Mr. Dooley on the Sport of Kings

By F. P. DUNNE

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"HAVE ye iver been to a horse race?" Mr. Hennessy asked.

"Wanst," said Mr. Dooley, "an' wanst only. But, mind ye, I know about racin'. I've got to. I'd lose a gr-eat deal in thrade if I wasn't expert in ivry branch iv human knowledge. They talk about colledge profissors bein' undherpaid. But how about us retail liquor dealers? A colledge profissor spills careless thoughts out his head to mere coildher that don't dare to fight back. Ye niver heerd iv a misinformed gradyate returnin' afther five years to whack his profissor in th 'eye because he'd been taught that a man can make a fortune writin' pothry f'r th' pa-apers. But my classes ar-re composed iv able-bodied men, manny iv thim far advanced in dhrink, an' I've got to know what I'm talkin' about, an' that's hard, an' I've got to know what they're talkin' about, an' that's almost impossible.

"So I've followed th' racin' news an' I know about th' performances iv th' kings and queens iv th' turf. In th' Spring I r-read: 'Forty thousand people yisterdah acclaimed th' gr-eat Gumdhrop, mighty son iv a worthy sire, king iv th' turf. Hats off to Gumdhrop. Wearin' blinders an' a muzzle to keep him fr'm jumpin' over th' fence or atin' th' starther, an' mercilessly lashed be that peerless jockey, little Billy Flim, th' monarch iv th' spoort iv kings be a supreme burst iv speed vanquished th' gallant Stuff H an' th' sturdy Pickled-be-night, an' even compelled th' hitherto invincible Maud H. Scrnmitt-schmitt to bow her lovely head in defeat. Afther th' race th' proud owner iv th' mighty son iv a worthy sire, A. Bliff, former prince iv wire-tappers, ray-fused three millyon dollars f'r this mighty son iv a worthy sire.

"At wanst me attintion is centered on Gumdhrop. I talk a good deal about him to wayfarin' spoortin' men who come in here f'r dhrink and knowledge, I watch th' pa-papers close f'r th' day whin I'll see: 'Mighty throng cheers peerless Gumdhrop to victhry.' Instead iv that I see: 'Gumdhrop, off badly, got a poor ride, was knocked out iv his sthride at th' turn an' had no speed.' Th' next week it's: 'Gumdhrop, off well, was badly handled.' Thin: 'Comp'ny too fast f'r Gumdhrop.' An' finally: 'Glue wurruks Elimination Thrile; f'r horses that were bethter dead; thirty dollars added; selling: Gumdhrop ran like th' dog he is an' finished absolutely last.' An' th' next Winter I run acrost this item in th' pa-apers: 'Few iv th' manny spoortin' men who pass through th' union deepo ivry day on their way to wurruk knows that Gumdhrop, th' wanst mighty king iv th' turf, is now connected with wan iv th' cabs near th' main entrance, an' can be seen hidin' his blushes in a nose-bag. Th' former mighty son iv a worthy sire is owned by T. Doherty, who bet much money on him, an' nacherally has a great affection f'r him. He says he is almost even with him now an' soon expects to shoot him.'

"An' so they go. Th' turf romances don't last long. There are more kings and queens iv th' turf in wan season thin there are Presidints iv France, an' that's a good manny. But it's a grand spoort, an' whin Hogan asked me to go an' see it I wint. 'Twas wan iv these fine Summer's days whin ye feel like a flannel shirt in th' wash, an' I was wondhrin' what shape I'd be in whin I cooled. Hogan burst through th' dure with a telescope hung round his neck, an' says he: 'Why d'ye stick indures such a day? Come out an' breathe th' fresh air,' he says, 'an' injye th' spoort iv kings. I've got a good thing in th' first race,' he says. 'Not,' he says, 'that I care annything about that. Bettin' is th' poorest feature iv racin'. 'Tis th' open air, the fresh breezes, th' clear sky, th' crowds iv happy, careless people spendin' a day free f'rm care an' worry midst,' he says, 'pleasant surroundings,' he says, 'watchin' th' mighty heroes iv th' turf contindin' f'r gin'rous msthry, an,' he says, 'maybe bringin' in a little money f'r Hogan,' he says.

