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# Dooley Compares the Soldier's Life and the Policeman's

By F. P. Dunne.

"His life is a sojer though glorious is hard," said Mr. Dooley. "Here's me friend, Gin'ral Fred Fustian, wan iv th' gallantest men that has come out iv Kansas since Stormy Jordan's day, has been called down fr on'y gussagin' that Sinitor Hoar an' th' rest iv thim be hanged by th' heels. I'm with th' gallant Gin'ral meself. I'm not sure but he'd like to hang me, though as ye know, me opynions on th' Ph'lippeens is various an' I don't give a dam whether way. If he runs me to earth on'y asv iv him as a fellow pathrite that he won't give me th' wather cure. Th' very thought iv it makes me flesh creep.

"But th' presidint called him down, affther th' publication iv th' fiftenth saler thim ivvy college th' professor in this broad an' fair land was under sinitor's death fr'm th' gin'ral th' presidint wrote to him sayin': 'Dear Fred: Me attention has been called to ye'er patriotic utterances in favor iv fryin' Edward Atkinson on his own cook stove. I am informed by me advisers that it can't be done. It won't fry beans. So I am compelled to th' regulations iv war to give ye a good slap. How ar-ra ye of comrade-in-arms? Ye ought to've seen me on th' San Juan hill. On that was th' day? Iver, me dear Fred, reprovingly but lovingly, T. Roosevelt, late Colonel First United States Volunteers Cal'ry, better known as 'th' Rough Riders an' ex-officio presidint iv th' United States.' That was wan fr' Fred, I wisht th' same cud be handed to Gin'ral Miles. Iver, time he muns his mouth, if 'tis on'y to say 'tis a fine day—which I must say is seldom—all they do to him is to break his back.

"'Tis a hard life, a sojer's, but a glorious wan. I wisht me father had enthered me fr' a martial career instaid iv tacin' me be precept an' example, as Hogan says, to be quick on me feet. In these days whin a man

gets to be gin'ral because he's been a long time a doctor or because he's supplied a naygur rifle, 'tis me tnat wud go boundin' up to th' top iv th' ladder.

"Janocary wan, Private Dooley distinguished himself at th' Battle iv Ogovvane th' island iv Samar be rushin' out in a perfect holl iv putty-balls, rics, arrows, an' harsh cries, an' seizin' th' gin'ral iv th' Tamalese an' batin' him over th' head with his own bean-blower.

"Janocary twinty: Colonel Dooley iv th' hunderth an' eight Macabee scouts systerdath administrated th' best an' muddiest part iv th' Gingong river to Gin'ral Alfo Bim th' prissence iv a large an' smillin' audience. Th' ribbl had rayfused to communicate his plans to th' gallant colonel but affther he had had sufficient irrigation his conversation was more extended. So was th' gin'ral.

"Feb'ry eighth: Gin'ral Dooley, th' hayro iv th' Ph'lippeens who is at home with a large spleen which he got into him on our beautiful island possessions made a speech before th' Loooced club las' night. He said we shud never give up th' Ph'lippeens which had been wathered be some iv th' best blood in our land, he might say all. He didn't know much about th' constochion, but fr'm what he heard about it fr'm a man in his rightmint who cud spell, it wasn't intinded fr' use out iv court. He thought no man shud be licited to congress under th' rank iv major. There was much talk iv pro-gress in th' hithrachoor an' science which he was in favor iv hangin'. All the army needed was rope enough an' all wud be well. Th' Supreme Court was all right, but if ye wanted justice hot out iv th' oven, ye shud see it administrated be three or four laughin' sub-returns on th' stumps iv threes, jus' affther lunch.

"March eighth: P. J. Dint Dooley, chafin' at th' delay in th' State readin' all civilians to submit their opynions on th' tariff to th' neighborin' rayscrutin' sergeant wanst a wack, wint over to th' capitol this mornin'

with a file iv sojers an' arrested th' anti-administration forces who are now locked up in th' barn back iv th' White House. Th' presidint was severely lacerated be Sinitor Tillman durin' th' encounter.

