

MR. DOOLEY

on Ivrything
and Ivrybody

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Selected and with an Introduction by Robert Hutchinson

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"Oh, thin," said Mr. Dooley, calmly, "this is not a case f'r Sherlock Holmes but wan f'r th' polis. That's th' trouble, Hinnessy, with th' detective iv th' story. Nawthin' happens in rale life that's complicated enough f'r him. If th' Prisdint iv th' Epworth League was a safe-blower be night th' man that'd catch him'd be a la-ad with gr-reat powers iv observation an' thrained habits iv raisinin'. But crime, Hinnessy, is a pursoot iv th' simple-minded—that is, catchable crime is a pursoot iv th' simple-minded. Th' other kind, th' uncatchable kind that is took up be men iv intellect is called high fi-nance. I've known many criminals in me time, an' some iv thim was fine men an' very happy in their home life, an' a more simple, pash'ral people ye niver knew. Wan iv th' ablest bank robbers in th' counthry used to live near me—he ownded a flat buildin'—an' before he'd turn in to bed afther rayturnin' fr'm his night's wurruk, he'd go out in th' shed an' chop th' wood. He always went into th' house through a thransom f'r fear iv wakin' his wife who was a delicate woman an' a shop lifter. As I tell ye he was a man without guile, an' he went about his jooties as modestly as ye go about ye'ers. I don't think in th' long run he made much more thin ye do. Wanst in a while, he'd get hold iv a good bunch iv money, but many other times afther dhrillin' all night through a steel dure, all he'd find'd be a short crisp note fr'm th' prisdint iv th' bank. He was often discouraged, an' he tol' me wanst if he had an income iv forty dollars th' month, he'd retire fr'm business an' settle down on a farm.

"No, sir, criminals is th' simplest crathers in th' wide wide wurruk—innocent, shtaight-forward, dangerous people, that haven't sinse enough to be honest or prosperous. Th' extint iv their schamin' is to break a lock on a dure or sweep a handful iv change fr'm a counter or dhrill a hole in a safe or administher th' strong short arm to a tired man takin' home his load. There are no mysterious crimes excipt thim that happens to be. Th' ordh'nry crook, Hinnessy, goes around ringin' a bell an' distributin' hand-bills announcin' his business. He always breaks through a window instead iv goin' through an open dure, an' afther he's done annything that he thinks is commindable, he goes to a neighborin' liquor saloon, stands on th' pool table an' confides th' secret to ivrybody within sound iv his voice. That's why Mul-ligan is a better detective thin Sherlock Holmes or me. He can't put two an' two together an' he has no powers iv deduction, but

he's a hard dhrinker an' a fine sleuth. Sherlock Holmes niver wud've caught that frind iv mine. Whin th' safe iv th' Ninth Rational Bank was blowed, he wud've put two an' two together an' arristed me. But me frind went away lavin' a hat an' a pair iv cuffs marked with his name in th' safe, an' th' polis combined these discoveries with th' well-known fact that Muggins was a notoryous safe blower an' they took him in. They found him down th' sthreet thryin' to sell a bushel basket full iv Alley L stock. I told ye he was a simple man. He realized his ambition f'r an agaracoolchral life. They give him th' care iv th' cows at Joliet."

"Did he rayform?" asked Mr. Hennessy.

"No," said Mr. Dooley; "he escaped. An' th' way he got out wud baffle th' injinooty iv a Sherlock Holmes."

"How did he do it?" asked Mr. Hennessy.

"He climbed over th' wall," said Mr. Dooley.

IMMIGRATION¹

"Well, I see Congress has got to wurruk again," said Mr. Dooley.

"The Lord save us fr'm harm," said Mr. Hennessy.

"Yes, sir," said Mr. Dooley, "Congress has got to wurruk again, an' many things that seems important to a Congressman 'll be brought up befure thim. 'Tis shtrange that what's a big thing to a man in Wash'nton, Hinnessy, don't seem much account to me. Divvle a bit do I care whether they dig th' Nicaragua Canal or cross th' Isthmus in a balloon; or whether th' Monroe docthrine is enforced or whether it ain't; or whether th' thrusts is abolished as Teddy Rosenfelt wud like to have thim or encouraged to go on with their neefarious but magnificent enterprises as th' Prisdint wud like; or whether th' water is poured into th' ditches to reclaim th' arid lands iv th' West or th' money f'r thim to fertilize th' arid pocket-books iv th' contractors; or whether th' Injun is threatened like a dependant an' miserable tribesman or like a free an' independant dog; or whether we restore th' merchant marine to th' ocean or whether we lave it to restore itself. None iv these here questions intrhests me, an' be me I mane you an' be you I

¹ Henry Cabot Lodge (1850-1924) was an advocate of restricted immigration, proposing a literacy test for immigrants in 1896.

mane ivybody. What we want to know is, ar-re we goin' to have coal enough in th' hod when th' cold snap comes; will th' plumbin' hold out, an' will th' job last.

