

HITTING PINCKNEY ON THE JOB

By Sewell Ford

PROFESSOR SHORTY McCABE RELATES THE ARRIVAL OF A CONSIGNMENT OF LIVE STOCK

WELL say, this is where we mark up one on Pinckney. And it's time too, for he's done the grin act at me so often he was comin' to think I was gettin' into the Silvers class. You know about Pinckney. He's the bubble on top of the glass, the snapper on the whip lash, the sunny pot at the club. He's about as serious as a kitten playin' with a string, and the cares on his mind weigh most as heavy as an extra rooster feather on a Spring bonnet.

That's what comes of havin' a self-raisin' income, a small list of relatives, and a moderate thirst. If anything looks up that needs to be worried over—like whether he's got vests enough to last through a little trip to London and back, or whether he's doubled up on his dates—why, he just tells his man about it, and then forgets. For a trouble dodger he's got the little birds in the trees carryin' weight. Pinckney's liable to show up at the studio here every day for a week, and then again I won't get a glimpse of him for a month. It's always safe to expect him when you see him, and it's a waste of time wonderin' what he'll be up to next. But one of the things I like most about Pinckney is that he ain't livin' yesterday or tomorrow. It's always this A. M. with him, and the rest of the calendar takes care of itself.

So I wasn't any surprised, as I was doin' a few laps on the beach awhile back, to hear him give me the hall. "Oh, I say, Shorty!" says he, wavin' his stick. "Got anything on?" "Nothin' but my clothes," says I. "Good!" says he. "Come with me, then."

"Sure you know where you're goin'?" says I. "Oh, yes, he was—almost. It was some pier or other he was headed for, and he has the number writ down on a card—if he could find the card. By luck he digs it up out of his cigarette case, where his man has put it on purpose, and then he proceeds to whistle up a cab. Say, if it wasn't for them cabbies, I reckon Pinckney would take root somewhere."

"Meetin' some one, or seemin' 'em off?" says I, as we climb in. "Hanned if I know yet," says Pinckney. That Jack and Jill would be in the Lu—

"Oh, no," says he. "That is, I hadn't planned to, you know. And come to think of it, I believe I am to meet—er—Jack and Jill."

"Names sound kind of familiar," says I. "What's the breed?" "What would I guess?" says he. "A pair of spotted pointers," says I. "By Jove!" says he. "I hadn't thought of pointers."

"Say," says I, stin' him up to see if he was handin' me a job, "you don't mean to give out that you're lookin' for a brace of something to come in on the steamer, and don't know whether they'll be tame or wild, long haired or short, crated or live stock?"

"Live stock!" says he, beamin'. "That's exactly the word I have been tryin' to think of. That's what I shall ask for. Thanks, awfully, Shorty, for the hint."

"You're welcome," says I. "It looks like you need all the help along that line you can get. Do you remember if this pair was something you sent for, or is it a birthday surprise?"

With that he unloaded as much of the tale as he's accumulated up to date. Seems he'd just got a cablegram from some firm in London that signs themselves Tootle, Tupper & Tootle, sayin' that Jack and Jill would be on the L-cania, as per letter.

"No, he hadn't lost the letter!" says I. "He supposes that it's with the rest of last week's mail, that he hasn't looked over yet. The trouble was he'd been out of town, and hadn't been back more'n a day or so—and he could read letters when there wasn't anything else to do."

"That's Pinckney, from the ground up!" says I. "Then you'll know all about Jack and Jill."

"Oh, bother!" says he. "That would spoil all the fun. Let's see what they're like first, and read about them afterward."

"If it suits you," says I. "It's all the same to me. Only you won't know whether to send for a hostler or an animal trainer."

"Perhaps I'd better engage both," says Pinckney.



A WAITER GOES DOWN WITH UMPTEN DOLLARS' WORTH OF DISHES.



I NEVER HAD A BETTER TIME.

month before I can get back the discipline aboard; but I'm glad I had the bringing of 'em over. Here you are, you holy terrors—the Uncle Pinckney you've been howling for!"

At that they let loose of the Cap, gives a warwhoop in chorus, and lands on Pinckney with a regular flyin' tackle, both talkin' to once. Well say, he didn't know whether to holier for help or laugh. He just stands there and looks foolish, while one of 'em shines up and gets an overhand hold on his lilac necktie.

