

Mr. Dooley on Colleges.

By Olgonolargin W. Glucose.

(With apologies to Mr. F. P. Dunne.)

"Did ye iver go to collige?" asked Mr. Hennessy.

"I niver did," answered Mr. Dooley, "but I had me arr'm broken wasnt in a hazin' party over to Schwarzmeister's, an' I can give a yill, which f'r profession wud make th' Tich yill blush Harvard crimson. No wan nowadays wud dare to spake ill iv th' colliges. Iv'ry wan will swear that th' collige is th' bookwalk iv th' nation, th' corner-stone iv liberty, an' th' stippin'-stone to success, an' it is all these an' more besides. If I had a son, I wud either make him lay pavin'-stones or send him to Harvard to lay a few corner-stones an' stippin'-stones. Manny min that are now tryin' to lay a corner-stone with a pair iv corner-stones an' stippin'-stones. If ye don't believe that collige is th' greatest thing on earth, ask th' collige stoodint. An' if ye iver have occassion to dayliver an addriss befure a lot iv collige stoodints on Commitment Day, say somethin' original, like this: 'I see befure me to-day, me young frinds, th' min who will be th' future vothers an' fathers iv collige. Th' whole world lies befure ye, but see that ye don't lie befure it. Ye stand on th' thrish-hold iv life, lookin' out upon th' billow sea iv th' future, an' with th' bright beacon-light iv learnin' in ye-er hands ready to mount to th' deepest height iv ye-er ambition. Be virtue iv ye-er superiore trainin', it is f'r ye, me frinds, to take th' reins iv power into ye-er hands: it is f'r ye to lead, to guide an' to instruct ye-er fellow-mortals. Thank ye, gintlemin.' Thin go out, Hinnissy, an' tell th' fillow-mortals to prepare f'r th' worst.

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"Th' old-fashioned flickerin' fire-places at which great min used to study are gone, Hinnissy, an' in place iv each wan we have a fine, new collige, complete with all th' attachmints nccessary to turn out law-yers, an' docthers, an' ministers, an' taychers be th' hundhreds. In wan ind iv th' machine, ye put wan iv th' flowers iv th' risin' gination, wan globule fr'm th' cream iv th' continent, an' in a little while there comes out at th' other ind a law-yer or a docth or a taycher, wavin' his collige flag, wearin' his collige pin, smokin' his collige pipe, an' yillin' his collige vill. Tis a wonderful proces, an' th' machine works almost like a human bein'."

"But it's all right to have plinty iv law-yers an' docthers, isn't it?" said Mr. Hennessy.

"I know that," said Mr. Dooley, "I know that, but think iv all th' fine auctioneers an' butchers we've lost.'"

Walker Club Play.

A preliminary meeting of the candidates for the Walker Club play was held last Friday. Mrs. Nolan made a few temporary selections for some of the parts, but on account of nonarrival of books, nothing very definite was done.