"So I wint. Goin' to the' spoort iv kings, Hinnissy, is much th' same as goin' to a picnic iv th' Steamfitters' Union. We rode on a sthreetcar as long as they'd let us f'r five cents an' thin we boosted ourselves into a railroad car that's been kindly lent to th' passenger department by th' gineral freight agent f'r th' occasion. An away we bumped. Th' car was filled to th' dew point with what Hogan calls vothries iv th' spoort of kings. I thought I recognized some fellow members iv th' Retail Liquor Dealers' Protective an' Binivolent Assocyation an' not a few customers iv th' same. All th' arrystocracy an' gintry had their coats off. Fair women added gayety to th' scene. Many iv thim were just off their private yachts an' still had on their yachtin' caps. Their faces were flushed with happiness an' wore the' pleased but hunted expression iv mothers that have busted into baby's bank with a can opener.

"We moved cheerily along through th' pleasant suburban scenery with vistas iv th' packin' house, Broderick's glue facthry, th' palachal homes iv th' bone-dust industhry an' smilin' miles iv city dumps. As I hung airily to a pair of blue suspinders in front iv me while a patrician behind me used me back f'r a desk to mark his programme, I heerd th' flow iv light an' careless conversation. 'He'll win if they haven't poisoned him.' 'I lose $0 on him last time. If I don't get it back today there'll be a new face at th' cashier's window.' 'Hello, Mike, whin did ye get out?' An' so on. 'A typical light-hearted holiday crowd,' says I, puttin' me watch in me boot.

"Whin we arrived at th' thrack I felt me heart beatin' fast. If ye niver saw a race thrack, Hinnissy, ye can hardly imagine what it looks like. How can I describe it to ye beyond sayin' that it is something like a coal yard. Picture, if ye will, miles on miles iv stately boord fence, some iv it tastefully painted brown an' some iv it tastefully not painted at all. Outside are th' handsome stables, or ye might say, sheds, where th' equine heroes ar-re nourished f'r their thrilles iv speed an' endurance. It was me happiness to see th' nursery iv th' mighty Running Yet who wud've won th' Blithers if he hadn't got despondent about th' odds.

"Inside th' scene was even more fascinatin'. A gentle breeze blew acrost th' swamp in th' middle iv th' coorse f'rm th' adjacent switch yard. Th' sun was reflected in a thousand mud puddles on th' coorse. The grandstand was filled with happy people, yellin': 'Set down, there.' 'Why don't ye look where ye'er goin'?' 'I'll knock ye'er block off, bo, if ye're not careful.' 'What d'ye hear?' 'Tomorrah honest. Ye can take me watch if ye don't believe me.' An enormous foorce iv polismen were busy rescuin' vast hordes iv pickpockers fr'm th' bettin' ring. Th' 90 bartenders were wurrukin' like th' fire department at a fire in a lard facthry. It was fine.

"'Where ar're th' horses?' says I. 'Oh, niver mind thim,' says Hogan, 'Let's go in an' look at th' odds.' An' he hauled me into th' betting ring. Most iv th' gintlemen I'd met on th' thrain an' a few more were there. What were they doin'? Ye can't guess. Ye niver wud imagine it. They were in th' betting' ring to take th' money away fr'm th' bookmakers. Wud ye believe it that there shud be people so lost to th' beauties iv nature an so lackin' in th' spirit iv spoort that they shud be usin' this here great enterprise f'r th' improvement iv th' breed iv horses to skin money out iv these onforchnit publishers. But so it was. An' they were doin' it in th' meanest way ye can imagine, f'r ivry wan iv these pilferers had private information that th' bookmakers cudden't get hold iv on account iv th' confined nature iv their employment. Some iv them had got it out iv th' morning pa-apers, some iv them had bought it f'r 5 cents fr'm a spy on th' thrain an' others had dhreamed it.