And about then I notices some one bearin' down on us from the other side of the deck. She was one of these tall, straight, deep-chested, wide-eyed girls, built like the Goddess of Liberty, and with cheeks like a bunch of sweet peas. Say, she was all right, she was; and if it hadn't been for the Paris clothes she was wearin' home I could have made a guess whether she came from Denver, Dallas, or St. Paul. Anyway, we don't raise many of that kind in New York.

She has her eyes on the youngsters. "Goodbye, Jack and Jill," says she, wavin' her hand at 'em. But nobody gets past them kids as easy as that. They yells "Miss Gertrude!" at her like she was a mile off, and points to Pinckney, and inside of a minute they has towed 'em together, pushed 'em up against the rail, and in a minute they was acquainted at the rate of a mile a minute.

"Pleased, I sure," says Miss Gertrude. "Jack and Jill are great friends of mine. I suppose you are their Uncle Pinckney."

"I'm almost beginning to believe I am," says Pinckney. "Why," says she, "aren't you?"

"Oh, that's my name," says he. "Only I didn't know that I was an uncle. Doubtless it's all right, though. I'll look it up."

With that she eyes him like she thought he was just out of the nut factory, and the more Pinckney tries to explain, the worse he gets twisted. Finally he turns to the twins. "See here, youngsters," says he, "which one of you is Jack?"

"Me," says one of 'em. "I see Jack."

"Well, Jack," says Pinckney, "what is your last name?" "Anstruther," says the kid. "The devil!" says Pinckney, before he could stop it. Then he begs pardon all round. "I see," says he. "I had almost forgotten about Jack Anstruther, though I shouldn't. So Jack is your papa, is he? And where is Jack now?"

Some one must have trained them to do it, for they gets their heads together, like they was goin' to sing a hymn, rolls up their eyes, and pipes out, "Our—papa—is—up—there."

"The deuce you say! I wouldn't have thought it!" gasps Pinckney. "No, no! I—I mean I hadn't heard of it."

"It was a bad break, though; but the girl sees how cut up he is about it, and smooths everything out with a laugh."

"Why—ah—er—I live at the club, you know."

"Oh," says she. "Would a hotel do?" says Pinckney. "You might try it," says she, throwin' me a look that was all twinkles.

Then we rounds up the kids' traps, sees to their baggage, and calls another cab. Pinckney and the girl takes Jill, I loads Jack in with me, and off we starts. It was a great ride. Ever try to answer all the questions a kid of that age can think up? Say, I was three behind and short of breath before we'd gone 10 blocks.

"Is all this America?" says Mr. Jack, pointin' up Broadway. "No, sonny," says I; "this is little old New York."

"Where's America, then?" says he. "Around the edge," says I. "I'm goin' to be President some day," says he. "Are you?"

"Not till Teddy lets go, anyway," says I. "Who's Teddy?" says he. "The man behind the stick," says I. "I wish I had a stick," says Jack; "then I could whip the hoesie. I wish I had suffin' to eat, too."

"I'd give a dollar if you had," says I. It seems that Jill has been struck with the same idea, for pretty soon we comes together, and Pinckney shouts that we're all goin' to have lunch. Now, there's a lot of eatin' shops in this town; but I'll bet Pinckney couldn't name more'n four, to save his neck, and the Fifth-avenue joint he picks out was the one he's most used to.

It ain't what you'd call a family place. Mostly the people who hang out there belong to the Spender clan. It's where the thousand-dollar tenors, and the ex-steel-presidents, and the pick of the pony ballet come for broiled birds and bottled bubbles. But that don't bother Pinckney a bit; so we blazes right in, kids an' all. The head waiter most has a fit when he spots Pinckney towin' a twin with each hand; but he plants us at a round table in the middle of the room, turns on the electric light under the seashell shades, and passes out the food programmes. I looked over the card; but as there wasn't anything entered that I'd ever met before, I passes. Gerty, she takes a look around, and smiles. But the twins wasn't a bit fazed.

"What will it be, youngsters?" says Pinckney. "Jam," says they. "Jam it is," says Pinckney, and orders a couple of jars. "Yep," says they eagerly. "Pickles."

"Don't you think they ought to have something besides sweets?" says Miss Gerty. "Blessed if I know," says Pinckney, and he puts it up to the kids if there wasn't anything else they'd like.

"Yep," says they eagerly. "Pickles." That's what they had, too, jam and pickles, with a little bread on the side. Then, while he was finishin' off the grilled bones, or whatever it was Pinckney had guessed at, she slides out of her chairs and organizes a game of tag. I've heard of a lot of queer doin's bein' pulled off in that particular caddy, but I'll bet this was the first game of croos tag ever let loose there. It was a lively one, for the tables was most all filled, and the tray jugglers was skatin' around thick. That only made it all the more interestin' for the kids. Divin' between the legs of gasons loaded down with silver and china dishes was the best sport they'd struck in a month, and they just whooped it up.

