IS A GREAT ORGANISM

Railroading is Done Through Many Various Departments.

AN ARMY OF EMPLOYES

Each System Gives Work to Many Hundreds Who Are Separated by Departments—Railroad Men Have a Lingo of Their Own.

By W. M. BICKERS.

It is related of the lamented E. T. Smith, so popularly known in Richmond and throughout the South, that when general superintendent of the Chesapeake and Ohio he was visited by a brakeman, whom he had discharged for an infraction of the rules and who wished to have the sentence mitigated. Anticipating the probable outcome of his appeal for clemency the "twister" (as the brakemen were called in the days prior to air-brake freight cars) had provided himself with a pocket railway map, which, showing all the roads in the United States, was a veritable net-work of black lines. When the affable, but strictly business, superintendent politely informed his visitor that the welfare of the service and of the public demanded strict discipline, the unchagrined erstwhile employe pulled out the map, and striking an attitude, said: "Mr. Smith you see all those black lines? Well, they are railroads. Yours may be a good one, but there are others. Good-bye!" The genial superintendent's prompt reply was: "If they are all as good as mine you will share the same fate on any one of them under similar conditions, but I hope you will have profitted by experience and hereafter make a fine record!"

This little incident serves to introduce the subject of the vast number of railways and what is frequently denominated the great army of railway employes. Verily it is a net-work of steel rails spanning the country—North, East, South and West. Constructive genius has caused the pathway of the iron horse to span rivers and chasms, wind up the mountain steeps and through the heart of the everlasting hills. Everybody are neighbors. Soon the Molly Cotton-Tail, whose ancestry could flourish in wood and dell, far removed from the snort of the locomotive, will have no sequestered spot of abode. The great train of material progress must have right of way through the land!

"ARMY OF RAILROADERS."

The term "army" as applied to the aggregate of the teeming thousands of people actively identified with the operation of the multiplicity of railways is used primarily with reference to numbers. The word is frequently used to express a multitude and sometimes to denote strength. But the "army of railroaders" also suggests the departmental divisions and sub-divisions of the railway service. As a military army is organized into many divisions or departments, so the railway army has its Commander-in-Chief, Major and Brigadier-Generals, Colonels, Captains, Corporals, Commissaries, Surgeons, Engineers, etc., "ad infinitum" and privates galore! The service of each great railway system is a compact organization of numerous well-defined departments, performing their respective functions in an orderly manner and all combining to effect a perfect and methodical whole. The stockholders elect the Board of Directors, these in turn the president, who names the general manager, and some other general officers and the general manager appoints the division superintendents and other heads of departments; the division superintendent his subordinates, and so on through the list. There are such general divisions as the transportation department, passenger, freight, motive-power, maintenance of way departments, and each has its sub-divisions, and all working in as complete harmony and relation to each other as the wheels in a perfect clock. The inefficiency of any sub-department would disarrange the whole and each unite in the sub-departments sustains relatively the same relation to his sphere of work as that sphere does to the service as a whole. It is as important for the section hand to do his duty faithfully and well as for the engineman, dispatcher or superintendent. But while the largest measure of efficiency results from a conscientious regard of this fact, it is ever a great mistake for an employe to imagine that the company would go into bankruptcy if he should resign his position. The company is dependent upon the faithful discharge of every duty, but is not entirely circumscribed to a particular personnel. It is not a bad idea, however, for an employe in any capacity to so distinguish himself that his company would be loth to give him up. "The big head" and "a level head" are different things.

WOULD BE REVELATION.

The perfection of the auditing and accounting departments of the railway service would be a revelation to the uninitiated. The most superb banking house cannot excall the railways in this regard. A balance sheet can be gotten out at any time which will show in minute detail the complete status of the company. It is worthy of remark in this connection that a record is kept of the miles run by each engine—how many tons hauled per mile, how much fuel, lubricating oil, etc., used, and when an engine has worn out and goes to the scrap-pile, its life's record is cast up and preserved with the archives of the road. The car service department can likewise give the car mileage record of any given car and can also locate any car on short notice. These are just cursory glances at a system of accounting the nicety of which is apparent to all practical business men. I will deal with this subject more in detail in some future article of this series.

