

MR. DOOLEY ON ORATORY—By F. P. Dunne.

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"DID ye ever make a speech?" asked Mr. Hennessy.

"I did wanst," said Mr. Dooley. "Ivry three-born American regards himself as a gr-reat orator an' I've always had a pitcher iv meself in me mind standin' before a large an' admirin' bunch iv me fellow parthrites an' thrillin' thim with me indignation or convulsin' thim with me wit. Many times have I lay in me bed awake, seein' meself at th' head iv a table pourin' out wurruds iv golden eloquence fr'm th' depths iv me lungs. I made a pretty pitcher, I must say—ca'm, dignified, a perfect master iv meself an' me audience. Th' concourse shrieked with laughter wan mynit, an' rose to their feet in frenzied applause th' next. In all me d'reams I wore a white necktie an' a long-tailed coat, because I have a theory that all three eloquence comes fr'm th' tails iv th' coat, an' if ye made an orator change into a short coat, he wud become deaf an' dumb. As I sat down afther me burst iv gleamin' wurruds, th' audience rose an' cheered fr' five minyits an' Sinitor Beveridge, th' silver spout iv th' Wabash, who was to follow me, slinked out iv th' room.

"So wan day whin th' Archey Road Improvement Comity give their grand banquet an' th' chairman asked me to make a few appropriated remarks in place iv Chaney Depoe, I told thim I wud toss off some oratory jst so th' boys wud not be disappointed.

"I didn't write out th' speech. No great orator



"I tried to talk to th' man next to me, but I cudden't hear what he said."

who has niver made a speech needs to. I merely jotted down a few interruptions be th' audience, like this, Hinnessy: (Great applause), (Loud and continyous laughter), (Cries iv 'Good!', 'Hear, hear!'), (Cries iv 'No, no, 'Go on!'), (Wild cheerin', the audience risin' to their feet an' singin', 'Fr' he's a jolly good fellow, which nobody can deny.')

"AN' HAVIN' arranged all these neccessary details, I went to th' banquet. I knew ivry man there an' thurly despised thim. There wasn't wan iv thim that I considered me intellectual equal. At wan time or another, ivry man iv thim had come to me fr' advice. But somehow, Hinnessy, th' minyit I looked down on what Hogan calls th' sea iv upturned faces drinkin', I began to feel onaisy. I wasn't afraid iv anny wan iv thim, mind ye. Man fr' man they were me frinds. But altogether they were me inimy. I eudden't set still. I had come with an appyitie, but I eudden't eat. I had a lump in me throat as big as an apple. I felt quare in th' pit iv me stomach. I noticed that me hands were moist. I thried to talk to th' man next to me, but I eudden't hear what he said. Wan orator afther another was peltin' th' audience with remarks out iv th' fourth reader an' I eudden't listen to thim. All th' time I wan thinkin': 'In a few minyits they'll detect ye, Martin Dooley, th' counterfeit Demostheens.' Th' room swam before me eyes; there was a buzzin' in me ears. I had all th' symptoms iv Doctor Bunyan's customers. I thried to collect me thoughts, but they were off th' reservation. I wud've gone out if I cud walk, an' I was goin' to thry whin I heard th' chairman minton me name. It sounded as if it come out iv a cheap phonograph.

"I fr'got to tell ye, Hinnessy, that in thinkin' iv me gr-reat effort I had rehearsed a few motions to intrajooce th' noble sentiments that was to bubble up fr'm me. At th' minton iv me name an' durin' th' cheerin' that followed, I was goin' to lean forward with me head bowed an' me hand on th' edge iv th' table an' a demoor smile on me face that cud be translated: 'Th' great man is amused, but wudden't have ye know it fr' wurruds.' Whin th' cheerin' throng had exhausted its strength I intended to rise slowly, place me chair in front iv me an' leanin' lightly on th' back iv it, bow first to wan side an' thim th' other, an' remark: 'Misther Chairman, a-a-and gint-el-men: Whin I see so many smilin' faces before me on this auspicious occasion, I am reminded iv a little incident—' an' so on.

