MR. DOOLEY ON COLLEGE ATHLETICS.

By Oleomargarine W. Glucose.

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

"I see be th' paper's that Harvard has been playin' again, Hinnissy. She was puttin' it all over Dartmouth on th' first page, an' in th' nex' column Yale an' Princeton were havin' a lively bout. At th' end iv th' first column husky Rufferty kicked a goal; an' in th' middl' iv th' nex' column, he made a run iv two hundred an' twenty-five yards; amidst th' tremenjus applause iv th' sivinty thousand spictators, more or less. This football is a great game; I tell ye. Do ye rayminber Jim Malone's b'y? It was th' makin' iv him. Whin he was a lad iv no more thin ten years, he was that big he'd bust th' cane seat iv an'ny chair ye'd a mind to put him in. Whin th' teacher axed him a question in mintal arifmatic, he'd always observ the goolden rule iv silence; but at racyss, whin they was let out, he could make all th' other lads see stars an' sthripes forever. Ye could knock him speechless with a little two-by-three piece iv mintal arifmatic, but th' bravest iv' thim wudn't dare knock a chip off his shoolder. He aftherwards wint to college an' took up histhry, music, an' football. 'Twas said that he could support th' whole team on th' side iv his head, with his ear to th' ground, an' that he had wanst wrote a yell with iliven' hells' an' foorteen ' damns' in it. This held th' record f'r five years, till a minister's son wrote another wan introducin' sivral old wurruds. Th' last I heard iv him was whin I saw his photograft in th' paper as just raycoverin' fr'm a slight scalp wound on th' top iv his head. It seems that wan' day he was practisin' puttin' th' shot with a huge booldher, which he had obtained fr'm a neighborin' quarry. He threw th' booldher up in th' air with his shrong right, an' thin forgot all about it. As he was walkin' along th' campus,— or compass, or whatever ye call it — a few minutes later, it fell on him with a severe crash. Three stitches had to be taken, Hinnissy."

"Shud athletics be allowed to interfere with studies at college, ye ask? Faith, an' that's not th' question. Th' question is: ' Shud studies hamper th' athletic progress iv a shrong man?' If I was young again, an' could lick an'ny fellow in th' ward, I'd be a polis-man, if I could pass th' examinations; an' if I could not, I'd go to college to smash some records. If I had daycided to go to college an' had made a big enough name fr' mesilf, ye might have seen a piece about me in th' papers like this: 'Marthin Dooley, who intthers th' college this year, is a valyable addition to th' football team. Although he has played on five or six other college teams, th' Advisory Committee has daycided that this will not rendher him iniligible, as th' money he got was found to be countherfeit. Young Dooley tips th' scales at three hundred an' fifty pounds, an' will be twinty-eight years old, come winther.'"

"What kind iv athletics do they have at Tich?" asked Mr. Hennessy.

"Ivry kind," said Mr. Dooley, "put up in thrile packages iv five grains each, wan powdther to be taken whiniver th' Faculty votes an' afternoon off; full directions found in ivry copy iv Lanza's Applied Mechanics. Did ye hear iv th' accident at Tich? A lad was trainin' fr' an athletic meet, Harry Tyler, captain, an' he sprained th' right lobe iv his brain while attainpin' to raise a homogeneous, paregorical, divvle-wrenchal equation. Th' equation was a heavy wan, an' consequently th' ligamint iv his mental dirrick give way undher th' strain. Th' patient was restin' as well as could be expected, last night, on a copy iv Peabody's Valve-gears."

"Most iv th' athletics at Tich ye can buy at Mac's, if ye have th' money, but if ye watch close an' keep ye'er eyes open, ye can see a little iv th' real kind. F'r instance, I see th' po-lis have found some Tich Hare an' Hounds on Commonwilth Avenoo, with amputated throusers on thim. Well, Hinnissy, if an athlete wants to wear thin in th' streets he has a perfect right. An' if he has a perfect loft, so much th' betther. To prove to th' wurruld that th' old spirit iv rivalry which has come down to us fr'm th' radiator's iv Rome — as Hogan would say — is still alive at Tich, they have a Field Day there wanst a year. But th' time has come, Hinnissy, whin th' presidint iv a big college must envy th' captain iv th' football team. Ye can see th' football scores between Harvard an' Dartmouth, Yale an' Princeton on the front page iv th' newspapers a mile off. I see be th' paper that th' Tich Frishman football team was bet in a raycin' game. It was a great game."

"What was it between?" asked Mr. Hennessy.

"It was on page sivinteen," said Mr. Dooley, "between a corset advertise-mint an' a new kind of breakfast food."