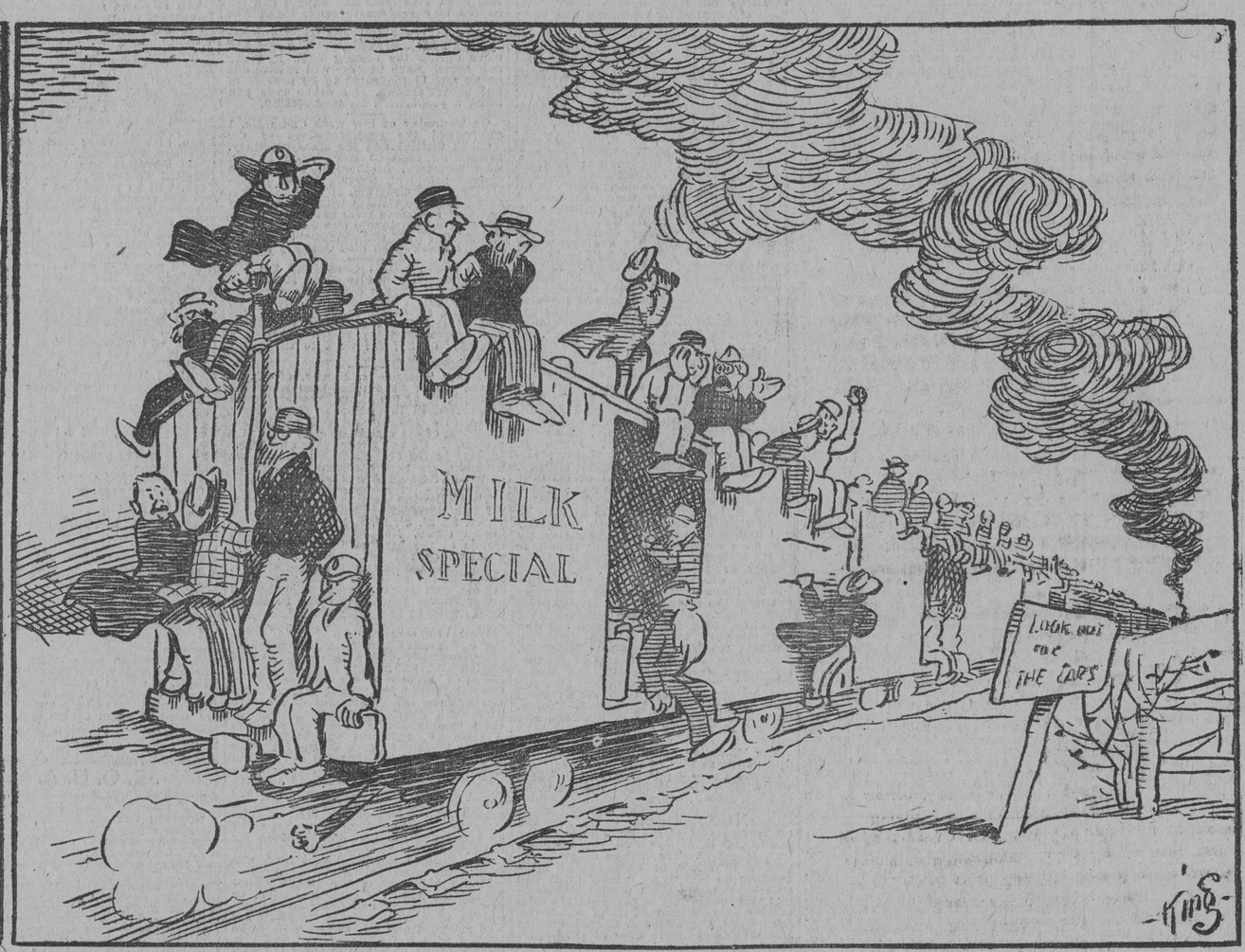
MR. DOOLEY ON MR BRYAN AND THE NEW ADMINISTRATION

BY FINLEY PETER DUNNE

"I've seen Capital take him to th' top iv th' Stock Exchange an' shove him off"



"Groups of pathriotic Dimmycrats who had come in on th' milk thrain to offer their sarvices."

"WELL, sir," said Mr. Dooley, "there's wan thing I'll niver do again, an' that's attind a pollytickal fun'ral iv Willum Jennings Bryan. It's now sixteen years since I first got out th' stovepipe hat with th' crape band around it an' thought I'd seen th' last iv that pleasant, open countenance at caucus or convintion. Since thin I've seen Capital take him to th' top iv th' Stock Exchange buildin' an' shove him off th' roof to an indignant mob iv bankers who finished him with their coupon shears. I've seen him destroyed be Joe Bailey an' extarminated be Champ Clark. I've seen him put in a bag with a pig iv lead sewed to his feet an' flung into th' river. I've heerd th' despairin' cry, th' dhreadful splash, an' th' muttered prayers iv 'Th' divvle take him.' Ivry time I picked up a pa-aper I r-read an article sayin': 'End iv Bryan and Bryanism. Oscar Undherwood's splendid victhry in keepin' th' tariff on tenpenny nails assures us free-thrade-in-th'-year-eight-thousand Dimmycrats that the ghostly specter iv Bryan an' Bryanism that has been hangin' over th' party f'r years has been shooed away.'