"WELL, glory be, Hinnessy, I can hardly go on with th' story. It was twenty-five years ago, but I can't think iv it without a feelin' at th' end iv me fingers as tho I had scraped a plaster wall. At th' minton iv me

name, I lept to me feet, knockin' over all th' dishes an' glasses in me neighborhood. I carefully stepped on me neighbor's toes an' bumped into th' chairman who was still tellin' what he wanted me to think he thought iv me. I rolled me napkin up into a ball an' thrust it into me pants pocket. I become blind, deaf an' dumb. I r'yammer makin' a few grunts, fightin' an imaginary inimy with me fists an' d'rop-pin' in me chair, a broken four-flush Patrikch Hinnyery. I've niver got me repytation back. Most iv th' people thought I was drunk. Th' more charitable said I was on'y crazy. Th' impressyon still remains in th' ward that I'm a victim iv apoplexy.

"WELL, sir, 'tis a strange thing this here oratory. Ye see a man that ye wudden't ask to direct ye to th' postoffice get on his feet an' make a speech that wud melt th' money in ye'er pocket. Another man comes along

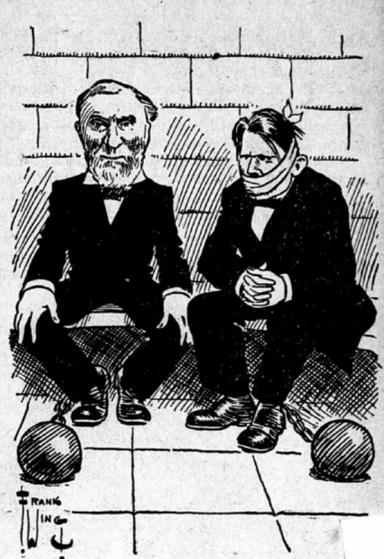


"I lept to me feet."

that ye think is a regular little know-all, an' whin he thries to make a speech to a Sunday school class he gives an imitation iv a man with croup, delusions iv pursuit an' St. Vitus' dance. If he don't do that he bombards his fellow man with th' kind iv a composition that they keep boys afther school fr'. Carney made wan iv that kind at this banquet. Carney has a head as hard as cocynut. He wanted a new bridge built across th' creek an' he was goin' to talk about that at th' banquet. On th' way over he tol' me about it. He argued so well that he convinced

me, an' I'm wan iv th' most indignant taxpayers fr' a poor man that ye ever knew. I thought whin he got up he wud say something like this: 'Boys we need a new bridge. Th' prsint wan is a disgrace to th' ward. Curtin's horse fell thru it last week. By jimmeddy if Billy O'Brien don't get us a new bridge, we'll bate him at th' prim'ries.' That wud have gone fine fr' Curtin was a loud an' popular fish peddler. But what did Carney do? He niver was within four thousand miles iv a swing bridge across th' Chicago river. Says he: 'Gintlemen! We ar-re th' most gloryous people that iver infested th' noblest country that th' sun iver shone upon,' he says. 'We meet here tonight,' he says, 'undher that starry, imblin that flaps above freemen's homes in ivry little hamlet fr'm where rolls the Oregon in majestic volume to th' sun-kist wathers iv th' Passyfic to where th' Pimsicoddy shimmers adown th' pine elad hills iv Maine,' he says. 'Th' hand iv time,' he says, 'marches with stately steps across th' face iv history an' as I listen to its hoof beats I hear a still small voice that seems to say that Athens (a shout), Greece (a shrill cry), Rawlin (a shriek) an' E-gypt (a deep roar) an' iver on an' upward an' as long as th' stars in their courses creep thru eternity an' twinkle as they creep, recallin' th' wurruds iv our gr-reat pote, 'Twinkin' stars ar-re laughin' love, laughin' at you an' me,' an' a counthry, gintlemen, that stands today as sure as tomorra's sun rises an kisses th' flag that floats fr' all. Now, gintlemen, it's growin' late an' I will not detain ye longer, but I have a few wurruds to say. I appeal fr'm Philip drunk to Philip sober.' That ended th' speech an' th' banquet. Th' chairman's name was Philip. Th' second Philip that Carney mintoned was not there.

"I GUESS a man niver becomes an orator if he has anything to say, Hinnessy. If a lawyer thinks his client is innocent, he talks to th' jury about th' crime. But if he knows where th' pris'n'r hid th' lead pipe, he unfurls th' flag; throws out a few remarks about th' flowers an' th' burruds an' asks th' twelve good men an' threue not to break up a happy Christmas, but to send this man home to his wife an' childer an' Gawd will bless thim if they ar-re iver caught in th' same perdyemint. Whiniver I go to a pollytical meetin' an' th' la-ad with th' open-wurruk face mintonions Rome or Athens, I grab fr' me hat. I know he's not goin' to say anything that ought to keep me out iv bed. I also bar all language about burruds an' flowers. I don't give two cints about th' Oregon whether it rolls or staggers to th' sea; an' I'll rap in th' eye anny man that attempts to wrap up his second-hand oratory in th' American flag. There ought to be a law against usin' th' American flag fr' such purposes. I hope to read in th' pa-aper some day that



"An' sinitined to two years solitary confinement with Sinitor Bivridge."

