



"After they had taken th' tongue-murderin' sout i' Europe immigrants to their cells th' crowd seemed to bustle an' squirm about loike something was going to happen. Hanecy, twas th' case iv' th' sthudents." "Sthudents, it is—booms, I'd call thim," said Mr. Hanecy. "That shows how limited yer iddication must hev bin, Hanecy. Ye see it was this way, nowadays the amachoor college shpoort does not go to school to play futball, he must needs find a more muhrderus method iv' ricreation. So they have adopted th' class rush. 'Twas th' Class rush lahst noight, whin th' Suffermores met oncet again their innocent victims, th' Frishmin. The disturbance they raised, Hanecy, was enuf to arouse th' whole wurruld, an' th' polis arristed thim for it."

"They was a couple iv' polismin charged th' byes wit' decoratin' th' nayborhood wit' all sorts iv' colors an' signs. Wan cop said 'th' Frishmin,' he t'ought dey called 'em, 'was on th' shore iv' Lake Mitchigan an' had surrounded a boonch iv' Suffermores who had a couple iv' Frishmin tied up on an ol' scow.' It seems that it is th' custom fer th' Suffermores to tie up th' Frishmin every year, but this year after they had got stharked they thought that th' Frishies were a goin' to tie thim up, so they called on th' cops to hilp thim out. Th' polis, not undherstandin' th' ould college coustums, pinched th' lot iv' thim. Afther th' polismin were through me friend, Alderman Fooreman, a good man (too bad he's not Irish), shpoke fer th' byes. 'Thats right, Alderman,' says I, 'twas nothing wrong they mint, only a byeish prank.' But th' Judge says as how he just sint a poor bye to th' wurruk house fer schweepin' oats out iv' box ca-ars, 'now how,' he says, 'can I let these byes go,' he says, 'who come fr'm good homes,' he says, 'an' ought to know better? There was nobody here to plead fer th' poor lad,' he says, 'an' if I hadn't jailed him they'd say that I was incourigin' chrime, he says. 'It's hard, he says, 'to distinguish betwixt th' rich an' th' poor,' he says, 'so I'll continue this case an' think it over,' he says.

"Well, Hanecy, th' sthrain is at an ind. The Suffermores an' Frishmin have mit oncet again on th' historic field iv' battle an' have pasted ache other. Fr'm now on there'll be room fer th' ordinary cases iv' assault wit' intent-to-kill in th' pa-apers. An' there ye a-are, Hanecy.

"Faith, Hooley," said Mr. Hanecy, "th' Judge was roight, I'm thinkin'. Th' byes nowadays is too frish all-to-gether. We niver acted loike that whin we were byes, Hooley."

"Well," said Mr. Hooley, "do you raymimber th' toime you, an' I, an' th' O'Toole byes schwiped a goat fr'm th' widdy O'Connor iv' a Halloween?"

"Th' byes a-are as good now as they iver were I'm thinkin', Hanecy."

"We should have gone to college. We missed a lot."