"Yes, sir, I'd like to be a sojer. I want to be a military man. An' yet I never wanted to be a policeman. 'Tis strange, too, fr' if ye think it over they ain't th' lot iv difference between th' most ordhiny, flat-footed elbow that iver pulled wud leg affther another to mornin' roll-call an' th' gr-rearest gin'ral that iver wint through a war behind a band on a horse. They both belong to th' race iv round-headed men. Whin ye lengthen th' head iv man or dog, ye rayjocose his courage. That's th'ruve iv all but th' bull-tarrier an' th' Turk. Both iv thim fight like th' divile. Th' jooties is much th' same but th' policeman's is harder. Th' policeman has to fight night an' day, but th' sojer on'y wanst a month. A man's got to be five foot nine to get on th' force. He can be five foot two an' get in through th' War Department. Didn't Mike Gilligan take more chances whin he wint up to th' patch where Red Starkey was holdin' th' fort with a Krupp gun an' took him be th' hand an' pivated with him out iv a window, thim me frind Fearless Freddy whin he assumed false whiskers, pretended to be a naygur an' stole little Aggyndoo out iv his flat? Ye wouldn't expect a patholman to be promoted to be sergeant fr' kidnappin' an organ-grinder, wud ye? An' Gilligan didn't ask fr' lave iv absence an' go down to th' Union League Club an' tell th' assembled manufacturers iv axle-grease what ought to be done with the wather taxes. No, sir! What happened to Gilligan was with roll-call th' nex' mornin' th' Loo says: 'Officer Gilligan, in capturin' Starkey, ye reflected great credit on this precinct an' ye'er own bringin' up. But I want ye to know, officer, that this important arst

is no excuse fr' ye goin' out an' loadin' ye'erself to th' joo-pint with Hannigan's paint. The nex' time ye miss pullin' ye'er box, I'll have ye up before th' thrille board. But that in ye'er pipe an' smoke it, Mike Gilligan.' An' Gilligan blushed.

"No, sir, between th' two, th' policeman's life's th' hard wan. He can't retreat fr' reinforcements or surrender with all th' honors iv war. If he surrenders, he's killt an' if he retreats, his button comes off. He gets no soord fr'm congress whin he brings in Starkey be th' burnin' hair iv his head. If he's promoted to sergeant, he's sure to be lounched be th' first rayform administration. He takes his orders, chases th' stock iv timber up hill an' down dale under th' gleamin' stars, has nawthin' to say but 'Move on there, now,' an' if his foot slips another round-headed man pushes him into a cell an' an impartial jury iv men that's had trouble with th' polls before convicts him with three cheers.

"Now, suppose Gilligan's father whin he was young had looked him over an' said: 'Agathy, Michael's head is per-fectly round. It's like a bass ball. 'Tis so per-colyar. An' he has a fightin' face. 'Tis me and thyrin' to tache him a thrade, Let's make a sojer iv him.' An' he wint into th' army. If he'd done there what he's done in th' patch, 'tis Gin'ral Gilligan he'd be this time—Gin'ral Gilligan stormin' th' heights iv San Joon hill; Gin'ral Mike Gilligan suspindin' th' haves corpus in th' Ph'lippeens an' th' anti-imperialists at home; Gin'ral Mike Gilligan capturin' Aggyndoo, an' he'd do it with bare hands an' without th' aid iv a mustache; Gin'ral Mike Gilligan abolishin' th' third readin'; Gin'ral Mike Gilligan discorsin' to th' public on 'Books I have never read; Series wan, he's Hithry iv th' United States.' If his foot slips an' he grows a little cross with a pris-n'er iv war on th' way to th' station an' throps his soord or his club on th' top iv him, is he up before th' judge an' thriled be a jury iv his

