

THE HISTORY OF POLICEMAN FLYNN

BY ELLIOTT FLOWER

HE RESISTS TEMPTATION.

The man with the high silk hat and the fat cigar was the one who put temptation in the way of Policeman Barney Flynn. This man had been successful as a politician in a minor way, and he realized that there were elements of strength in the resourceful conscientious little policeman who was well and favorably known to virtually everyone in the ward. Furthermore, he was looking for some one to run against an old political enemy.

"Why don't you enter the aldermanic race?" he asked one day.

"Go 'way, now; go 'way from me," returned Policeman Flynn, waving his arms to keep the man at a distance. "Ye ha-ave th' hills in th' contagion about ye, an' I'll take no chances."

"What contagion?" demanded the politician.

"Th' contagion iv seekin' office," answered Policeman Flynn. "Oho! 'tis a terrible thing fr to catch, an' th' cure fr it is not to be found this side iv th' grave. 'T is like th' opium habit, only 'tis wor-se. It drags ye down an' down till ye think th' city owes ye a livin', an' if it's backward about givin' it to ye, why, then 'tis fr ye to take it from th' pockets iv th' taxpayers without askin' their consent."

"Nonsense!" returned the politician. "Any popular man who knows the ropes and has good advice can rise in politics. Why, five years ago I was doin' odd jobs for a livin', and look at me now."

"I know, I know," returned Policeman Flynn. "Five years ago ye was doin' all kinds iv jobs, an' now ye're doin' all kinds iv min. I r-ay-ember ye in th' ol' days. Ye wore a shabby suit iv clo'es an' a soft hat, an' ye was hustlin' all th' time; an' now I luk at ye, an' I see a shovelpipe hat on th' ba-ack iv ye-er head, an' a suit iv clo'es that's loud enough to be heard a block, an' a fat sea-gar, an' a watchchain that ye might loan to th' cap'in iv a boat fr to hold his anchor. Oho! 'tis a gr-great obje-



"Why Don't You Enter the Aldermanic Race?"

lesson ye are. If ye go over to Long Island whin a prize-fight 's comin' off, they'll take wa luk at ye-r r-rig an' let ye in as th' manager iv th' show. Ye luk like a hot sport, ye do fr a fac'; but if I had to wear thim clo'es, I'd think th' p'nality iv gettin' office was gr-greater than th' r-ay-ward. Besides, they's no chanst fr me to get through th' door iv ward politics."

"What door do you mean?" asked the politician, ignoring the criticism of his personal appearance.

"Th' say-loon door, iv course," replied Policeman Flynn. "Tw'd be fr me to open a say-loon be wa-ay iv startin' on me career."

"Oh, that's not necessary," protested the politician.

"R-right ye are; 'tis not," admitted Policeman Flynn; "but 'tis cheaper an' surer that wa-ay. Th' cost iv settin' up th' drinks is not so gr-great if ye're behind th' bar as it is if ye're on th' other side iv it, an' ye ha-ave more chanst fr to control th' vote. But 'tis not fr me wa-ay or th' other. Tw'd be har-d fr me to br-reak meself iv th' habit iv wor-kin' fr me livin', an' thim I can't fr-get Clancy. Do ye r-ay-remember Clancy? Oho! he was a fine lad if he'd only been imperv-yus to th' contagion. He was a hard-wor-kin' ma-an, an' he br-brought his sal'ry home to th' good woman ivry Saturday night till he begun thryin' fr office. Thim he had to be a good felly, an' th' money wint over th' ba-ar. 'Me election expenses is eatin' up me sal'ry,' he told his wife, 'but 'twill be all r-right whin th' votes is counted.' But 'twas not. A felly that kep a say-loon beat him out, an' he had a har-d time shandin' off th' grocer till he cu'd r-raise a bit iv th' ca-ash. Thim th' pa-arty give him a job fr th' wor-rk he'd done in th' campaign, an' 'twas all up with him. He cu'dn't br-reak himself iv th' bad habit he'd contracted, an' he's r-run fr some office in iv'ry election since. He draws sal'ry whin th' felles he knows is on top, an' whin they're not, he gets a bit be kiti'n' round th' ward an' keepin' th' min in line fr th' next election. Oho! he has it ha-d, fr sure, an' 'tis th' same with most iv th' r-reat iv thim that gets sta-rted that wa-ay. I tell ye, th' felly that

gets into politics gin'rally belongs in a feeble-minded institute or lise in a sanitarium. He's th' victim iv a micro-constituted an' ha-angs on tighter than a wa-alkin' diligiate to a labor union that pa-ays him fr makin' trouble. 'Tis all wr-rong anyway. Did ye lver hear iv Cincinnati?"

