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Mr. Dooley on the Phillipine Peace.

By F. P. Dunne.

IT IS strange we don't hear much talk about the Phillipines," said Mr. Hennessy.

"Ye ought to go to Boston," said Mr. Dooley. "They talk about it there in their sleep. Th' reason it's not discussed anywhere else is that everything is perfectly quiet there. We don't talk about Ohio or Iowa or any of our other possessions because they're nawthin' doin' in them parts. Th' people ar-re goin' ahead, garrin' th' products iv th' sile, siddin' their childer to school, worshipin' on Sunday in th' churches an' thank-

waters iv th' still lagoon. They mus' be satisfied with our rule. A man that isn't satisfied when he's had enough is a glutton. They're satisfied an' happy an' slowly but surely they're acquirin' that love fr th' government that floats over them that will make them good citizens without a vote or a right to thrille the jury. I know it. Gov'nor Taft says so.

"Says he? Th' Phillipines, as ye have been to be me young but speechful frind, Sintor Bivridge, who was down there fr th' minyits wast an' spoke very high-ly an' at some lenth on th' beauties iv th' scenery, th' Phillipines is wan or more iv th' beautiful jools in th' diadem iv our fair nation. Formerly our fair nation didn't care fr jools but done up her hair with side combs, but she's been abroad some since an' she come back with beautiful, reddish golden hair that a tara looks well in an' that is better fr havin' a tara. She is not as young as she was. Th' simple home-lovin' maiden that our fathers knew has disappeared an' in her place we find a Columbya, gntlemen, with machurer charms, a knowledge iv European customs an' not averra to a cigarret. So we have plinned in her fair hair a diadem that sets off her beauty to advantage an' holds on th' front iv th' hair an' th' mos' lovely pearl in this ornymint is thim sunny little isles iv th' Passyfic. They are almost too sunny fr me. I had to come away.

earth bein' a little overclouded with juice an' this gives th' atmosphere a certain coosiness that is indescribable. A light green mold grows on th' clothes an' is very becomin'. I met a man on th' boat comin' back who said 'twas th' finest winter climate in th' wuruld. He was be th' profession a rubber in a Turkish bath. As fr th' summers they are delishous. Th' sun doesn't sit aloft above th' jools iv th' Passyfic. It comes down an' mingles with th' people. Ye have heard it said th' isles

flitted have not yet surrendered. In th' Phillipines th' office seeks th' man, but as he is also pursued by th' sojery, it is not always aisy to catch him an' fit it on him. Th' country may be divided into two parts, pollytically, where th' insurance continues an' where it will soon be. Th' brave but I fear not altogether cheery army controls th' insurrected parts be martial law but th' civil authorities are supreme in their own house. Th' difference between civil law an' martial law in th' Phillipines is what kind iv coat th' judge wears. Th' raysult is much th' same. Th' two branches wur-unks in perfect harmony. We bag thim in th' city an' they round thim up in the country.

hope to have thim thrained to a pint where they can be good men an' thrue at th' inquest.

"I hope I have to't ye enough to show ye that th' stories iv disorder is greatly exaggerated. Th' country is pro-gressin' spindly, th' ocean still laps th' shore, th' mountains are there as they were in Biv-ridge's day, quite happy apparently, th' flag floats free an' well guarded over th' government offices an' th' cheery people go an' come on their errands-go out alone an' come back with th' throops. Irvywhere hap-



"Me Frind, Gvner Taft."

in' Hiven fr th' blessin' iv free government an' th' protection iv th' flag above thim.

"So it is in th' Phillipines. I know fr me frind Gov'nor Taft says so an' they're a man that knows con-tinimint when he sees it. Ye can't thrust th' fel-lows that come back fr'm th' jools iv th' Passyfic an' tells ye that things ar-re no better th' th' shade iv th' cocoonat palm be th' blue

"To what me language suddintly fr'm th' jooly counter an' th' hoodore, I will say that nawthin' that has been said even be th' gifical an' scholarly sinior, who so worthily fills part iv the place wast crowded be Hendricks an' McDonald, does justice to th' richness iv thim islands. They raise unknown quantities iv pro-duce, none iv which forchuntly can come into this country. All th' riches iv Cathay, all th' wealth iv Ind, as Hogan says, wud look like a second prorgezo on an Apache wikeyup compared with th' untold an' almost unmittonable products iv that glorious domain. Me business kept me in Manila or I wud tell ye what they are. Besides some of our life subjects is gettin' in to be good shoses an' I did iv go down there fr that purpose.