peers? Officer Mike, yes; Gin'ral Mike, no. Gin'ral Mike has no peers. He raycives a letter th' next mornin' that he has broken a human skull divine an' th' regulations iv th' army an' must be thriled. 'Who will me brass frind have go through with this here austere but hail-fellow inquiry?' 'Oh, anywan will do. Any iv th' gallant lift'nants iv me brigade wud do,' says Gin'ral Mike. So th' Gin'ral is not up on thrille an' a frind iv his addresses th' court. 'Gintjemen,' says he, 'th' question before th' court is not so much did our gallant leader hammer th' coat as whether our flag wanst stuck up where we wathered so many precious citizens shall iver come down. (Th' court: 'No, no.') 'That's th' pint. 'Whin I do th' people at home who know nawthin' about this here war, except what we tell thim what do they mane be subjistin' this here harry, gray an' bent with infirmities but pretty spry at that, to this ignominy? He has fought fr' thim an' what have they done fr' him? In more than wan year he has on'y risen fr'm th' rank iv captain to brigadier gin'ral an' his pay is less thim twinty times what it was. (Here th' court weeps.) I ast ye, I ast ye, ye fine Hith' boys, is it meete an' proper, nay, is it meete an' thrin' fr' to punish him?' 'An' th' court puts th' verdict iv acquittal in th' shape iv th' poplar song, 'Fr' he's a jolly good fellow,' an' adds a recommendation that Harvard college is gettin' too gay anywan.

"That's th' difference between sojer an' policeman. Why is it that th' fair sex, as Hogan says, wudden't be seen talkin' to a policeman, but if ye say 'Sojer' to thim, they're all out iv th' window but th' feet? I want to know."

"'Can't tell,' said Mr. Hennessy. 'I heard a frind iv William J. Bryar say we was in danger iv havin' thim run th' country like they do in Germany, d'ye mind?'

"'Never fear,' said Mr. Dooley. 'There's too many Gilligans not in th' ar-my fr' that.'

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# The Modern Fable of What the College Incubator did for One Modest Lambkin

By George Ade.

NE Autumn Afternoon a gray-haired Agriculturist took his youngest Live Branch by the Hand and led him away to a 'Varsity. Wilbur was 18 and an Onion. He had outgrown his last year's pants and his shoes were hardly on speaking terms with his Uppers. His warty hands which floated idly at his sides and his

Collar that he wore was size 13 and called the Rollo Shape. It rose to a Height of a half-inch above his Neck-Band. For a Cravat he had a Piece of watered Silk Ribbon with Butterflies on it.

Wilbur had his Money tied up in a Handkerchief and he carried a Paper Telescope loaded down with one Complete Change and a Catalogue of the institution showing that the Necessary Expenses were not more than \$3.40 per Week.

a dinky Cap about the size of a Postage Stamp. The Coat reached almost to the Hips and was buttoned below. The Trousers had enough Material for a Suit. They were reefered to show feverish Socks of a zig-zag Pattern. The Shoes were very Bull-Doggy and each had a wide Terrace running around it. Father held on to a Trunk for Support. Never before had he seen a genuine Case of the Inflammatory Itah-Rahs.

Pockets, the one who had been pursuing Knowledge, fettered toward the Author of his Being and said, "How are you, Governor?"

Father was always a Lightning Calculator and as he stood there trying to grasp, and comprehend and mentally close in, as it were, on the Burlap Suit and the Coon Shirt and the sassy Pipe, something told him that Wilbur would have to Switch if he expected to be County Superintendent of Schools.

"Here are my Checks," said Wilbur, handing over the Brasses. "Have my Trunks, my Golf Clubs, my portable Punching Bag, the Suit Case and Hat Boxes sent up to the House right away. Then drive me Home by the Outside Road because I don't want to meet all these Yaps. They annoy me."

"You'd better get out of that Rig mighty quick if you don't want to be Joshed," said his Parent. "Folks around here won't stand for any such fool Regalia and if ye walk like a frozen-toed Hen you'll get some Hot Shots, or I miss my Calkulations."



Arrives From College. Wrists resembled extra Sets of Knuckles. When he walked, his Legs gave way at the Hinge and he Interfered. On his Head was a little Wideawake with a Buckle at the Side. Mother had bobbed his Hair and rubbed in a little Goose-Grease to make it shine. The

As the Train pulled away from Pewee Junction, Wilbur began to Leak. The Salt Tears trickled down through the Archipelago of Freckles. He wanted to Crackle but Paw bought him a Box of Crackerjack and told him that if he got an Education and improved his Opportunities, some day he might be County Superintendent of Schools and get his \$500 a Year just like finding it. So Wilbur snipped up and said he would try to stick it out. He got out the Catalogue and read all of the copyrighted Rules for the Moral Guidance of Students.

