Mr. Dooley on "Co-eds."

BY OLÉOMARGARINE W. GLUTOSE.

(With a thousand apologies to Mr. P. F. Dunne and our "Co-eds.")

"They tell me that they do be havin' Co-ids. down at Tich, Hinnissy," said Mr. Dooley.

"If it's dangerous," said Mr. Hennessy, "why don't the standoids get vaccinated before it shpeads?"

"Ye're ignorant, Hinnissy, but ye cut Ar-lo Bates's lectures an' so it ain't ye-er fault. I will now throw upon th' screen a definition of a Co-id., an' niver lit me ketch ye agin with that ignorant hukk on ye-er face. As I was sayin' before ye inquired up me, a Co-id. is a feymel standoid at a male shkool." "A correspondence shkool, ye mane?" asked Mr. Hennessy.

"I mane," said Mr. Dooley, slightly irritated, "an' institoochian at which th' overwhilmin' majority iv th' standoids is min, an' not, as might be supposed, wimmin. For wanst, Hinnissy, th' wimmin is in th'en minority — th'shmall but silict minority. 'Fr'm time immemorial,' as th' oryathurs says, 'wommin, gloryus wommin, has rocked th' craydel and rocking th' craydel has ruled th' war-id.' Yis, Hinnissy, 'tis manny a thing we owe to wommin. Just at present, I owe Mis' Grogan f'r me lasht week's wash. But they is wan rayspect in which seegar-rs, Hinnissy, ye don't know why ye love thim, but ye do, do, do. Thin agin, some wimmin is like some taychers when they cahls on ye to raycite — they keep ye guissin'. But they is wan rayspects in which ahl wimmin is alike, an' that is, they is ahl differnt. 'Wommin,' says Prof. Mortimer Doodlepip, iv the Ooniversity iv Squealnd Lower Falls, 'is mitally th' inferioriv iv man.' 'How d'ye know?' asks the Ginral Public. 'I feel it in me bones,' says Dr. Doodlepip. But th' real reason is because his little Maggie has wint back on him. She has rayfused to write her name in his autobeeograph abalbum, Hinnissy. 'Chemical, as will as mismiric analysiz,' says Dr. Doodlepip, 'shows that wommin's brain is much shmaller in por-portion to its size thin a man's brain iv like cross-sction.'

"Maggie," thinks I, "ye may have a shmall'brain, but it has done a big thing. It has done Dr. Doodlepip." "But d'ye think gir-rls is th' ayquil iv man?" asked Mr. Hennessy.

"They ar-re not the ayquil iv man, Hinnissy, they ar-re th' ayquivil equivixised in ter-rms iv pie an' the unknown quantity. To solve this ayquation, Hinnissy, add ye'ersilf and a box iv chukelits, subtract iv'ry-body ilse, separate into facthers, collict like ter-rms, inclose in parenthysis, and solve f'r th' answer." "An' is the answer in th' book?" asked Mr. Hennessy.

"The answer is not in th' book," answered Mr. Dooley, "an' f'r because it gives a differnt raysult iv'ry time. Look into her eyes, Hinnissy, f'r th' answer. But I have been shpakin' a long while about gir-rls, an' I will now tell ye iv th' Co-ids. They'se nearly thirteen hundred standoids at Tich, an' about four per cint iv thim ar-re cahled Co-ids. f'r because they wear pitticoats. 'Tis monsthrous to cahl thin names on account iv th'ir driss. 'Tis monsthrous, I say. I've heerd till that they is as gentle-manly as anny wan there.' "An' f'r why do they go there?" asked Mr. Hennessy.

"They could not go to Willesley, Hinnissy, f'r because Willesley is not co-educational — it is a gir-rls' shkool, — or, if they could, probably they're too fashtidjuus. Probably they don't think gir-rls is good enough. Thin some iv thim thinks like lahng shipts an' nothoriety too will. They w'd like Tich, Tich, Tich, writ ahl over their faces in red an' gray." "Ain't ye puttin' it a bit shtrahng?" asked Mr. Hennessy.

"I thry to be a gintleman, Hinnissy, an' to shpeak th' truth, but if I wint to Willesley to shkool, I'd ixpict to face th' music. Lit the Co-ids. do the same at Tich. If they c'n take shopwor-tuk, they c'n take this. Lit thin be chimists, an' architicts if they wants, but be hivens, thin, they musht lit their husbands shpay at home an' shpind th' money. Iv'rything in its proper place, Hinnissy, an eye f'r an eye, a tooth f'r a tooth, a man f'r an architect an' a wommin f'r a man. Think of reading sich a notice in th' paper-rs, Hinnissy, 'Mrs. Mariar Smithkins, th' will-known invintress an' ingenieroess, has gone to Washington to accipt a position in th' Pathent Office. She is accompanied by her dog an' her husband. Mr. Smithkins was considhered the most beautiful man in Oklahoma.' "Ingineers, chimists, architicts an' thim like is ahl differnt. Somethin' in the news, it's dangerous," said Mr. Hennessy, "why is it dangerous for a woman to vote?" "An' what's that?" asked Mr. Hennessy.

"Gir-rls," said Mr. Dooley.