

iv moind, an' whin anny wan sickens there it's th' moind that gits attintion. F'r insthance, whin little Indieu't begins ter pine away an' th' nosepiece iv his spees has ter be thrimmed with fur ter keep th' metal fr'm pressin' on his poor little brain, an' he spends his nights huntin' th' snark an' ither man-a-a-tein' game in th' heart iv darkest A-frica with Teddy Rosenfelt, thin he's ripe fer sycotherapewticks."

"It's like easther ile, thin?" ventured Mr. Hennessy.

"Ye talk like an omadhoun!" snapped Mr. Dooley, impatiently. "It's nawthin' iv the keind. No, they call in th' pasther iv th' church. 'Ah, me little man, it's obsessed ye are,' sez he. 'It's a bad case iv th' dissoshiasun iv th' persona-lity ye have,' sez he, an' be a quick pass iv th' hands he lands little Indieu't inter a shate iv hipno-osis, which is th' thrade n'r ve f'r a kind iv near-slap. In this condition the poor little divil is completely at th' good man's mercy, an' th' secret wurrakin' iv his moind is as clear ter th' pasther as th' spring waters ye see advertised in th' magazines—if ye believe th' advertoisements. In less time than it takes ye ter impty a can iv beer, Hinnissy, th' boy's moind is spiritooly dhry-clinsed iv its obsessions and th' boy comes back ter airth or as near ther as they iver get in Boston. 'Lave him take an exthry coorse in thransindintal ferlosofy,' says th' good man in partin' fr'm th' overjiyed parents. 'It'll kape his attintion off iv himsilf. But be careful how ye expose him ter th' frish air.'"

"It bates th' divil what leps science is makin'!" exclaimed Hennessy, when his powers of speech returned.

"An' they threat th' grown-ups th' silf-same way," went on Mr. Dooley, full of his subject and unmindful of his friend's comment. "Whin wurruk is slae' at th' foundhry and th' father iv th' fam'ly doesn't know where th' price iv th' next pot iv baked beans is comin' fr'm, ter say nawthin' iv th' rint an' th' other lux'ries iv life, he begins ter recognize th' simthims iv a refracthry subeonsus—such as cowl'd feet, an' an inability ter look th' land-lord an' th' bo-otcher straight in th' face—an' dhrops in ter th' sycotherapewtick clinic fer afthernooun tea and ither threatmint."

"An' how does that h'lp him on th' rint an' th' bo-otcher questions?" asked Mr. Hennessy, critically.

"That's simple," replied Mr. Dooley. "He goes away full of tea, angel cake, an' be-yewtiful sintimints that inable him ter rise above his throubles, and whin th' graspin' landlord an' th' bo-otcher with th' Armour-clad hea-art begin ter do sintry duty before his dhoor in comp'ny with th' ither wolves, th' poor man retires inter th' subcellar iv conshusniss an' puts up th' amnashia shutters, which is a sure proteeshun agin painful mim'ries."

"Wonderful! wonderful!" ejaculated Mr. Hennessy.

"Th' same threatmint applies ter a'll th' ither human ills,"