The Curriculum had him scared. He saw that in the next four Years he would have to soak up practically all the Knowledge on the Market. But he was cheered to think that if he persevered and got through, he would be entitled to wear an Alpaca Coat and a Lawn Tie and teach in the High School. So he took Courage and began to notice the Scenery.

Wilbur was planted in a Boarding House guaranteed to provide Wholesome Food and a Home Influence. Father went back fr' makin a final Discourse on the importance of learning most everything in all of the Books.

Nine months later they were down at the Depot to meet Wilbur. He had written several times saying that he could not find time to come Home as he was in pursuit of Knowledge every Minute of the Day and if he left the Track, Knowledge might gain several Laps on him. It looked reasonable, too, for the future Superintendent of Schools had spent \$400 for Books, \$200 for Scientific Apparatus and something like \$60 for Chemicals to be used in the Laboratory.

When the Train suddenly checked itself, to avoid running past the Town, there came out of the Parlor Car something that looked like Fizz, on account of the Paddling in the Shoulders. Just above one Ear he wore



His Father Astonished. Wilbur was smoking a dinky little Pipe from which the Smoke curled upward, losing itself in a copious Forelock that moved gently in the Breeze. Instead of a Collar, Wilbur was wearing a Turkish Towel. He had the Harvard Walk down pat. With both Hands in his

"Say, Pops, I've been eating Raw Meat and drinking Blood at the Training Table and I'm on Edge," said Wilbur expanding his Chest until it bulged out like a Thornton Squash. "If any of these local George Glues try to shoot their Pink Conversation at me, I'll toss 'em up into the Trees and let them hang there. I'm rubbin' the Game that Puts the Shot. Any one who can trim the Game like that and chuck a Hackman up right back into his own Hack and drive off with him, doesn't ask for any sweeter Tapoca than one of these Gaffer Greens. The Plow-Boy who is muscle-bound and full of Pastry will have a Proud Chance any time that he struts across my Pathway. In my trunks I have eight suits a little warmer than this one and 41 pairs of passionate Hose. I'm out here to give the Corn-Fields a Touch of High Life. It's about time that your Chaws had a Glimpse of the Great Outside World. Anyone who gets Fussy about the Color-Combinations th' day is a Fool to begin with I'm going to teach you and Mother to play Golf. If these Mutts come and lean over the Fence and start to get off their Colored Weekly Jokes, we'll fan the Hillside with them."

"What do they teach up at your School—besides Mur-



The Youngest Olive Branch. That very week Wilbur organized a Ball team that valloped Hickory Creek, Sunset Ridge and Sozzynville. He had the whole Township with him. Every Club at Pewee Junction began to wear a Turkish Towel for a Collar and practice the Harvard Walk.

## NEW VIOLET LIGHT WONDER CURE

NEW YORK, June 21.—In the treatment of consumption of the skin (dysmatosis) the actinic light has passed beyond the experimental stage.

Most remarkable cures of this disease, which, until the efficiency of the actinic rays was discovered, were considered by the entire medical profession, are reported by physicians of the highest repute.

At flower hospital, where the single light machine possessed by the institution is kept in operation day and night, the demands upon it far exceeding its limitation, two patients who must have eventually succumbed to the disease are absolutely well, a skin as soft and healthy as that of a child's covering the places once frightfully disfigured by the destroying parasites.

More wonderful than the cures, perhaps, is the rapidity with which the disease has been subdued by the rays of light, invisible, subtle, mysterious; dealing death to the devouring germs or driving them away from the affected tissues, no one, apparently, knows which.

"The light surely cures lupus," said one of the heads of the hospital, "and does it in a way that creates wonder. In our worst cases there was occular evidence of improvement at the end of a week.

