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Mr. DOOLEY SAYS

DIVORCE

"Well, sir," said Mr. Dooley, "I see they've been holdin' a Divoorce Congress."

"What's that?" asked Mr. Hennessy.

"Ye wudden't know," said Mr. Dooley. "Divoorce is th' on'y luxury supplied be th' law that we don't injye in Ar-rchey Road. Up here whin a marrid couple get to th' pint where 'tis impossible f'r thim to go on livin' together they go on livin' together. They feel that way some mornin' in ivry month, but th' next day finds thim still glarin' at each other over th' ham an' eggs. No wife iver laves her husband while he has th' breath iv life in him, an' anny gentleman that took a thrip to Reno in ordher to saw off th' housekeepin' expinses on a rash successor wud find throuble ready f'r him whin he come back to Ar-rchey Road. No, sir, whin our people grab hands at th' altar, they're hooked up f'r iver. There's on'y wan decree iv divoorce that th' neighbors will recognize, an' that's th' wan that entitles ye to ride just behind th' pall bearers. That's why I'm a batch. 'Tis th' fine sky-lark iv a timprary husband I'd make, bringin' home a new wife ivry Foorth iv July an' dischargin' th' old wan without a charackter. But th' customs iv th' neighbors are agin it.

"But 'tis diffrent with others, Hinnissy. Down be Mitchigan Avnoo marredge is no more bindin' thin a dhream. A short marrid life an' an onhappy wan is their motto. Off with th' old love an' on with th' new an' off with that. 'Till death us do part,' says th' preacher. 'Or th' jury,' whispers th' blushin' bride.

"Th' Divoorce Congress, Hinnissy, that I'm tellin' ye about was assembled to make th' divoorce laws iv all th' States th' same. It's a tur-rible scandal as it is now. A man shakes his wife in wan State on'y to be grabbed be her an' led home th' minyit he crosses th' border. There's no safety f'r anny wan. In some places it's almost impossible f'r a man to get rid iv his fam'ly unless he has a good rai-son. There's no regularity at all about it. In Kentucky baldness is

grounds f'r divorce; in Ohio th' inclemency iv th' weather. In Illin-ye a woman can be freed fr'm th' gallin' bonds iv mathrimony because her husband wears Congress gaiters; in Wisconsin th' old man can get his maiden name back because his wife tells fortunes in th' taycup.

"In Nebrasky th' shackles ar-re busted because father forgot to wipe his boots; in New York because mother knows a Judge in South Dakota. Ye can be divorced f'r annything if ye know where to lodge th' complaint. Among th' grounds ar-re snorin', deafness, because wan iv th' parties dhrinks an' th' other doesn't, because wan don't dhrink an' th' other does, because they both dhrink, because th' wife is addicted to sick headaches, because he asked her what she did with that last \$10 he give her, because he knows some wan else, because she injyes th' society iv th' young, because he f'rgot to wind th' clock. A husband can get a divorce because he has more money thin he had; a wife because he has less. Ye can always get a divorce fr' what Hogan calls incompatibility iv temper. That's whin husband an' wife ar-re both cross at th' same time. Ye'd call it a tiff in ye'er fam'ly, Hinmissy.

"But, mind ye, none iv these raisons go in anny two States. A man that wants to be properly divorced will have to start out an' do a tour iv our gr-reat Republic, an' be th' time he's thurly released he may want to do it all over agin with th' second choice iv his wild, glad heart.

"It wud be a grand thing if it cud be straightened out. Th' laws ought to be th' same ivrywhere. In anny part iv this fair land iv ours it shud be th' right iv anny man to get a divorce, with alimony, simply be goin' before a Justice iv th' Peace an' makin' an affydivit that th' lady's face had grown too bleak f'r his taste. Be Hivens, I'd go farther. Rather than have people endure this sarvichood I'd let anny man escape be jumpin' th' conthtract. All he'd have to do if I was r-runnin' this Governmint wud be to put some clothes in th' grip, write a note to his wife that afther thinkin' it over f'r forty years he had made up his mind that his warm nature was not suited to marredge with th' mother iv so many iv his childher, an' go out to return no more.

"I don't know much about marrid life, except what ye tell me an' what I r-read in th' pa-apers. But it must be sad. All over this land onhappily mated couples ar-re sufferin' almost as much as if they had a sliver in their thumb or a slight headache. Th' sorrows iv these people ar-re beyond belief. I say, Hinnissy, it is th' jooty iv th' law to marciffully release thim.

