

Mr. Dooley on Woman Suffrage

By F. P. DUNNE

"I see be th' pa-apers," said Mr. Dooley, "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 concourse iv forty iv thim gathered in London an' marched up to th' house iv commons, or naytional dormitory, 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 intellects in Britain slept under their hats while an impassioned orator delivered a hem-stitched speech on th' subject iv th' day to th' attentive knees an' feet iv th' ministry. It was into this assembly 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' overhelmin' force iv three pollsmen opposed thim. 'What d'ye want, num?' asked the polls. 'We demand th' suffrage,' says th' commander iv th' army iv freedom.

"Th' brutal polls refused to give it to thim an' a desperate battle followed. Th' ladies fought gallantly, hurlin' cries iv 'brute,' 'monster,' 'cheap,' et cethry, at th' constabry. Hat pins were drawn. Wan lady let down her back hair; another, bolder thim th' rest, done a fit on th' marble stairs; a third, p'raps rendered insane be sufferin' fr a vote, sthruck a burly ruffian with a Japanese fan on th' little finger iv th' right hand. Thim th' infuriated officers iv th' law charged on th' champeens iv liberty. A scene iv horror followed. Pollsmen seized ladies by th' arms an' led thim down th' stairs; others were carried off fainting by th' tyrants. In a few minyits all was over, an' nawthin' but three hundred hairpins remained to mark th' scene iv slaughter. Thus, Hinnissy, was another battle fr freedom fought an' lost."

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

"A thure statement an' a sound argymint that appeals to ivry man. P'raps they havn't got any babies. A baby is a good substichoot fr a ballot, an' th' hand that rocks th' cradle sildom has time fr anny other luxuries. But why shud we give thim a vote, says I. What have they done to injye this here imperyal suffrage that we fought an' bled fr. Whin me forefathers were followin' George Washinton an' sufferin' all th' hardships that men endure campin' out in vacation time, what were th' women doin'? They were back in Matsachooetts milkin' th' cow, mendin' socks, followin' th' plow, plantin' corn, keepin' store, shoein' horses, an' pursooin' th' other frivolous follies iv th' fair but fickle sect. After th' war our brave fellows came back to Boston an' as a reward fr 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 anything that requires what Hogan calls th' exercise iv manly vigor more thim votin'. It's th' hardest wurruk I do in th' year. I get up before daylight an' thramp over in th' cold to th' Temple iv Freedom, which is also th' office iv a livery stable. Wan iv th' judges has a cold in his head an' closes all the windows. Another judge has built a roarin' fire in a round stove an' is cookin' red-hot on it. Th' room is lit with candles an' kerosene lamps, an' is crowded with pathrites who haven't been to bed. At th' dure are two or three pollsmen that maybe we don't care to meet. Dock O'Leary says he don't know anything that'll exhaust th' air iv a room so quick as a pollsmen in his Winter uniform. 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 of our country can buy.

"In th' pleasant warmth iv th' fire, th' harness on th' walls glows an' puts out its own peculiar army. Th' owner iv the sanchoary 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 attendants iv th' guests iv th' house waiks through fr'm makin' th' beds. After a while th' chief judge, who knows me well, because he shaves me three times a week, gives me a contimeous stare, asks me me name an' a number iv scand'ous questions about me age.

"I'm ttempted to make an angry report, whin I see th' pollsmen movin' nearer, so I take me ballot an' wait me turn in th' booth. They're all occyiped be writin' freemn, callin' in sthrangled voices fr somewan to light th' candle so they'll be sure they ain't votin' th' prohibition ticket. Th' calico sheets over th' front iv th' booths wave an' ar-re pushed out like th' curtains iv a Pullman car whin a fat man is dhressin' inside while th' thrain is goin' round a curve. In time a freeman bursts through, with perspyration pourin' down his nose, hurls his suffrage at th' judge an' staggers out. I plunge in, sharpen an inch iv lead pencil be rendin' it with me teeth, mutilate me ballot at th' top iv th' dimmycratic column, an' run fr me life.