Speaking of engine mileage, an engineman of thirty-five consecutive years' service recently told me that he conservatively estimated that he had run on an average of one hundred miles a day for three hundred days a year during his "residence on his engine!" I believe that figures one million and fifty thousand miles, or forty-two times the circumference of the earth! The old gentleman looks hale and hearty, doesn't need any liver pellets, is not battle-scarred and has never had a serious accident! He said he really thought his figures were too conservative, but I agreed to accept them it he would furnish me some "experiences," which he agreed to do.

This recalls a recent conversation with a veteran dispatcher who figured that during twenty years of continuous service at the key he had worked an average of three hundred and twenty days a year, giving an average of twenty orders, embracing three movements a day, which figures one hundred and twenty-eight thousand orders and three hundred and eighty-four thousand movements, and yet he has had no collisions and sleeps without dreaming of the rail! He, too, said his estimate was conservative, and I am now hunting a radical. These incidents were told me on Washington's birthday, but aside from that and in all seriousness, I believe the figures are not at all exaggerated.

But I promised also to say something this week about the terminology and vernacular of the railway lingo. When a dispatcher comes on duty he must read and understand the "log," which is the transcript of the situation of trains as prepared by the dispatcher going off duty. If the trains are numerous and oftimes the man going on "smells a roast." If everything is in good shape and there is plain sailing, it is "pie"—and, parenthetically let it be stated he is entitled to all the "pie" he can get. The inferior operator or the beginner, who breaks much, is a "ham" or "plug." The fast-sender is a "rusher" and the boys will say "he sends good stuff."

The freight crews frequently term the passenger trains that cause the freights to side-track, "the glass windows." The fast engineer is "a flyer," the slow ones are "pokes." Brakemen were wont to be called "twisters" till the air-brake came to their relief, and now they are "assistant caps." Passenger conductors are sometimes called "paste-board punchers," freight conductors "bill handlers." Operators are dubbed "lightning slingers" and the train dispatches are sometimes and unjustly denominated "train delayers."

Collissions are "head-on, "face," "rear-end," "telescope" "tail-enders," "spin wipe." Many other terms might be given.

Four-wheel coal or coke cars are called "buck-jimmies," and the large eight-wheel cars—which handle the immense coal traffic—are "hopper-bottom gondolas." The capacity of these cars have been constantly increased and the largest size are dubbed by the boys of the rail—"Mark Hannas." This soul-stirring rhyme was noticed chalked across the side of one of these semi-box cars as it came into our metropolis:

"Hush-a-bye coal car,
Don't you cry,
You'll be a box car
By and by!"

A Newport News wag adued this comment:

"You ain't no more polt
Than a sheep is a golt!"

A mistake in the transmission of a message by wire is "a bull." A dispatcher was noted for his superb "sending." It was "morse straight!" On an occasion, however, the receiving operator was a new man, and rather than "break" guessed at the words he couldn't get. The message was to the conductor of a train, simply calling his attention to a foot-note in the time-table that went into effect that day, which made No. 100 run one hour late on Sundays, and as sent by Mr. Blank read: "No 100 runs one hour late to-day, according to foot-note in the schedule." As delivered it read: "No. 100 runs one hour late to-day, account fools not noting the schedule!" That was a "bull"—decidedly so.

A freight train on the siding was passed by a fast-flying passenger train and the conductor of the latter, who was on the rear platform, apparently did not notice the friendly salute of the "bill-handler." The faithful hauler of the "dusk diamonds" wrote him the following:

"Chinch Harbor, No. 999 A., on siding for F. F. P. August 26.
Esteemed Frater of the Gradient:
(If I may be permitted thus to address you.)

It's hardly worth the while for you to entirely usurp the functions of your throttle-puller in putting on "airs" because your pig-skin gloved paws, hardened by twisting brakes when you were on my level, now jerk the bell ribbon and punch the paste-boards handed up to you by the deft kid gloved fingers of females fair. Kindly scratch your cranium and couple up to the fact that while you are happily ensconced in a rolling palace, your brothers of the "dusky diamond," who give you wide berth, are making the rocks that ballast the pike for the pay-wagon, an essential adjunct to the service.