"Ye take th' case iv me frind fr'm Mud Center that I was readin' about th' other day. There was a martyr f'r ye. Poor fellow! Me eyes filled with tears thinkin' about him. Whin a young man he marrid. He was a fireman in thim days, an' th' objict iv his etarnal affection was th' daughter iv th' most popylar saloon keeper in town. A gr-reat socyal gulf opened between thim. He had fine prospects iv ivinchooly bein' promoted to two-fifty a day, but she was heiress to a cellar full iv Monongahela rye an' a pool table, an' her parents objected, because iv th' diffrence in their positions. But love such as his is not to be denied. Th' bold suitor won. Together they eloped an' were marrid.

"F'r a short time all wint well. They lived together happily f'r twinty years an' raised wan iv th' popylous fam'lies iv people who expect to be supported in their old days. Th' impechuse lover, spurred on be th' desire to make good with his queen, slugged, cheated, an' wurruked his way to th' head iv th' railroad. He was no longer Greasy Bill, th' Oil Can, but Hinnery Aitch Bliggens, th' Prince iv Industhree. All th' diff'rent kinds iv money he iver heerd iv rolled into him, large money an' small, other people's money, money he'd labored f'r an' money he'd wished f'r. Whin he set in his office countin' it he often left a call f'r six o'clock f'r fear he might be dhreamin' an' not get to th' roundhouse on time.

"But, bein' an American citizen, he soon felt as sure iv himsilf as though he'd got it all in th' Probate Coort, an' th' arly Spring saw him on a private car speedin' to New York, th' home iv Mirth. He was received with open ar-rms be ivry wan in that gr-reat city that knew the combynation iv a safe. He was taken f'r yacht rides be his fellow Kings iv Fi-nance. He was th' principal guest iv honor at a modest but tasteful dinner, where there was a large artificyal lake iv champagne into which th' comp'ny cud dive. In th' on'y part iv New York ye iver read about—ar-re there no churches or homes in New

York, but on'y hotels, night resthrants, an' poolrooms?—in th' on'y part iv New York ye read about he cud be seen anny night sittin' where th' lights cud fall on his bald but youthful head.

"An' how was it all this time in dear old Mud Center? It is painful to say that th' lady to whom our frind was tied f'r life had not kept pace with him. She had taught him to r-read, but he had gone on an' taken what Hogan calls th' postgrajate coorse. Women get all their book larnin' befure marredge, men afther. She'd been pretty active about th' childher while he was pickin' up more iddycation in th' way iv business thin she'd iver dhream iv knowin'. She had th' latest news about th' throuble in th' Methodist Church, but he had a private wire into his office.

"A life spint in nourishin' th' young, Hinnissy, while fine to read about, isn't anny kind iv a beauty restorer, an' I've got to tell ye that th' lady prob'bly looked diff'rent fr'm th' gazelle he use to whistle three times f'r whin he wint by on Number IIVEN. It's no aisy thing to rock th' cradle with wan hand an' ondy late th' hair with another. Be th' time he was gettin' into th' upper classes in New York she was slowin' down aven f'r Mud Center. Their tastes was decidedly dissimilar, says th' pa-aper. Time was whin he carrid th' wash pitcher down to th' corner f'r a quart iv malt, while she dandled th' baby an' fried th' round steak at th' same time. That day was past. She hadn't got to th' pint where she cud dhrink champagne an' keep it out iv her nose. Th' passin' years had impaired all possible foundations f'r a new crop iv hair. Sometimes conversation lagged.

"Mud Center is a long way fr'm th' Casino. Th' last successful extravaganza that th' lady had seen was a lecture be Jawn B. Gough. She got her Eyetalian opry out iv a music box. What was there f'r this joynt intelleck an' this household tyrant to talk about? No wondher he pined. Think iv this Light iv th' Tendherlorn bein' compelled to set down ivry month or two an' chat about a new tooth that Hiven had just sint to a fam'ly up th' sthreet! Nor was that all. She give him no rest. Time an' time again she asked him was he comin' home that night. She tortured his proud spirit be recallin' th' time whin she used to flag him fr'm th' window iv th' room where Papa had locked her in. She aven wint so far as to dhraw on him th' last cow'rdly weapon iv brutal wives—their tears. One time she

thruvelled to New York an' wan iv his frinds seen her. Oh, it was crool, crool. Hinnissy, tell me, wud ye condim this gr-reat man to such a slavery just because he'd made a rash promise whin he didn't have a cent in th' wurruld? Th' law said no. Whin th' Gr-reat Financeer cud stand it no longer he called upon th' Judge to sthrike off th' chains an' make him a free man. He got a divoorce.

