

Dooley Tells How Socialism Is "Sweeping the Country."

SOCIALISM is sweepin' like a wave over the country," said Mr. Larkin, the radical blacksmith.

"It hasn't wet my feet yet," said Mr. McKenna (Rep.).

"But Matthew is right," said Mr. Dooley. "He's right about it. A few days ago Madison and his crew run in because I didn't wear a pitcher in H-H-G. Green in my watch-chain, an' I'm not free from an' expense to Pier Morgan to be ennobled before I end up in jail. Today Mulligan is president in the Police Department of Hammar the Municipal Association, an' he has turned to th' wall th' hydrants in the fathers in his country. And the Cossack in the Delaware, Jakey Benji strikin' th' shekels from th' shave, an' Oliver Cleveland's Farewell to his Life Insurance agents. These an' other great names that wash me bold but busted pauperism looks up to fr advice that not only cost them naught, but was even what ye might call meoneative to them, has to pay the same rates as Mrs. Winslow's medicine syrup to have their patriotic appeals to their fellow citizens printed in the papers. As Hogan says, 'We can no longer count with them.' You can even con with them, as I will say."

IT WAS different in the golden days. A grand chance a Sophie had him. If anybody understand him, he was fit to be furtured swankiness. There was a good thing fr him that be only spoke German, which is a language not generally known among cultivated people, Schwartzelmeister. They used to hold their meetin's in a cellar in Whitworth Avenue, an' the meetin' was most always followed by an outing in the patrol wagon. Towns wan iv the sports to go down to see the Brotherhood iv Man rush off in th' only Municipal ownership conveyance we had in them days, an' havin' their spectacles busted by th' hardy old loyal polis. 'Tis far different now. Colleger fr th' Brotherhood iv Man, but Mrs. Vanderhankle give a musical score fr the ladies iv the Female Bilingual Arbiters Verein at her elegant Fifth Avenue mansion yesterdah afternoon. The nuttah were addressed in the costume iv th' French Revolution, an' tea was served in imitation bombs. The meetin' was addressed by the well-known Socialist leader, J. Clarence Lumley, heir to th' Lumley

militants. This well-known proletarian said he had become a Socialist through studyin' his father. He did not believe that a system was right which allowed such a man to accumulate three hundred million dollars. He had frequently tried to interest this vintner in such questions as industrial questions, an' all he replied was, "Get th' money, th' ladies present could appreciate how foolish th' captain is in business, becauseth they were married to them an' knew what they looked like in th' morning. Th' time had come when a poor man must abhor th' human freedom. In conclusion, he wad sing the "Marxist" an' accompany himself on a guitar. Th' hostess followed with a few remarks. She said Socialists were not dreamers but practical men. Socialism was not a question iv th' hour. Fol had come to sit as an afternoon entertainment. It was less expensive than bridge, an' no man could call ye down if th' ladins out is th' wrong hand. She had made up her mind that everybody must do something fr th' cause. It was wrong fr her to have other people wurruck fr her, an' also intended to free or bounce her servants an' go to live at a hotel. She wad do her share in th' world's workin' too, an' with this in view she was takin' lessons in ministratin' waitin'. A lady briskly asked Mr. Lumley and large hats be worn by Radical Socialists. He answered no, but th' more becomin' toque, but he had took th' matter up in a book he had. Karl Marx had an authority on these subjects. Th' racin' thin adjourned after passin' a resolution callin' on th' husband in th' business to go an' jump in th' river.

AN' there ye are, boys. Socialism is no longer talked to ye in Platt Dooley, but handed to ye from th' top iv a coach or whispered from behind an ivory fan. It's better that way. I prefer to have it in a goblet all iv gold fr my hands to takin' it in a can. Ye can't make amny new iv too soft fr me. If I have way I'd get thim to put it to me an' have it danced before me, suits me better than wad than Schulz screeds a Schrabin account fellow fr th' sunyore," said I, on the next day at o'clock they'd be a polemic at th' door an' y'd be put in handcuffs an' dragged off to th' slag heap. An' maybe I wuddn't break ye'r back. Fr I'd be yer boss. I wan't th' original of line Socialists, an' to th' victor belongs th' spoils, be Hivens. "Hooyah!" said Mr. Hennessy.

"Thin y'd run over to ye'relligan brownstone mansion in Michigan avnoo, beautifully furnished be th' government; a government dressmaker

trouble ye to take ye'relf off," says L. shave," says L.

"But suppose you did get Socialism. What would you do?" asked Mr. McKenna (Rep.).

"Behold—begin," began Mr. Schwartzmeister.

"Shut up, Schwartz," said Mr. Larkin.

"Th' first things we'd do wud be to take all th' money in th' wurrard and throw it into th' lake."

"Not my money," said Mr. McKenna.

"Yes, ye're an ivrybody else's," said Mr. Larkin.

"Mine wudn't make much iv a splash," said Mr. Hennessy.

"Hush," said Mr. Larkin. "This wud set ivry wan to wurruck at something."

"Liebknecht says—" began Mr. Schwartzmeister.

"Never mind what he says," said Mr. Larkin. "Ivry man wud wurruck at what plaz him."

"But suppose no wurruck plaz him," said Mr. Dooley and Mr. McKenna at once.

"He'd starve," said Mr. Larkin.

"He wud, now," said Mr. Dooley.

"Well," said Mr. McKenna after some thought, "I choose to feel th' swans

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