

MR. DOOLEY ON PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT'S ACTIVITIES

BY F. P. DUNNE



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I've seen it estimated that 90 per cent iv all th' correctly spelled wurruds in th' United States was owned by three hundred men. Thaydoor Rosenfelt proposed to sthrike off th' shackles fr'm th' hands iv th' sufferin' illiterate. He demanded th' free coinage iv wurruds.

'Tis no snap bein' a Cab'net officer unnder Tiddy Rosenfelt. He'll send them back to their wurruk rooms, where they slape with their clothes on, an' have a messenger call, a fire gong and a tillyphone at th' head iv th' bed.

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"WHAT'S the Prisdint doin' these days?" asked Mr. Hennessy.

"Not much," said Mr. Dooley. "He's not doin' much. Ye seldom hear iv him. Whether 'tis old age erepin' on—he must be all iv twenty-four—or th' responsibilities iv th' office I don't know, but he's kind iv quited down. Now, ye take last week. With th' exception iv bouncin a few indispensable Cabinet officers, invintin' a battleship, writin' an article on th' sports iv the ancient Greeks, lecturin' th' Presbyteryan Church on infant damnation, refereein' a poker bet between van iv his old companions in ar-rms an' th' estate iv another, describin' th' delights iv

ocean thravel to th' navy, passin' out a bunch of lagel tips to th' Supreme Court, divisin' a tackles back play f'r football, an' sordin' a recipe f'r preparin pie plant f'r th' table to th' Ladies' Cookin' Club iv Omaha, ye might say he hardly done anything last week."

"Maybe th' poor man's sick," said Mr. Hennessy.

"Divvle the bit. He's not th' kind that gets sick, an' th' Prisdincy is wan iv th' healthiest jobs in th' wurruld. No wan was iver ilieted to it that was even suspected iv a slight cough. They go in strong an' they stay strong. All th' Prisdint has to do is to keep Fairbanks out iv the kitchen iv th' White House. No, Teddy ain't sick. He's like meself. He's

settled down to a broad an' comprehensive view iv life, d'ye mind. He takes no action unless 'tis demanded be th' needs iv th' whole people. Now, there's spellin' reform. No Prisdint before him iver tackled that. Andrew Jackson might have done it, but he wud've been accused iv selfish motives. That gr-reat man spelled like a broken typewriter.

"I'd always thought that if I iver was ilieted Prisdint—an' I might've been if I'd stuck in pollyticks an' been more prudent about where I was bor-rn—th' first thing I wud do wud be to make bad spellin' more respectable. 'Twud be me ambition to take th' poorest speller in this broad land iv ours an' lift him up to a place where he cud look in th' eye th' most powerful speller in th' Univarsity iv Injanny. Akel opporchunities to spell anny way ye like is me motto. Speecal privileges to none. Too long long have we been oppressed be those that know more thin we do. Th' great liberty-lovin' ign'rant masses have been spelled down into th' very earth be bloated momopolists iv spellin' like Dock Eliot iv Harvard. I've seen it estimated that 90 per cent iv all th' correctly spelled wurruds in th' United States was owned by three hundred men. Thaydoor Rosenfelt proposed to sthrike off th' shackles fr'm th' hands iv th' sufferin' illiterate an' make him th' peer iv anny man. He demanded th' free coinage iv wurruds. He freed a gr-reat people. Ye needn't send Paeky to school anny more. He's larned enough when he's mastered th' alphabet. All he has to do to make a wurrud now will be officially correct is to throw a lot iv letters into his hat an' shake thim out.

"But I don't want to give all th' credit f'r th' measure that has made us th' akels iv th' most unlightened nations in th' wurruld to me frind Tiddy. 'Twas Andrew Carnaygie that put it up to him. There's a man ye'd think ought to enjye life. He has ivrything that ought to make a man happy. He has money, he has fame, he has Andrew Carnaygie, an' he's a little deaf. But he isn't happy. Or he wasn't. With all his gr-reat wealth, this man who had turned out millions iv gran' books, steel rails, an' American wurrukin' men was sad. Whin he end stand his grief no longer he went to th' Prisdint about it.

"'Sire,' says he. 'Don't call me that,' says Tiddy. 'Taft is listenin', he says. 'Excuse me,' says Andrew. 'I thought I was at home. If ye had a beard an' was more regal on the waistline ye'd look like him. Ye'er Excellency, I am gloomy these days,' he says. 'People envy me. I can see it in their eyes. They think I am happy. They little know,' he says. 'Tis thrus I have what ought to make anny man happy. I am rich, as th' wurruld goes. I am gin-rus to a fault, especially if it's me own. I am revered in Scotland, worshiped in New York behind me back, an' in Homestead,' he says, 'they can't speak iv me without tears.