"I dare ye to come down to my house an' say thim things," said Mr. Hennessy.

"Oh, I know ye don't agree with me," said Mr. Dooley. "Nayether does th' parish priest. He's got it into his head that whin a man's marrid he's marrid, an' that's all there is to it. He puts his hand in th' grab-bag an' pulls out a blank an' he don't get his money back.

"'Ill-mated couples?' says he. 'Ill-mated couples? What ar-re ye talkin' about? Ar-re there anny other kinds? Ar-re there anny two people in th' wurruld that ar-re perfectly mated?' he says. 'Was there iver a frindship that was annything more thin a kind iv suspension bridge between quarrels?' he says. 'In ivry branch iv life,' says he, 'we leap fr'm scrap to scrap,' he says. 'I'm wan iv th' best-timpered men in th' wurruld, am I not? ('Ye are not,' says I.) I'm wan iv th' kindest iv mortals,' he says, 'but put me in th' same house with Saint Jerome,' he says, 'an' there'd be at laste wan day in th' month whin I'd answer his last wurrd be slammin' th' dure behind me,' he says. 'Man is nachrally a fightin' an' quarrelin' animal with his wife. Th' soft answer don't always turn away wrath. Sometimes it makes it worse,' he says. 'Th' throuble about divoorce is it always lets out iv th' bad bargain th' wan that made it bad. If I owned a half in a payin' business with ye, I'd niver let th' sun go down on a quarrel,' he says. 'But if ye had a bad mouth I'd go into coort an' wriggle out iv th' partnership because ye'ar a cantankerous old villain that no wan cud get on with,' he says. 'If people knew they cudden't get away fr'm each other they'd settle down to life, just as I detarmined to like coal smoke whin I found th' collection wasn't big enough to put a new chimbley in th' parish house. I've acchally got to like it,' he says. 'There ain't anny condition iv human life that's not endurable if ye make up ye'er mind that ye've got to endure it,' he says. 'Th' throuble with the rich,' he says, 'is this, that whin a rich man has a perfectly nachral scrap with his beloved over breakfast, she stays at

home an' does nawthin' but think about it, an' he goes out an' does nawthin' but think about it, an' that afthernoan they're in their lawyers' office,' he says. 'But whin a poor gintleman an' a poor lady fall out, the poor lady puts all her anger into rubbin' th' zinc off th' wash-board an' th' poor gintleman aises his be murdhrin' a slag pile with a shovel, an' be th' time night comes ar-round he says to himself: Well, I've got to go home annyhow, an' it's no use I shud be onhappy because I'm misjudged, an' he puts a pound iv candy into his coat pocket an' goes home an' finds her standin' at th' dure with a white apron on an' some new ruching ar-round her neck,' he says.

"An' there ye ar-re. Two opinions."

"I see on'y wan," said Mr. Hennessy. "What do ye raaly think?"

"I think," said Mr. Dooley, "if people wanted to be divorced I'd let thim, but I'd give th' parents into th' custody iv th' childher. They'd larn thim to behave."

GLORY

"Hogan has been in here this afternoon, an' I've heerd more scandal talked thin I iver thought was in the wurrl'd."

"Hogan had betther keep quiet," said Mr. Hennessy. "If he goes circulatin' anny stories about me I'll —"

"Ye needn't worry," said Mr. Dooley. "We didn't condiscend to talk about annywan iv ye'er infeeryor station. If ye want to be th' subjick iv our scand'lous discoorse ye'd betther go out an' make a repyutation. No, sir, our talk was entirely about th' gr-great an' il-lusthrees an' it ran all th' way fr'm Julius Cayzar to Ulysses Grant.

"Dear, oh dear, but they were th' bad lot. Thank th' Lord nobody knows about me. Thank th' Lord I had th' good sinse to retire fr'm pollyticks whin me repyutation had spread as far as Halsted Sthreet. If I'd let it go a block farther I'd've been sorry fr' it th' rest iv me life an' some years afther me death.