"In Ohio?"

"Niver a bit. I mean Cincinnati, th' ol' Roman."

"I guess you're thinking of the late Allen G. Thurman," suggested the



"Tell Him, Says Cincinnati, Be Wa-ay iv Reply, 'Fr to Br-ring th' Office Out to Me.'"

politician, whose historical knowledge did not date back to the time of Cincinnati.

"'Tis fr you to guess wa-ast more," retorted Policeman Flynn. "I'm thinkin' iv th' ma-an me gir-rl Maggie was talkin' about. Whin he was elictid pr-isdint iv Rome—or mebbe 'twas may'r—they had to go to his far-rm fr to let him know, an' whin they got there he was plowin' in a field. 'Tell him,' they says to his hired ma-an, 'fr to come up to th' house an' be ma-ade pr-isdint.' 'Tell thim,' says Cincinnati, be wa-ay iv reply, 'fr to br-ring th' office out to me. I have no time fr to go chasin' after it.' That's th' kind iv a ma-an Cincinnati was. No settin' thim up fr th' b'yes fr him, no log-rollin' and thrickery, no manipulat'in' convintions. 'If ye want me fr to ha-ave th' goods,' says he, 'sind them to me, an' I'll luk thim over an' tell ye what I think iv thim whin I ha-ave time."

"But what's all this got to do with the aldermanic election?" inquired the politician.

"'Tis th' wa-ay," replied Policeman Flynn. "I'm goin' out fr to do a little plowin' along me beat, an' whin ye ha-ave any political goods fr me, ye can bring thim to me there."

"You'll never get office that way in these days," asserted the politician.

"I suppose not," said Policeman Flynn.

"You have to go after it," persisted the politician.

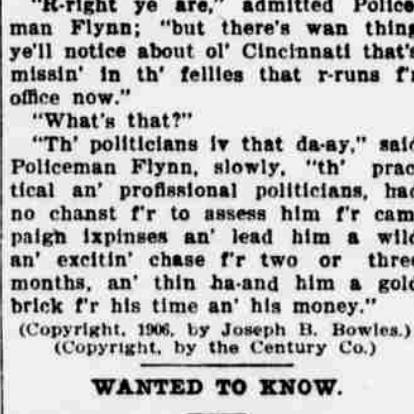
"R-right ye are," admitted Policeman Flynn; "but there's wan thing ye'll notice about ol' Cincinnati that's missin' in th' felles that r-runs fr office now."

"What's that?"

"Th' politicians iv that da-ay," said Policeman Flynn, slowly, "th' practical an' professional politicians, had no chanst fr to assess him fr campaign xpenses an' lead him a wild an' excitin' chase fr two or three months, an' thim ha-and him a gold brick fr his time an' his money."

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WANTED TO KNOW.



Higgs—I had been in Boston only two days when I had a terrible chill. Higgs—What was the girl's name?

Parisians in Paris.

How many Parisian people born in Paris are there living in Paris at the present time? According to the last census about 36 per cent. of the total population. Paris has the smallest indigenous population of any European capital. St. Petersburg has 40 per cent., Berlin 41 per cent., Vienna 45 per cent., London 65 per cent.

United States Heads List.

The United States, which, in 1904, ranked second as an export nation, last year took first rank, and again stands with the record of selling more goods than any other country in the world.

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Gossip of Gotham Town

Interesting Bits of News Gathered by Our Correspondent—New Phase of Co-operative Housing to Be Tried—Woman Given High Post—Farm Worth Millions in City.



NEW YORK.—Within a short time a unique example of the cooperative apartment house, unlike any heretofore erected in this city, will be ready for occupancy. This is the luxurious "private hotel" at 11, 13 and 15 East Forty-fifth street, which has been erected by a corporation known as the Home Club. Only six families will occupy the immense structure, those of Wilbur C. Fisk and Play Fisk, the principal stockholders in the club, and four others whose names have not been revealed.