Joe Cannon was arrested fr' usin' th' American flag to decorate a speech on th' tariff an' sinitined to two years solitary confinement with Sinitor Bivridge. An' he hives, I don't wan anny man to tell me that I'm a mumber iv wan iv th' grandest races th' sun has iver shone on. I know it already. If I wasn't I'd move out.

"NO, SIR, whin a man has something to say an' don't know how to say it, he says it pretty well. Whin he has something to say an' knows how to say it, he makes a gr-reat speech. But whin he has nawthin' to say an' has a lot iv wurruds that come with a black coat, he's an orator. There's two things I don't want at me fun'ral. Wan is an oration an' th' other is wax flowers. I class thim alike."

"Ye're on'y mad because ye failed," said Mr. Hennessy.

"Well," said Mr. Dooley, "what bether reason d'ye want? Besides, I didn't fail as bad as I might. I might have made th' speech."

NOTORIOUS OLD "LOCK-UP" SOON TO BE ABANDONED

Old Police Officers Won't Regret Leaving the Infamous Central Station—Some of the History of the Historic Place.

In a few days the old Central police station, known familiarly for a generation or more as "the lockup," will be abandoned for all time, and so sad and repulsive is its history that there will be none in all the land to mourn its passing. Old police officers in New York still speak fondly of the old Tombs prison with affection, and when it had to be abandoned for a larger structure there was a general protest against the destruction of the quaint Egyptian building which had been a landmark in the metropolis for a half century. But none will protest if the lock-up is razed to its foundation stones and obliterated from memory and history, and there will be no fond regrets when Captain Sinclair, Matron Schaeffer, Jailors Needham and Wilson, Driver Moore, Conductors Kennedy and McLaughlin, and the other veterans turn their backs on the dingy, disreputable station for the last time. Damned by every police officer assigned to duty there; condemned by a long line of grand juries, health officers, penologists and other authorities; feared by hardened convicts who gaily accepted state prison sentences as a substitute, the lock-up, like Libby prison and the Bastille, will achieve its greatest consideration when it ceases to exist.

lock-up proper was always damp even on the hottest day, plunged in perpetual gloom and being without ventilation, as dangerous to human health as was ever the infamous Black Hole of Calcutta. No building could have been worse adapted for a police station no matter where or how it was built. But the time for abusing the old lock-up is past, and there are many events and incidents connected with the lock-up and the old dirty alley—"lock-up" alley—which it made famous, which will be recalled and retold in the new lock-up when the new city hall itself begins to take on a respectable age. The "Monkey Wrench Case." Old-timers instinctively think of the "monkey wrench case," which as a matter of fact was not connected with the present structure at all, but with its predecessor, which stood on the same spot and was only less offensive and disreputable simply because it was smaller. The two buildings historically and, to some extent, structurally, were the same, so the famous "monkey wrench" incident may properly be associated with the later building. The chief figure in this case was a slippery crook whose alias in Minneapolis was Franklin, and who, according to reports, was twice as clever as Silberman, who recently went "over

small windows on only one side, the road" to Stillwater. Franklin excelled as a forger and in this city caught a well-known business man, who, by the way, is still here in the banking business. Franklin's misdeeds landed him in the lock-up, but one morning he was missing. The search revealed that he opened bars and bolts with a monkey wrench, getting the freedom of the jail and thence, either by way of the roof or thru the municipal court which in those days was connected with the lock-up by a runway, making his escape. His cell, by the way, was of wood bolted together, hence the wrench. Two police detectives, one of whom is still in the city, were publicly accused of having supplied Franklin with the wrench, and the incident probably caused more talk and comment than any other event in the police history of the city. Boys Wriggled Out. Franklin, as far as can be recalled, was the only man who got away from the lock-up after being confined in a cell. Several have bolted from the officers when led up the alley or when transferred to the "Black Maria," but no grown man has escaped from the cells. What man could not do, boys have been able to accomplish, and two lads live in police history as having

