

MR. DOOLEY

ON THE BACHELOR TAX BY F. P. DUANE

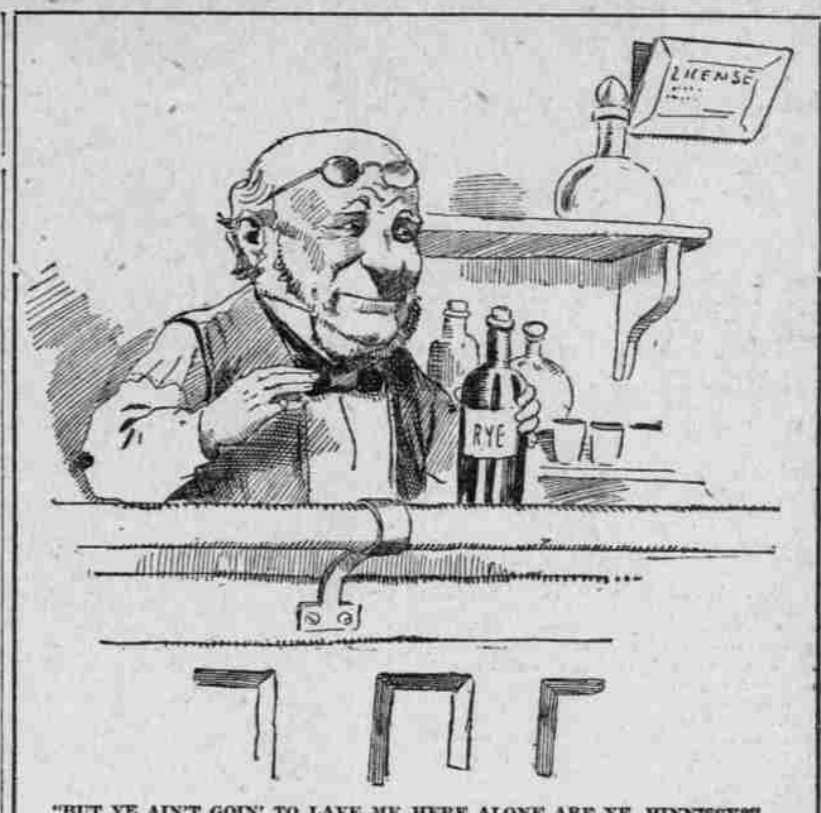
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"THIS here pa-aper says," said Mr. Hennessy, "that they're goin' to put a tax on bachelors. That's r-right. Why shoudn't there be a tax on bachelors? There's one on dogs."
"That's right," said Mr. Dooley. "An' they're goin' to make it five dollars a year. Th' dogs pay

childher an' their widow an' th' man that marrid her an' his divorced wife an' their rilitives, descindents, friends, an' acquaintances wud have nuthin to live on aftther father was dead and gone with a large piece iv broken iron in his stomach or bask as th' case might be, but a pension come fr'm th' Governmint. So, th' day war is

Dhream iv Beauty. She starts to wurruk right away an' what Hogan calls th' doctrine iv av'rages is always with thim that starts early an' makes manny plays. But th' Dhream iv Beauty figures out that she can wait an' take her pick an' 'tis not ontill she is bumpin' thirty that she wakes up with a scream to th' peril iv her position an' runs out an' pulls a man

iv th' tailor-man? There's not a marrid man among thim. They're all bachelors. What does th' gents furnishing man hang his finest neckties in th' front window f'r but to glisten with a livelier wish, as Hogan says, th' burnished bachelor? See th' lordly bachelor comin' down th' sthreet, with his shiny plug hat an' his white vest, th' dimon stud that he wint in

business broke into th' plachal boodoor an' in thryin' to set straight th' ile paintin' iv th' Chicago fire burnin' Ilivator B, broke a piece off a frame that cost me two dollars iv good money.' If they knew that th' on'y furniture in me room was a cane-bottomed chair and a thrunk an' hat there was nawthin' on th' flure but oil-cloth an' me clothes, an' that 'tis



"BUT YE AIN'T GOIN' TO LAVE ME HERE ALONE ARE YE, HINNESSY?"



