

HOW PINCKNEY PASSED IT ON

BY SEWELL FORD

SAY, of all the light running, care dodgin', grown-up kids that ever walked through life on tip-toes, now who do you guess? Sure, Pinckney! Maybe I've hinted something of the kind before; but I ain't ever done the subject justice. It would take four languages and a motion picture outfit to give you even an outline sketch of him; and then, just as you thought you could guess what he'd do next, he'd spring something different.

Now last week, according to his own schedule, he was supposed to be off on that yachting trip got up by Sadie and the Purdy-Pells for the special stunt of "unbraidin' a punky Andrian Count on the Bar Harbor crowd." But along late Thursday afternoon, when I'm leanin' back in my chair with my feet on the window sill, thinkin' about nothin' in particular and enjoyin' the

rush season—and as fast as a young Bickford grew up tall enough to lean his elbow on the register they built a new hotel for him. They took to it natural, too, as a Greek does to runnin' a fruit stand.

All except Ollie. He'd been spoiled by belin' sent to college and gettin' in with a bunch of young loose-wads, so when it's time for him to pick out a Summer resort and begin harvestin' the vacation money, he ain't prepared. He knows a lot about afternoon teas; but blamed little about any kind of breakfasts except the sort that's brought in on a tray at ten-thirty A. M. His brother and uncles put him down as the brunette lamb of the flock, and begun speakin' of him as the family joke.

The next thing Ollie knows he's an orphan. He finds that his old man has left him nothing but the Notch Manor

different people at once. It's a regular anvil chorus he's conductin'; for they're every last one of 'em knockin' something or other. One's complainin' about the table service, others about the grub, and the rest wants to know why their laundry don't come, where the cigar clerk's gone to, and why they can't get hot water on the top floor. Ollie was doin' his best to pass out the soothin' syrup when he looks up and sees Pinckney driftin' in behind the counter.

"Thank goodness you've come!" says he, turnin' his back on the crowd. "Here, let's go into the private office and lock the door. Oh, you have some one with you."

"Only Shorty McCabe," says Pinckney, doin' the honors.

"Do you know how to run a hotel?" says Ollie, turnin' to me eager and expectant.

"Pshaw!" says Pinckney. "You don't know how to handle them. Don't try to explain; just make promises. Promise them anything. That's all they want."

"But things are bad," says Ollie. "The meat cook is careless, the hallboys lazy, and the waiters impudent. I've talked to them about it, too, and asked them if they wouldn't please do better; but, do you know, they only laugh at me."

"The mean things!" says I.

Pinckney shakes his head at me, and proceeds to pass out some more valuable advice. He tells Ollie the way to reform the help and get 'em up on their toes is to give 'em the grand jolly. His idea is to throw each one a bouquet about twice a day, tell 'em how good they are and what bully work they're doing.

"That's the way I manage my man when he's cranky," says Pinckney. "Come on; we'll try it now."

"I'd rather not," says Ollie. But Pinckney is all worked up over the notion, and he fairly drags Ollie along to make the rounds of the building on his softsoap mission. As for me, I stay behind and studies the time table.

I don't know how thick Pinckney spread it on, but he must have done a wholesale job, for they're hardly got back before the results begin to show. Inside of half an hour two dozen assorted help has come in and struck Ollie for a raise. If they were such crackerjacks as they'd been told they were, they wanted more money, or else they meant to quit. Some of 'em went so far as to knock off pendin' arbitration. But lunch time the thing has spread until it's developed into a general strike. And maybe there wa'n't a mad crowd of hungry folks in the dinin'-room to serve 'em people, and only cold dishes at that! Wow! I could hear 'em way out in the far corner of the veranda, where I'm gettin' away with a couple of ham sandwiches I'd bribed a bellhop to swipe from the kitchen. A little later you should have seen the bunch swamin' around the office desk, and heard 'em tellin' Pinckney and Ollie their private opinion of such a hotel.

I slips around where I could peek through the window at 'em, and when I catches Pinckney's eyes I gives him the grin. I could afford to. Wa'n't there that 6 o'clock train back to New York? And wouldn't I have something to rub into Pinckney? Say, it was all to the joyous-while it lasted. I goes out for a little climb up one of them shady step-ladder paths, just to kill time and think over what a lovely mess he was in. I felt so good I sits on a rock for about an hour and gloats.

