

MR. DOOLEY on GLORY

BY F. P. DUME

I raymimber Andrew Jackson as th' man that licked th' British at Noo Orleans be throwin' cotton bales at thim, but Hogan raymimbers him as th' man that cudden't spell an' had a wife who smoked a corneob pipe.

If Julius Cayzar was alive today he'd be doin' a lockstep down in Joliet.

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 than his greatest deed.

(Copyright 1907 by H. H. McClure & Co.)
"WELL, sir," said Mr. Dooley, "Hogan has been in here this afternoon an' I've heard more scandal talked thim I iver thought was in th' wuruld."
"Hogan had better keep quiet," said Mr. Hennessey. "If he goes circulatin' anny stories about me I'll—"
"Ye needn't worry," said Mr. Dooley. "We didn't condisind to talk about annywan iv ye'er infeyr station. If ye want to be th' subjiek iv our scand'lous discorse ye'd better go out an' make a repytation. No, sir, our talk was entirely about th' gr-reat an' il-

into churches, fooled around with other men's wives, curled his hair with a poker an' smelled iv parfumery like a Saturday night car. An' his wife was a suspicious character an' he turned her away. Napolyon Bonypart, imperor iv th' Fr-rinch, was far too gay even f'r thim friv'lous people an' had fits. His first wife was no better thim she shud be an' his second wife didn't care f'r him. Willium Shakespere is well-known as an author iv 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



MR. DOOLEY, BY HARRY MURPHY.



BEGINS TO SEARCH THE BURRA DRAWERS.

lusthrees an' it ran all th' way fr'm Julius Cayzar to Ulyss S. Grant.
"Dear, oh, dear, but they were th' bad lot. Thank th' Lord nobody knows about me. Thank th' Lord I had th' good sense to retire fr'm pollyticks whin me repytation had spread as far as Halsted street. If I'd let it go a block farther I'd've been sorry f'r it th' rest iv me life an' some years ather me death.
"I wanted to be famous in thim days, whin I was young an' fool- ish. 'Twas th' d'ream iv me life to have people say as I went by: 'There goes Dooley, th' gr-reatest statesman iv his age,' and have thim name babies, streets, schools, canal-boats an' five-cent seggars ather me, an' whin I died to have it put in th' books that 'at this critical peevrod in th' histhry iv America there was th' iv a man who combined strength iv character with love iv country. Such a man was found in Martin Dooley, a prom'nent retail liquor dealer in Ar-rehey road. That's what I wanted an' I'm glad I didn't get me wish. If I had 'tis little attintion to me character that th' books iv what Hogan calls bi-ography wud pay but a good deal to me debts. Though they mitioned th' fact that I risked death f'r me adopted fatherland they'd make th' more interestin' story about th' time I almost met it be fallin' down stairs while running away fr'm a polisman. F'r wan page they'd print about me love iv country they'd print fifty about me love iv booze.
"Th' things thim gr-reat men done wud give thim a place in Byrnes' book. If Julius Cayzar was alive today 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

head. But Hogan says she had a tongue sharper than George's sword, she insulted all his friends. she was much older thim him an' she liked food that they cudden't keep anny longer in th' ice-box. As f'r George, he was a case. I wish th' country had got itsilf a diff'rent father. A gr-reat moral religious country like this deserves a better parent.
"They were all alike. I think iv Bobby Burns as a man that wrote good songs, even if they were in a bar'brous accent, but Hogan thinks iv him as havin' a load all th' time an' bein' th' scandal iv his parish. I raymimber Andrew Jackson as th' man that licked th' British at Noo Orleans be hrowin' cotton bales at thim but Hogan raymimbers him as a man that cudden't spell an' had a wife who smoked a corneob pipe. I raymimber Lincoln f'r freein' th' slaves, but Hogan raymimbers how he used to cut loose yarns that made th' bartinder shake th' stove harder thim it needed. I raymimber Grant f'r what he done

around Shiloh whin he was young, but Hogan raymimbers him f'r what he done around New York whin he was old.
"And 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 the War Department or th' public libry. No, sir; he begins to search th' bureau drawers, old pigeon-holes, th' records iv th' polis coort an' th' recollections iv th' hired girl. He likes letters better thim anything else. He don't care much f'r th' kind beginnin': 'Dear Wife, I'm settin' in front iv th' campfire wearin' th' flannel chest protector ye made me an' d'reamin' iv ye,' but if he can find wan beginnin': "Little Bright Eyes, th' old woman has gone to th' country, he's th' happiest bi-ographer ye cud see in a month's thral.
"Hogan had wan iv thim books in here th' other day. 'Twas writ- ten be a frind, so ye can see it wasn't prejudiced wan way or another. "At this time," says th' book, "an ivint happened that was destined to change th' whole course iv our hero's life. Wan day while in a threot car where he lay dozin' fr'm dhrink, he awoke to see a beautiful woman thyrin' to find a nickel in a powder-puff. Th' brutal conductor towered over her, an' it was more thim the Gin- fl 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' dining-room at th' German Ambassade's, where he had consumed his custom'ry four bottles iv brandy, who shud he run acrost but th' fair vision iv th' surface line. She curtsied low an' picked him up, an' there began a frind-ship so full iv sorrow an' happi-ness to both iv them. He seldom mitioned her, but wan night he was heard to mutter: 'Her face is like wan iv Rembrant'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 for many years, in fact, until th' enchantress was locked up. 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 preserved an' published thim. (Love an' Letters iv Gin'ral Dhread-naught an' Alfaretta Agonized; Stolen, Collected an' Edited by James Snodgrass.)
"Next year was mim'rbel f'r his glorious vichtry at Punkheim, all th' more wonderful because at th' time our hero was sufferin' fr'm deleer- yum thremens. It shows th' forti- tude 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 an' pink mon- keys dabbin' before his eyes, he cud still write home to his wife: 'Ol' girl, I can't find annything fit to dhrink down here. Can't you send me some cider fr'm th' farm?'
"In eighteen six- tyfive he was accused of embezzle- ment, but th' charges niver reached his ears or the public's