"Cud a lady do that, I ask ye? No, sir, 'tis no job fr th' fair. It's men's wurruk. Molly Donahue wants a vote, but though she cud bound Kamachataka as aasily as ye cud this precinct, she ain't qualified fr it. It's meant fr gr-reat sturdy American pathrites like Mulkowsky th' Pollacky down th' sthreet. He don't know yet that he ain't votin' fr th' King iv Poland. He thinks he's still over there pretindin' to be a horse instead iv a free American givin' an imitation iv a steam dhredge.

"On th' first Choosday afther th' first Monday in November an' April a man goes around to his house, wakes him up, leads him down th' sthreet, an' votes him th' way ye'd wather a horse. He don't mind inhalin' th' air iv liberty in a livery stable. But if Molly Donahue wint to vote in a livery stable, th' first thing she'd do wud be to get a broom, sweep up flure, open th' windows, disinfect th' booths, take th' harness fr'm th' walls, an' hang up a pitcher iv Niagara be moonlight, chase out th' watchers an' polls, remove th' seegars, make th' judges get a shave, an' p'raps invalydate th' illiction. It's no job fr her, an' I told her so.

"We demand a vote," says she. "All right," says I, "take mine. It's old, but it's trustworthy an' durable. It may look a little th' worse fr wear fr'm bein' hurled again a raypublican majority in this country fr forty years, but it's all right. Take my vote an' use it as ye please," says I, "an' I'll get an hour or two exthry sleep illiction day mornins," says I. "I've voted so often I'm tired iv it anyhow," says I. "But," says I, "why shud annywan so young an' beautiful as ye want to do anything so foolish as to vote?" says I. "Ain't he intelligen' enough?" says she. "Ye're too intelligen'," says I. "But intelligen' don't give ye a vote."

"What does thim," says she. "Well," says I, "enough iv ye at wan time wantin' it enough. How many ladies ar-re there in ye're Woman's Rights Club?" "Twinty," says she. "Make it three hundred," says I, "an' ye'll be on ye'er way. Ye'er mother doesn't want it, does she? No, nor ye'er sister Katie? No, nor ye'er cousin, nor ye'er aunt? All that illiction day means to thim is th' old man goin' off in th' mornin' with a light step an' fire in his eye, an' comin' home too late at night with a dent in his hat, newsboys hollerin' exthries with th' news that fifty-four votes had been cast in th' third precinct in th' sinvth ward at 8 o'clock, an' Packy an' Alovsius stealln' bar'ls fr'm th' groceryman fr th' bone-fire. If they iver join ye an' make up their minds to vote, they'll vote. Ye bet they will."

"Ye see, 'twas this way votin' come about. In th' beginnin' on'y th' king had a vote, an' iverybody else was a Chinyman or an Indyan. Th' king clapped his crown on his head an' wint down to th' polls, marked a cross at th' head iv th' column where his name was, an' wint out to cheer th' returns. Thim th' Jooks got sthrong, an' says they: "Votin' seems a healthy exercise an' w'd like to thry it. Give us th' franchise or we'll do things to ye." An' they got it. Thim it wint down through th' earls an' th' markises an' th' rest iv th' Dooley fam'ly, till fin'ly all that was left iv it was stung to th' ign'rant masses like Hinnissy, because they made a lot iv noise an' threatened to set fire to th' barns."

"An' there ye ar-re. Ye'll never get it be askin' th' polls fr it. No wan iver got his rights fr'm a pollsmen, an' be th' same token, there ar-re no rights worth havin' that a pollsmen can keep ye fr'm gettin'. The ladies iv London ar-re followin' the right course, on'y there ain't enough iv thim. If there were forty thousand iv thim ar-armed with hat pins an' prepared to plunge th' same into th' stomachs iv th' intimes iv female suffrage, an' if, instead iv faintin' in th' ar-rms iv th' constabry, they charged an' puctured thim an' broke their way into th' House iv Commons, an' pulled the wig off the speaker, an' knocked th' hat over th' eyes iv Sir Camel Bannerman, it wudden't be long before some mimbber wud talk in his sleep in their fa-

vor. Ye bet! If ye'er suffrage club was composed iv a hundhred thousand sturdy ladies ar-armed with rollin' pins, brooms, mops, potato mashers, stove lifters, an' th' other weepins that nature has provided th' sect with to defend thimselfs again tyranay in th' home, it wudden't be long before Bill O'Brien wud be sindin' ye a box iv chocolate creams fr ye'er vote."