"I turn to th' climate. It is simply hivenly. No other wuruld describes it. A white man who goes there seldom returns unless th' benaved family insists. It is jus' right. In winter enough rain, in summer plenty iv heat. Gntially speakin' when that tropical sky starts rainin' it doesn't stop till it's impty, so th' country is not subjected to th' sudden changes that afflict more northerly climes. When it rains it rains; when it shines it shines. Th' wather frequently remains in th' air afther th' sun has been shinin' a month or more, th'



Not Averse to Cigaretts.

was kissed be th' sun. Perhaps bitten wud be a bet-ther wuruld. But th' timpachoor is frequently modified be an eruption iv th' neighborin' volcanoes an' th' intruduction iv American stoves. At night a coolin' breeze fr'm th' crater iv a volcano makes sleep possi-ble in a hammock swingin' in th' lee-box. It is also very pleasant to be able to cook dinner wihin wan.

"Passin' to th' political situation, I will say it is good. Not perhaps as good as ye'ers or mine, but good. Irvy want in a while when I think iv it, an' I'llation is held. Unfortunately it usually happens that those

"It is not always necessary to kill a Filipino American right away. Me desire is to inlocate thim slowly in th' ways an' customs iv th' country. We give thim hunderds iv these pore benighted haythen th' well-known, ol'-fashioned American wather cure. Iv course, ye know how 'tis done. A Filipino, we'll say, niver heard iv th' history iv this country. He is met be wan iv our sturdy boys in black an' blue iv Macabee scouts who asts him to cheer fr Abraham Lincoln. He rayfuses. He is thim placed upon th' grass an' given a drink, a baynit bein' fixed in his mouth so he can- not reject th' hospitality. Under th' infloosence iv th' hose that cheers but does not inebriate, he soon war-ums or perhaps I might say swells up to a realization iv th' granjoor iv his adoptive country. One gallon makes him give three groans fr th' constittioochion. At four gallons, he will ask to be wrapped in th' flag. At th' dew pint he sings Yankee Doodle. Occasionally we run across a stubborn an' rebellious man who wud strain at the idee iv human rights an' swallow th' Passyfic Ocean, but I mus' say mos' iv these little fellows is less hollow in their pretentions. Natchrally we have had to take a good many customs fr'm th' Spanyard but we have improved on thim. I was talkin' with a Spanish gntleman th' other day who had been away fr a long time an' he said ye wudden't know th' country. Even th' jury iv ye'ers see him. Among th' mos' useful Spanish customs is reconcentration. Our reconcentration camps is among th' mos' thickly popu-lated in th' wuruld. But still we have to rely mainly on American methods. They are always used finally in th' makin' iv a good citizen, th' garotte sidom.

"I have not considered it advisable to intrajooce any facts like this be jury iv ye'ers see him. Among ministrations. Plain straightforward dealth's is me motto. A Filipino at his best has on'y learned half th' jooty iv mankind. He can be thrised but he can't try his fellow man. It takes him too long. But in time I



"At Four Gallons He Will Ask to Be Wrapped in th' Flag."

pinces, contint, love iv th' sthep-mother country except in places where there ar-re people. Gntlemen, I thank ye."

"An' there ye ar-re, Hinnisy. I hope this here lucid story will quite th' waggin' tongues iv scandal an' that people will let th' Phillipines stew in their own happi-ness."

"But sure they might do something fr thim," said Hennessy.

"They will," said Mr. Dooley. "They'll give thim a measure iv freedom."

"But wihin'?"

"Whin they'll shand still long enough to be meas-ured," said Mr. Dooley.

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The Modern Fable of the Sickly Dream And How It Was Doctored Up . . .

By George Ade.

ONE Day a pure white Soul that made Sonnets by Hand was sitting in his Apartment embroider- ing a Cantio. He had all the Curtains drawn and was sitting beside a Shaded Candle waiting for the Muse to keep her Appointment. He wore an Azure Dressing-Gown. Occasionally he went, drying his Eyes on a Salmon Pink Handker- chief bordered with yellow Morning Glories. Anyone could tell by looking at him that he was a delicate Or- ganism and had been raised a Pet.