The patients were exposed fifteen minutes daily to the light, and it was noticed that the first indications of change were apparent at the center of the affected part. From there the curative process extended outward to the edge, where the healthy skin was being destroyed, and finally the whole surface healed and new skin formed.

Cures in Three Weeks.

"The cures in these cases were effected within three weeks, although the treatment was continued a while longer. One peculiarity observed is that the scar left is hardly perceptible, the skin being beautifully soft and white, healthy beyond a doubt.

"In one of these cases the disease was located around the eye, over it and along the base of the nose—a very ugly position. We closed the patient's eyelid and exposed him to the light. It was unavoidable that the rays should fall upon the eye, and there was naturally some doubt as to what the effect might be upon it.

"Well, there was no harmful result at all, and the disease yielded as if by magic. In fact, it is certain that the so-called actinic light, sometimes called Finson's light, is absolutely harmless, no matter how long the exposure, and it is unquestionably the treatment par excellence for lupus.

"The X-ray is undoubtedly a more powerful light, and is more effective in the treatment of deep-seated diseases, where the glands have been attacked, but it must be most skillfully gangrened, or burns will result, followed by gangrene.

"We here at the hospital are not prepared to make wide claims for the efficacy of the actinic light in the treatment of all malignant growths, cancers and tumors in their various forms, and in consumption of the lungs, but we stand by the declaration that the rays do cure lupus and that they do create better conditions in other diseases.

"Our experiments have failed in establishing the curative properties of the light in secondary cancer, whereas, of course, the glands have become affected, and we have as yet had no success in the treatment of consumption of the lungs.

"It cannot be said that the light will cure these diseases, and no one can tell what may be done when mechanical improvements in the source of the light supply the rays in greater quantity. The hospital has been overwhelmed with the afflicted, seeking cures by the

light, the great majority of cases being of consumption.

Will Work in Large Way.

"We are preparing to extend our facilities, both as to light machines and area, and hope soon to be at work in a large way with the actinic rays and the X-rays. The general treatment quite a number of cases of lupus, and all are rapidly yielding. In addition to the severe cases of lupus, I spoke we have cured many with three or four fifteen-minute exposures.

"Where the affected part is small, we were able to concentrate all the strength of the machine upon it, and the effect was magical. In the case of the little boy protegee of the Wall street men, who is so terribly afflicted with consumption of the bones, the improvement under the light up to date has only been slight, but there has been an improvement.

The only actinic light machine manufactured in this country, and declared by experts to be far superior to those used abroad by Dr. Finson and other leaders in light-cure investigation, is soon to be improved so that a larger percentage of the rays from the tube will be secured. It is certain that better results will then be obtained.

John Kliesel Bros., manufacturers, is now abroad for the sole purpose of getting certain lenses and other improvements, and when these have been applied, and physicians generally have become more experienced in the use of the machine, the full power of the rays will be known.

In an article of the current Medical Record, Dr. William James Morton, a tanner in the special application of the X-ray, reports deeply interesting results in appendicitis, melancholia, cancer and other malignant diseases. Here are pertinent extracts from his article, the diseases mentioned by their technical names being generally of a cancerous nature:

"I select a distance of eight inches and a duration of from six to eight minutes, and give the treatment three times a week. In this manner, where sound skin intervenes, I usually get a dermatitis (inflammation) of a mild type, which subsides in two weeks. This dermatitis I do not fear, but on the contrary anticipate procuring it, instead of stopping the treatment. I go right on (shifting the central focus of the tube, however, often) until I have converted a bright erythema into a brown skin, and often, brunettes, also a blackish skin.

The Rays of Great Intensity.

"The patient once properly tanned, it is extraordinary how great an intensity of X-ray may be administered. In some of my patients whose skin is already tanned as black as a dark malatto's I am giving treatments of from eleven to fifteen minutes three times a week, with no harmful results. I think the effect is exactly the one aimed at by the backed and hare-armed arsmen who systematically tan their bodies.

"In cases where cancer is present it would be impossible to succeed unless we could continue in spite of the erythema and the pain, the frequency and intensity of treatment I would say, feel your way along the first two weeks; force your way the next two weeks and after. And, following this general advice, certain cases of cancer of the interior, cancer, which has undergone two operations, and where the same area of skin is not necessarily constantly subjected to radiation, X-rayed more frequently, and even daily.