As the first cooperative apartment house containing all the features of a high-class hotel ever built in this city, the structure has attracted much attention from those wealthy New Yorkers who would eliminate housekeeping cares but dislike hotel or the usual apartment house life. The structure is the natural evolution of the numerous large studio buildings that have been planned by men of unlimited means. Each of the tenants will have an available floor space equal to that in a five-story residence. Their meals will be served from a kitchen in the basement to either a general or private dining-room, as they prefer, and every convenience of a modern hotel will be at their disposal. The studio buildings are apartment houses pure and simple, and, although usually cooperative, each family, to quote the law defining multiple dwellings, "does its cooking on the premises," or, in other words, in individual kitchens.

HIGH FEDERAL PLACE FOR WOMAN LAWYER.

Mrs. Mary Grace Quackenbos, one of New York's best woman lawyers, has been appointed special assistant United States district attorney by Henry L. Stimson, United States attorney.

Mrs. Quackenbos is the first woman who has attained so important a position in the legal profession. Her energy and thoroughness in investigating peonage cases in the lumber and turpentine camps of the south as representative of the "People's Law Firm" brought to her the recognition of the United States district attorney.

The first case which Mrs. Quackenbos will prosecute will be that of Sigmund S. Schwartz, proprietor of a New York employment bureau, charged with having induced men to accept positions in the peonage districts under many glowing promises.

Mrs. Quackenbos' rise in the profession has been remarkable. Admitted to the bar in July, 1904, she has in two years figured in several celebrated cases. Perhaps the best known of these was the case of Mrs. Antoinette Tolla, murderess, of Kingsland, N. J., whom she saved from the gallows. On March 9, three days before Mrs. Tolla was to hang, Mrs. Quackenbos, after a week's effort, induced the board of pardons of New Jersey to commute the death sentence to seven and one-half years' imprisonment.

REAL FARM IN HEART OF CITY.

Between Ninety-fourth and Ninety-fifth streets, on West End avenue, is one of the most valuable farms in the world. To be sure it contains only one acre, but that acre is worth more than \$1,000,000. It is owned by Eugene Higgins, the carpet manufacturer, who has resisted all offers for its purchase.

This wee farm is leased for a nominal sum to Henry West, a steady, hard-working man, who lives in a little rustic cottage perched on the side of a miniature hill. Behind it rises a tall apartment house, which late in the afternoon throws its shadow over the farm. Mr. West, who has been cultivating this plot of ground for 25 years, said:

"Although my little place contains only an acre, it keeps me busy all summer. I have no one to help me; I do the work alone, and manage to make every inch of the ground productive. I raise green corn, string beans and potatoes, all of which I sell to people living in the vicinity, except that which I keep for my own use. Everybody seems to think that the stuff I raise is 100 per cent. better than that which they purchase in the markets. Indeed, it is such a novelty to see crops growing among the city's tall buildings that people come long distances to inspect my little farm. There is one man who comes here every day, when the sweet corn gets large enough, to obtain his supply. Ten minutes after the corn is picked he has it cooking in a pot on his kitchen stove. Fresh vegetables are his hobby."

IMMIGRANT WHO ACCUMULATED A FORTUNE.

Over at 253 Graham avenue, Brooklyn, an aged father and mother, two sisters and a brother are bewailing the death of Jakey Kaplan, as he was familiarly known to pretty nearly all in the Brownsville section. About five years ago he left the province of Courland in Russia, taking passage to America with no other asset than a little red bundle and an abundance of energy and ambition.

He did not know a word of English when he landed at Ellis island. The Hebrew Aid society released him and gave him a small sum of money. With that he bought a basket and a small stock of shoestrings, collar buttons and other notions and thus equipped he started a successful business career. Within a year he had saved enough to bring his old father and mother, two sisters and brother to this country. When they came he rented a house at 253 Graham avenue, Brooklyn, and it took every cent he had left to meet the first month's rent. After that all the members of the family worked at something and in a few months the shop into which he had turned a part of the house was the storehouse for a considerable stock of dry goods and notions, from which his pushcart and his brother's were supplied.

Business prospered and a friend of the family told a reporter that the family owned \$10,000 in real estate and other assets. All this Jakey had done by the time he was 21, but the hard work told on his strength, and typhoid pneumonia took a fatal hold on him, ending in his death. The funeral was held from the little dwelling and both before and after the hour there was a steady stream of friends of acquaintances, young and old, who went to pay their last tribute to his memory.

POLICE ARE SLAVES OF A BABY.

The officials of the Children's society breathed a sigh of relief when they got rid of a two-year-old baby boy who was on their hands for two weeks recently. There have been hundreds of two-year-olds in the society rooms since the organization was founded, but none ever compared with the little unknown who made things so lively that there wasn't an hour's peace while he stayed in the place.