er says, come down among us. I don't believe ayether iv thim. "I was talkin' with Father Kelly about it ather Hogan went out. 'Were they all so bad, thim men that I've been brought up to think so glorious?' says I. 'They were men,' says Father Kelly. 'Ye musn't believe all ye hear about thim, no matter who says it,' says he. 'It's a thrait iv human nature to pull down th' gr-reat an' strong. Th' hero sthruts through histhry with his chin up in th' air, his scepter 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 glory-

until eight years after his death. In sixty-seven his foster brother that he had neglected in Kansas City slipped on his ball- room flure an' broke his leg.
"In sixvinty his wife died, ather 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 home but passed away within a month, one iv th' gr-reatest men th' cinchry has projoiced. F'r 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. Histhry says a man is nearly a Gawd; bi-ography says he's on'y a poor kind iv a man. Th' histh- toryan says, go up; th' bi-ograph-

ous deeds an' serves 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 per- ish iv humiliation if th' gr-reat men iv th' wuruld didn't have nachral low-down thraits. If they don't happen to possess them we make some up f'r thim. We allow no man to tower over us. Wan way or another, we level th' wur- ruld to our own height. If we can't reach th' hero's head we cut off his legs. It always makes me feel aisler about meself whin I r-read how had Julius Cayzar was. An' it stimulates compytition. If gr-reatness an' goodness were hand-in-hand, 'tis small chance anny iv us wud have iv seein' our pitchers in th' papers.
"But," says I, "no wan wud iver thry to be glorious if he knew that he was on'y openin' up th' way f'r a careful inquiry into his personal habits," says I. 'Ye'd catch me leadin' an' ar-mry again



JULIUS CAESAR AT JOLIET.

er says, come down among us. I don't believe ayether iv thim. "I was talkin' with Father Kelly about it ather Hogan went out. 'Were they all so bad, thim men that I've been brought up to think so glorious?' says I. 'They were men,' says Father Kelly. 'Ye musn't believe all ye hear about thim, no matter who says it,' says he. 'It's a thrait iv human nature to pull down th' gr-reat an' strong. Th' hero sthruts through histhry with his chin up in th' air, his scepter 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 glory-

a lot iv la-ads with cannons if I thought that it was goin' to make some fellows begin to call on me dentist to find where I bought me teeth," says I. 'Ye'd niver stop to think,' says he. 'No wan iver does. Glory is a chance like th' other thing. It all comes or doesn't come out in th' day's job, an' ye can't atrop or help it. An' no wan will talk bad about ye ather ye ar-re dead unless ye've done something that makes people talk good iv ye. I'd have some throuble gettin' an audience f'r a story about Hogan, but lave me whisper: 'Did ye hear that yarn about Grover Cleveland?' an' I can go on an lie to me heart's content. An' so it is that th' battles ye win, th' pitchers ye paint, th' people ye free, th' childher that disgrace ye, th' false step iv y'er youth an' th' false tooth iv ye'er age, all go thunderin' down to im- mortality together. An' ather all, isn't it a good thing? Th' on'y bi-ography I care much about is th' one Mulligan, th' stonecutter, will chop out f'r me. I like Mulli- gan's style f'r he's no flathrer, an' he has wan model iv bi-og-raphy 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 peach, an' lets it go at that. But if anny wan wants to write a bi-ography iv me an' contribute some fun to this weary wuruld, let him do it, says I. Nawthin' wud please me bet- ther thim to know that some day ye will think ye ar-re a better man thim I am. But not f'r th' prisint,' says he."
"Which wud ye rather be, fa- mous or rich?" asked Mr. Hen- nesity.
"I'd like to be famous," said Mr. Dooley, "an' have money enough to buy off all threatenin' bi-ographers."



TO HAVE PEOPLE SAY AS I WENT BY: THERE GOES DOOLEY.



HOGAN THINKS OF HIM AS HAVIN' A LOAD ALL THE TIME.