

CHAPTER V.

Pinched!!!!

The End.

(The next number of the Bounding Billow Weekly will contain "The Adventure of the Freshman Smoker," or "Who Smashed the Cymballs?" by "Old Stude.")

Mr. Hooley On The Municipal Court

"I say, Hooley," said Mr. Hanecy, "phat was you doin' on t'irty-fift' street wan day lahst week? I'm tinkin' yer bye was jugged wit' th' rest iv thim college judes th' night afore."

"No," said Mr. Hooley, "I was there, but me bye wasn't in it no more as yours was—th' lad was safe wit' his old mither at home. I was just goin' down th' street to get me money on a bad dibt fr'm a County Kerry man, whin I seen th' commoshun."

"There was a bunch iv those windy panted, small hatted college byes lined up on one side iv th' street and a photygrapher a makin' a pictur' iv thim on th' other. An prisintly, Hanecy, th' whole lot iv thim wint into th' coort room wit' me trailin' behint."

"Inside was me frind, Alderman Fooreman, 'How are ye th' day, Alderman?' says I, 'Very good, sir,' says he,—it pays to know your Alderman, Hanecy. All th' byes was in th' coort room makin' a noise like a bunch iv naggars and dootchmin fightin' forninst th' roolin' mills beyant th' gas house—th' noise was that gr-reat ye couldn't think."

"Pretty soon me frind, Judge Girtin, come in an' started th' ball ro-olin'. Was ye iver in a polis coort, Hanecy? Where all th' back ya-ard fights and qua-arells iv a nayborhood are hashed oop. 'Twould pay ye to go oncet Hanecy, tis an iddication in itself. Polismen, an' naggars, an' Hunyaks, an' Swades, an' dootchmin, an' sasenach, all waitin' to ate each other oop."

"There was a lad there th' polis had pinched fer scheewpin' oats frum an impty box ca-ar. Th' bye says as how he was out iv wurrik an' hungry an' as how he had a job fer Chusda' marnin' only th' cops took him. But th' Judge rached fer his tillyphone—a gr-reat convanience th' tillyphone, Hanecy—an' found th' bye had no job, so he sint him to th' bridewell fer li-in'."

"An' nixt there was a bunch iv those Hoonga-ariyans that have driven th' Irish fr-m a carryin' th' hod, diggin' tranches, an' loike to bein' bosses an' walkin' diligates. It seems that a pa-arcel iv socks had busted open aboard some pa-acket in th' river an' these Hunyaks had purlined a few to adorn th' wood totin', boondle ca-arryin' woives they have."

"Judge Girtin asked th' garlic atin', outlandish talkin' furiners if there was any wan else who got socks, an' such a jabberin', Hanecy, I never heard before—just loike th' parrits in Lincoln's pa-ark. By an' by one iv thim that had bin to night school says there was a couple iv fellers that got socks, too. 'Why, aint they here?' says th' Judge. 'They was Irishers,' says th' Hunyak, an' so th' Judge foines thim all tin an' costs, an' says, 'after this let the Irishers take th' socks.'"