I could see the head waiter standin' on tiptoes, watchin' 'em and holdin' his breath. Pinckney was beginnin' to look worried, too; but Gerty was settin' there, so calm and smilin' as if they was playin' in a vacant lot. It was easy to see she wasn't one of the worryin' kind. "I wonder if I shouldn't stop them?"

Before he's hardly got it out, there comes a bang and a smash, and a fat French waiter goes down with umpteen dollars' worth of fancy grub and dishes. "Perhaps you'd better," says Gerty. "Yes," says I, "some of them careless waiters might fall on one of 'em."

With that Pinckney starts after 'em, tall hat, cane, and all. The kids see him, and take it that he's joined the game. "Oh, here's Uncle Pinckney!" they shout. "You're it, Uncle Pinckney!" and off they goes.

That sets everybody roarin'—except Pinckney. He turns a nice shade of red, and gives it up. I guess they'd put the place all to the bad if Miss Gerty hadn't stood up smilin' and held her hands out to them. They come to her like she'd pulled a string, and in a minute it was all over.

"Pinckney," says I, "you want to re-hearse this uncle act some before you spring it on the public again."

"I wish I could get at that letter and find out how long this is going to last," says he, sighin' and moppin' his noble brow. But if Pinckney was shy on time for letter readin' before, he had less of it now. The three of us put in the afternoon lookin' after that pair of kids, and we was all busy at that. Twice Miss Gerty started to break away and go for a train; but both times Pinckney sent me to call her back. Soon's she got on the scene everything was lovely.

Pinckney had picked out a suite of rooms at the Waldorf, and he thought as soon as he could get hold of a governess and a maid his troubles would be over. But it wasn't so easy to pick up a pair of twin trainers. Three or four sets shows up; but when they starts to ask questions about who the twins belongs to, and who Pinckney was, and where Miss Gerty comes in, and what was I doin' there, they ain't a touch of pneumonia in the feet.

"I ain't castin' any insinuations," says one. "I never had been mixed up in a kidnaping case before, and I guess I won't begin now."

"The saasy thing!" says I, as she bangs the door. Pinckney looks stunned; but Miss Gerty only laughs. "Perhaps you'd better let me go out and find some one," says she. "And maybe I'll stay over for a day."

While she was gone Pinckney gets me to take a note up to his man, tellin' him to overhaul the mail and send all the London letters down. That took me less'n an hour, but when I gets back to the hotel I finds Pinckney with furrows in his brow, tryin' to make things right with the manager. He'd only left the twins locked up in the rooms for 10 minutes or so, while he goes down for some cigarettes and the afternoon papers; but before he gets back they've rung up everything, from the hall mads to the fire department, run the bath tub over, and rigged the patent fire escape out of the window.

"Was it you that was tellin' about not wantin' to miss any fun?" says I. "Don't rub it in, Shorty," says he. "Did you get that blamed Tootle letter?" He grabs it eager. "Now," says he, "we'll see who these youngsters are to be handed over to, and when."

The twins had got me harnessed up to a chair, and we was havin' an elegant time, when Pinckney gives a groan and hollers for me to come in and shut the door. "Shorty," says he, "what do you think? There isn't anyone else. I've got to keep them."

Then he reads me the letter, which is from some English lawyers, sayin' that the late Mr. Anstruther, havin' no near-

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relations, has asked that his two children, Jack and Jill, should be sent over to his old and dear friend, Mr. Lionel Ogden Pinckney Bruce, with the request that he act as their guardian until they should become of age. The letter also says that there's a wad of money in the bank for expenses.

"And the deuce of it is, I can't refuse," says Pinckney. "Jack once did me a good turn that I can never forget."

"Well, this makes twice, then," says I. "But cheer up. For a bachelor, you're doin' well, ain't you? Now all you need is an account at the grocer's, and you're almost as good as a family man."

"But," says he, "I know nothing about bringin' up children."

"Oh, you'll learn," says I. "You'll be manager of an orphan asylum yet."

It wasn't until Miss Gerty shows up with a broad-faced Swedish nurse that Pinckney gets his courage back. Gerty tells him he can take the night off, as she'll be on the job until mornin'; and Pinckney says the thoughts of goin' back to the club never seemed quite so good to him as then.

"So long," says I; "but don't forget that you're an uncle."