Yours in coal dust,

The following notation was made on the turned down corner by the cap. of the glass-windows:

"Thous art e'en as ust as man as my conversation e'er cop'd withal. No slight intended and no break in my link of the fraternal chain. I am sweltering in the realm of otter of roses envying your happy-go-lucky life and the water-melons you steal and enjoy while waiting for the gilt-edge. Give the grist train right of way!

Yours,
JOHN."

A UNIQUE TOAST.

The following toast by a Richmond dispatcher gotten off at a railway banquet contains a play on very many legitimate railway terms, which will be recognized without forcing the printer to put them in quotations:

"Our is indeed a grand country, and it is the railways more than aught else that keeps things moving. These are fast times, and the interests of all classes require business to be dispatched on a safe and proper line, superintended with great care, conservatively conducted and engineered ith ability. There will be no break down to the train of prosperity, the sound of which now reverberates through the land. With a good head of steam on, coupled with the fact of good conductors and a solid road-bed of industry, ballasted by the rock of good judgment, our great train of progress will successfully climb the steepest grades of adversity, round the sharpest curves of danger, dart through the tunnels of discouragement and arrive on schedule time at the terminal of happiness and success. There should be a brotherly tie between all railroaders—hooks of steel, as it were, should bind together and thus coupled they should evince a tender regard and a constant lookout for each other's welfare. There should be no collisions between the various classes of employes, but all should pull together without friction, permitting everything to run smoothly, with no fires of discord nor heat of passion to cause divisions and possibly reverses of fortune, and there should be an unflagging determination to render the service as efficient as possible."

But the foreman has signaled me to apply the air or I will knock down the bulk-head. So more anon.

SINCE THE WAR
"Famous Prescription 100,384"
NOW OVER 40 YEARS—AND LIKELY TO REMAIN THE ONLY REAL CURE FOR
Rheumatism AND ITS BLOOD RELATIONS.
At druggists, 75c. Bottle. Postal brings booklet.
W. H. MULLER, University Place, New York.

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Farm Seeds
are the best that can be obtained—free from weed seeds and impurities and of strong germinating qualities. It is very important if you desire to secure good stands and good crops to purchase the highest grade seeds obtainable. This you can always do by purchasing "Wood's Trade Mark Brand" of Farm Seeds.
Wood's New Seed Book for 1903
mailed on request, tells all about
Vegetable and Flower Seeds,
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Write for Seed Book and prices of any Farm Seeds required.
T. W. WOOD & SONS,
Seedsmen, Richmond, Va.

HAS A CANE WITH HISTORY

Mayor Spitman Has One Cut From Valley Forge.

WILL GIVE A SILVER CUP

Warrenton Hunt Club Will Give Its Point to Race on Thursday April 16th—Farmers Will Contest For a Silver Cup.

(Special to The Times-Dispatch.)

WARRENTON, VA., Feb. 28.—Mayor John R. Spilman, has in his possession a cane of great historical interest and to collectors of relics, its value would be considerable. In appearance there is nothing striking about the stick. It is simply a straight, well-seasoned hickory cane with an ivory head and clasped where it joins the wood with a plain silver band. It was given to Mayor Spilman by his friend, the late Colonel Judson, U. S. A., and familiarly known as "Ned Bunting." Mr. Judson was a regular and popular contributor to Forest and Stream, the popular sporting periodical and wrote under the "nom de plume" given. The story of the stick which is well and truthfuly authenticated, it was cut from a tree which stood in front of the headquarters of General Washington at Valley Forge. Mayor Spilman prizes the stick beyond value on account of its association and history.

The Warrenton Hunt Club announces that its annual point-to-point race will take place Thursday, April 16th. Mr. Westmoreland Davis, a native Virginian, but who for some years past has resided in New York and who is prominently identified with all matters pertaining to the local hunt club, of which he is a member, will give a handsome silver cup to the winner of the farmer's race. This will be the concluding event of the day and is open to all farmers over whose lands the club has hunted during the season.

IN NEW QUARTERS.

The furniture of the Fauquier National Bank was placed in position this week by Mr. Weeks, of the Grand Rapids (Mich.) Furniture Company. Nothing remains now but for the officers of this new and growing institution to move from their temporary headquarters on Culpeper Street, where they have been for nearly a year. The transfer will be made next week. It is said by critics that the new bank building is one of the handsomest and best arranged in the State.

