Mr. Dooley on Professors.

BY OLEOMARGARINE W. GLUCOSE.
(With apologies to Mr. P. F. Dunne.)

"With malice toward none and charity for all."

"Gin'rally spakin'," said Mr. Dooley, "profissors is divided into two classes, th' wise an' th' otherwise. Iv coorse all Tich profissors belongs to th' fir-rst class. Take Ar-rlo Bates, f'r instince."

"Th' divvle I will," said Mr. Hennessy; "I don't want him."

"Hinnissy, me frind," said Mr. Dooley, "I was spakin' figooritive. Th' figoor iv spaych I used is known to sky-shcrapers as mitiphoric jimjam, page ilivinteen iv ' Talks on Splutterachoor' be wan Ar-rlo Bates."

"Oh, thin Ar-rlo Bates is th' man th't writ all thimn books!" said Mr. Hennessy.

"No, he was wise," said Mr. Dooley, "he had thin printed. If he had writ out each copy, it wud have took him at least a day to write thim all. 'Readin' makes a full man,' says Francis Bacoon; 'an' so does whisky,' says I, but th' novils iv Ar-rlo Bates an' water ar-re innocint, an' wan is dhry. Ar-rlo is goin' to get out a new book. It will be called 'Th Blue Bloods iv Beacon Sthrate,' but it will come without calling. Th' fir-rst chapter will open in Edith Finton's dinin'-room. Th' table will be groanin' under th' weight iv th' finger bowls. In th' cinter will be a huge carved Swiss iron igg-stand filled with th' aromatic an' artless profusion iv sunflowers an' weepin' willies, displayin' th' taste iv th' hostiss. F'r such was Edith Finton, th' Sunshine iv Paradise Alley, th' Miloncholy Mermaid iv Commonwealth Avenoo. Gathered around this fistive bord will be Ar-rlo's old faymiliar char-racters idly sippin' the-er champagnay, waitin' f'r him to pull th' wires an' make thim spake. Ye know, Hinnissy, that Ar-rlo Bates's shrathing point is in handlin' conversationin'. And in this dinin'-room scene we see him in all his throo grandyer, in all his beautiful shpatterin' iv light an' shade, as he makes his char-racters diftly yit firmly discuss th' great quistion, 'Shall wimmin black th'ir husbands' boots, or hire har-rsh sthranger hands to do th' job?'"

"But what do ye think iv Ar-rlo's pote-ry?" asked Mr. Hennessy. "I like it all right."

"Neither do I," said Mr. Dooley, "but I think his lictures is grand. Here is wan siliated at random: 'We will to-day have a squint at Miltin,' says he. 'Miltin is raymarkable f'r his naivvee style.... I am riddy, gentlemin, whin ye ar-re..... Will th' gentlemin iv th' class please re-shirt thimselves!.... Miltin has been appilated th' pote iv th' corrosive subimate.... Gentlemin,' says he, 'I don't propose to stand it anyn longer. Ye can make me ex-quesately uncomfor-rtale be not listenin' to what I say, whther I say it or not. If it is nicissary,' says he, 'I will po-lees th' room.' 'Ye may do that, Ar-rlo,' says I to him in me mind, 'ye may po-lees th' room, but what's goin' to kape thim po-lees awake? Don't take anny dhrastic misures, Ar-rlo, take Moxie,' says I.""