Presently he put his left Hand to his Brow and be-

Ethereal Vapor. Hereafter I shall order the vulgar Tradespeople to deliver all Marshmallows at the Servants' Entrance.

He began to write again, revivin' himself at the end of each Word, by means of Smelling Salts. He did not see the Artist standing in the Doorway.

The Artist was a muscular Person with an Ashen Complexion and a Suit that was not large enough to show the entire Pattern. He carried a Bludgeon with a Horse's Head on it. In order to attract the Attention of Mr. Swinburne, he whistled through his Teeth, whereupon the Author jumped over the Table and fell among the Rugs, faintly calling "Mother! Mother!"

"Cut it out!" exclaimed the Artist. "What's mat-ter? Huh?"

"Oh, how you startled me," said the Author sitting up among the Rugs. "Just as you came in I was writ- ing about the Fays and the Elfins. I was in the deep Greenwood, the velvet Sward kissing my wan Cheek and the Leaves whispering overhead."

"I see," said the Artist. "A Dark Change from an Interior to a Wood Set. That's all right if you can do it quick. Who did you say you was doing it for—the Fays?"

"I mentioned the Fays and Elfins," replied the Au- thor.

"I've heard of the Fays," said the Artist. "They're out on the Orpheum Circuit now. But the Elfins—no. What kind of a Turn do they do?"

"Ah, the Elfins!" said the Author. "They dance in the Moonlight and skip from Tree to Tree."

"Acrobatic Stuff with Light Effects, eh? Well, you're on a couple of Mackerels. I never see any Ben- ders that could get away with a Talking Act. You want to give your Piece to somebody that can Boost you. You write a good gingery Skit for me and Miss From- age and we'll put your Name on a Three-Sheet in Let- ters big enough to scare a Horse."

"I gather from the somewhat technical Character of your Conversation, my dear sir, that you are associated with the Drama," said the Author.

"Is it a Kid?" asked the Artist. "Wuzn't you ever in Front? Don't you look at the Pictures in the Win- dows? I'm Rank, of Rank and Fromage. Miss From- age is the other half this Season and if you See her a Block off you'd say, 'Is it or ain't it Ethel Barrymore?'"

We've just closed with McGoochan's Boisterous Bur- lesques. We was so strong that we killed the rest of the Bill, so we got the Blue Envelope. Now they're using all our Business, including the Gag about the Custard Pie."

"To what am I indebted for the Honor of this Visit?" asked the Author.

"I heard that you are a Litry Mug and I'm around here to see you about a Sketch for me and Miss From- age. The one I've got now is all right but in it I've got to eat 8 hard-boiled Eggs and with 4 shows a Day, that's asking too much of an Artist. This Sketch was



The Artist Was a Muscular Person.

wrote for by the Man that handles the Transfer Bar- gage at Bucyrus. He fixed it up while we was waitin' for a Train. I've been using it since 1882 and it goes just as strong as ever, but I like to get new Stuff once in a while. So I want you to fake up something that'll

kill 'em right in their Seats. Here's the Scenario: My Wife is a Society Girl and I'm supposed to be a Dead Swell that's come to take her to a Masquerade. With that to work on, all you need to do is to fill in the Talk."

"I have recently prepared a One-Act Play, but I am not sure that it will meet your Requirements," said the Author. "It is called 'The Language of Flowers.' There are three Characters in the Play—a young Shepherd named Ethelbert, the Lady Gwendolin and a Waiting Maid."

"We couldn't carry three People," said the Artist. "You'd better use a Dummy instead of the Hired Girl. I do an awful funny Wrassle with a Dummy. Go ahead and slip me the Plot."

"It is an Idyllic Thing," said the Author. "Ethelbert is in love with Gwendolin, but he is not certain that his Love is reciprocated. So he sends her the Flowers. The waiting-maid brings them into the Bower where Lady Gwendolin is seated and with them a Scroll of Verses from Ethelbert. The Lady Gwendolin unrolls the Scroll and reads:

Traced in the Veins of the Petals
Are the Lines I faint would speak
And breathing low in the per umed Leaves
Is the Name—