Miss Willie M. Garner, who has been visiting her sister, Mrs. Samuel Arundale in January for some weeks past, returned to her home in this place to-day.

Mrs. Virginia Payne is absent on a visit to her son, J. Keith Payne, who is connected with an engineering corps of the Norfolk and Western Railroad with headquarters at Cincinnati.

The condition of James R. Carter, who was recently taken to the hospital in Washington to be treated for appendicitis, is reported favorable and his rapid recovery is now a certainty.

Rev. G. W. Nelson, the much loved and popular rector of St. James Episcopal Church, whose illness has been previously reported in these columns, continues to hold his own but with no decided improvement.

Charles Wood, son of Mr. D. P. Wood of this place, has returned from Cornell University on account of the typhoid fever epidemic.

Mrs. E. H. Sublett and the Misses Sublett, of St. Louis, are a recent social acquisition to the town. They have leased a home here.

Mrs. Sanger is a guest at the home of Mrs. Virginia Day. Her husband, General Sanger, is now stationed in the Philippines and will probably join her here during the summer.

HE DROPPED DEAD WHILE AT HIS WORK

CHATHAM, VA., Feb. 28.—Mr. Wm. P. Allen, an old and highly respected citizen of the county, dropped dead Wednesday morning while superintending work at his home in the county. Mr. Allen was about seventy years old and was a very gallant soldier, serving through the Civil War. He was a member of Pittsylvania Camp of United Confederate Veterans. Mr. Allen is survived by his wife and three daughters.

Miss Sallie F. Bolling and Mr. George W. Brumfield, of the county, were married on Thursday the 26th.

Miss Dorothy Weller left this week for her home in Missouri.

Misses Nellie and Rebecca Martin returned this week to Lynchburg, after a short visit to friends here.

Mrs. Walter Briggs, of South Carolina, and Miss Sterling Thornton, of Republican Grove, Va., are visiting Mrs. W. T. Canada.

THE VALUE OF CHARCOAL.

Few People Know How Useful it is in Preserving Health and Beauty.

Nearly everybody knows that charcoal is the safest and most efficient disinfectant and purifier in nature, but few realize its value when taken into the human system for the same cleansing purpose.

Charcoal is a remedy that the more you take of it, the better; it is not a drug at all, but simply absorbs the gases and impurities always present in the stomach and intestines, and carries them out of the system.

Charcoal sweetens the breath after smoking, drinking or after eating onions and other odorous vegetables.

Charcoal effectually clears and improves the complexion, it whitens the teeth and further acts as a natural and eminently safe cathartic.

It absorbs the injurious gases which collect in the stomach and bowels; it disinfects the mouth and throat from the poison of catarrh.

All druggists sell charcoal in one form or another; but probably the best charcoal and the most for the money is in Stuart's Absorbent Lozenges; they are composed of the finest powdered Willow charcoal and other harmless antiseptics in tablet form, or rather in the form of large, pleasant-tasting lozenges, the charcoal being mixed with honey.

The daily use of these lozenges will soon tell in a much improved condition of the general health, better complexion, sweeter breath and purer blood, and the beauty of it is that no possible harm can result from their continued use, but on the contrary, great benefit.

A Buffalo physician, in speaking of the benefits of charcoal says: "I advise Stuart's Absorbent Lozenges to all patients suffering from gas in the stomach and bowels, and it clears the complexion and purifies the breath, mouth and throat. I also believe the liver is greatly benefited by the daily use of them; they cost but twenty-five cents a box at drug stores, and although in some sense a patent preparation, yet I believe I get more and better charcoal in Stuart's Absorbent Lozenges than in any of the ordinary charcoal tablets."

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(a scientifically medicated emulsion of pure Norwegian Cod Liver Oil with Hypophosphites and Guaiacol) has been prescribed by the physicians of Greater New York and all other large cities in their daily practice.

They have used it with marked success in all cases of Weak Lungs, Colds, Coughs, Catarrh, Consumption and Throat Troubles; for Scrofula, Eczema, Pimples, Boils, Abscesses, and all skin affections. In fact, for all disorders caused by *Mal Nutrition* or the weaknesses of a body that is improperly or poorly fed.