"I wanted to be famous in thim days, whin I was young an' foolish. 'Twas th' dhream iv me life to have people say as I wint by: 'There goes Dooley, th' gr-reatest statesman iv his age,' an' have thim name babies, sthrees, schools, canal boats, an' five-cent see-gars afther me, an' whin I died to have it put in th' books that 'at this critical peeryod in th' history of America there was need iv a man who combined strenth iv charackter with love iv counthry. Such a man was found in Martin Dooley, a prom'nent retail liquor dealer in Ar-rchey Road.'

"That's what I wanted, an' I'm glad I didn't get me wish. If I had, 'tis little attintion to me charackter that th' books iv what Hogan calls bi-ography wud pay, but a good deal to me debts. Though they mintioned th' fact that I resked death fr' me adopted fatherland, they'd make th' more intherestin' story about th' time I almost met it be fallin' down stairs while runnin' away fr'm a polisman. Fr' wan page they'd print about me love iv counthry, they'd print fifty about me love iv dhrink.

"Th' things thim gr-great men done wud give thim a place in Byrnes's book. If Julius Caysar was alive to-day he'd be doin' a lockstep

down in Joliet. He was a corner loafer in his youth an' a robber in his old age. He busted into churches, fooled ar-round with other men's wives, curled his hair with a poker an' smelled iv perfumery like a Saturday night car. An' his wife was a suspicious charackter an' he turned her away.

"Napolyon Bonypart, impror iv th' Fr-rinch, was far too gay aven f'r thim friv'lous people, an' had fits. His first wife was no better than she shud be, an' his second wife didn't care f'r him. Willum Shakespeare is well known as an author of plays that no wan can play, but he was better known as a two-handed dhrinker, a bad actor, an' a thief. His wife was a common scold an' led him th' life he deserved. They niver leave th' ladies out iv these stories iv th' gr-reat. A woman that marries a janius has a fine chance iv her false hair becomin' more immortal thin his gr-reatest deed. It don't make anny difference if all she knew about her marital hero was that he was a consistent feeder, a sleepy husband, an' indulgent to his childher an' sometimes to himsilf, an' that she had to darn his socks. Nearly all th' gr-reat men had something th' matther with their wives. I always thought Mrs. Wash'nton, who was th' wife iv th' father iv our country, though childless hersilf, was about right. She looks good in th' pitchers, with a shawl ar-round her neck an' a frilled night-cap on her head. But Hogan says she had a tongue sharper thin George's soord, she insulted all his frinds, an' she was much older thin him. As f'r George, he was a case. I wish th' country had got itsilf a diff'rent father. A gr-reat moral rellijous country like this deserves a better parent.

"They were all alike. I think iv Bobby Burns as a man that wrote good songs, aven if they were in a bar'brous accint, but Hogan thinks iv him as havin' a load all th' time an' bein' th' scandal iv his parish. I remimber Andhrew Jackson as th' man that licked th' British at Noo Orleans be throwin' cotton bales at thim, but Hogan remimbers him as a man that cudden't spell an' had a wife who smoked a corncob pipe. I remimber Abraham Lincoln f'r freein' th' slaves, but Hogan remimbers how he used to cut loose yarns that made th' bartinder shake th' stove harder thin it needed. I remimber Grant f'r what he done ar-round Shiloh whin he was young, but Hogan remimbers him f'r what he done arr-ound New York whin he was old.

"An' so it goes. Whin a lad with nawthin' else to do starts out to write a bi-ography about a gr-reat man, he don't go to th' war department or th' public library. No, sir, he begins to search th' bureau drawers, old pigeon-holes, th' records iv th' polis court, an' th' recollections iv th' hired girl. He likes letters bettther thin annything else. He don't care much fr th' kind beginning: 'Dear wife, I'm settin' in front iv th' camp fire wearin' th' flannel chest protector ye made me, an' dhreamin' iv ye,' but if he can find wan beginnin': 'Little Bright Eyes: Th' old woman has gone to th' counthry,' he's th' happiest bi-ographer ye cud see in a month's thtravel.

"Hogan had wan iv thim books in here th' other day. 'Twas writen by a frind, so ye can see it wasn't prejudiced wan way or another. 'At this time,' says the book, 'an ivint happened that was destined to change th' whole coorse iv our hero's life. Wan day, while in a sthreet car, where he lay dozin' fr'm dhrink, he awoke to see a beautiful woman thryin' to find a nickel in a powder puff. Th' brutal conductor towered over her, an' it was more thin th' Gin'ral cud bear. Risin' to his feet, with an oath, he pulled th' rope iv th' fare register an' fell off th' car.