Allowin' plenty of time to make the train, I strolls back to the hotel, and finds the guests holdin' indignation meetin's all over the front veranda. I grins once more and pushes in to look up Pinckney. He ain't behind the desk or anywhere in sight. In the private office there's nobody but Ollie, face down on a leather couch, with a wet towel around his head.

"Where's your side partner, the softsoap apostle?" says I.

"Do you mean Pinckney?" says he.

"Why, he's gone."

"Ha, ha! Ho, ho!" says I. "So he took to the woods, eh?"

"No," says Ollie. "He caught the local down to the junction, and is going to get the express there. He said he had left you in full charge."

"What's that?" says I. "Left who?"

"You," says Ollie.

"Me?" says I. "Not on you silhouette!"

"But there's no one else," says he, proppin' himself up and spreadin' out his hands. "I'm out of it. You'll find a note from Pinckney on the desk."

It's there, all right, and it's a cute one, too. He explains what a hole Ollie is in, and how he'd love to stay and pull him out if it wa'n't for his havin' to join Count Puddledorf in Portland; and won't I take hold and do the best I can until he can send up an experienced manager? He don't care what I do, or what happens, if I'll only stay.

"Ah, solemn!" says I. "You wait until I see him on the express! Where's that bag of mine?"

"Wh-wh-wha's that?" says he, turnin' purple.

"That's Ninth-ave repartee," says I. "I don't make a practice of usin' it; but when fat parties like you go to doin' the human doorman act with me, I sometimes indulge. Now I'd advise you to go off somewhere in the shade and cool down."

"Will you answer my question, sir?" he bellows. "Are you, or are you not the manager of this—"

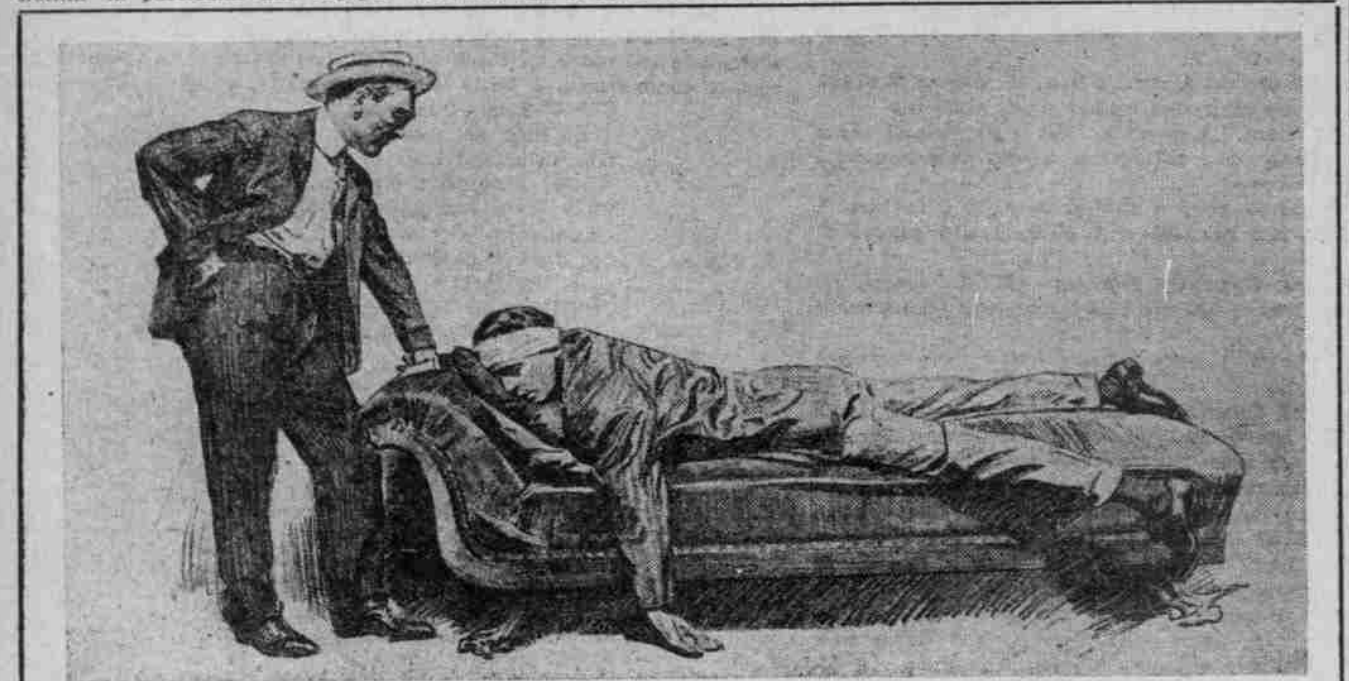
And say, it come to me all of a sudden. I didn't want to be, but at that minute I was. "Well," says I, chuckin' my hat on the safe and leavin' across with my elbows on the counter, "what then? I'm the new manager. Who the blazes are you?"