"Someday ye may get a vote, but before ye do I'll r-read this in th' pa-apers: 'A hundhred thousand armed an' detarmined women invaded th' capital city today demandin' th' right to vote. They chased th' polis acrost th' Pottymac, mobbed a newspaper that was again th' bill, an' tarred an' feathered Sinitor Glue, th' leader iv th' opposition. At 10 o'clock a rumor spread that th' President wud veto th' bill, an' instantly a huge crowd iv excited females gathered in front of the White House, hurlin' rocks, an' cryin' 'Lynch him!' Th' tumult was on'l quelled whin th' President's wife appeared on th' balcony an' made a brief speech. She said she was a mimbber iv th' local suffrage club, an' she felt safe in assuring her sisters that th' bill wud be signed. If nicissry, she wud sign it herself. (Cheers.) Th' President was a little onruly, but he was frequently that way. Th' married ladies in th' aujence wud underherstand. He meant nawthin'. It was on'y wan iv his tantrums. A little moral suasion wud bring him around all right. At prisinct th' chief Magistrate was in th' kitchen with his daughter settin' on his head."

"Th' speech was rayceived with loud cheers, an' th' mob proceeded down Pinnsylvania Avnoo. Be noon all entharnoes to th' capital were jammed. Congressmen attimptin' to enter were seized by th' hair iv th' head an' made to sign a pa-aper promisin' to vote right. Immedately afther th' prayer th' Hon'rabble Gussie Gumdhop iv Matsachooetts offered the suffrage bill fr passage. Th' motion is out iv ordher," began th' Speaker. At this minyit a lady standin' behind th' chair dhrove a darnin' needle through his coat tails. "But," continued th' Speaker, reachin' behind him with an agnized expression, "I will let it go anyhow." "Mr. Speaker, I protest," began th' Hon'rabble Attila Sthrong. "I protest—" At this a perfect tornado iv rage broke out in th' galleries. Inkwells, bricks, combs, shoes, smellin' bottles, hand mirrors, fans, an' powder puffs were hurled at th' onforchnit mimbber. In the midst iv th' confusion th' wife iv Congressman Sthrong cud be seen wavin' a par'sol over her head an' callin' out: "I dare ye to come home tonight, polthron."

"Whin th' noise partially subsided, th' bold Congressman, his face livid with emotion, was heard to remark with a sob: "I was on'y about to say I second th' motion, deary." Th' bill was carried without a dissintin' voice, an' rushed over to th' Sinit. There it was opposed be Sinitor Tillman, but after a brief dialogue with th' leader iv th' suffrageites, he swooned away. Th' Sinit fin'ly instructed th' clerk to cast th' unanimous vote fr th' measure. Tonight in th' prisince iv a vast multichood th' President was led out be his wife armed with a flat-iron. He was supported, or rather pushed, be two iv his burly daughters. He seemed much confused, an' his wife had to point out with th' flatiron th' place where he was to sign. With tremblin' fingers he affixed his signature an' was led back.

"Th' night passed quietly, although a slight disturbance was caused be th' Missouri dillygation demandin' to vote at wanst. Th' sthreets were crowded all avenin' with good-natured throngs iv ladies, an' in front iv th' dry goods stores, which were illuminated fr th' occasion, it was almost impossible to get through. Iv course there were th' usual riochous scenes in th' dhrug stores, where th' bibulous gathered at th' sody wather counters an' cillybrated th' vichtry in lemon, vanilla, an' choc'late, some iv thim keepin' it up till 9 o'clock, or even later."

"Whin that comes about, me child," says I, "ye may sheathe ye're hat pins in ye'er millinary, fr ye'll have as much right to vote as th' most ignorant man in th' ward. But don't ask fr rights. Take thim. An' don't let annyone give thim to ye. A right that is handed to ye fr nawthin' has somethin' th' matter with it. It's more than likely it's on'y a wrong turned inside out," says I. "I didn't fight fr th' rights I'm told I enjye, though to tell ye th' truth, I enjye me wrongs more; but some wan did. Some time some fellow was prepared to lay down his life, or better still, th' other fellow's, fr th' right to vote."

"I believe ye're in favor iv it ye'er-self," said Mr. Hennessy.