"I'm sorry to say that Hogan was th' worst iv th' lot. 'It's a beautiful day' says I. 'It is that,' says Hogan. 'I'll go home with money in me ears' he says. An' he fought his way up to where a poor fellow iv a thribe long persecuted be our so-called civylization was absent-mindedly blowin' on a dimon ring to cool it off. 'What are ye goin' to do?' says I. 'Tincan can't lose in th' first race,' says Hogan. 'I got it sthraight fr'm th' stable.' 'But,' says I, 'is this right? Here ye have be supeeryor cunning gained private knowledge be means iv which ye are goin' to deprive wan iv ye'er fellow men iv his little savings. Is it just?' says I. 'Is it fair? Is it honorable? Is it manly?' He gave no heed to what I said, but called out: 'Ten on Tincan.' Th' poor fellow looked far away an' remarked to a young friend who was settin' alongside as he dropped Hogan's ten on a pile iv Cortilyou's mastherpieces on th' flure: 'Thirteen thousand to ten, Tincan, Maxey. I'm afraid we're goin' to have another shower an' I have no top on me autymobill.'

"We wint up in th' grand stand to see th' race. 'They're at th' post,' says Hogan. 'Where?' says I. 'Over there,' says he, pointin' to where a group of horses were kickin' each other. 'That wan near th' fence is Tincan. He's in good spirts,' says he. 'He is that,' says I. 'How happy he seems. Look, he thinks th' race is th' other way round. Now that fellow has caught him an' is towin' him up to th' start. Another man is beltin' him with a whip. Now he's thried to bite his jockey's leg off. Now he's kickin' th' horse next to him. Glory be, but he's th' fine mettlesome crather. Did ye iver think iv buyin' him an' keepin' him in th' house?' says I. Hogan made no reply but give a low painful moan: 'They're off.' Fr'm that time on I was savin' me new hat fr'm th' purple parasol iv th' lady settin' next to me. Th' moment th' race started she threw off all reserve an' manny iv her hair pins an' began batin' me new hat. 'Come on' says th' lady. 'Come on, you Finkydo. Come on, you seal. Oh, you Finkydo' says she, lashin' away at me new hat. An' thin she swooned away. That's all I seen iv th' race. I looked over at Hogan. His face was light green in color. He was crumplin' up his programme with wan hand an' twistin' a button on his coat with th' other. An' I left him there an' wint away to find a place where me new hat wudden't be in danger.

"I found it over in a corner iv th' coorse where th' owner iv th' thrack was settin' in th' shade iv th' fence readin' th' advertisements iv his new copper mine. I knew him well. He owns th' Temple iv Chance, where Hogan whiles away his salary in th' Winter. 'Why ain't ye out lookin' at th' horses run?' says I. 'I don't like horse-racing,' says he. 'My wurruk is through whin Ive counted up th' box-office.' 'Ain't ye inthrested in improvin' th' breed iv horses?' says I. 'No more,' says he, thin I am in improvin' th' breed iv faro boxes. I can't see anny diff'rence between thim. They're only another way iv honest men gettin' what's comin' to thim. Take ye'er frind Hogan. He thinks he's inthrested in th' horses. But what he's raaly inthrested in is whether me young an' entherprisin' colligue Mose Einstein will give him back his ten an' some besides. Ye didn't see anny diff'rence in his expression whin Tincan lost today, an' whin th' sivin spot lost last Winter. 'Tis all the same, me boy. Close up that there betting ring an' ye'd have more people at wan iv Ibsen's plays thin at a racethrack. If th' varchous farmer down th' state didn't support his counthry fairs with a little poolsellin' on th' throtters, I'd subdivide thishere thrack an' sell th' lots to th' pathrons iv th' bucket shops. Has Hogan lost much so far?' 'He's lost th' on'y bet he's made,' says I. 'He's doin' very well f'r Hogan,' says he.