That unexpected come back almost chokes him; but he splutters out that he's Senator Somebody or Other, and that him and his two daughters are occupyin' suite B on the second floor, at the rate of \$50 a day.

through. Go collect all the help in the dinin'-room. I'm goin' to make a speech to 'em."

And say, you never know what you can do until you get goin', do you? The way that stuffed gang of grub busters had got puffed up over a little hot air, just put me in fine condition for short arm gratin'. I begins by tellin' 'em what a bunch of no good, butter fingered tip chasers they was, and ends by announcin' that every last one of 'em is fired on the spot. Then I tacks on a postscript that if any of 'em is willin' to hustle the way they should, they can have ten minutes to prove it by gettin' busy. It's either walk or work.

What I looks for is a procession towards the station; but instead of that some one starts givin' three cheers for the new manager, and before half the time limit is up the whole mob is jugglin' crockery, and shakin' sheets, and gettin' dinner, as merry as a picnic party.



"AH, GO SIT ON A TACK!" SAYS I. "AND IF YOU DON'T EXPLODE, YOU'RE PUNCTUREPROOF."

exercises, a cab fetches up outside, I hears someone prancin' up the stairs two at a jump, and in rushes his joyous nibe, wearin' a Merry Widower straw lid with a pink and white band and carryin' one of his fifty-nine varieties of silver-headed sticks.

"Come on, Shorty!" says he. "Get your bag, and let's catch the motorist express! We have 40 minutes to make it in."

"Gwan!" says I. "Quit your kiddin' in that breathless way; it's bad for the valves."

"But I mean it; really I do," says he, proddin' me playful in the ribs with the cane handle. "It's all right, gwan, made all the arrangements, and you can be gone two or three days just as well as not. Come on, hurry up!"

"Easy now, Pinckney," says I. "This ain't no engine-house, where you can stick your head in, holler once, and have me alidin' down the pole. You've rung me in on them nutty excursions of your years time enough."

"But this isn't one of that kind," says he. "Truly, it will be jolly sport, you know, and I had counted on your goin' with."

"Say, Pinckney," says I, takin' my heels down and turnin' for a good look at him, "if you'll quit exhaustin' through your cylinders maybe I can hear what you're tryin' to say. It would help some if you'd state where you're goin' and why."

"Oh, didn't I tell you?" says he. "Why, it's somewhere up in the White Mountains."

"No particular spot, I suppose?" says I.

"Don't be absurd!" says he. "I don't remember the name of the station, of course; but it's on the tickets. Isn't that enough?"

"Unless you've lost the tickets," says I. "But how about this detail of why you're goin' to that on the tickets, too, or do you get the information from the brakeman? Is it just a pleasure trip the doctor has ordered for the benefit of your family, or are you takin' it because you had a funny dream?"

"Purely business," says Pinckney. "It's about—here he fishes out a card, takes a quick glimpse at it, and goes on, "It's about Notch Manor."

"So-o-o-o?" says I. "And what's this Notch Manor—a 3-year-old colt, or a new way of holdin' the bag?"

"It's a hotel," says Pinckney; "quite a large one, too, and full of guests. I'm not quite sure, but I'm afraid I own it."

"You're which?" says I. "Afraid you own a hotel? Say, what are the symptoms? If it's catchin', I'd like to be exposed."