"'But, alas! I am not happy. This careless exteeryor, this winnin' smile, this chest which extends beyond th' buildin' line, conceal a gray an' achin' heart,' he says. 'A secret grief is gnawin' at me vitals. F'r, oh Sir, I cannot spell,' he says. 'If ye only knew th' agonies I endure whin me brain is burnin' with thought, whin thought is thryin' to burst out like lava fr'm Mount What's-the-name-iv-it, an' rush to th' point iv me pen, to have to stop,' he says, 'an' dig,' he says, 'down into me pocket an' pull out,' he says, 'a little spellin'-book,' he says, 'an' find whether thought is spelled with a j or an r,' he says.

"'Me heart bleeds a good deal already,' says th' Prisdint. 'I've been givin' th' subject a gr-reat deal iv attention f'r a long time since ye come in,' he says. 'I don't like to make up me mind hurriedly,' he says. 'As ivrybody knows, I'm reluctant to act on me impulses. Make haste slowly if ye must is me motto. But make haste. Th' race is not often to th' slow. Th' shortest way across is th' shortest way across if ye know it. I've heard iv th' fable iv th' tortoise an' th' rabbit. It's a fable. Anyhow, if thrus, it was a shockin' reversal iv public form. If they iver get a return match all me money goes on th' rabbit. So,' he says,

'havin' thurly studied th' question out,' he says, 'tis me detarmination to intrajooce this rayform at wanst,' he says.

"I've been thryin' to do something that wud benefit all classes iv me countrymen. I niver found annything that was satisfactory to all hands. What I done f'r th' poor seemed onpopylar among th' rich, an'

on th' dime museum cirket. Standin' fully three feet two in his stockin's, whin he raymimbers to put thim on, he is th' ideal figure iv a marshal hero. Layin' his hand impressively on th' Prisdint's kneecap he addressed him as follows:

"'Great an' good brother,' he says. 'It is a proud an' happy priv'lege to have ye in our mist. It seems like

is a canal already. If I'd on'y known I l wud've put in a few locks an' invited th' navies iv th' wurruld to slip through. Whin I came ashore I thought I'd stepped off th' gang-plank four miles out. Does th' sky always sob this way on top iv ye? I had no idee it rained so down here. I'm wet through. Since I've been talkin' I've had an idee. We've got

name an' th' fact. They printed him with a bunch iv roses, an' he printed thim with th' franchise. They're American citizens now, like you an' me.

"'Honored Sir,' says th' Chair-man iv th' comity, 'if it's not too much trouble wud ye mind givin' us a vote?' 'Not at all,' says Tiddy Rosenfelt. 'No trouble in th' least. Why didn't ye mention it before? Jawn, wire Loeb at wanst and tell him to send these good fellows the franchise be tomorrah's mail. Ye needn't wait fr' th' formal announcement, boys. Go on an' vote just as ye ar-re,' he says. An' so another star was added to th' bright dydem on Columbya's fair brow.

"An' now he's home again, an' glad I am to see him. Thim Cab'net members iv his have had th' aisy time iv it while he was gone. Divvie a sthroke iv wurruk did they do but slept with their heels on the mantelpiece. They'll be armin' their money fr'm now on. 'Tis no snap bein' a Cab'net officer unnder Tiddy Rosenfelt. He'll send them back to their wurrukrooms, where they sleep with their clothes on an' have a messenger call, a fire gong, and a tillyphone at th' head iv th' bed. 'Hello, hello, I say. Is that ye Elihoo? Jump down an' take th' midnight express f'r New York an' tell thim how to vote. Oh, I niver mind a bag.' 'Shaw, I expect ye to be in Saint Joe, Mitchigan, tomorrah avenin' at eight. I have a message to deliver to th' Mitchigan Free Stone Peach Association. Wire Metcalf to meet Cortiloo in Salt Lake an' look after th' Mormon situation. Dhrop in on Tama Jim an' tell him to carry out that bag iv sunflower seeds with me compliments to me old frind an' fellow-campaigner Scorpion Sam, in Tucson. Hello, hello. Is that you, Taft? Oh, wake up. It's me. What ar-re ye doin' in bed at this hour? Sleep is roonin' ye'er timper. I want ye to look up a timetable an' see whin ye can get th' first train to Idaho. Oh, why shud a young fellow like you mind a little journey iv 3000 miles? It'll be good f'r ye. Take a buffay ear, if ye want to rayjooce ye'er weight. I have a message f'r ye to carry to Bill Biggs at Boise. I want ye to tell him he's a good fellow. Ye can go as far as ye like. Don't hesitate to say annything that comes into ye'er head. I've just issued an edick sayin' that hineforth th' Prisdint will not be responsible f'r annything Thaydoor Rosenfelt is reported to have said unless he heard him say it himself.

"An' there ye ar-re. He's th' gr-reat man," said Mr. Hennessy. "Ye needn't make fun iv him. I'm with him an' so ar-re nearly all th' Dimmyerats up this way."

"Ye ought to be," said Mr. Dooley. "He spells like a Dimmyerat, he acts like a Rappublican an' he is—Tiddy Rosenfelt—a combination 'tis no good drawin' again."