"But they'se wan question that Congress is goin' to take up that you an' me are intherested in. As a pilgrim father that missed th' first boats, I must raise me claryon voice again' th' invasion iv this fair land be th' paupers an' annychists iv effete Europe. Ye bet I must—because I'm here first. 'Twas diff'rent when I was dashed high on th' stern an' rockbound coast. In thim days America was th' refuge iv th' oppressed iv all th' wuruld. They cud come over here an' do a good job iv oppressin' thimselves. As I told ye I come a little late. Th' Rosenfelts an' th' Lodges bate me be at laste a boat lenth, an' be th' time I got here they was stern an' rockbound thimselves. So I got a glorious raycaption as soon as I was towed off th' rocks. Th' stars an' sthropes whispered a welcome in th' breeze an' a shovel was thrust into me hand an' I was pushed into a shtreet excyvatin' as though I'd been born here. Th' pilgrim father who bossed th' job was a fine ol' puritan be th' name iv Doherty, who come over in th' Mayflower about th' time iv th' potato rot in Wexford, an' he made me think they was a hole in th' breakwather iv th' haven iv refuge an' some iv th' wash iv th' seas iv oppression had got through. He was a stern an' rockbound la-ad himself, but I was a good hand at loose stones an' wan day—but I'll tell ye about that another time.

"Annyhow, I was rayceived with open arms that sometimes ended in a clinch. I was afraid I wasn't goin' to assimilate with th' airlyer pilgrim fathers an' th' instichoochions iv th' country, but I soon found that a long swing iv th' pick made me as good as another man an' it didn't require a gr-reat intellect, or sometimes anny at all, to vote th' dimmycrat ticket, an' before I was here a month, I felt enough like a native born American to burn a witch. Wanst in a while a mob iv intelligint collajeens, whose grand-fathers had bate me to th' dock, wud take a shy at me Patrick's Day proccision or burn down wan iv me churches, but they got tired iv that before long; 'twas too much like wurruk.

"But as I tell ye, Himmissy, 'tis diff'rent now. I don't know why 'tis diff'rent but 'tis diff'rent. 'Tis time we put our back again' th' open dure an' keep out th' savage horde. If that cousin iv ye'ers expects to cross, he'd bettther tear fr' th' ship. In a few minyits th' gates 'll be down an' when th' oppressed wurruuld comes hikin' acrost to th' haven iv refuge, they'll do well to put a

couplin' pin undher their hats, fr' th' Goddess iv Liberty 'll meet thim at th' dock with an axe in her hand. Congress is goin' to fix it. Me frind Shaughnessy says so. He was in yisterdah an' says he: 'Tis time we done something to make th' immigration laws shtronger,' says he. 'Thru'e fr' ye, Miles Standish,' says I; 'but what wud ye do?' 'I'd keep out th' offscourin's iv Europe,' says he. 'Wud ye go back?' says I. 'Have ye'er joke,' says he. 'Tis not so seeryus as it was before ye come,' says I. 'But what ar-re th' immygrants doin' that's roonous to us?' I says. 'Well,' says he, 'they're annychists,' he says; 'they don't assimilate with th' country,' he says. 'Maybe th' country's digestion has gone wrong fr'm too much rich food,' says I; 'perhaps now if we'd lave off thryin' to digest Rockyfellar an' thry a simple diet like Schwartz-meister, we wudden't feel th' effects iv our vittels,' I says. 'Maybe if we'd season th' immygrants a little or cook thim thurly, they'd go down betther,' I says.

"They're annychists, like Parsons,' he says. 'He wud've been an immygrant if Texas hadn't been admitted to th' Union,' I says. 'Or Snolgosh,' he says. 'Has Michigan seceded?' I says. 'Or Gittoo,' he says. 'Who come fr'm th' effete monarchies iv Chicago, west iv Ashland Av'noo,' I says. 'Or what's-his-name, Wilkes Booth,' he says. 'I don't know what he was—maybe a Boolgharyen,' says I. 'Well, annyhow,' says he, 'they're th' scum iv th' earth.' 'They may be that,' says I; 'but we used to think they was th' cream iv civilization,' I says. 'They're off th' top annyhow. I wanst believed 'twas th' best men iv Europe come here, th' la-ads that was too shtrong and independant to be kicked around be a boorgomasther at home an' wanted to dig out fr' a place where they cud get a chanst to make their way to th' money. I see their sons fightin' into politics an' their daughters tachin' young American idee how to shoot too high in th' public school, an' I thought they was all right. But I see I was wrong. Thim boys out there towin' wan heavy foot afther th' other to th' rowlin' mills is all annychists. There's warrants out fr' all names endin' in 'inski, an' I think I'll board up me windows, fr', I says, 'if immygrants is as dangerous to this country as ye an' I an' other pilgrim fathers believe they are, they'se enough iv thim sneaked in already to make us aborigines about as infloointial as the prohibition vote in th' Twinty-ninth Ward. They'll dash again' our stern an' rock-bound coast till they bust it,' says I.