"Well, at least, I'm threatened with a hotel," says Pinckney. "Anyway, I must go up and see about it; so I thought I would like to have you—"

"That'll do," says I. "If you'd said that first off we'd be halfway there by now. You with a hotel. Oh, splinters! Why, say, I wouldn't miss that exhibition for a farm. Hi Swiftly! Dig out that emergency travelin' kit of mine, will you? And take care of the shop until I show up again! I'm off with Pinckney."

And away we starts, just like that. Maybe it was a batty move on my part; but watchin' Pinckney gettin' himself tangled up with different propositions, and then squirmin' out of 'em, is one of the joys of my existence. Generally he's always been able to duck any damagin' consequences; but from the indications this looks like it might be the eclipse.

"How was it handed to you?" says I, after we'd got aboard the train and was halfway through one of them imitation dinners they serve on the dinin' cars.

Then he goes on to tell about Ollie Bickford and how he got mixed up with him. Seems that Ollie is one of the regular hotel Bickfords, the family that owns so many resort joints—you know 'em. There was four brothers to start with, and they all contracted the hotel keepin' habit early in life. Each of 'em managed to bring up a fam'ly—not full-blooded, fashionable families you understand, but limited editions, that wouldn't occupy too many rooms durin'

House, that's always been a doubtful proposition, with a proviso that if he can run it for two seasons and show a net profit he's to have his share of the dividends from the Bickford system. If he falls down, he's to be put on the disabled pension list, with just enough to keep him out of the soup kitchens.

Well, Ollie starts brave enough. The first season he picks out for manager a college chum of his that played short-stop on the varsity nine and sang first bass in the glee club. He had other talents too; but somehow they didn't fit in with the hotel business, and when Ollie counted up at the end of October he was several figures to the bad.

Next he meets Pinckney at the club, tells him his tale of woe, and displays some of the cold, unfeelin' letters his relations have wrote to him. That gets Pinckney interested in the case. He offers to put up cash for a new deal and take a mortgage on Notch Manor. So this Summer Ollie makes his plunge with an interest handicap and a new manager who'd got his hotel experience aced' as banquet chairman of the Phi Delta Gamma. And once more he slips into the excavation.

Pinckney don't know the full particulars; but he gathers from Ollie's wire that the amateur manager has quit, two of the clerks has followed suit, and he's left with a balance on the wrong side of the ledger and a houseful of disgruntled guests.

"And now he wants to turn over his beastly hotel to me," says Pinckney. "Plancy that?"

"I'm tryin' to," says I, "but it's a strain. What's your programme?"

It was a foolish question. Pinckney don't do business accordin' to programme. He's just going up to look things over, he says, and to josh Ollie along. I expect if the truth was known, though, Pinckney has an idea he can spend half an hour with Ollie and give him points enough to pull him through. Ever know anybody that didn't think runnin' a hotel would be a cinch for him? I've even had pipe dreams like that myself. But say, neither of us had ever been right up against the proposition before.

And it was a mess, all right. About 10 o'clock next mornin' we're landed at a dinky little station up amongst the most perpendicular scenery in the state of New Hampshire, and after a 10 minutes' stage ride we're dumped in front of this Notch Manor House, squattin' down between two counties set up on edge.

It's a big four-story barracks that's sufferin' from a scarletina roof and an epidemic of striped window awnings. Besides the carriage drives, there's just enough flat ground left for a postage stamp lawn and a couple of tennis courts on the side. You couldn't walk two blocks in any direction without comin' to a place where there ought to be a passenger elevator but wa'n't so much as a ladder.

"Gee," says I. "Talk about spendin' the Summer in the mountains! Me for the bottom of a nice cool air shaft!"

"But look at the scenery," says Pinckney.

"That'd give me a crick in the neck," says I.

"This air is certainly exhilarating, though," says he, swellin' out his chest.

"It's good enough air," says I; "but I callin' for something more from life than just a chance to breathe. When can we jump a train back to Broadway?"

Pinckney says there's a through express stops about 4 P. M., and he hopes to have everything all straightened out by then; so we climb out of the stage and tells a porter to take us in to Mr. Bickford.

"He's very busy just now, sir," says the porter.

"So much the better," says Pinckney. "Ah, there he is!"

And we admits that the baggage juggler was an accurate describer. Over the heads of the crowd around the office desk I gets a glimpse of a light-haired, good-lookin' young chap who's tryin' to mop the worried expression off his face with a handkerchief and answer seven

"He can run anything," says Pinckney. "Gwan!" says I. "Don't you let him pump you full of hot air that way."