beaten the old lockup. These are Willie Brown and Louis Anderson, neither of whom was over 13 years old. Anderson wriggled up the chimney and reached the roof and Willie Brown squirmed thru a window. It is shape the lockup is only about sixteen years old, coming into public view about the same time as the much-talked-of police commission. This body, it was generally believed, was created for the sole purpose of taking the police appointments out of the hands of Albert Alonzo Ames, then serving his third term as mayor, and keeping the department under republican control. Those were lively days for the police and city hall scribes with Captain Harvey, Inspector Kay, Captain Glasse, "Stepher" Kirkham, Detective Quilan and a long list of others, to make history and bring a notoriety to this city compared to which the recent "Shame of Minneapolis" is but a trifling irregularity. The less said about those days the better for all concerned. Some Old-Time "Oops." The first jailors of the place were Pat Hurley and Mike Kennedy, both of whom are still on the force, the latter being a "conductor" with the patrol wagon. Al Needham, superintendent, ivy succeeded them and Needham still continues to hand prisoners into the cells. Peter McLaughlin has become a veteran at the police station, and is now a patrolman. Pat Fox, the first driver of the first patrol wagon, comes around once in a while, and Jacob Hein, who has filled every position on the police force, is now a police detective. Robert Wilson, who has hardly left the old den since it was built except to go to his meals. If any of them can be cull out from their reminiscences some of the most interesting features of their careers as policemen, the listener will hear some interesting stories. A Famous Strike. None of them will talk long, however, before they will recall the street car strike of 1889, when the passions of the people were aflame and the life of a policeman an unusual thing was a strenuous one. The whole police force slept in the gymnasium on the third floor, exercised with some borrowed Springfield rifles whenever they were not on duty, and rested as best they could between calls for the reserves. Peter Fox still shows the scars he received in the strike, which was probably the most trying affair that the police of the city has ever been called to face. It was fortunate that no lives were lost and that the sum total of damages was confined to a few wrecked cars and some broken heads and various bruises; but the situation was critical for many days. There was even insubordination in the police force, which added to the trials of the authorities. Sadder of the many tragedies connected with the old lock-up was the death of Dave Winkler, who ran out of the station one night in 1884 to investigate some noise at the Second-street entrance of "Lock-up alley." He got somebody along the street and was taking him to the station when he was shot and mortally wounded. The identity of the assailant could not be learned. Mobs at Station. At least two prisoners whose lives were sought by the mobs were prisoners. McManus, who was lynched across the street from the Central high school in 1881, was first taken to the lock-up, but early in the evening was removed to the county jail, to which the mob repaired when satisfied that its quarry had been spirited away. A few years later a mob threatened the lock-up to get Cantigny, who shot and killed Police Officer McLaughlin, but again their victim had been taken to the county jail. The sheriff made a spirited resistance and, with the aid of the police, held the jail after a siege of two nights. The defenders were considerably damaged, but none of them seriously hurt. Superstitions of Cell 13. The story of the old lock-up would be



THE STATION ENTRANCE, Showing the Permanently Bad Condition of "Lockup" Alley.

most incomplete without mention of the superstition connected with cell No. 13. It was believed for a long time that to put a prisoner in cell 13 was to virtually place him on the scaffold. Jailer Needham insists, however, that the bad name attributed to this cell is due almost entirely to the imaginative stories of police reporters. Still, it is true that more prisoners came to their death in that cell than in all the others combined. The explanation is that the cell with the baneful number was just opposite the entrance to the cellroom, and it was natural that a prisoner who needed careful watching was placed where he could be the most easily seen or heard. Many attempts at suicide were made by men who, upon recovering from a harmless spree, found themselves behind the bars for the first time in their lives, and some of the attempts were successful. But not all deaths in this den were due to suicide, either. A man was found dead there one morning after being dropped on a floor in what appeared to be a drunken stupor. He had a dent in his skull and there was a great cry of foul play, but nothing ever came of it.