"Th' incident made a deep impression on th' Gin'ral. I have no doubt he often thought iv his beautiful Madonna iv th' throlly, although he niver said so. But wan night as he staggered out iv th' dinin'-room at th' German Ambassadure's, who shud he run acrost but th' fair vision iv th' surface line. She curtsied low an' picked him up, an' there began a frindship so full iv sorrow an' happiness to both iv thim. He seldom mintioned her, but wan night he was heard to mutter: 'Her face is like wan iv Rembrand's saints.' A few historyans contind that what he said was: 'Her face looks like a remnant sale,' but I cannot believe this.

"They exchanged brilliant letters fr manny years, in fact until th' enchantress was locked up in an insane asylum. I have not been able to find anny iv his letters, but her's fell into th' hands iv wan iv his faithful servants, who presarved an' published thim. (Love an' Letters iv Gin'ral Dhreadnaught an' Alfaretta Agonized; Stolen, Collected an' Edited be James Snooper.) * * * Next year was mim'rabble fr his gloryous victhry at Punkheim, all th' more wondherful

because at th' time our hero was sufferin' fr'm deleeryyum thremens.

"It shows th' fortitude iv th' Gin'ral an' that he was as gr-reat a liar as I have indicated in th' precedin' pages, that with th' cheers iv his sojers ringin' in his ears, he cud still write home to his wife: 'Ol' girl—I can't find annything fit to dhrink down here. Can't ye sind me some cider fr'm th' farm.' * * * In 1865 he was accused iv embezzlemint, but th' charges niver reached his ears or th' public's ontill eight years afther his death. * * * In 67' his foster brother, that he had neglected in Kansas City, slipped on his ballroom flure an' broke his leg. * * * In '70 his wife died afther torturin' him f'r fifty years. They were a singularly badly mated couple, with a fam'ly iv fourteen childher, but he did not live long to enjoy his happiness. F'r some reason he niver left his house, but passed away within a month, one of th' gr-reatest men th' cinchry has projooiced. For further details iv th' wrong things he done see th' notes at th' end iv th' volume.' It seems to me, Hinnissy, that this here thing called bi-ography is a kind iv an offset f'r histhry. Histhry lies on wan side, an' bi-ography comes along an' makes it rowl over an' lie on th' other side. Th' historyan says, go up; th' bi-ographer says, come down among us. I don't believe ayether iv thim.

"I was talkin' with Father Kelly about it afther Hogan wint out. 'Were they all so bad, thim men that I've been brought up to think so gloryous?' says I. 'They were men,' says Father Kelly. 'Ye mustn't believe all ye hear about thim, no matther who says it,' says he. 'It's a thrait iv human nature to pull down th' gr-reat an' sthrong. Th' hero sthruts through histhry with his chin up in th' air, his scipter in his hand an' his crown on his head. But behind him dances a boot-black imitatin' his walk an' makin' faces at him. Fame invites a man out iv his house to be crowned f'r his gloryous deeds, an' sarves him with a warrant f'r batin' his wife. 'Tis not in th' nature iv things that it shudden't be so. We'd all perish iv humilyation if th' gr-reat men iv th' wurruld didn't have nachral low-down thraits. If they don't happen to possess thim, we make some up f'r thim. We allow no man to tower over us. Wan way or another we level th' wurruld to our own height. If we can't reach th' hero's head we cut off his legs. It always makes me feel aisier about mesilf whin I r-read how bad Julius Cayzar was. An' it stimylates compytition. If gr-reatness an'

goodness were hand in hand 'tis small chance anny iv us wud have iv seein' our pitchers in th' pa-apers.'

"An' so it is that the battles ye win, th' pitchers ye paint, th' people ye free, th' childher that disgrace ye, th' false step iv ye'er youth, all go thundherin' down to immortality together. An' afther all, isn't it a good thing? Th' on'y bi-ography I care about is th' one Mulligan th' stone-cutter will chop out f'r me. I like Mulligan's style, f'r he's no flatthrer, an' he has wan model iv bi-ography that he uses f'r old an' young, rich an' poor. He merely writes something to th' gin'ral effect that th' deceased was a wondher, an' lets it go at that."

"Which wud ye rather be, famous or rich?" asked Mr. Hennessy.