"I suppose ye can't stop people fr'm gambling. I don't know that I wud if I cud. It seems to take their minds off th' more coarse ways iv makin' money, like wurruk an' business. Money is a very pleasant thing to have an' 'tis too bad whin we have to assocyate such a delightful household companyon with gettin' up arly in th' mornin' an' carryin' a hod all day or sellin' a dollar an' a half's worth iv shoes f'r two dollars. But th' money ye get be gambling has no such assocyations. It thrips lightly an' laughingly up to ye, ye keep it around with ye f'r a day or two an' thin it goes back home. Th' money ye make be wurruk is like a member iv th' fam'ly. Ye feel responsible f'r it. Ye don't like to se it ko out nights. But th' money ye make be gamblin' is like a visitor that's on'ly goin' to stay awhile an' that frequently asks ye out to have a drink."

"Well," said Mr. Hennessy, "I've heerd it said that all life's a gamble."

"It is," said Mr. Dooley, "but it ain't a bad idea whin ye set into th' game to larn how to play it an' to cut th' cards deep."

Actors Swelter Behind the Footlights

GLITTER AND SPANGLES DO NOT COMPENSATE FOR THE HOT, EXHAUSTING LABOR OF STAGE LIFE IN SUMMER

NEW YORK, July 15.—(Special Correspondence.)—People are more interested in what the season ahead will bring, than they are in the offerings of the present, notwithstanding several "good shows" in town. But the town is hot, terribly hot, and even the fascinations of "Fascinating Flora," or of Eddie Foy in "The Orchid" are hardly strong enough to cope with the exhaustion at the close of a hot day. If there are those who envy the actor his glitter and spangles, at least let it not be during these months of torrid weather. Those holding the field to the last endurable moment are the two just mentioned, "The Road to Yesterday," "The Man of the Hour," "Caught in the Rain," and the Keith and Proctor houses. Roof Gardens and out-door attractions of all kinds, good, bad, and indifferent, or which the two latter prevail.

Among the American attractions to go abroad is "Fascinating Flora," with Adele Ritchie in the title role. Messrs. Shubert will send the play to their Waldorf theater, London, early in the Fall. Perhaps the funniest situation in the play is supplied by Ada Lewis, when she sings the duet from "Il Trovatore" with the Caruso record in a graphophone. The machine is brought on and after her cool announcement that she has sung with Caruso and taken a prize for her singing; the audience is not quite expecting the duet with the record. Miss Lewis sings her part seriously, but of course, in a burlesque manner, while the voice of the tenor peals out, or rather rolls out, as though it were the bona fide article. But, indeed, it is neither the comedy nor the clever lines that attracts all the modistes of New York, as well as all those visiting the city, it having been noised abroad that the gowns are the handsomest seen on Broadway for many years. The management has been asked by every fashion paper in New York for a detailed description of these gowns, which they have consented to give herewith:

They were the selection of Miss Adele Ritchie, prima dona of the company, and they are models of beauty. Each one of the seven might be worn at any swell function, so beautiful is the material, cut and fit. One is of brown chiffon taffeta with fine pin stripe of white. The bodice is pleated with a band of brown taffeta joined with fancy stitch, starting at the waist line and continuing over the shoulder to the center of the back forming a handkerchief effect. The guimpe and under-sleeves are of embroidered batiste. Fancy buttons trim the front of bodice and girdle. Pleated skirt with two folds of brown taffeta joined with fancy stitch.

Another is of blue and white striped veiling over white taffeta. The bodice is urplice in design finished with a bias fold of the striped veiling. A draped sleeve of veiling is fastened at the side of the bodice, with buttons and loops and forms a Japanese effect. The under-sleeve and guimpe are of fine tucked mull and embroidered batiste. A blue silk girdle finishes the bodice. The skirt is pleated with a band of the bias veiling on either side and a shorter band of the same in the center finished with blue and white silk fringe.

The third is of white radium with pink dot. Bodice is surplice effect with a band of tucked pink chiffon and a band of pink silk with large white dots over sleeve. The guimpe and sleeves are tucked net and Cluny lace. Black taffeta piping and black ornaments also trim the bodice. The skirt is pleated with the bands of the tucked pink chiffon and three bands of the pink silk with graduated dots alternating ecru color dotted net with lace applique over tan taffeta. Full bodice with jet ornaments. Shirred skirt with wavy insertions of lace. Tan messaline fold at bottom.