A one-time alderman hung himself at the station one night in 1897, but it was in cell 14. Mr. Needham has cut down people who were attempting suicide. One was a woman, who made a noise with her hosiery. The cell No. 13 talk was at its height when Harry Hayward was arrested for the murder of Catherine Ging, and it was then suggested that he be placed in the dreaded cell wher mayhap, his fate might overtake him, and close the pages of the most horrible crime ever committed in this city. Possibly this superstitition will pass when the lock-up is forgotten. The "Military Regime." It is strange that any one could ever have had any pride in such a gloomy, dingy and poorly contrived building as the present lock-up which never had any grace, attraction or decency, but at one time the police force expected much enjoyment from it. The third floor was to be equipped as a gymnasium and drill hall, and Mayor Ames announced with the usual fanfare that all members of the police force would be trained to become skillful athletes and model soldiers. The "genial doctor," as he was then called, created an imposing array of colonels such as Chase and Hill, and majors like Landberg and Priester, and instituted a military regime, which would have paralyzed a tactical officer from West Point. The theory did not work out in practice for the plain patrolmen got all the exercise they wanted on their beats, and did not care to drill when they earned a rest. Captain Harvey was a sure enough martinet, but when he turned up missing one morning and the combination of the safe was used so that it took an expert a day or two to open it, the military rule relaxed. What was expected to be in the safe was not there and never was found. About this time conditions were deplorable in Minneapolis, and the police force was lamentably disorganized. For several months there was a saloon in the same alley as the police station, and if any one ever paid for a license to sell liquor there the fact was never publicly recorded. The place had a bad name in the city generally as and was reputed to be the resort of crooks and toughs, altho in the very shadow of police headquarters. The physical culture idea was revived

at the station on several occasions by ambitious administrations, but never obtained the voice of the police officers. Some of the younger members took their daily exercises, and did a little sparring and fencing, particularly those who had used the apparatus in their youth as German turners or in gymnasiums. One superintendent of police converted it into an armory. Superintendent E. B. Henderson had a habit of assembling the police force in that big bare armory-gymnasium to give them long talks on police etiquette, gentle manners and proper dress. Any veteran on the police force or an old-time police reporter could probably tell stories about the old lock-up and the equally ignoble and notorious "lock-up alley" for days, but both are soon to be forgotten and maybe it is well that the curtain be drawn lest other matters of more significance than those recorded be revealed.

PEOPLE'S PULPIT

"A Forgotten Text." G. L. MORRILL.

"I don't think it was fair, do you, Morrill?" "What?" "Well, this. I was asked to attend a funeral. I went to the house the night before and made the necessary arrangements. The next morning I studied out a comforting line of thought. In the afternoon I went to the service. I spoke from head and heart. I drove to the cemetery, concluded the exercises at the grave and reached home at 5 o'clock. The quartet received \$25, the florist \$50, the undertaker \$100, and I was often asked 'We are much obliged.' I laughed. It was an old story to me, but a new one to my young minister friend. I replied, 'Were they members of your church or congregation?' "No." "Were they well to do?" "Yes." "Did you expect compensation?" "I felt I was as much entitled to it as the florist and the musicians." "Never mind, you will get your reward in the next world." "Certainly; but what am I to do in this?" As he left me, I thought I knew one reason why there were so few young men entering the ministry. A man is expected to have a college and seminary training. This means time, money and hard work. He graduates, becomes pastor, is the servant of the community, and often receives less than a common day laborer. Of course the ministry is not a mere money proposition, and the man who enters it from that motive should never be ordained. But once into the ministry, he must be honest and preach and practice the text, 'Owe no man anything, but to love one another.' Much of the minister's so-called "sacrifice" is not for God, but for a lot of people who say, 'The Lord keep you humble and we will keep you poor.' So long as the minister is compelled to ask for a clerical discount and 'days of grace,' we may expect young men to choose commerce instead of the church, and say to the theological seminaries, 'I pray thee have me excused.' The next time my young friend attends a funeral, or serves in some capacity which takes his time and taxes his thought, I hope those who invite him will remember the frequently forgotten text: 'The laborer is worthy of his hire.' See Stockwell soon—That life insurance—The Penn Mutual, Andrus Bldg.

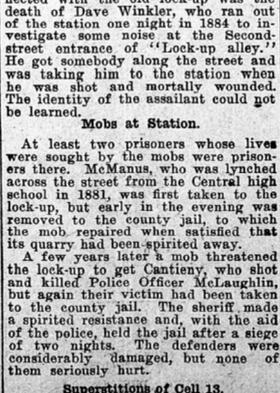
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CELL NO. 13. Superstitions Connected with This Den Had Some Foundation.



THE WOMEN'S WARD. Matron Schaeffer at the Barred Portals.



THE OFFICERS' ROOM. Where Hundreds of Prisoners Were "Booked."—Jailer Needham