"WHIN YE TAX TH' BACHELORS YE TAX BEAUTY."

only two. It's quite a concession to us. They consider us more thim twice as vallyable, or annyhow more than twice as dangerous as dogs. I suppose ye expect next year to see me throttin' around with a leather collar an' a brass tag on me neck. If me tax isn't paid th' bachelor wagon'll will come around an' th' bachelor catcher'll lassoo me an' take me to th' pound an' I'll be kept there three days an' thim, if still unclaimed, I'll be dhrowned ontill th' pound keeper takes a fancy to me.

"Ye'll niver see it, me boy. No, w'r. Us bachelors ar-re a strong body iv men polytically, as well as handsome and brave. If ye thry to tax us we'll fight ye to th' end. If worst comes to worst we won't pay th' tax. Don't ye think f'r a minyit that light-footed heroes that have been eludin' onprinciple females all their lives won't be able to dodge a little thing like a five dollar tax. There's no clumsy collector in th' wurrudd that cud catch up with a man iv me age who has avoided the machinations iv th' fair f'r forty years an' remains unmarried.

"An' why shud we be taxed? We're th' mainstay iv th' Constitution an' about all that remains iv liberty. If ye think th' highest jooty iv citizenship is to raise a fam'ly why don't ye give a vote to th' shad? Who puts out ye'er fire f'r ye, who supports th' Naylor Government be payin' most iv th' intarnal rivnoo jooties, who maintains th' schools ye sind ye'er ignorant little childher, to be payin' th' saloon licenses, who does th' fightin' f'r ye in th' wars but th' bachelors? Th' married men start all th' wars with loose talk whin they're on a spree. But whin war is declared they begin to think what a tur-rible thing 'twud be if they niver come home to their fireside an' their wife got married again an' their grand-childher an' their great-grand-

declared ye come over here an' stick a shtrange-lookin' weepin in-me hand an' I close down me shop an' go out somewhere I niver was before an' maybe lose me leg definidin' th' hearths iv me country, me that niver had a hearth iv me own to warm me toes by but th' oil stove in me bedroom. An' that's th' kind iv men ye'd be wantin to tax like a push-



"THE TRUTH IS THAT A MAN IS NOT UNHAPPY BECAUSE HIS SOCKS AREN'T DARNED BUT BECAUSE THEY ARE."

down f'r th' top iv a bus. Manny a plain but determined young woman have I seen happily marrid an' doin' th' cookin' f'r a large fam'ly whin her frind who'd had her pitcher in th' countest f'r th' most beautiful woman in Brighton Park was settin' behind th' blinds waitin' f'r some wan to take her buggy ridin'.