I has a picture of Pinckney takin' them twins by the hand about the second day, and headin' for some boardin' school or private home. I couldn't help thinkin' about what a shame it was goin' to be, too, for they sure was a cute pair of youngsters—their cuts to be, farmed out reckless.

Course, though, I couldn't see Pinckney doin' anything else. Even if he was married to one of them lady nectarines in the crowd he travels with, and had a kid of his own, I guess it would be a case of mamma and papa havin' to be introduced to little Gwendolyn every once in awhile by the head of the nursery department.

Oh, I has a real good time for a few days, steevin' over them kids, and wonderin' how they and Pinckney was comin' on. And then yesterday I runs across the whole bunch, Miss Gerty and all, paradin' down the avenue bound for a candy shop, the whole four of 'em as smilin' as if they was startin' on a picnic.

"Chee, Pinckney!" says I, "you look like you was pleased with the amateur uncle business."

"Why not?" says he. "You ought to see how glad those youngsters are to see me when I come in. And we have great sport."

"Hotel people still friendly?" says I. "Why," says he, "I believe there have been a few complaints. But we'll soon be out of that. I've leased a country house for the summer, you know."

"A house!" says I. "You with a house! Who'll run it?"

"S-s-s-sh!" says he, pullin' me one side and talkin' into my ear. "I'm going West tonight, to bring on her mother, and she's the finest and best character of the offer Gerty the job."

Pinckney gets a color on his cheeks at that. "She's a charming girl, Shorty," says he.

"She's nothin' less," says I; "and them twins are all right, too. But say, Pinckney, I'll bet you never met a steamer again without knowin' all about why you're there. Eh?"

Dickens' "Dan" Quilp" a Real Character

Gerald Carlton in the Brooklyn Eagle. I HAVE heard it said very frequently that the well-known character of Daniel Quilp, in "The Old Curiosity Shop," was based on a real person. Some find fault with the lecture platform, but in books and newspapers.

It is not necessary to give names here, which I could readily do, heading my list with at least two distinguished Americans of international reputation. Now, to probe to the bottom this unfounded and, in one instance, which I shall name, harsh and unjust criticism.

I happened to be in London, England, in 1874, doing some newspaper work. During my stay in the capital I met many prominent newspaper men—among them an Oxford University graduate named Haley. Mr. Haley had been on the staffs of several London newspapers, an editorial writer and special correspondent.

Mr. Haley was on the staff of the Morning Chronicle and Clerkenwell News, a newspaper in which Dickens' first sketches by "Box" appeared. I had heard of the author being a caricaturist before leaving the States and thought there might be some truth in the charges made, particularly in regard to Mr. Daniel Quilp. Informed that Mr. Haley had been a friend and contemporary of the novelist, I decided to question him relative to the matter.

"With respect to Daniel Quilp," said Mr. Haley, "I can give you the information you are in search of. I may truthfully say that Quilp was no caricature in any sense, but a flesh and blood character still living and still residing in London. I can point him out to you any day you wish."

"As to his not having an existence only in the novelist's fancy—that is all moonshine. Of course, the man who sat for Quilp is now advanced in years, though his hair and skin and stature are as they were then, with little change. The color of Quilp's hair was a dirty dark brown, his face swarthy, his eyes keenly penetrating and malicious. He had a manner of standing and bending over that made him appear dwarfish. Quilp was also slightly bandy-legged and at times seemed to be cross-eyed. Dr. Byrnes, as he calls himself, is that even to this day."

"Did I understand you to say that Quilp's real name was Byrnes?" I asked, with some curiosity. "Yes," answered Haley. "I should have said that even to this day."

"An Irishman, of course?" said I, judging haphazard by the name. "That's what he claims to be, though you'd never think it from his accent or his looks. He also claims to be a Trinity College man and an M. D."

"Is he so?"

"That's a doubtful question; I don't know," answered Haley. "I should rather think not, though the man's English and breeding, when he chooses, are perfect."

Charles Dickens was a well-known character in those days on Fleet street, editing the Morning Chronicle, after the retirement of his friend, J. F. Robinson, the novelist.

The appointment to meet Byrnes was for the following Wednesday night—and the place the Old Bell, a half-and-half literary and newspaper house.

Some very odd characters used to go there—among the rest an occasional contributor to the Brooklyn Eagle in Mr. Kinella's time—Chief Robertson, otherwise Lord Dundonnavill, an ardent student of Hugo Miller, the geologist; Tom Gibson, a reputed nephew of the then Bishop of London, a Greek scholar and a warm admirer of Professor John Stuart Blackie, one of the greatest Grecians of the century; David Murray Smith, a contributor to the Encyclopedia Britannica, and brother to James Smith, the author of "The Life Drama"; and a host of others.