On the night of October 4 little Samson, as he was quickly called, was found in Corlears Hook park, where he had been abandoned. He was turned over to a cop, who took him to the Delancey street police station. Thence he was shipped to the Children's society. He was a pretty little youngster, with light hair, big blue eyes and fair complexion, and he was fairly well dressed.

Although unable to talk, he made it known that he wanted a drink of water and a couple of cops on reserve made a rush to wait on him. When the tot drank his fill he let the dipper fly and caught Policeman Sullivan over the eye. He laughed in glee when he saw the cop rubbing his sore spot and straightway bawled for all he was worth until the dipper was handed back to him. A second time he let it rip and it crashed through a window of the back room.

Seeing that he had done some destruction, he appeared to be lappy for awhile, but once his eyes rested upon the checkers and dominoes on the table he slid off the bench and toddled over. The big cops didn't like the interruption of the game, but there was nothing to do but quit then and there. Samson gathered all the checkers and dominoes together and then let loose a fusillade. Laughing and chucking, he threw every one at the cops, who dodged and fled from the room.

Left alone, Samson toddled across the room and kicked over every cuspidor, overturned benches and chairs and with a mighty effort tipped the heavy table. The sergeant, hearing the racket, rushed in and just nailed Samson in the act of hurling a brush through a pane of glass. The cops were accused of cowardice for not standing their ground and the doorman was threatened with charges. Two bluecoats were detailed to watch the youngster, while the others were set to work straightening out the disordered room.

A PARADISE LOST

By L. G. MOBERLY

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I was an unwilling witness of that most idyllic of love scenes in a garden that was in itself an idyll.

The murmur of voices from the path, immediately out-side the entrance to the pergola, where I was lounging, was the first intimation I received that someone besides myself had discovered this fragrant corner of that most lovely garden.

It was a man's voice that spoke first, in French, eager, impetuous, and, as I imagined, youthful.

"Beloved," he said, "is it true? Are you sure? Will love be enough?"

"Enough?" The answer evidently came from a girl; the tones were so fresh, so clear, but with a penetrating sweetness in them. "If you know how glad—how glad I am that I am free to choose love, to follow my heart! Love is enough."

The last words were very simply said, but they held a depth of meaning that made my foolish old heart give a leap of sympathy.

"But you give up so much," he said doubtfully. "I take everything; the sacrifice is all yours."

"Sacrifice!" she cried, a ring of glad pride in her voice. "Do you think I care for rank and all that rank brings? I am glad I was born too late to have to wear a crown that is so thorny—so thorny," she repeated almost dreamily. "I am free to give myself to you. Sacrifice?" she laughed softly. "There is no sacrifice in going into Paradise."

As she spoke those words, the two paused in their walk along the path, and through the delicate wisteria and banksia leaves I caught a glimpse of them both.

They were young, but there was no immaturity or lack of purpose in either face.

"Beloved," he said, and his voice shook, "will you never regret all that you will lose if you come into Paradise with me?"

"Never," she said quietly. "To enter Paradise with you, Armand, that is enough." And she turned her beautiful face to his and let him kiss her softly on the lips.

I caught my breath as they turned away.

Standing that evening on the terrace of the hotel watching a rose-colored sunset behind the great pile of Monte Rosa, I saw the girl again. She was walking across the garden, an elderly lady on one side of her, the young man on the other.

"Do you see that girl?" a hotel acquaintance asked eagerly.

I nodded.

"She is a great personage. In spite of her simple dress and manners. She is the Princess Theresa, daughter of (and he named the king of a well-known and flourishing little kingdom). But for the fate which has given her two elder sisters, she would be heir to the throne; she has no brothers. As it is, I fancy it looks as if she intended to renounce all regal rights and be happy in her own way with the young fellow beside her."

Two years later, as I was journeying homewards from a long tour in the East, which had taken me far out of reach of all newspapers or tidings of the western world, I resolved to stay for a night or two in a town on my route which, it so happened, was the capital of that kingdom where the Princess Theresa's father reigned as king.

My thoughts naturally enough flew back to her as I drove through the quaint and picturesque town, and a vivid picture of her as I had last seen her arose before my eyes. As I drove, I became aware that the streets were gaily decorated with flags and flowers, and that people's faces wore an unusual look of festivity and rejoicing.

"What is happening?" I asked of my driver. "Is this a national festival, or the anniversary of some great victory?"