"I niver agreed, Hinnissy, with thim cynics that say that ye can't believe annything ye see in th' pa-apers. I have always insisted that th' death notices were fairly acc'rate. But it seems ye can't aven thrust thim whin they dale with Willum Jennings Bryan. F'r, far fr'm bein' wan iv those statesmen whose faces, distorted be gr-reat pain in makin' a publick addhress, no longer glow on th' front pages iv the pa-apers, Willum Jennings is as much alive as a Kerry man at a picnic. Whin th' new administhration seizes th' rudder iv th' ship iv state an' with song an' story a Dimmycrat cabinet gathers around th' big table, th' face that will occupy th' top chair nex' to th' man with th' carvin' knife will be th' same face that has poored its iloquince on us f'r these manny years. At laste, that's what I r-read. If it ain't thrue an' Bryan ain't goin' into th' cab'net, I'd rather be outside, f'r there's where th' fun will be.

"About iliction time I r-read that Dock Wilson's surroundings an' thrainin' was an assurance that Bryan wud no longer disturb th' counthry with his heresies, an' I says to mesilf: 'There he goes ag'in head first down th' cellar stairs.' But I larned diff'rent th' day afther th' iliction whin I picked up th' pa-aper. Th' gray dawn had scarcely broke over th' pleasant hills iv Noo Jarsey an' th' fair village iv Princeton was awakenin'. Th' chapel bells were ringin' an' students in cap an' gown an' pants were hurryin' eagerly to their religious exercises, which in this excellent siminary, Hinnissy, causes as much enthusyasm as th' more rude but not so worthy outdure spoorts. Groups of pathriotic Dimmycrats who had come in on th' milk thrain to offer their sarvices to th' prisidint ilict in anny capacity fr'm sicrety iv th' threasury to minister to th' coort iv Saint James were assimbled on th' spacious lawn in front iv th' modest mansion where th' gr-reat man had spint a night iv anguish dhreamin' he was th' victim iv a practical joke be th' tillygraft comp'ny.

"At that moment th' conductor iv th' thrain fr'm the south pulled th' bell cord, an' th' fretful injine, comin' to a stop, let off a tall man wearin' a slouch hat an' carryin' a small bag. His face was pale, his lips was closed tight as if be some great effort iv a mighty will, an' a look iv high detarmination glittered in his dark eyes. Although well past th' prime iv life, his hair had grown no further thin th' back iv his head. It is not nicissry f'r me to tell ye that th' dark sthranger was Willum Jennings Bryan. That's who it was, me lad. Ye can go out an' bet a dollar on it an' put two more on f'r me.

"Afther graspin' th' outstretched hand iv th' Pullman porter an' thankin' th' dazzled Ethyopyan f'r a pleasant journey, he stalked down th' sthreets iv th' home iv larnin', iv Woodrow Wilson, an' iv Hobey Baker. But none iv th' pleasant sights an' sounds disthracted him. He did not look at the halls iv larnin'; he stepped acrost Lake Carnaygie without increasin' its purple flood with a single tear iv riv'rence, passed by block afther block iv Queen Mary Anne cottages, homes iv rich an' famous profissors, without a glance, an' made his way to what ye might call, if ye want to, th' prisidintilictial mansion.

"Pushin' his way through th' throng on th' lawn, he climbed th' stairs, kicked th' dog off th' porch, opened th' dure without knockin', tossed his hat an' coat an' valise to th' hired girl, ordhered his eggs biled four minyits, an' walked into th' libry. Th' prisidint ilict was settin' in front iv a blazin' gas log readin' f'r th' tenth time th' most wondhrous romance fr'm rale life iver published, entitled, 'Th' Dimmycrat Victhry in Matsachoosetts.' Our hero pulled up a chair, an', wakin' th' Dock fr'm his revry with a slight, frindly push iv th' foot, said: 'I'm sorry to be so late.' 'My dear Colonel Bryan,' says the Dock. 'I'm glad to see ye.' 'Faith,' says Willum Jennings, 'small blame to ye f'r that, my boy. I'm no boaster, but thrice have I been th' standard bearer iv th' party an' wanst th' standard buryer. I'll make a note iv that quip. 'Twill liven up me lecture. Glad to see me, ar-re ye? Well, ye ought to be. But f'r me 'tis back ye'd be in yonder halls nex' year larrupin' th' third declension into th' little Presbyteeryans instead iv livin' rent free at th' foot iv Pinnsylvanya Avnoo, with sivinty-five thousand dollars a year iv my good money in ye'er pocket. Yes, sir, sivinty-five thousand, an' twinty-five thousand more f'r thravelin' expinses, an' if iver money was stolen fr'm a man—but ye must excuse me. I was carrid away be a great emotion.

