

MR. DOOLEY ON WOMAN SUFFRAGE

By F. P. Dunne

"I see be th' pa-pers," said Mr. Dooley, "that th' ladies in England have got up in their might an' demand a vote."

an' nawthin' but three hundred half p'ns remained to mark th' scene iv slaughter. Thus, Hinnessy, was another battle fr' freedom fought an' lost."

pathrites an' as th' pa-pers call thim, th' high priests iv this here sacred rite, ar-re smokin' th' best seegars that th' token money iv our country can buy."

erty in a livery stable. But if Molly Donahue wint to vote in a livery stable, th' first thing she'd do wud be to get a broom, sweep up th' flure, open th' windows, disinfect th' booths, take th' harness fr'm th' walls, an' hang up its own peculiar aroma. Th' owner iv th' sanchoory iv Liberty comes in, shakes up a bottle iv liniment made iv carbolic acid, pours it into a cup an' goes out. Wan iv th' domestic attendants iv th' guests iv th' house walks through fr'm making th' beds. Afther a white th' chief judge, who knows me well, because he shaves me three times a week, gives me a contemptuous stare, asks me the name an' a number iv scandalous questions about me as reg-

Thin th' looks got sthrong, an' says they: 'Votin' seems a healthy exercise an' w'd like to thry it. Give us th' franchise or we'll do things to ye.' An' they got it. Thin it wnt down through th' earls an' th' markises an' th' rest iv th' Dooley fam'ly, till fin'ly all th' was left iv it was flung to th' ign'rant masses like Hinnessy, because they made a lot iv noise an' threatened to set fire to th' barns."

She said she was a member iv th' local suffrage club, an' she felt safe in assuring her sisters that th' bill wud be signed. If necessary, she wud sign it herself. (Cheers.) Th' prsident was a little onruly, but he was frequently that way. Th' married ladies in th' audience wud understand. He meant nawthin'. It was on'y wan iv his tantrums. A little moral suasion wud bring him around all right. At prsint th' chief magistrate was in th' kitchen with his daughter settin' on his head."

two iv his burly daughters. He seemed much confused, an' his wife had to point out with th' flatiron th' place where he was to sign. With tremblin' fingers he affixed his signature an' was led back.

ELIPH HEWLITT ON THE RACE QUESTION

BY ELLIS PARKER BUTLER.

The little man with the sandy gray side whiskers walked up to the porch with brisk little steps, and at that moment the dog, which had been visiting across the street, came home hurriedly and, without waiting to be introduced, chased the little man up the ladder into the nearest apple tree. The dog danced around the ladder, and then tried to climb it, and falling back, bit a piece out of the ladder, just to show his good intentions. He was a splendid watchdog, and he sat down and watched the little man as he edged out onto a limb. The door of the house opened and the elder Miss Fliggis—the one with the side curls—came out, and behind her crowded the younger Miss Fliggis and all the ladies of the Iowaville Sewing circle.