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what I done f'r the rich seemed bad f'r th' poor. I don't know why. But spellin' rayform is good f'r all. Fr'm th' little breaker boy in th' mines to th' coal baron in his private ear, fr'm th' plain wurrukin' man in his comfortable flat to th' millyonaire in his onecomfortable yacht, all have suffered fr'm this tyranny. None have escaped th' age-old injustice," he says, 'iv spellin' through with an aitch,' he says. 'I will issue an edick at wanst. An', he says, 'all th' wurruld will know I done it fr'm a pure motive, for,' he says, 'I know iv no way iv simplifying th' wurruld I,' he says.

"And so he done it. Today th' simplest American citizen is th' peer iv th' man that wrote th' dithyry. No more will any wan have to bow his head in shame because he don't know how many n's there are in Cincinnati or how many s's in Mississippi. He puts in as many as his means will allow an' lets it go at that. I seen van iv Tiddy's addresses th' other day. What does it look like? It's beautiful. I haven't read annything like it since th' Sweet Singer iv Mitchigan died.

"What else has he done? Well, he went down to Pannyma. There was no ostentation about th' departure. On a battleship, accompanied only be a sieriety an' th' United States Navy, he stole away f'r a surprise visit. As he left his departure was announced be th' cust'mry salute iv four hundred an' eight guns to which th' forts responded with th' usual eleven hundred an' nine. At Pannyma th' enjyneers an' Jamaica naggurs were busy at th' wurruk but they managed to give him a hasty an' enthusiastic welcome, in spite iv th' fact that it had rained f'r two weeks an' th' decorations were somewhat spiled. Throwin' off his hat an' coat, he done a hop-skip-an'-a-jump across th' Isthmus an' nearly stepped on th' Prisdint iv the Rappublic iv Pannyma comin' back. This gr-reat sojer an' statesman, whose right name I have forgot, but no matter, was wanst well known in our country as wan iv th' most popylar midgets

rain to ye, but ye niver see wan iv our reg'lar old-fashioned thunder showers. I make no boasts about me impeeryal domain. We have no fertile fields, no mines iv ontold wealth, no railways, no edycation, no food, no clothes, nawthin much, but I'd like to bet ye all th' money Bunny Vanilla says he has that it rains here more than it does in anny other rappublic in the wurruld, white or black, give or take ten buckets. Whatever else we can promise ye, we're sure iv this, that ye'er canal will always be full iv water. If th' Fessytic an' th' Atlantic both dhried up, Pannyma's blessed rain will always be wet.

"'But,' he says, 'I digress,' he says. 'We welcome you to our impeeryal domain,' he says. 'As far as th' hand can reach it stretches out on both sides iv ye fr'm where th' stately Passyie washes th' feet iv old Pannyma with little effect,' he says, 'to where th' tumulehuse Atlantic oozes up to Colon,' he says. 'It is eight miles long as th' erow flies after th' engineerin' gangs an' thirty yards wide,' he says. 'Our country, we love it, an' why shouldn't we, f'r isn't it now or soon to be entirely composed iv mud thrown out iv an American canal,' he says. 'Welcome, thrice welcome, Serene Brother. A brother in ar-rms salutes ye,' he says. 'An' wud ye mind movin' th' left fut forard a little. We don't want anny complications with our neighborin' rappublic iv Costa Rica,' he says.

"Th' Prisdint made a short speech in reply. 'Sir,' says he, 'I am proud to be in ye'er grand, damp rappublic. Ye have welcomed me in appropriate language, but ye have har'ly said too much in th' circumstances. Consideren that I made this here little rappublic meself with a scroll saw in me barn, ye ought to be proud to see me. If ye ain't proud don't show it, or I'll give ye wan. I interested in seein' this handywurk iv mine. It looks better in th' maps thin it does to th' naked eye, but it's all right. Certainly 'tis th' wan country in th' wurruld that was made f'r a canal. In fact, ye'er happy rappublic

th' canal. What shall we do with th' bye-product? I'll tell ye what we'll do. We'll pipe ye'er impeeryal rappublic to fertilize th' arid deserts iv th' gr-reat West,' he says. An' sordin' a wireless message f'r a mustard bath, he dashed f'r th' man-iv-war.

"It was thin four o'clock. Th' next day he was in Portier Ricky. I haven't heard much iv that isle iv th' blessed since th' bold Miles conkered it with his new clothes. But it seems to be goin' on as merrily as iver. Th' popylace turned out to meet th' Prisdint. They didn't have to turn far. Whin th' popylace iv Portier Ricky wants to turn out f'r a popylar dimonstratation all it has to do is to roll over. Me was met by gr-reat erowds iv our fellow-citizens in ivrything but th'



MR. DOOLEY, BY HARRY MURPHY.



"SLEEP IS ROONIN' YE'ER TEMPER."



"LAYIN' HIS HAND IMPRESSIVELL ON THE PRESIDENT'S KNEE-CAY."