Souci has joined the faculty of the Hjort School of Voice Culture.

Miss Mary Potter Felton is the new organist in Andrew Presbyterian church and succeeds Professor Black, who was organist for fourteen years, and resigned on account of ill-health.

See Stockwell soon—That life insurance—The Penn Mutual, Andrus bldg.

WILD FLOWER OF THE WEEK

—Photo by A. S. Williams.



THE FRINGED GENTIAN.

Thou blossom bright with autumn dew,
And colored with the heaven's own blue,
That openest when the quiet light
Succeeds the keen and frosty night.

Thou waitest late and com'st alone,
When woods are bare and birds have flown,
And frosts and shortening days portend
The aged year is near its end.

It is of the fringed gentian William Cullen Bryant writes in this tender poem, the kindly flower which harbors the fairy over night. In an old legend it is related that one night the fairy queen stayed out late and the moon and fairy lamp had disappeared before she started for home, so she sought the shelter of a flower which had closed in the cool of the evening. But the gentian refused to admit her, saying that if she were queen of all the fairies she could find many places. So the tired lady sought another flower which opened and let her rest all night in its bosom. As a reward the fairy gave this gentian power to open when the sun first shone on the world in the morning. The gentian has continued with this same habit and now we have the fringed gentian and the closed.

The flower stalk commonly grows from six inches to two feet high. It is grooved and shiny and as it approaches the blossoms becomes almost square. The leaf is heart-shaped with a long tip. The corolla of the flower is vase-shaped and of evasive azure varying from the deep to pale tones. The blossoms are four-parted and grow singly or in groups. The flowers will not germinate from seeds sown in gardens and each succeeding year they become more and more scarce in the wood. Tho the gentian is usually small, one authority claims to have found specimens in remote mountain gorges, five feet in height and bearing a hundred blooms.

Formerly it was prized for its medicinal value. It is said that its properties were first discovered by King Ladislas, who, stricken with grief at the ravages to his people by the plague, shot an arrow into the air, praying that its course would direct him to some herb that would be efficacious. He followed its flight and came upon the gentian. It was believed to cure the bite of a mad dog, help the digestion and resist poisonous putrefactions.

BIRTHS.

Lachner—Mr. and Mrs. Ludwig, 2328 Polk street, boy.
Morrison—Mr. and Mrs. Robert, 1921 Aldrich avenue S, girl.
Darling—Mr. and Mrs. J. D., 1100 Hennepin avenue, boy.

MARRIAGE LICENSES.

Erick Stein and Annie Running.
Harry R. Scarborough and Marguerite Williams.
Joseph Hammer and Ottilia Rieck.
Harry W. Giles and Mae Abrahams.
Hans Erickson and Hilma C. Peterson.
John Greehling and Emma Steinke.
Emil Johnson and Annie Gustafson.
Daniel Zajouc and Zofia Czyszon.
George Dexter and Mary Currigan.
Ole P. J. Reno and Karl O. Eggen.
L. A. Austin and Mary E. Healy.

DEATHS.

Jackson—August, Swedish hospital.
Balcom—Aaron, 1013 Third avenue S.
Yattaw—William H., 3754 Snelling avenue.
Byard—Lavina, 2506 W Fortieth street.
Litchfield—Adolph C., 731 Sixth avenue N.
Gaffney—Daniel, city hospital.
Anderson—John, city hospital.

All of the five new satellites discovered since the satellite of Neptune was found by Lassell in 1846 have been discovered in this country.

PEOPLE'S CHURCH SERVICES

They Will Be Resumed Tomorrow at Masonic Temple.

G. L. Morrill will resume his People's church service Sunday at 11 a.m. Pending the completion of the Unique theater, the service will be held in the Knights of Pythias hall of the Masonic Temple. His subject will be "Primary Election Aftermath." The Danz orchestra will render the following selections: "Celebrated Minuet," by Boccherini; "Polish Air," by Scharwenka, and Frank Hines will play a violin solo, Solweg's song, "Peer Gynt," by Grieg, with orchestral accompaniment. The service lasts one hour, is undenominational, and non-church-going people as well as hotel transients and the theatrical profession are especially invited to be present. The latter are given a most cordial invitation, Mr. Merrill being chaplain of the Actors' Church Alliance.

Defective Page