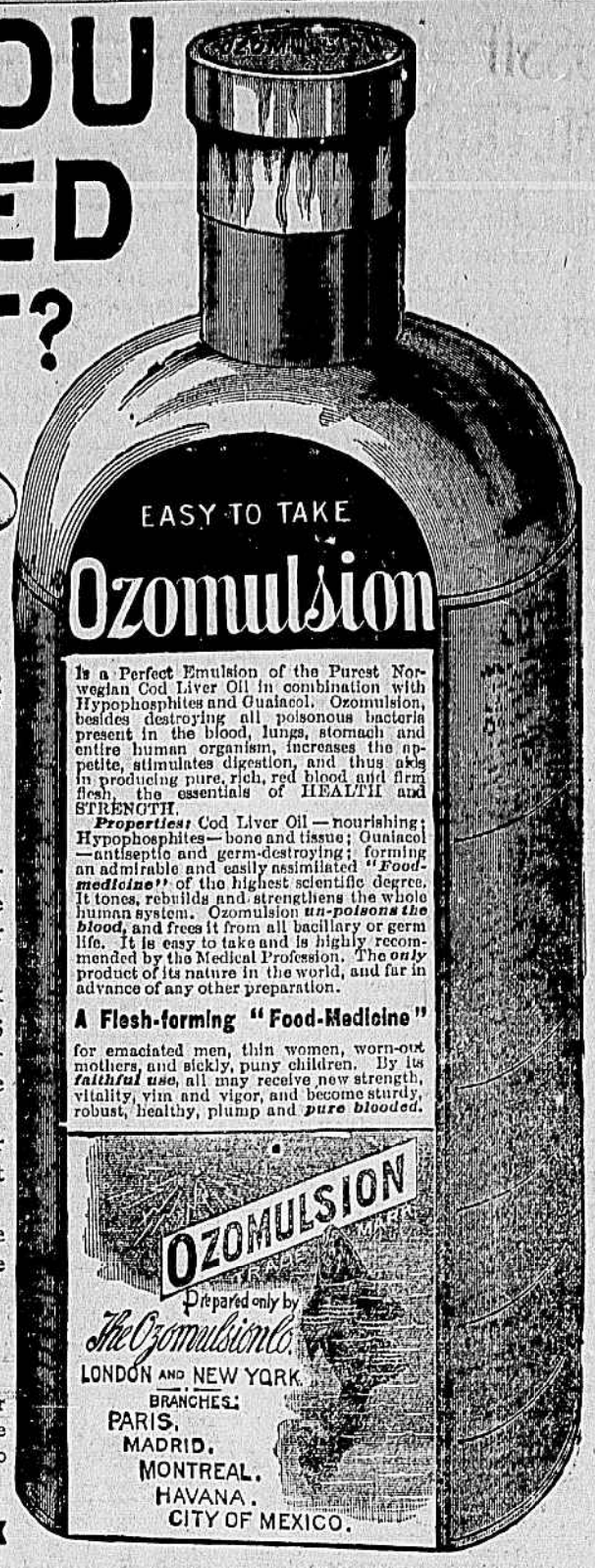
As a result, Ozomulsion has to-day a larger sale than any other emulsion of Cod Liver Oil, and is carried in stock by every druggist in the United States.

But still it may be that you have never tried it. So we have decided to make it possible for all to give it a test. We will therefore send

A Large Sample Bottle Free

to any address on request, so that invalids in every walk of life can test it for themselves and see what Ozomulsion will do for them. Send us your name and complete address, and the large sample free bottle will at once be sent to you by mail. Address—

THE OZOMULSION CO., De Peyster St., New York



Ozomulsion is on Sale at All Druggists.

MR. DOOLEY ON THE RACE QUESTION.

By F. P. DUNNE.

Copyright, 1903, by Robert Howard Russell.

"What ar-re we goin' to do about th' coons?" asked Mr. Dooley.

"What ought we to do about them?" Asked Mr. Hennossy.