"I am, furthermore, treating a patient with appendicitis, who was suffering daily pain and advised to submit to an immediate operation, but who has presented no further symptoms of the disease from the first week of treatment, except one mild attack.

"As a further instance of interior effect, I have treated and cured two patients with melancholia by X-raying the brain, and relieved a tic douloureux, which has undergone two operations, by removing the nerves by X-raying the caudern ganglion.

"There is, therefore, no question in my mind but that the X-ray should be employed in interior and in internal can-

## WILL END PROFESSIONAL BEGGING

NEW YORK is to be purged of the army of vagrants who have been imposing for years, with enormous profit, upon its generosity. It is the intention of Commissioner Partridge to clear the streets, once and for all, of these distressing figures. A careful investigation will be made to separate the needy from the impostors and exact justice will be done to both.

The public has been amazed and horrified from time to time by the disclosures of the practices of professional beggars. The impositions worked in the name of charity are almost beyond belief. There are at present some 2,500 professional vagrants serving sentences in various institutions, who have been sent from New York Sun.

York city alone. The greater part of these have been detected and sentenced within the last year. The actual sums collected in this way by beggars on the streets of New York, until recently, aggregated millions of dollars a year.

With such profits professional begging in New York is regarded as a fine art. There have been a number of schools, as well as private instructors, for teaching the art.

Beggars in a Trust.

Perhaps of all the most astounding disclosures recently made, which are regularly portined of the city, collected blackmail from those occupying profitable posts and fixed the rate of instruction for the day's work is then divided into three parts; one part is kept by the beggar, the second by the agent, while the third goes to cover the expenses of all its trouble in setting the beggar up in business.

Types and Their Make-Up.

There is practically no end to the types of beggars and to the means of deception. There are at present some 200 men, each a specialist in his line, who are set to work by the police. The police men are detailed for their services from the judicial courts. It requires a very intelligent and alert man to keep up with the various tricks of the beggar trade.

Two years ago some of these inspectors fondly imagined that they knew the New York beggar in all his ruses. At the close of the Pan-American exposition, however, New York was overrun with beggars from all parts of the world, and the inspectors had to begin, as it were, all over again. Even the most experienced inspectors were deceived by the present time. Today all but the most skillful beggars are fleeing New York for fear of their own ruses. Hundreds of them are believed to be living in Hoboken on their ill-gotten gains.

There are about half a dozen conventional types of beggars in New York. The "squatter," as he is known to the authorities, is the very old man or woman who remains by the door of a tenement house, probably the most common. The "hopper," another familiar type, is the picture of a poor, thin, old man, who drags himself or flops along the sidewalks or stations himself on the landings of "L" stations.

Every one knows the "grinders," with their white, cracked lips and hollow, colorless countenances. A few "ars" are the "grinders" were the most prosperous of New York beggars, but the type is passing.

To the authorities a "blind" is a blind beggar or an imitation one; a "grafter" a man who approaches his victim with a piteous plea, and a "hand out" the vagrant who begs for food at back doors. The most recent type to impose on the public sympathy is the man, usually comfortably dressed, who may be seen ostentatiously eating dry bread which he picks up in the street. This is a ruse which rarely fails, and is commonly known as the "bread and butter" ruse. The beggar first distributes crusts of hard bread along the gutter, and then, when a crowd is passing, he picks up one of the crusts and begins to eat it ravenously. After he has collected a dollar or so from a sympathetic crowd, he drops the bread where he picked it up and awaits another crowd.

Minneapolis & St. Louis and Iowa Central Railways To Peoria, Marshalltown and Oskawville.

On and after June 23, through trains with Pullman sleepers will leave St. Paul daily at 7:00 p. m., arriving Marshalltown 2:30 a. m., Oskawville 3:30 a. m., McMouth 9:30 a. m., Peoria 11:30 a. m.

LET ARBITRATION ENTER, OLIVE BRANCH IN HAND, AND PEACE WILL REIGN.