Occasionally would drop into the "Bell" John Augustus O'Shea and Horace St. John, of the Standard, was correspondent and editorial writer. George Augustus Sala and his friend Tom Hood, of Fun, have also been known as occasional visitors, and last but not least, an American colonel named Wadleigh—a gentleman on his finger ends.

Had already met Alfred Gyles, a clever writer of great executive ability, whose weakness was his sociable, kindly heart and who had found great favor with William Ewart Gladstone, who liked the man for his sterling worth.

The Old Bell was a low-ceiled tavern on lower Fleet street, of four rooms, conducted by a man (as it was reported) who had begun life in insignificant piratical exploits and who had wound up his sea-going career as a blockade-runner during our Civil War. He had narrow escapes. So, deciding that a tavern was preferable to the deck of a piratical craft, slaver or blockade-runner, with the chance of being strung up, he hit upon the tavern as at least a safer money-getter.

than the element on which he had passed so many years.

Between 1868 and 1870 on Wednesday night I was introduced to Dr. Byrnes by Gyles. During the conversation, Alfred alluded to Dickens' Quilp. It was then I saw the flesh-and-blood character of the delineation—and how true the great novelist had drawn the natural characteristics of the man Byrnes as Quilp.

In all my experience—and they have been varied—had up to this never met a man with that basilisk expression of eye and qualling, savage humor of visage as that of the real Quilp.

Mr. Byrnes, every feature of Dickens' Quilp was there, and, in my judgment, the character was rather under than overdrawn, by the novelist.

I met Haley next day in the editorial rooms of the Chronicle, and he asked me what I thought of the doctor.

"True to the life," I answered. "There is no caricaturing at all about Dan'l Quilp. The real and the imaginary are as two peas in a pod."

Locusts Worse Than Rebellion. Locusts are proving hardly less destructive in German Southwest Africa than the three years' rising of natives. A settler not long ago attempted to defend his little plot of land by digging all around it a ditch one yard broad and of equal depth, at the bottom of which he lighted a fire. But the insects swarmed into the ditch till the flames had been extinguished by their accumulated corpses.

Snake Chase by Auto Power. Only people in automobiles dare pass Clark's Fork, on the outskirts of Torrington, Conn., because a snake, which, according to those who have seen it, measures 10 feet in length and is 6 inches in diameter, has made his appearance there. Men, women and children have been chased by the reptile. Motorists are planning a hunt and some are already practicing firing as their cars glide along.

Mother and Home. (This poem appears in a surveyor's notebook, in which it was written several years ago, after a ditch one yard broad and of equal depth, at the bottom of which he lighted a fire. But the insects swarmed into the ditch till the flames had been extinguished by their accumulated corpses.)

And under the pine knots throw their whiteker-
nel.

And hear the mid wind when his blowy
Orc I think of you, and I'm so
And wonder why thus I'm so
Picture round it a mother, a sister, a sis-
Just a picture of mother and son of
And when the songs of the South mid the cot-
When again as of old to mine ear,
And memories long since forgotten
Take me back to the old home so dear.
For it's only the thoughts of his home, after
That makes the poor miner hunt gold.
The thought that in dreariness he yet may
And the days now dark, dreary and cold.
In search of the gold that we all so much
I have traveled from Victor to Nome,
With the hopes that in riches I yet could go
back—
Back to childhood's old mother and home.
When the songs of the South, mid the cot-
ton.

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OREGON SUMMER DAYS.

So far away, beyond the city street,
Green firs stand tall beneath skies of softest blue,
Ah! hark! tis music, heavenly, near and sweet,
The song of meadow lark so loud and true.

The bell of distant herd doth fill the air,
Pink roses sweet are nodding o'er the wall,
Their perfume falls o'er head and everywhere,
Along the walks their dainty petals fall.

Soft breezes stir the hedges and float through
The feathery billows white within the sky,
As soft as eider down against the blue,
Long summer days go calmly passing by.

God smiles upon our beautiful land so free,
We poorly understand, for we are blind,
The many blessings, Oh that we may see
Tho' groping on, sweet thankfulness to find.

So sweet, dear world you seem, and Oh so pure,
With kindly Heaven bending over head,
We know sad heartache cannot here endure,
And all the sorrowing shall be comforted.

JUNE McMILLAN ORDWAY