"We've got to do something," said Mr. Dooley. "Something's got to be done. Whin I was a young man I raymimber hearin' people talk iv boostin' th' naygur up fr'm his lowly place as an unforchnit slave an' humorist an' makin' him as good as annybody an' bether thin a German be givin' him a vote. I didn't believe it because I was a dimmycrat an' didn't believe annything but Stephen A. Douglas. But they used to say it jus' th' same an' if ye didn't say it, too, it was down to Camp Douglas with ye be th' back iv th' neck as a pris'ner iv war. Th' dimmycrats knew that a naygur with a vote wudden't be a Willum Shakespeare. It wudden't take anny iv th' dusk out iv his cheeks to sind him down to th' liv'ry stable an' lave him stick an impeeryal ballot that he cudden't r-read into a box with a false bottom. Can th' camel change his hump? as Hogan wud say. A naygur with a vote is a naygur with a vote, an' that's all he is. Th' dimmycrats knew that forty years ago. Histhry always vindicates th' dimmycrats, but niver in their life-time. They see th' thruth first but th' throuble is that nawthin' is iver officially thrue till a raypublican sees it.

"Th' naygur ain't anny bether off thin he was. Nobody is. But nearly ivrybody ixpicted arther th' war that his locks wud become goolden at wanst an' that he wud soon get a Roman nose. But here he is today lookin' jus' as he did forty years ago. He ain't got anny more money, he ain't anny lighter in complexion an' I sometimes doubt whether he's anny happyer than he was whin they was takin' his darlin' Nelly Grey away fr'm him an' he'd niver see her more till they met in th' Jim Crow sicktion iv Hiven. Down in th' mersry chilevrous Southland no basket picnic is complete onless a naygar is depindin' fr'm th' shubbery. Up here in this free North iv ours where th' wurruds iv Windell Phillips is still soundin' in th' air we won't see anny naygurs marryin' into our ladin' families. We welcome him as our akel in all rayspicts, but none iv our conservitive prize fighters will put on th' gloves with him.

"So, I say something's got to be done f'r him, but what it is, I dinnaw. Tiddy Rosenfelt's idee is to gladly hand him up to a higher plane. All ye've got to do to make him th' akel iv his white brother is to give him a job an' have him up to th' White House f'r dinner. Preparations is bein' made f'r th' dinner to th' Royal Knights iv th' Ordher iv Oryental Splendhor iv Pazazas whose prisidint is th' Hon'rable Egregious Gass iv Allybama. A wagon load iv pullets an' hams was delivered yisterdah at th' White House. Th' dinner will be followed be a musical at which th' prisident an' Sinitor Hanna will sing a duet. Both statesmen will black up in honor iv th' comp'ny. Th' Prisidint has appointed Hon'rable Lucullus Buffins, th' well-known naygur orather, to be marshal at Pinaola, Miss. Friends iv th' fam'ly ar-re kindly rayquisted to omit flowers. Immejately on rayceivin' his commission as postmasther iv Ozaloo, Louisiyany, th' Hon'rable Naplyon Bliggs, th' cillybrated naygur aggytater, took th' night thrain to th' North. In spite iv th' lateness iv th' hour a large number iv Misther Bliggs' fellow citizens escorted him to th' thrain. They wud not permit him to walk but insisted on carryin' him on a two-be-four restin' on their shouldhers. Misther Bliggs expicts to spind some time in th' North, when he will consult a prom'nent surgeon an' have th' feathers exthracted.

"But th' throuble with his here plan is that th' higher ye boost th' naygur be askin' him up to th' White House, th' farther he has to fall whin he gets about two blocks south iv th' White House. Wan iv our dusky fellow citizens comes out fr'm a meal with th' Prisidient an' cake walks to a car. He is not puffed up with th' rayciption. Not at all. Th' av'rage chest measuremint iv a colored gintleman who has had three or four fish balls with th' prisidint is rarely over wan hundred an' eighty inches. So he modestly sthruts over to a car, takes a seat, puts his feet in th' lap iv th' lady acrost fr'm him an' says in a diferinchal yell to a Confidrate colonel nex' to him: 'White pusson give this here frind iv th' prisidint a light fr'm ye'er see-gar.' An' whin he comes to his leg is on fire.