Number four is a blue and white radium silk gown. The bodice is pleated very broad on the shoulders and forming a coat effect which is fastened with a deep girdle of blue messaline. The front of the bodice is surplice effect with bands of lace embroidered in green and finished with large fancy buttons. The lace yoke and collar is also embroidered. The sleeve is of blue chiffon over white with a cuff of the embroidered lace. The skirt is pleated with three graduated folds of blue messaline at bottom.

The fifth is a gray messaline gown. The bodice is trimmed with bands of lace embroidered in Dresden colors, with a fold of messaline on either side starting at the belt and continuing over shoulder to belt at back. Filet lace in guimpe and sleeves. Full skirt with fold at bottom.

The sixth is a red and white striped radium silk. The bodice has three open pleats piped with red chiffon on each shoulder fastened at the sleeves with three large buttons and loops; lace yoke and under sleeve with a fine tucked Japanese sleeve of the radium silk. Red chiffon emproidered in red and white trims the front of the bodice. Deep red silk girdle with loops and buttons at back. Full skirt with bias folds of silk form a tunic effect. And the seventh gown is of green chiffon voile on green taffeta. Full bodice with an embroidered trimming in two shades of green and yellow and small green tassels falling over a full draped sleeve of veiling. The guimpe and under sleeve are of princess lace. Green messaline ribbon crossing at the center of back and continuing around the waist form the girdle. Full pleated skirt with a scroll design of narrow bands of the green messaline at bottom.

* * *

Oscar Hammerstein returned on Saturday full of expectations and enterprises for the coming season. There is no doubt that Mr. Hammerstein was encouraged by his success of last year, and he will exert himself more than ever in order to make the coming season infinitely superior to the last. Mr. Hammerstein will present eight new operas, never given heretofore in this country. He will revive seven favorites and he will produce four of the Wagnerian operas, in addition to the regular repertory. The season will open Monday, November 4, with Nordica and Schumann-Heink, in "La Gioconda." Soon after the opening, the Spanish opera, "Dolores," by the Madrid composer, Breton, will be given. Of this opera, Mr. Hammerstein speaks enthusiastically, and says it has many of the characteristics and much of the charm of "Carmen." Mr. Hammerstein has engaged for this production the artists who created the principal roles. These are: Camille Borella, soprano; Gerville-Reache, contralto; Carlo Albani, tenor; Pietro Mendoza, basso, and 24 Spanish dancers from Madrid. One of Mr. Hammerstein's principal achievements was signing Mary Garden for a five-years contract and immediately after closing with the American impresario, she was appointed prima donna assoluta of the National Grand Opera of Paris, by which she will sing five months of each year in New York and four months in Paris.

Miss Garden will be heard for the first time in "Louise," an opera by Charpentier, which has had a tremendous run in Paris. It seems strange that an opera could have held the boards steadily for six years without having, at some time or another, drifted across the ocean. Mr. Hammerstein also secured "Thais," for which Mr. Conried was negotiating at the same time, and at a tremendous expenditure it was captured by Mr. Hammerstein. Mary Garden and Fannie Francisca will be the principals in the new opera with Renaud, the great French baritone, also in the cast. Fannie Francisca will be remembered as Miss Michelson, of San Francisco, a sister of Miriam Michelson, the well-known writer. Renaud will also sing the leading role in a new opera entitled, "Contes d'Hoffman." Mr. Hammerstein's prima donnas include Melba, Mary Garden, Nordica, Schumann-Heink, Mme. Russ, Bressler-Gianoli, Gerville-Reache, De Cleneros, and a large number of others. On the question of tenors, Mr. Hammerstein seems to have encircled the globe, because he was determined to make good the loss of Bonci, who, according to Mr. Hammerstein, was of very little use to him, in so far as New York was not attracted to his peculiar, pure Italian style.

Among the tenors engaged for the Manhattan Opera House are the Italian Zenatello, Albani the Spaniard, Cazouran, a Greek from Algiers; Dalmores Bassi, also Italian. There will also be a tremendous aggregations of baritones and bassos including Morice Renaud, Sammarco, Ancona, Gilibert, Arimondi, Dufranne and Jean Perier, two leading artists of the Paris Opera Comique. A new basso from the same theater is Vieuille. Other new bassos are Didur, a Pole, and Mendoza, a Spaniard. The new operas will include works by Dubussy, Massenet, Saint Saens, Offenbach and an unwritten opera by Victor Herbert.