"So it is with us. A man with debt f'r glistenin' in his shirt front, an' th' patent leather shoes on his feet outshinin' th' noonday sun.
"Thin see th' marrid man with th' wrinkles in his coat an' his tie undher his ear an' his chin unshaven. He's walkin' in his Congress gaiters in a way that shows his socks ar-re mostly darned. I niver wore a pair of darned socks since I was a boy. Whin I make holes in me hosiery I throw thim away. 'Tis a fine idee iv th' ladies that men are onhappy because they have no wan to darn their socks an' put buttons on their shirts. Th' truth is that a man is not unhappy because his socks ar-re not darned but because they ar-re. An' f'r buttons on his shirt, whin th' buttons comes off a bachelor's shirt he fires it out iv th' window. His rule about clothes is th'ly scientific. Th' survival iv th' fit, d'ye mind. Th' others to th' discard. No marrid man dares to wear th' plumage iv a bachelor. If he did his wife wud suspiet him. He lets her buy his cravats an' his cigars an' 'tis little diff'rence it makes to him which he smokes.
"Twud be villanous to tax th' bachelors. Think iv th' moral side iv it. What's that? Ye needn't grin. I said moral. Yes, sir. We're th' most unselfish people in th' wurrudd. All th' throubles iv th' neighborhood ar-re my throubles, an' my throubles ar-re me own. If ye shed a tear f'r anny person but wan ye lose ye'er latchkey, but havin' no wan in partiklar to sympathize with I'm supposed to sympathize with ivry wan. On th' country if ye have anny grieves ye can' bear ye dump thim on th' overburdened should-ers iv ye'er wife. But if I have anny grieves I must bear thim alone. If a bachelor complains iv his throubles people say: 'Oh, he's a gay dog. Sarves his right.' An' if he goes on complainin' he's liable to be in gr-reat peril. I wudden't dare to tell me woes to ye'er wife. If I did she'd have a good cry, because she injyes cryin', an' thim she'd put on her bonnet an' r-run over an' sick th' Widow O'Brien on me.
"Whin a lady begins to wonder if I'm not onhappy in me squalid home without th' touch iv a woman's hand ayether in th' tidy on th' chair or in th' inside pocket iv th' coat I say: 'No, ma'am, I live in gr-reat luxury surrounded be all that money can buy an' manny things that it can't or won't. There ar-re Turkish rugs on th' flure an' chandleers hang fr'm th' ceilin's. There I set at night dhrinkin' absinthe, sherry wine, port wine, champagne, beer, whisky, rum, claret, kimmel, weiss beer, cream de mint, curasa, and binidictine, occas'nally takin' a dhraw out an' opeeup pipe an' r-readin' a Fr-rineh novel. Th' touch iv a woman's hand wudden't help thim here abode iv luxury. Wanst, whin I was away, th' beautiful Swede slave that scrubs out me place iv

so long since me bed was made up that it's now a life-size plaster cast iv me, I'd be dhragged to th' altar at th' end iv a chain.
"Speakin' as wan iv th' few survivin' bachelors, an old veth-ran that's escaped manny a peril an' got out iv manny a difficult position with honor, I wish to say that fair woman is niver so dangerous as whin she's sorry f'r ye. Whin th' wurrudd 'Poor man' rises to her lips an' th' nurse light comes into her eyes, I know 'tis time f'r me to take me hat an' go. An' if th' hat's no handy I go without it.
"I bet ye th' idee iv taxin' bachelors started with th' dear ladies. But I say to thim: 'Ladies, is not this a pet'y revenge on ye'er best frinds? Look on ye'er own husbands an' think what us bachelors have saved manny iv ye'er sisters fr'm. Besides aren't wee th' hope iv th' future iv th' insti-

choochion iv mathrimony? If th' onmarrid ladies ar-re to marry at all, 'tis us, th' bold bachelors, they must look forward to. Lave us our money. We're not bachelors fr'm choice. Ye all look so lovely to us that we hate to bring th' tears into th' eyes iv others iv ye be marrin' some iv ye. Consider our onforehnt position an' be kind. Don't oppress us. We were not meant f'r slaves. Don't thry to coerce us. Continue to lay f'r us an' hope on. If ye tax us there's hardly an old bachelor in th' land that won't flig his five dollars acrost th' counter at th' tax office an' say: 'Hang th' expense. It's worth it.'
"Ye're surely a fine lot iv men," said Mr. Hennessy. "Grand men like ye oughtn't to have to pay taxes. Good-night."
"Where ar-re ye goin'?" asked Mr. Dooley.

face that looks as if some wan had thrown it at him in anger nearly always marries before he is old enough to vote. He feels he has to an' he cultivates what Hogan calls th' graces. How often do ye hear about a fellow that he is very plain but has a beautiful nature. Ye bet he has. If he haadn't an' didn't always keep it in th' showcase where all th' wurrudd end see he'd be lynched be th' Society f'r Municipal Improvement. But 'tis diff'rent with us comely bachelors. Bein' very beautiful, we can afford to be haughty an' peevish. It makes us more inthrestin' We kind iv look thim over with a gentle but supeyrior eye an' say to ourselves: 'Now, there's a nice, pretty, attractive girl. I hope she'll marry well.' An' whin she marries wan iv our frinds we say: 'Ain't it too bad that such a fine girl shud throw herself away on a practical joke iv Nature like that.' By an' by whin th' roses fade fr'm our cheeks an' our eye is dimmed with age we bow to th' inevitable, run down th' flag iv defiance, an' ar-re yanked into th' multichood iv happy an' speechless marrid men that look like flashlight pitchers. Th' best lookin' iv us niver git marrid at all.
"Yes, sir, there's no doubt we do a good deal to beautify th' landscape. Whose pitchers ar-re those ye see in th' advertisemints

where ar-re ye goin'?" asked Mr. Dooley.