"Me friends down South don't believe in this way iv illvatin' th' coon. They have ways iv their own. They think a naygur ought to be improved slowly. Th' slower th' bether. I was 'r-readin' a speech he wan iv thim th' other day. He was consarvative on th' question. Like all Southern men he admitted that something was to be said on both sides. He did not boast iv his sicktion iv th' country. A thrue Southerner niver does. It wud ill become him to suggist that th' South is annything more thin th' faitest spot on Gawd's footstool, inhabited be th' bravest men, th' lovelliest an mos' varchous women, th' most toothsome an' encouraging' booze an' th' fastest ponies in th' worruld. Let others tell iv th' beauties iv th' South. Ye will not dhraw th' tale fr'm th' lips iv a Southern man. Aven in his cups he scorns to give more thin three cheers a minyit f'r th' glorious State iv Mississippi. A Matsachoosetts man will hit ye over th' head with a codfish if ye don't say that Matsachoosetts is th' mos' noble jool in th' bright girdle on th' brow iv Columbia. Ye can't go into a bar-room without sein' a man sthandin' on a table an' yellin' f'r New Hampshire. Eight or nine bartinders was shot las' year f'r rayfusin' to sing: 'I was bor-rn in ol' Ohio, where th' dhrinkin' wather's blue.' But a Southern man is rayluctant to speak iv his home. He laves it speak f'r itself an' if ye don't listen he merely nudges ye in th' ribs familyarly with a knife.

"So this here reprisintive iv th' culture an' civvylization iv th' South begun his speech with a cautious allusion to th' well-known fact that th' South is th' bravest, th' freest, th' sunniest, th' mos' intellechool region iv th' counthry, peopled be th' mos' chilavrous men an' th' sweetest women that th' green light iv hiven iver shown down upon, where th' latch string is always out to welcome sthrangers to a hospital cheer an' no wan is touchy about his r-rights. He wint on fr'm this here bald statemint iv fact to say: 'Th' thruth iv th' matther is there is no race question. Th' toast iv th' evenin' is th' Day we Cillybrate or Th' Ladies, Gawd Bless Thim, or th' Pin is Mightier than th' Soord, but I feel bound at this moment to addhress a few wurruds to th' race question, iv which there is none but it is th' wan question that confronts th' nation today. We have in th' White House a man who if he iver comes South iv Mason an' Dixon's line will be subjected to indignity worthy iv his office. I yield to no man in admiration iv th' office iv prisidint iv this united counthry, united but ye can see where th' seam was. But I will say that if this ragtime prisidint iver ventures into Ogallochee county, th' finest county in th' noblest State iv th' fair diadem iv th' raypublic, he wants to look out or some wan will insult him. Th' race question upon which I did not mean to speak but will, can niver be settled until it is settled r-right. Th' r-right way to settle it is to have it where it is. We give th' naygur ivry r-right guaranteed be th' constichoochion. We permit him to vote, only demandin' that he shall prove that his father an' mother were white. We let him perform th' arjoos manyul labor iv our fair land. We bury him or gather him as soovenirs. What more can be asked? But we insist that though this happy follow citizen may pass us our vittles he shall not [illegible] out our stamps. To this ivry [illegible]ligence iv th' South that can be seen sunnin' itself on th' deepo platform, sthands committed. In th' sunny Southland we bow to public opinyon be it iver so noisy. Th' naygur question with us is a burnin' question an' so it will always be. Th' prisidint iv these United States mus' know that we will defind white supremacy to th' las' dhrop iv their blood. I wish to discuss this question dispashnately an' I say that I am in favor iv havin' it to th' cold light iv raison. An' I thruly endorse th' proposition to fire a few eggs at th' prisidint whin he comes South, an' approve iv th' round robin sint be those blue-blooded southern ladies we ar-re graftin' f'r a church fair in Texas, to tell th' ladies iv th' White House that they ar-re no ladies.'

"An' there ye ar-re, Hinnisy. There's th' naygur with his vote an' a meal tickit to th' White House in his hand, an' he's no bether off thin he was whin I was opposin' his illvation on constichoochual groun's, an' because I niver liked a naygur annyhow."

"What's th' throuble?" asked Mr. Hennessy.

"Th' throuble is," said Mr. Dooley, "that th' naygur iv th' North have lived too long among th' white people an' th' white people iv th' South have lived too long among th' naygur."

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