

Mr. Dooley on The New Year

From Mr. Dooley in Peace and War. By FINLEY PETER DUNNE. Mr. Hennessy looked out at the rain dripping down in Archey Road, and sighed, "A-ha, 'tis a bad spell iv weather we're havin'."

"Faith, it is," said Mr. Dooley, "or else we mind it more than we did. I can't remember wan day fr'm another. Whin I was young, I niver thought iv rain or snow, cold or heat. But now th' heat stings an' th' cold wrenches me bones; an', if I go

out in th' rain with less on me than a ton iv rubber, I'll pay dear fr' it in achin' j'int, so I will. That's what old age means; an' now another year has been put on to what we had before, an' we're expected to be gay. "Ring out th' old," says a guy at th' Brothers' School, "Ring out th' old, ring in th' new," he says. "Ring out th' false, ring in th' thrue," says he. It's a pretty sintimint, Hinnessy; but how ar-re we goin' to do it? Naw-thin'd please me better thia to turn me back on th' wicked an' inglorious past, rayform me life, an' live at peace with th' wurruld to th' end iv me days. But how th' divvle can I do it? As th' fellow says, 'Can th' leopard change his spots,' or can't he?"

"You know Dorsey, iv coorse, th' cross-eyed May-o man that come to this country about wan day in advance iv a warrant fr' sheep-stealin'?" Ye know what he dona to me, tellin' people I was caught in me cellar poorin' wather into a bar? Well, last night says I to meself, thinkin' iv Dorsey, I says: 'I swear that henceforth I'll keep me temper with me fellow-men. I'll not let anger or jealousy get th' better iv me,' I says. 'I'll lave off all me old feuds; an' if I meet me inimy goin' down th' sthreet, I'll go up an' shake him be th' hand, if I'm sure he hasn't a brick in th' other hand.' Oh, I was mighty compliminty to meself. I set be th' stove dhrinkin' hot wans, an' ivry wan I dhrunk made me more iv a pote. 'Tis th' way with th' stuff. Whin I'm in dhrink, I have

manny a fine thought; an', if I was n't too comfortable to go an' look fr' th' ink-bottle, I cud write pomes that'd make Shakespeare an' Mike Scanlan think they were wur-kin' on a dredge. 'Why,' says I, 'carry into th' new year th' hathreds iv th' old?' I says. 'Let th' dead past bury its dead,' says I. 'Tur-rn ye'er lamps up to th' blue sky,' I says. (It was rainin' like th' divvle, an' th' hour was midnight; but I give no heed to that, bein' comfortable with th' hot wans.) An' I went to th' dure, an', whin Mike Duffy come by on number wan hundred an' five, ringin' th' gong iv th' ca-ar, I hollered to him: 'Ring out th' old, ring in th' new.' 'Go back into ye'er stall,' he says. 'an' wring ye'erself out,' he says. 'Ye'er wet through,' he says.

"Whin I woke up this mornin', th' potry had all disappeared, an' I begun to think th' las' hot wan I took had somethin' wrong with it. Besides

th' lumbago was grippin' me till I cud hardly put wan foot before th' other. But I remembered me promises to meself, an' I went out on th' sthreet, intindin' to wish ivry wan a 'Happy New Year,' an' hopin' in me hear-r; that th' first wan I wished it to'd tell me to go to th' divvle, so I cud hit him in th' eye. I hadn't gone half a block before I spied Dorsey acrost th' sthreet. I picked up a half a brick an' put it in me pocket, an' Dorsey done th' same. Thin we went up to each other. 'A Happy New eYar,' says I. 'Th' same to you,' says he, 'an' manny iv thin,' he says. 'Ye have a brick in ye'er hand,' says I. 'I was thinkin' iv givin' ye a New Year's gift,' says he. 'Th' same to you, an' manny iv thin,' says I, fondlin' me own ammunition. 'Tis even all around,' says he. 'It is,' says I. 'I was thinkin' las' night I'd give up me dredge again ye,' says he. 'I had th' same thought me-

self,' says I. 'But, since I seen ye'er face,' he says, 'I've con-cluded that I'd be more comfortable hatin' ye thin havin' ye fr' a frind,' says he. 'Ye're a man iv taste,' says I. An' we backed away fr'm each other. He's a Tip, an' can throw a stone like a rifleman; an', Hinnessy, I'm somethin' iv an amachoor shot with a half-brick meself.

"Well, I've been thinkin' it over, an' I've argied it out that life'd not be worth livin' if we didn't keep our inimies. I can have all th' frinds I need. Anny man can that keeps a li-

quor store. But a rale sthrong inimy, specially a May-o inimy,—wan that hates ye ha-ard, an' that ye'd take th' coat off yer back to do a bad tur-rn to,—is a luxury that I can't go without in me ol' days. Dorsey is th' right sort. I can't go by his house without bein' in fear he'll spill th' chimbly down on me head; and, whin he, passes my place, he walks in th' middle iv th' sthreet, an' crosses himself. I'll swear off on annything but Dorsey. He's a good man, an' I despise him. Here's long life to him."

SUMMONS IN THE JUSTICE COURT FOR THE STATE OF OREGON, DISTRICT OF MEDFORD, COUNTY OF JACKSON.

VIOLA S. DETOURS, Plaintiff, vs. JOHN SPEARS, Defendant. IN THE NAME OF THE STATE OF OREGON: You are hereby summoned and required to appear in the above entitled Court and cause and answer the complaint of the plaintiff on file herein within four (4) weeks from 2nd day of January 1936, the date of the first publication of this summons.

You are further notified that if you fail to answer the complaint within said time that plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in said complaint, a succinct statement of which is as follows: Adjudging that there is due the plaintiff from the defendant the sum of Thirty-five (\$35.00) Dollars, together with the costs and disbursements to be taxed in said action, and that the monies belonging to you and now in the hands of the Sheriff of Jackson County under a garnishment issued out of this cause by the plaintiff be paid over to the plaintiff by said Sheriff in partial satisfaction of said judgment.

The date of the order for the service of this summons by publication is the 31st day of December, 1935. Date of first Publication: 2nd day of January 1936.

NEFF & FROHNMAYER Attorneys for Plaintiff Cooley-Theatre Building, Medford, Oregon.

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