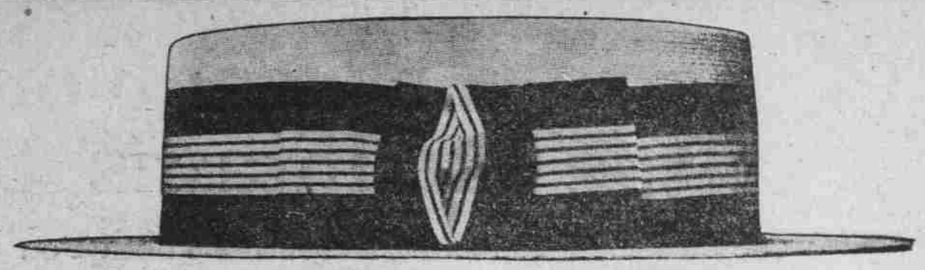
Of last year's repertory Mr. Hammerstein retains "Don Giovanni," "Lucia di Lammermoor," "Rigoletto," "Il Trovatore," "Lo Travita," "Aida," "The Huguenots," "Cavalleria Rusticana," "Pagliacci," "La Navarraise," and "La Boheme." He expects to add thereto, besides the novelties, "La Gioconda," "Mefistofele," Giordano's "Andrea Chenier," "La Damnation de Faust," "Le Prophete," Massenet's "Manon," "Romeo et Juliette," "The Flying Dutchman," "Tannhauser," "Lohengrin," and perhaps "Tristan und Isolde." The Wagner operas will be sung not in German, but in either French or Italian. Opera in German will not be heard at the Manhattan for another year.

It will be noted that Mr. Hammerstein has engaged several American singers, and it is also a fact that the very best opportunities are offered capable singers in the chorus of the Manhattan Opera Company. One can only regret that a number of characteristics which are purely American in addition to others that are to be found in an alarming degree among musical students should prevent most of the Americans from rising into real distinction in the operatic world. No less important figure in the musical world than Henry W. Savage stated that there are no voices to be found anywhere any better than in this country, but the American singer is sadly in need of dramatic training. Mr. Savage says that thousands are well ready and perfectly equipped to go on the operatic stage if they needed nothing but singing. Even these young aspirants who need dramatic action worse than they need anything in the world scorn the idea of going into the chorus at the Metropolitan or the Manhattan. They feel that it is below their dignity, and it is even doubtful whether they would care to consider the second or the third part.

A strange similarity is said to exist between Charles Marlowe's farce, "When Knights Were Bold," and the much more clever dream play, "The Road to Yesterday." The peculiarity exists in the fact that the two were produced almost simultaneously. "When Knights Were Bold" is among the plays which Charles Frohman plans to offer in America, but there is no doubt that the edge will be taken for all play-goers, as it is doubtful that there are any in New York who has not witnessed the American play. The English farce is boisterous and rollicking, full of horseplay and absurdities.

Sir Guy de Vere is a silly sapling who has just succeeded to a title, but he is not yet possessed with the dignity that goes with the ancestral seat. He has become terribly wearied of the constant boasting of his relatives about the family's nobility and through his carelessness of the conventions his cousin, whom he hopes to marry, turns from him to a bogus Irish count who is visiting at Beechwood Towers and scheming for her hand. Sir Guy, who has spent the day hunting, has caught a severe cold in the head, and while the party retires to dress for dinner, in the hope of curing his cold, he drinks enough brandy to put him to sleep through several acts. Then follows the dream experiences, where he appears among his ancestors in modern evening dress, but is completely confused when he is surrounded by his twentieth century friends, also in the dress and manners of the twelfth century. When he awakes in the final act, he attempts to carry out a duel begun in the twelfth century and particularly attacks his plotting guest, Sir Brian, and succeeds in convincing his fair cousin that he has won her fairly and squarely.

EMILIE FRANCES BAUER.



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