"I'm going home."
"Where?"
"Home."
"Why, it's arly yet. Ye're not goin' home at this hour? Why, 'tis just th' front dure iv th' aven-in'."
"I've got to go."
"Ye'd better stay awhile. It's lonely here alone."
"I mustn't. I want to see th' childher before they go to bed."
"Bu ye ain't goin' to lave me here alone!"
"I wisht I didn't have to, but I got to."
"Oh, be a good fellow. Here, what'll ye have. It's on th' house."
"No, I'm goin'. I lave ye here to."
"To what?" demanded Mr. Dooley.
"To pay th' rale bachelor tax," said Mr. Hennessy.

OLD SORES FED AND KEPT OPEN BY IMPURITIES IN THE BLOOD

An old sore or ulcer is only a symptom, an outlet for the impurities and poisons which are circulating in the blood, and as long as this vital fluid remains in this impure and contaminated state the place will never heal. It may scab over and appear to be getting well, but a fresh outpouring of diseased matter from the blood starts it again, and thus it goes on, sometimes for years, continually growing worse, and slowly sapping away the strength and vitality of the sufferer.

There are many ways by which the blood may become contaminated and poisoned. A long spell of fever, or other sickness, breeds disease germs in the system, the failure of nature's eliminative members to remove the waste and refuse matter of the body, the excessive use of minerals in certain diseases, all infect the blood with morbid matter and germs, which sooner or later manifest their presence by a sore or ulcer which refuses to heal under the ordinary treatment of salves, washes, lotions, powders, etc. A boil, blister, pimple, burn or even a slight scratch, often develops into a festering or discharging ulcer if the system is run down or the blood depreciated from any cause.

Persons with an inherited blood taint are very apt to be afflicted with sores and ulcers. Being born with an unhealthy blood supply, the different parts of the body are never fully nourished, and when middle life is reached or passed and the vigor and strength of the system begins to weaken and wane, the tissues in some weak point break down and a chronic sore or ulcer is formed, and kept open by the constant drainage of impure matter from the blood. How aggravating and stubborn an old sore can be is best known by those who have nursed and treated one for years, applying salves, washes, powders, etc., with no good results. The place remains and continues to grow worse by eating deeper into the surrounding flesh, festering, discharging, sometimes throbbing with pain, and gradually undermining the constitution by its unhealthy action on the system.

It is a great mistake to expect to cure these places with external applications. True this treatment assists in keeping the parts clean, and are beneficial in this way, but do not reach the real trouble which is in the blood. The practice of cutting out the diseased parts and even scraping the bone beneath, is often resorted to, but these severe measures seldom do any permanent good. The sore may be removed, and for a time heal over, but the same poison that produced it the first time is still in the blood, because **The Blood Cannot Be Cut Away, and The Sore Will Return.**

The only treatment that can do any real good is a competent blood purifier—one that goes to the very bottom of the trouble and removes the cause, and for this purpose nothing has ever been found to equal S. S. S. It goes down into the circulation, drives out all poison and morbid matter, reduces the inflammation, and by sending pure, rich blood to the diseased parts, instead of feeding them with impurities, allows the sore to heal naturally and permanently. Not only does S. S. S. purify the blood of all poisons and germs, but builds it up from its weakened and impoverished state, making it strong and healthy and able to supply every part of the body with sufficient and proper nourishment to keep it in perfect health. If you have a sore that is slow in healing, do not depend upon external applications alone, nor experiment with unknown medicines, but begin the use of S. S. S., and by removing every vestige of the cause, cure the trouble permanently. Special book on Sores and Ulcers and any medical advice desired sent free to all who write.



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"THE MARRIED MEN START ALL TH' WARS WITH LOOSE TALK WHIN THEY'RE ON A SPEE."