"Hold on!" said the Artist. "That's a Cinch. Have a Stage-Hand come on with the Flowers. Lottie says, 'I know who sent these,' and so on and so on, and his Nobs gets off. Then her alone with the big arm- load of Hollyhaws, that I'm supposed to be sendin' her—savvy? She says, 'Well, there's no three ways about it, I've got this Gazabo dead to Rights. She goes on to talk about Me, leadin' up to her song. 'John is, will be our Champion once again. Bing! The Door- Bell rings. Then me on quick, see? I've thought out a Make-up that's sure to get a Holler the Minute I come on. I wear a pair of Pants made out of Tin Foil, a Fur Coat with Lace around the Bottom and on my Head I wear a Coal-Scuttle with some Sleigh-Bells fastened to it. As I come down Stage I make some crack about just escapin' from a Business College. When I see the Doll, I go over and slap her on the Eeck, pull out a Sprinklin' Can and water the Flowers.



"She Hands Me One."

with a Right-hand Pass, I fall over a Chair and do a Head-Spin. You fix up a Strong Line for me just as I go over the Chair. Then—What's the matter, Cull? Here, Bud, open your Eyes!"

The Author had fallen in a Heap on the antique Writ- ing Desk.

"Hully Chee!" exclaimed the Artist. "He's Croak- ed."

"MORAL: A Classic is never Safe except in the Church Parlor.

THE LIFE OF CAPTAIN WILLIAM KIDD.

PAGES TORN FROM HISTORY.

By Billy Mac.

CAPTAIN WILLIAM KIDD gave the early date his- torians their first chance along about the year 1685. William started as a thief taker.

Little is told of Willie Kidd's start in New York, but as a small boy he was bad. At the age of 14, he was overworking the public school teachers who attempted to keep him from the nickel ones about "The Marine Detective," "The Mystery of the River Wharf" and the others, and two years later he forwarded fifty cents to the Cincinnati Detective Bureau and signed as one of the brainy men wanted in all parts of the country.

About the time Willie Kidd was becoming accus- tomed to the tin star, the father of The Pirate's Daughter and several other friends of Mr. Bonnet were mixing things up in a sad way out on the pond. The losers in New York wanted all this called off, and they took up a collection.

Willie Kidd had made several pinches and, having connected up with much fame as an exclusive fly bob, he got in the way of the losers and they offered him a chance. The main guy of the state government for- warded a captain title and the others grub staked Cap'n Kidd to a ship, a crew, several barrels of dynamite and a chance to share in the drag out.

The losers were counting up the velvet for several weeks after Cap'n Kidd stered the ship down the channel. Then somebody extinguished the pipe. One of the collection hired by Willie Kidd really thought that he was starting out after the bold bad pirates of the sea when the boat pulled out. He changed his mind and, tying his feet under a piece of planking, dropped off the end of the schooner and floated back to the docks.

The innocent youth arrived at the office of the losers'

syndicate just three minutes before the pipe was ex- tinguished. It took the innocent youth the three min- utes to tell about the doings of Cap'n William Kidd.

It was hard to believe, but as the losers listened they



Mister William Kidd.

knew that Willie Kidd, the great boy sleuth, had gone wrong. William had not chertooked a chance, and while the easy ones were waiting for him to bring back the boat, he was hard at work sticking up every mer-

chantman or boat that happened to sail near enough to the chartered tug.

And Bill Kidd, pirate, was sure in a hurry when he got fairly started. Bill did not overlook a chance, and the losers began to drop their profits in bundles. They wanted to get near enough to Cap'n Kidd to talk the matter over, but they were shy on taking chances with another boat-renting play.

So Cap'n Kidd continued to cruise the main, and, al- though some of the ones who hope some time to find his plant insist that he was much toward the gentle- man in his disposition, it might be said that he also maimed the crews. Cap'n Bill got to the balloon first and if the sailor men did not hurry he got to the sailor boys.

Bill refused to admit it, but he was after a record. There were several other big mitt men on the sea and Bill knew that they could go some. Cap'n Kidd wanted to make this collection look to the bad and he never stopped working.

For about two years he hurried. Now and then it became necessary to heave the ballast over to make way for the bold, but Bill, when compelled, stered the boat in to shore and, calling out his street crew, had a ditch dug and the coin planted. Some folks think this is simply the effect of an undercooked pill, but there are others still working the shovels down on the Atlantic coast.