"But I ain't so much afraid as ye ar-re. I'm not afraid iv me father an' I'm not afraid iv meself. An' I'm not afraid iv Schwartzmeister's father or Hinnery Cabin Lodge's grandfather. We all come over th' same way, an' if me ancestors were not what Hogan calls rigicides, 'twas not because they were not ready an' willin', on'y a king niver come their way. I don't believe in killin' kings, meself. I niver wud've sawed th' block off that curly-headed potintate that I see in th' pitchers down town, but, be hivins, Presarved Codfish Shaughnessy, if we'd begun a few years ago shuttin' out folks that wudden't mind handin' a bomb to a king, they wudden't be enough people in Mattsachoosetts to make a quorum f'r th' Anti-Impeeryal S'ciety,' says I. 'But what wud ye do with th' offscourin' iv Europe?' says he. 'I'd scour thim some more,' says I.

"An' so th' meetin' iv th' Plymouth Rock Assocoyation come to an end. But if ye wud like to get it together, Deacon Hinnissy, to discuss th' immygration question, I'll sind out a hurry call f'r Schwartzmeister an' Mulcahey an' Ignacio Sbarbaro an' Nels Larsen an' Petrus Gooldvink, an' we'll gather to-night at Fanneil-noviski Hall at th' corner iv Sheridan an' Sigel sthreeets. All th' pilgrim fathers is rayquested f'r to bring interpreters."

"Well," said Mr. Hennessy, "divvle th' bit I care, on'y I'm here first, an' I ought to have th' right to keep th' bus fr'm bein' overcrowded."

"Well," said Mr. Dooley, "as a pilgrim father on me gran' nephew's side, I don't know but ye're right. An' they'se wan sure way to keep thim out."

"What's that?" asked Mr. Hennessy.

"Teach thim all about our instichoosions before they come," said Mr. Dooley.

PRINCE HENRY'S VISIT¹

"It's goin' to be gr-reat times f'r us Germans whin Prince Hinnery comes over," said Mr. Dooley.

"By th' way," said Mr. Hennessy with an air of polite curiosity, "what relation's he to th' impror iv Germany? Is he th' son or th' newvew?"

¹ Heinrich Albert Wilhelm, brother of William II of Germany, visited the United States in 1882-1884 and 1902.

"He's nayther," said Mr. Dooley. "Th' impror has no sons that I iver heerd iv. If he had a son he'd be a steam injine. No, sir, this man is th' impror's brother Hinnery or Hans. I don't exactly know what th' usual jooties iv an impror's brother is. I know what an impror has to do. His wurruk's cut out f'r him. I cud fill th' job meself to me own satisfaction an' th' on'y wan an impror has to plaze is himself. Th' German impror frequently mincions another, but on'y in th' way iv politeness. I know what an impror's jooties is, but I don't know what an impror's brother has to do ex officio, as Hogan says. But this boy Hinnery or Hans has more wurruk thin a bartender in a prohibition town. He's a kind iv travellin' agent f'r th' big la-ad. His bag is ready packed ivry night, he sleeps like a fireman with his pants in his boots beside his bed, an' they'se a thrap dure alongside th' cradle f'r him to slide down to th' first flure.

"He's no more thin got to sleep whin th' three iliven sounds on th' gong. In Hinnery leaps to th' pantaloons, down th' ladder he goes pullin' up his suspenders with wan hand an' puttin' on his hat with th' other an' off he is f'r Corea or Chiny or Booloochistan at a gallop. His brother stands at th' dure an' hollers farewell to him. 'Go, Hinnery,' he says. 'Go, me dear brother, to th' land iv perpetchooal sunshine an' knock in nails f'r to hang up th' German armor,' he says. 'Knock in th' nails, an' if ye happen to hit ye'ersilf on th' thumb, swear on'y be th' German Mike an' raymimber ye done it f'r me,' he says. 'I will remain at home an' conthrol th' rest iv th' wurruuld with th' assistance iv that German Providence that has been as kind to us as we deserve an' that we look up to as our akel,' he says. An' Hinnery goes away. He travels o'er land an' sea, be fire an' flood an' field. He's th' ginooine flyin' Dutchman. His home is in his hat. He hasn't slept all night in a bed f'r tin years. 'Tis Hinnery this an' Hinnery that; Hinnery up th' Nile an' Hinnery to Injy; Hinnery here an' Hinnery there. Th' cuffs iv his shirts is made iv th' time cards iv railroads. Ivry time they'se a change in schedool he orders new shirts. He knows th' right iv way fr'm Berlin to Ballymachoo; he speaks all known languages, an' ivrywhere he goes he makes a frind or an inimy, which is th' same thing to th' Germans. He carries a sample case undher wan arm an' a gun undher th' other, an' if ye don't like Rhine wine perhaps ye'll take lead. On second considerations he won't shoot ye but he'll sell ye th' Krupp. They'se more where it come fr'm.