"The gentleman does not know?" he said. "Our princess is to be married to-morrow—the crown princess, the heir to the throne, be it understood, he went on for the further enlightenment of my dull foreign understanding. 'She marries our neighbor, Prince Frederick, and we rejoice.'"

"So," I reflected, "the Princess Theresa's eldest sister was to be married, and no doubt the younger princess herself would be at the wedding." I then and there resolved that I would make at least an effort to see something of the morrow's ceremony.

The town was astrif betines, and I was astrif with the town to take my place as near as might be to the steps of the fine cathedral in which I learned the wedding was to take place.

I found myself well amused watching the guests stream to the building, listening to the comments of the populace, and learning from my neighbors who was this grandee, and who that. Then at last a murmur ran round: "The royal household is coming," and I craned forward with the rest to watch the lords and ladies in waiting pass up the steps. Once I started violently, for I saw a face I knew, but a face grown from youth to manhood since I had seen it last—the face of the man called Armand. And, as well as the youth, all the gladness had gone out of it; it was strong and pure as ever, but infinitely sad; and I wondered.

Next there came a pause, then a flare of trumpets, a great shout from the multitude, a pealing volume of sound from the organ, and out of a magnificent state carriage, into the

sunshine on the steps, there came, leaning on the old king's arm, a tall form in trailing white garments, her diamonds flashing till she seemed to move in a blaze of light.

And when I saw the face of the bride, I caught my breath and uttered a low exclamation, for the face under the bridal veil was not the face of a stranger. I looked once again upon the face of the girl I had seen walking with her lover in the garden at sunset time—the girl who had entered into Paradise with Armand!

The same, yet not the same! The exquisite contour was there still; the eyes, blue and deep as the sky overhead; the beautiful curves of mouth and chin; the gleaming hair. But the coloring, instead of making me think of apple blossoms in spring, was white, white as a statue; and the radiance was all gone! The face was set and still as though carved out of marble, lovely beyond words, but cold with a coldness that froze my heart.

She passed into the building with that free, stately step I remembered, then I turned with a question to a man behind me.

"Yes—that is the crown princess now. Her elder sisters both died. Yes—it was sad, very sad. They said the young Princess Theresa had been about to resign her royal rank, to wed for love; but—her sisters had died, and she had become her father's heir—and—well, of course, it was easily to be seen that she must wed the son of a royal house," and so on, and so on.

I waited to hear no more. I could not bear to see that beautiful cold face again.

It was a tiny churchyard on a hillside in Switzerland. Below it the waters of the lake shimmered in the sunshine, above its terraces arose vineyard above vineyard, till they were lost in the woods that hung upon the sides of the great brooding mountains. I walked slowly along the little paths among the graves, reading the names of the dead who lay in their peaceful resting place amongst the roses.

All at once my slow steps were arrested; a few feet in front of me I saw a woman in black and alone, kneeling beside a grave over which was a trelliswork covered with white banksia roses.

Yes, oh, yes, there was no mistaking her beautiful features. Though years had gone by, they had not dimmed her loveliness; and though her eyes shone through a mist of tears, their color was still the same wonderful deep blue.

The grave was marked only by a simple stone. No date was upon it; no text; there were no wreaths upon the simple grass plot. Only it was wrapped about by the trailing branch-



"Armand—au revoir!"

es of the rose, whose petals had made a pure white mantle upon the grass; and the three words upon the little stone seemed to me the most pathetic I had ever read—

"Armand—au revoir!"

I have seen her once since then, a crowned queen and her people's idol. She was driving along the streets of her capital, her little boy by her side; she was dressed all in white, and her loveliness was something to dream of and remember. I thought I had never seen a smile more infinitely sweet; and yet the sadness in her eyes brought a mist before my own.

For a moment the street, the people about me, the swiftly rolling carriage, faded from my sight. I had seen a far-away garden, fragrant with the scent of pale wisteria flowers and banksia roses; radiant with sunshine, full of the songs of birds—the glory of spring. I saw the face of a girl, glad with a wonderful new gladness; I heard a voice, the most soft and musical it has ever been my lot to hear before or since, say gently—

"To enter Paradise with you, Armand, that is enough."

The vision faded, another took its place.

A hillside cemetery; the deep, still lake, the brooding mountains—"roses, roses all this way"—and a little grave amongst them, a grave whose simple stone bears only these three short words—

"Armand—au revoir!"