Bill's work was much to the simple. First he started out after the rich merchantman, and then he caught up with her. Then Bill and the mob pushed over the rail and started a knockabout turn. Now and then a few were left when the knockoff work whistle blew. If so, Bill tied a board to the side of the boat and started a parade to the jumping off place. It was great sport for the mob under Bill.

After Cap'n Kidd decided that he had enough planted to make the automobile owners look cheap he decided to separate himself from his profession and take to the quiet sedate life. He headed for Boston, but things



Cap'n Bill Kidd.

had been framed up for the Kidd fellow, and he bumped up against the frame before the finish of the Boston trip.

The losers heard that Bill was on his way home

and they waited for him. The captains of finance were all there, but the luncheon was overlooked. The cap- tains of finance were so glad to hear that Bill was coming that they forgot the eating part of the show. Bill really did not need any eating in the reception planned for him.

About 5 o'clock one morning, several years after Willie Kidd, detective, steered out of the harbor with the chartered tug, the wireless told the captains of finance that Bill was on his way home and the docks were lined when the chartered tug hove in sight.

The chief of the New York copper department was on board the first launch pulling up to the tug, and with the boss of the department traveled a large squad of well-built boys in blue suits.

"How are you?" said Cap'n Kidd coming up from his cabin.

"Ticked to death to see you here," answered the police boss. "We have framed up a lovely time for you."

"I'm awfully glad of that, for I have a large bundle of money to spend," declared Bill.

"Well, you keep being glad," advised the chief.

Bill wore a happy look when he landed, but about four minutes after the coppers got him away from under the skull-and-cross-bones flag Bill knew that the trip to Boston must be cut out.

"I had planned on moving to Boston for a quiet life," he said, as they tied two or three coils of rope around his pirate boots.

"You'll go there as a ghost, then," said the head captain of the captains of finance, planting a collection of bob-nails against the Kidd ribs.

That afternoon the reception ended with the hang- ing, and the next afternoon the greedy boys had started digging up the sea shore near where Cap'n Kidd's boat once landed. They are still digging.

THE DREAMING.

OFTEN as I sit dreaming alone at the close of When the holy calm of the twilight has folded all care away. Silently, soft as a whisper, through the Mists of Memory, A dear little girl comes tripping to climb upon my knee. Close in my arms she nestles, her warm face pressed to mine, Thrilling me with the rapture of a laugh almost divine, And a splendor of golden tresses falls over the fairest That ever has beamed upon me with the glory of Child- hood's grace.

Tenderly on my heart a voice that I used to know— Luring me back to a mother and the days of long ago, When the face of the little sister that shines in my dreams tonight

Was kissed by the wind and the clover and shined in a lustrous light.

Those were the days all joyous! The days when side by side, We romped in the dew of morning and the dusk of eventide—

When I deemed my life as happy as any Paradise, For I had found my Heaven in the glory of her glad eyes!

Dreaming sometime in the gloaming of the days that used to be

When a dear little girl came tripping to climb upon my knee

I shall be lulled all gently into a dream divine By a tender voice far-reaching out of the Auld Lang Syne—

Lured by a magic vision through the peace of the twilight air

Into the golden silence where she waits for me—some- where.

THE SOUL'S VOICE IN THE NIGHT.

I heard the night wind crying
Out of the Awful Vast
As if some soul in dying
Was questioning the Past.

I heard the sad sea voices
Yearn for the misty shore
That mocks the pleading sirens
And will forevermore.

My soul in bitter silence
Shrank from the waiting years
That pay their deeds of madness
In penances of tears.

Then, where the stars were smiling
Upon their dewy bed
A voice in mild beguiling
Out of the dimness said:

Down in the wintry valley
And by the misty shore
The wailing voices haunt you
And shall forevermore!

But we who build on the highlands
Under the patient stars
Hear not the night wind shrieking
Along the fretful bars!

A RAINY DAY.

Half-waking I heard the patter
Of the gentle rain o'erhead
And I dreamed that I cuddled snugly
In a little trundle bed.

And measured there slept beside me
The boy with the curly head;

And we tumbled again together
In the attic in the shed,

And waking—there were the rain drops
Kissing the window pane
And the eaves were dripping and dripping
Their tremulous burden of rain—

And—there was the little churchyard—
So clearly did I see—
A trundle bed, and a curly head
Asleep where the daisies be!

FAITH.

He said he had no Faith! Then why
Did he the little seedling hide
And wait to see it seek the sky
And spread its branches wide!