"Faith," said Mr. Dooley, "I'm not wan way or th' other. I don't care. What difference does it make? I wudden't mind at all havin' a little soap an' wather, a broom an' a duster applied to pollyticks. It wudden't do anny gr-reat harm if a man cudn't be illictied to office unless he kept his hair combed, an' blacked his boots an' shaved his chin wanst a month. Anyhow, as Hogan says, I care not who

Words of Praise

For the several ingredients of which Dr. Pierce's medicines are composed, as given by leaders in all the several schools of medicine, should have far more weight than any amount of non-professional testimonials. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription has THE BADGE OF HONESTY on every bottle-wrapper, in a full list of all its ingredients printed in plain English.

If you are an invalid woman and suffer from frequent headache, backache, gnawing distress in stomach, periodical pains, disagreeable, catarrhal, pelvic drain, dragging down distress in lower abdomen or pelvis, perhaps dark spots or specks dancing before the eyes, faint spells and kindred symptoms caused by female weakness, or other derangement of the feminine organs, you can not do better than take Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription.

The hospital, surgeon's knife and operating table may be avoided by the timely use of "Favorite Prescription" in such cases. Thereby the obnoxious examinations and operations of the family physician can be avoided and a thorough course of successful treatment carried out in the privacy of the home. "Favorite Prescription" is composed of the very best native medicinal roots known to medical science for the cure of woman's peculiar ailments, contains no alcohol and no harmful or habit-forming drugs.

Do not expect too much from "Favorite Prescription"; it will not perform miracles; it will not dissolve or cure tumors. No medicine will. It will do as much to establish vigorous health in most weaknesses and ailments peculiarly incident to women as any medicine can. It must be given a fair chance by perseverance in its use for a reasonable length of time.

You can't afford to accept a secret nostrum as a substitute for this remedy of known composition.

Sick women are invited to consult Dr. Pierce, by letter, free. All correspondence is guarded as sacredly secret and womanly confidences are protected by professional privacy. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets the best laxative and regulator of the bowels. They invigorate stomach, liver and bowels. One a laxative; two or three a cathartic. Easy to take as candy.

casts th' votes iv me country so long as we can hold th' offices. An' there's on'y wan way to keep the women out iv office, an' that's to give thim a vote." (Copyright 1907, by H. H. McClure Co.)

PHILOSOPHY OF PULLMAN RATES.

Attorney Frank T. Ransom of the Pullman company has stabbed to the heart the hope of lower sleeping car fares. When Representative Harrison introduced a bill to cut Pullman rates one-third, all minds recalled those 7 per cent dividends on flat capital, the periodical injections of more water, that late grand gift of a \$26,000,000 surplus in a lump to the stockholders; and it seemed not presumptuous that such a concern doing business by public sufferance be asked to divide the plum with the people by offering lower rates.

These facts and theories do not appear to have been worth denying. Mr. Ransom shows that we are merely barking up a vacant tree. These things have nothing to do with Pullman rates. Pullman rates are made, not with reference to cost of service, or to dividends, or to the public service, but to guarantee good company. Reduce rates, and a trip on a sleeper will be no longer practically a guarantee of good company.

How stupid of us not to think of it before! Imagine sleeping car rates made low enough to pay only 6 or 7 per cent dividends on real values, and what would we have? Mr. Ransom returning to Omaha in a crowded Pullman, a shaggy farmer in front of him; a shabby college professor beside him; the clerk from whom he buys his cigars in the rear; and, in-sult upon injury, a mother with two babies in the front seat, for poor people have children; good company absent but for a disgusted Harry Thaw in lower 5, a suffering Harry Lehr in the state room, and an indicted captain of industry disdainfully pacing the aisle.

Of course Representative Harrison will withdraw his bill with due apology. He can not have thought when he introduced it of its far reaching consequences, that it would take the farmer and the shabby professor and the cigar clerk and the woman with the babies out of the smoking car where they belong and pollute with their presence the Pullman car that should be reserved for "good company." For if by cheap rates we precipitate upon the poor these advantages now reserved for the well to do, what incentive will the down trodden have to rise above their condition?

CORNS can be cured without pain. Why suffer? Cure yourself at home. Particulars free. Address: The Southwestern Corn Specialist, Box 54, Minneapolis, Minnesota.