But Ollie's too much excited to take advice. His one idea is that Pinckney's come to take the hotel off his hands.

"It's yours from this minute!" says he. "I don't care a hang about the will or anything else! I want to get out of this before I go crazy. Oh, it's been awful!"

With that Ollie slumps into a chair, and it's only by degrees that Pinckney gets out of him an itemized bill of the horrible state of affairs. It don't look so wonderful bad, as far as we can see. The late banquet artist did work up something of a deficit before he left, owing to slim attendance early in the season; but since then the place has filled up, and the books show a good fat margin of weekly receipts over expenses.

"Yes; but if they all leave!" groans Ollie. "And they will! They've threatened to do it. Didn't you hear them just now? It's been like that every day."

"Where's your side partner, the softsoap apostle?" says I.

"Do you mean Pinckney?" says he.

"Why, he's gone."

MRS. TAFT IN HER INAUGURAL GOWN—FIRST PORTRAIT TAKEN IN WHITE HOUSE



Portrait Copyright by J. Knowles, Bishop of Baltimore and Washington.



"WHERE'S THE SOFTSOAP APOSTLE?" SAYS I.

"Oh, don't please don't, leave me here alone!" says Ollie. "He said you'd take charge, and I've told everyone you would, too. Please, Mr. McCabe, don't go away!"

"Sorry I can't oblige," says I; "but this is where I duck. So long, Ollie. Good luck, and I makes a dash through the door."

Just as I was grabbing my bag from under the counter, the first delegation from the hot collar convention hits the other side. The chairman seems to be a bull necked, ruby complected party, with a waist on him like a sugar barrel and a voice that's as soft and soothin' as the honk of an automobile horn.

"Hay!" says he, shovin' a fat forefinger under my nose. "Are you the new manager of this rotten establishment?"

It wa'n't so much what he said, as how he shot it off, that ruffles my back feathers. "Ah, go sit on a tack!" says I. "And if you don't explode you're puncture proof."

"Beginnin' tomorrow noon," says I. "He's sixty per."

"Wh-a-a!" he gasps. "8-1-x six, t-y ty, sixty per," says I, countin' it off for him on my fingers.

"We-we'll leave!" he shouts. "Good!" says I. "I need your rooms for the Count. One's a le, please. Any of you other gents got remarks to make?"

A fussy little man wearin' gold spectacles steps up and begins to squeak out that the coffee was vile, that his wife couldn't get the maids to answer the bell, and that all they'd been served for luncheon was cold ham.

"That's nothin'," says I. "There's worse to come. When you've had enough, clear out; but if you bring me any more kiddies, I'll take you up to the roof and drop you off! Next!" and with that I shucks my coat, rolls up my sleeves, and prepares to send back whatever I'm about to receive.

It don't come, though. That bunch of disgruntled grocerians that's been making life miserable for me and loopy Ollie for the last few weeks just catches their breath, stares at one another foolish, and then does the vanishing act. I turns around, to find Ollie standin' at my elbow with his eyes popped out and the towel draped over one ear.

"Thank you!" says he, grabbin' my hand. "Oh, thank you, thank you! That was bully, bully!"

"It's only a curtain raiser to what's comin' next," says I. "Long's I'm started on this thing, I might as well push it

Ollie forgets the headache and comes back to life. "But what did you mean," says he, "when you told the Senator about wantin' his rooms for some Count?"

"Nothing but a bluff," says I. "I was thinkin' of Puddledorf. But say, Ollie, wouldn't it be a good thing for business if he was comin' here?"

"Would it?" says Ollie. "Why, with Count Puddledorf in the house you couldn't drive them away with a club!"

"Then the Count comes," says I. "Pinckney's got to make that bluff good, or we'll sue him for breach of promise."

That's what I wire him, too, and he sends back word that he'll ship Puddledorf up on the next train. The minute Ollie spreads the news that a real live Count is on his way to Notch Manor, 50 women starts packin' their trunks, and the Senator re-engages his suits for three weeks more, payin' in advance.

And you never seen anyone recover his nerve the way Ollie does. He don't take any back talk from anyone, but keeps the help on the jump, and tells me he's going to finish the season ahead of the game.