"'What I wanted to tell ye,' he says, 'was th' raison I was late was I stopped over at Wash'nton to give directions about th' arrangement iv rooms in th' White House. I won't want much space, but I need plenty iv light an' air on account iv me enfeebled lungs, an' I've chose th' sicond flure f'r me quarthers. Th' ground flure as usual will be devoted to our reciption rooms an' dinin' room. But ye ought to see th' place I've picked out f'r ye to live in! No, I won't tell ye. It must come as a surprise. But I'll let ye in on th' secrit this far—I studied th' matther with gr-reat care. I said to mesilf: 'He's a man iv simple an' stujous tastes. He's not used to magnificence. He has led what ye might call a cloistered life. He wudden't like a hotel. Where will I put him? An' thin, ye know how it is, how some little thing will put ye on th' thrail iv an idee ye've been seekin'—something happened, the furnace man shakin' down th' furnace or something, an' lo an' behold! th' problem was solved. I wint down an' inspicted th' site, an', be hivens, if I hadn't been ye'er thrue frind I'd've took it f'r mesilf. I'm goin' to have a coat iv whitewash put on, an' ye'll find th' light fr'm th' coal shute fine f'r readin'. I'd like to discuss th' dinin' room with ye. I want to get ye'er views. Wud ye like both breakfast an' lunch there or on'y lunch? I'm an arly riser mesilf an' poor comp'ny, I'm afraid, at breakfast. An' how about ye'er dinners? Be absolutely frank with me on this pint. I'm not in th' laste sinsitive. I desire to lave th' matther entirely in ye'er hands. Wud ye prefer to go out f'r ye'er dinner or wud ye like to have it sint down on th' dumb waiter? It's immateeryal to me.

"'Now about th' offices. I don't want ye to throuble ye'er mind about thim at all. There's no good in givin' thim wan minyit's thought an maybe worryin' ye'ersilf sick about a thankless task. I'll see that th' offices are properly filled. It's a disagreeable business, but there's nawthin' I wudden't do f'r ye, Dock, an' f'r our counthry. I know ivry man in this broad land that's fit to hold an office, an' I'll tell ye how I make me test. First I exclude, nachrally, all Republicans. Thin I throw out, to expriss mesilf with resarve, all so-called Dimmycrats who voted agin me. Thin I eject all Dimmycrats who voted f'r me but said they hated to. That laves just about enough competent an' pathriotic citizens to fill all th' offices. I'll take th' nominal job iv sicrety iv state mesilf, but I'll be busy here an' there.

"'Ye'er policies ye know already. Ye've read me speeches. But th' wan thing I desire is to save ye throuble. Ye have four gr-reat years befure ye, four years teeming with possibilities. Do not spind thim in thinkin' about pathronage, in discussin' public questions which defy a solution, in thryin' to make new policies which can niver take th' place iv th' etarnal principles iv govermint first announced be th' heroes iv ninety-six. No, Dock. But remote fr'm th' storms an' passyons iv pollyticks where I am bein' tossed, spind ye'er charmin' days in some useful wurruk iv lithrachoor. To show ye how much ye have been in me mind, I've aven took th' pains iv thinkin' out something f'r ye to while yee'r hours away on, a gr-reat creative effort that will outlast ye an' will be r-read an' admired whin Woodrow Wilson th' pollytician is no longer remimbered. How cud ye be betther employed thin in compilin' an immortal volume on "Th' Bur-rds an' Flowers iv th' Disthrict iv Columbya"? Now, let's go to breakfast. No, no; I don't want to r-read about th' majority ye got in Ohio. Didn't I tell ye I wanted to ate breakfast?'

"An' there ye ar-re. He's back again, an' glad I am to have him. As a spoortin' obsarver iv pollyticks I always like to see his kindly face comin' through th' ropes, f'r wheriver Willum Jennings is ye may be sure iv wan thing: There's goin' to be a fight."

"He's a gr-rand man an' Wilson'll be his own boss, an' I don't believe a wurrud ye've been sayin'," said Mr. Hennessy.

"Nayether do I," said Mr. Dooley. "But it's what I read in th' pa-apers. I like Willum Jennings, too, because he's indesthructible. Whin a man tells me a baseball player has gone back an' I look at his battin' record an' see he's hittin' above .300 I know th' man is wrong. So be Willum Jennings Bryan. He's been at th' bat now f'r sixteen years, iver since he come out iv th' minors, an's he still hittin' above three hundherd. He ain't much iv a run getter, but he's a powerful batter. If I was a Dimmycrat prisidint th' first wan I'd ast to come in an' pick his chair at th' big table wud be him. No matther how much I might admire him out iv th' house, I'd rather have him in if th' house had windows. He's a gr-reat statesman, that is thrue, an' he might make a mistake anny day an' take th' big chair at th' head iv th' boord. But that wudden't be me principal raison f'r invitin' him to th' fam'ly circle. It wud be that beyond all his other charms with a brick in his hand he's as expert as a rifleman. An' I'd rather have him close to me bosom thin on me back."

"Ye can't keep a good man down," said Mr. Hennessy.

"Ye can if ye can get him down," said Mr. Dooley. "But ye can't aven get a good man down."

"Ye'll find th' light fr'm th' coal shute fine f'r readin'."

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