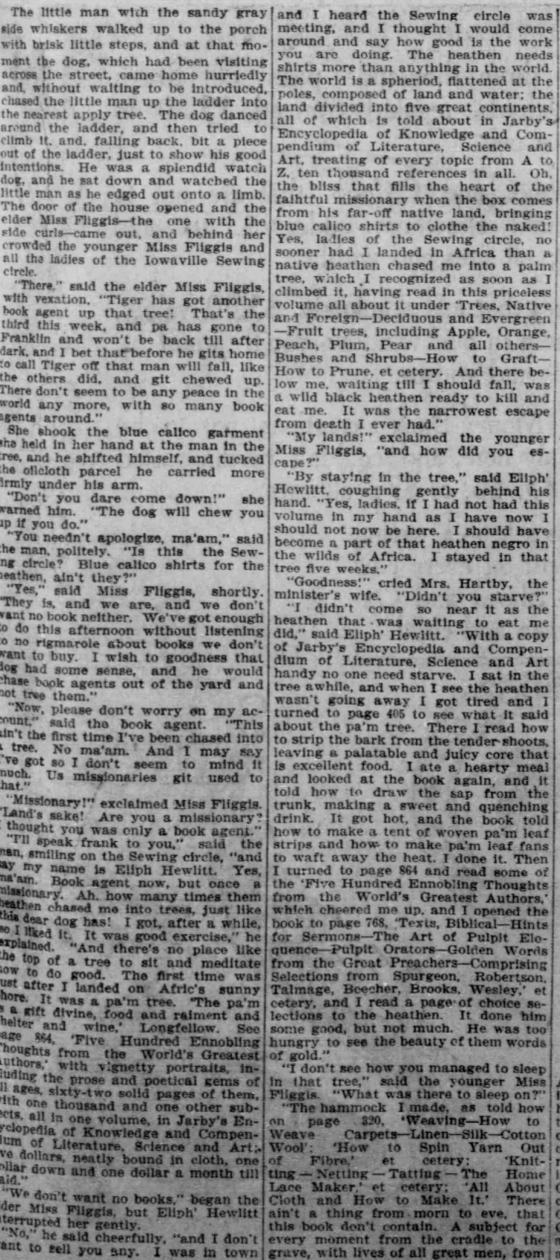
and I heard the Sewing circle was meeting, and I thought I would come around and say how good is the work you are doing. The heathen needs shirts more than anything in the world. The world is a spheroid, flattened at the poles, composed of land and water; the land divided into five great continents, all of which is told about in Jarby's Encyclopedia of Literature, Science and Art, treating of every topic from A to Z, ten thousand references in all. Oh, the bliss that fills the heart of the faithful missionary when the box comes from his far-off native land, bringing blue calico shirts to clothe the naked! Yes, ladies of the Sewing circle, no sooner had I landed in Africa than a native heathen chased me into a palm tree, which I recognized as soon as I climbed it, having read in this priceless volume all about it under 'Trees, Native and Foreign—Deciduous and Evergreen—Fruit trees, including Apple, Orange, Peach, Plum, Pear and all others—Bushes and Shrubs—How to Graft—How to Prune, and cetera. And there below me, waiting till I should fall, was a wild black heathen ready to kill and eat me. It was the narrowest escape from death I ever had."

"My lands!" exclaimed the younger Miss Fliggis, "and how did you escape?"

"By staying in the tree," said Eliph Hewlitt, coughing gently behind his hand. "Yes, ladies, I had not had this volume in my hand as I have now I should not now be here. I should have become a part of that heathen negro in the wilds of Africa. I stayed in that tree five weeks."

"Goodness!" cried Mrs. Hartby, the minister's wife. "Didn't you starve?"

"I didn't come so near it as the heathen that was waiting to eat me did," said Eliph Hewlitt. "With a copy of Jarby's Encyclopedia and Compendium of Literature, Science and Art handy no one need starve. I sat in the tree awhile, and when I see the heathen wasn't going away I got tired and I turned to page 465 to see what it said about the pa'm tree. There I read how to strip the bark from the tender shoots, leaving a palatable and juicy core that is excellent food. I ate a hearty meal and looked at the book again, and it told how to draw the sap from the trunk, making a sweet and quenching drink. I got hot, and the book told how to make a tent of woven pa'm leaf strips and how to make pa'm leaf fans to waft away the heat. I done it. Then I turned to page 864 and read some of the 'Five Hundred Embodying Thoughts from the World's Greatest Authors,' which cheered me up, and I opened the book to page 768, 'Texts, Biblical—Hints for Sermons—The Art of Pulpit Eloquence—Pulpit Orators—Golden Words from the Great Preachers—Comprising Selections from Spurgeon, Robertson, Talmage, Beecher, Brooks, Wesley,' et cetera, and I read a page of choice selections to the heathen. It done him some good, but not much. He was too hungry to see the beauty of them words of gold."



negro cabin as well as to the millionaire's palace and teaches to be good, giving a noble thought for every day in the year as well as telling how to can fruit, remove spots from clothing, measure corn in the crib, together with a list of the three hundred simplified words, and a steel engraving of President Roosevelt."

"ALL THE WISDOM OF THE AGES CONDENSED INTO ONE VOLUME, FIVE DOLLARS, BOUND IN CLOTH--"