I didn't stay long enough to see which one of that giddy female crowd got the strangle hold on Puddledorf; but I saw enough to dope this out: That the way to run a mountain hotel is to choke off the kickers, throw a scare into the help, and have a spare Count up your sleeve in case of emergency.

SWEET-SMELLING HERB BEDS

IN our grandmother's time there was always a bed for old-fashioned herbs in the vegetable garden. There, against sunny walls, or in prim hedges around things of a more practical nature, grew the leaved and flowered plants which made elegant perfumes, hot drinks for the cure of various ailments, seasonings for fowl and game, and which even went, in some wistful Spring, perhaps, to declare love or the passing of it to faithful or delinquent lovers.

There, with parsley, marjoram and thyme, grew lavender, angelica, rue, rosemary and balm; herbs for disordered stomachs, herbs for elegant sentiments and homely usefulness.

An herb bed is the next best thing to an entire garden for the woman who loves growing things and wholesome outdoor exercise. Many herbs call for a different time of planting, and naturally climate must be taken into account. But a stamped and addressed envelope, inclosed in a letter asking for a leaflet on herbs, would bring help from the Agricultural Department at Washington. The tiniest patch of ground would reap a harvest of the deliciously smelling plants, but if this is not available, a box in a sunny window would grow several varieties. Chives, which are capital for seasoning salads, may be raised in a clay flower pot.

For kitchen uses fresh herbs, such as parsley, thyme, tarragon, sorrel, sage and marjoram, are invaluable, these imparting a taste far more delicate than the dried plant. Lavender, the flowers of which are so much used for perfuming linen, and for the making of toilet water, is a very hardy plant. Each year will increase the lavender plantation, too, if slips or young shoots are regularly planted in the Spring. Hot water poured on lavender flowers and allowed to stand a while was once taken in teaspoonfuls as a medicine. The flowers were also preserved and eaten as a sweet.

Angelica and borage, two old-time favorites, are eaten to this day in various countries. Candied angelica is one of our own confectioners' great delicacies, and, when pushed for something green, the stalks of the plant may be blanched and eaten as celery. The Lavenders extol the virtues of angelica for coughs and other chest disorders. Borage, which is a hardy annual, is used in Italy, when the leaves are young and tender, as a raw or cooked salad, and in France its flowers, like those of nasturtium, for ornament sake.

Caraway, Coriander and anise seed are useful for cakes and bread and cordials, and fever-few, horehound and cumlin are excellent for the medicine chest.

The situation most suitable for a herb bed should have a gentle slope toward the south. The worst soil for herbs is that of stiff, clayey description. But as a general recommendation for the right sort will not suit all herbs it is best to go by a garden book.

Supreme Gift is rBain Power.

John Burroughs in the Atlantic. Man has no wings, and yet he can soar above the clouds; he is not swift of foot, and yet he can outstep the fleetest hound or horse; he has but feeble weapons in his organization, and yet he can stay or master all the great beasts; his eye is not so sharp as that of the eagle or the vulture, and yet he can see into the farthest depths of sidereal space; he has only very feeble occult powers of communication with his fellows, and yet he can talk around the world and send his voice across mountains and deserts; his hands are weak things beside a lion's paw or an elephant's trunk, and yet he can move mountains and stave rivers and set bounds to the wildest sea. His dog can out-smell him and outrun him and outlive him, and yet his dog looks up to him as to a god. He has erring reason in place of unerring instinct, and yet he has changed the face of the planet. Without the specialization of the lower animals—their wonderful adaptation to particular ends—their tools, their weapons, their strength, their speed, man yet makes them all his servants. His brain is more than a match for all but special advantages nature has given them. The one gift of reason makes him supreme in the world.

The Widow's Way. Old Solomon was wise in many ways. But there were things he couldn't understand; And unto him he honor and great praise That he confessed his ignorance off-hand. He did not know how ships went in the sea.

How serpents crawled, how eagles sailed the air; A man's way with a maid was mystery To him—he owned all this, freely and fair.

A maid's way with a man is also queer—So subtle that no man can fathom it. He may be wise, but she, little dear! Shackles his wisdom and confounds his wit.

But there is something stranger far than this—How a young widow blinds a lover's sense And has him quite persuaded that the kiss He gives her is a new experience! —Cleveland Leader.