"I'd like to be famous," said Mr. Dooley, "an' have money enough to buy off all threatenin' bi-ographers."

WOMAN SUFFRAGE

"I see be th' pa-papers that th' ladies in England have got up in their might an' demanded a vote."

"A what?" cried Mr. Hennessy.

"A vote," said Mr. Dooley.

"Th' shameless viragoes," said Mr. Hennessy. "What did they do?"

"Well, sir," said Mr. Dooley, "an immense concoorse iv forty iv thim gathered in London an' marched up to th' House iv Commons, or naytional dormytory, where a loud an' almost universal snore proclaimed that a debate was ragin' over th' bill to allow English gintlemen to marry their deceased wife's sisters before th' autopsy. In th' great hall iv Rufus some iv th' mightiest male intellecks in Britain slept undher their hats while an impassioned orator delivered a hem-stitched speech on th' subject iv th' day to th' attintive knees an' feet iv th' ministhry. It was into this here assimbley iv th' first gintlemen iv Europe that ye see on ye'er way to France that th' furious females attempted to enter. Undaunted be th' stairs iv th' building or th' rude jeers iv th' multichood, they advanced to th' very outside dures iv th' idifice. There an overwhelmin' force iv three polismen opposed thim. 'What d'ye want, mum?' asked the polls. 'We demand th' suffrage,' says th' commander iv th' army iv freedom.

"The brutal polis refused to give it to thim an' a desp'rate battle followed. Th' ladies fought gallantly, hurlin' cries iv 'Brute,' 'Monster,' 'Cheap,' et cethry, at th' constabry. Hat pins were dhrawn. Wan lady let down her back hair; another, bolder thin th' rest, done a fit on th' marble stairs; a third, p'raps rendered insane be sufferin' f'r a vote, sthrucc a burly ruffyan with a Japanese fan on th' little finger iv th' right hand. Thin th' infuriated officers iv th' law charged on th' champeens iv liberty. A scene iv horror followed. Polismen seized ladies be th' arms and' led thim down th' stairs; others were carried out fainting by th' tyrants. In a few minyits all was over, an' nawthin' but three hundhred hairpins remained to mark th' scene iv slaughter. Thus, Hinnissy, was another battle f'r freedom fought an' lost."

"It sarves thim right," said Mr. Hennessy. "They ought to be at home tindin' th' babies."

"A thru statement an' a sound argymint that appeals to ivry man. P'raps they havn't got any babies. A baby is a good substichoot f'r a ballot, an' th' hand that rocks th' cradle sildom has time f'r anny other luxuries. But why shud we give thim a vote, says I. What have they done to injye this impeeryal suffrage that we fought an' bled f'r? Whin me forefathers were followin' George Wash'nton an' sufferin' all th' hardships that men endure campin' out in vacation time, what were th' women doin'? They were back in Matsachoosetts milkin' th' cow, mendin' socks, followin' th' plow, plantin' corn, keepin' store, shoein' horses, an' pursoooin' th' other frivvlous follies iv th' fair but fickle sect. Afther th' war our brave fellows come back to Boston an' as a reward f'r their devotion got a vote apiece, if their wives had kept th' Pilgrim fathers that stayed at home fr'm foreclosin' th' morgedge on their property. An' now, be hivens, they want to share with us what we won.

"Why, they wudden't know how to vote. They think it's an aisy job that anny wan can do, but it ain't. It's a man's wurruk, an' a sthrong man's with a sthrong stomach. I don't know annything that requires what Hogan calls th' exercise iv manly vigor more thin votin'. It's th' hardest wurruk I do in th' year. I get up befure daylight an' thramp over to th' Timple iv Freedom, which is also th' office iv a livery stable. Wan iv th' judges has a cold in his head an' closes all th' windows. Another judge has built a roarin' fire in a round stove an' is cookin' red-hots on it. Th' room is lit with candles an' karosene lamps, an' is crowded with pathrites who haven't been to bed. At th' dure are two or three polismen that maybe ye don't care to meet. Dock O'Leary says he don't know annything that'll exhaust th' air iv a room so quick as a polisman in his winter unyform. All th' pathrites an', as th' pa-apers call thim, th' high-priests iv this here sacred rite, ar-re smokin' th' best seegars that th' token money iv our counthry can buy.

"In th' pleasant warmth iv th' fire, th' harness on th' walls glows an' puts out its own peculiar aromy. Th' owner iv th' sanchoo-ary 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 attindants