

THE HISTORY OF POLICEMAN FLYNN

BY ELLIOTT FLOWER

HE ACTS AS PEACEMAKER.



"Barney," She Said, Impressively, "Are Ye th' Guardian iv th' Peace, or Are Ye Not?"

In meditative mood Policeman Barney Flynn was smoking his pipe in front of his little home when the cry of "Fight! Fight!" was raised down the street and everybody started running in that direction—that is, everybody but Flynn. He continued to puff at his pipe as if there was nothing unusual going on.

"Barney!" exclaimed Mrs. Flynn, suddenly appearing in the doorway, "why don't ye wa-ake up?"

"Divil ta-ake th' pipe," commented Policeman Flynn. "This no better than th' fue iv th' kitchen shovle that's always gettin' shopped up."

"D'ye hear, Barney, that two fellies is poundin' thimself, up over fernist th' corner?" persisted Mrs. Flynn.

"Ha-ave ye seen Terry foolin' with th' pipe?" asked Policeman Flynn, ignoring his wife's question. "This all wr-wrong an' I can't make it dr-draw at all."

Mrs. Flynn's indignation at being thus ignored was so great that she promptly snatched the offending pipe away from him.

"Barney," she said impressively, "are ye th' guarden iv th' peace or are ye not?"

"I am," he replied, "but I'm not th' guarden iv th' fights. Are ye tired iv me that ye wa-ant me fr to mix it up with two la-ads that's havin' a bit iv trouble bechune thimself?"

"I wa-ant ye to show that ye're a man an' a po-lisman," asserted Mrs. Flynn. "They do be fightin'?"

"I'm off juty," protested Policeman Flynn, "an' tis not on me beat anny-way. Sind in th' flot-call iv ye think 'tis r-right fr to interfere. I have me pipe now, an' don't be afther botherin' me. D'ye think I'm lukkin' fr a black eye?"

"I think ye're lukkin' fr a chanst to show that ye're a coward," said Mrs. Flynn, scornfully.

Now, ordinarily, Mrs. Flynn's aspersions on her husband's prowess are sufficient to rouse him to action, as has been demonstrated on many occasions, but this time the method failed.

"D'ye ray-mimber th' da-ay I come home with me coat tore an' me knuckles bleedin' an' a big lump over me lift ear?" he asked.

"I do," answered Mrs. Flynn.

"I shopped a fight that da-ay," said Policeman Flynn, and then, after a pause sufficient to enable his wife to grasp the connection, he added: "D'ye ray-mimber th' time Maloney went to th' hospittle fr to be shittched up?"

"Iv coorse I do," admitted Mrs. Flynn.

"He shopped a fight that da-ay," remarked Policeman Flynn. "I tell ye, Mary, whin a ma-an wants fr to fight 'tis r-right to l'ave him have his fill iv it."

"Tis not juty," insisted Mrs. Flynn. "But 'tis sinse," said the policeman. "Ye see, Mary, 'tis all in knowin' how. Whin a ma-an is fightin' mad 'tis a small matter to him who he does his sherpapin' with. He'll start in fightin' in ma-an an' wind up be fightin' another, an' 'tis more satisfyin' to him fr to take a welt at th' peacemaker than at anny wan else. If ye was on th' force, Mary, ye'd larn that ye never sh'd interfere in a fight until ye can lick both iv th' parties to it, fr 'tis tin to wan that's what ye'll have fr to do."

"Thin ye won't shtop th' fight?" suggested Mrs. Flynn.

"I told ye, Mary," returned the policeman, "'tis all in knowin' how. Iv coorse I'll shtop it whin 'tis time. I ha-ave me eye on thim, an' I'm waitin'."

He glaned down the street again and slowly rose to his feet.

"Whin two fellies 'is fightin'," he said, "an' wan iv thim is gettin' th' wor-rist iv it, 'tis all r-right fr to shtep in, fr th' la-ard that's bein' done up will be gla-ade to have ye; but whin 'tis an even thing ye better keep out until th' both iv thim ha-ave all they want iv it. 'Tis not so ha-ard to handle a licked ma-an."

Just then Terry came racing back from the corner where he had been watching the fight.

"Oh, it's a bully fight!" cried the boy.

"An' fair?" asked Policeman Flynn.

"Sure," answered the boy.

"Nobody usin' br-rass knuckles or br-ricks or knives?"

"Oh, no! Reg'lar rough and tumble."

"An' neither iv thim picked on th' other?"

"No; it's an even thing. They've been threatenin' to get together for a month."

Policeman Flynn nodded solemnly.

"There do be times," he said, "whin fightin' is in th' int'hrests iv peace. I ray-mimber whin there was trouble bechune Whalen an' Duffy; they had no less than tin little fights that was shopped an' they fin'ly got to havin' br-ricks at each other until Duffy got his head br-roke, whin if they'd been lift alone th' fr-rst time 'tw'd've been all over with nothin' wor-rist than a pair iv black eyes."

"Tis not fr you to pa-ass on th' la-aws but to enforce thim," asserted Mrs. Flynn, warmly. "Ye sh'd shtop th' fight."

"Iv coorse," answered Policeman Flynn, "an' 'tis what I intind fr to do. Terry, en'd I lick th' two iv thim?"

"No-o," replied Terry doubtfully; "not yet. There's a lot of fight in them yet."

"But they're near to th' finish?" suggested Policeman Flynn.

"Yes; they're getting winded," admitted Terry.

Policeman Flynn took his boy to one side and whispered to him. Terry nodded and started back to the corner, where the men were still sparring and occasionally clinching. Policeman Flynn took out his watch and looked at it.

"In wan minute," he said to his wife, "I'll give ye an illustration iv th' majesty iv th' la-aw; I'll show ye how th' wise po-lisman shtops a fight without gettin' his head br-roke or makin' trouble fr himself be sindin' thim to th' station an' havin' to appear ag'n thim in th' po-lis court. Wa-atch me."

"I'm wa-atchin' ye," returned Mrs. Flynn, somewhat contemptuously.

"As I tol' ye befoor," continued Policeman Flynn, "'tis all in knowin' how an' choosin' ye-er time r-right. Ye understand th' thing is to shtop th' fight without th' nuisance iv havin' to arrest anny wan, an' the reppytation iv a ma-an fr doin' things an' permittin' no nonsense counts fr a lot. Th' fact is, Mary, ye don't know th' kind iv a ma-an I am an' th' wa-ay th' v'lators iv th' la-aw luk on me. 'Tis better than tin to wan they've been watchin' me iv'er since th' r-row begun, an' whin I ta-ake wan shtep that wa-ay 'twill be all off. Oho! they know me, fr sure they do!"

"I'm wa-atchin' ye," said Mrs. Flynn, sarcastically.

Policeman Flynn gave her a reproachful glance, settled his helmet firmly on his head, and started toward

The Two Combatants Ran.

the corner. In an instant there was a commotion in the crowd, the two combatants ran, and the spectators scattered.

"I tol' ye so," said Policeman Flynn, turning to his wife again.

"D'ye mean to sa-ay," demanded Mrs. Flynn, "that ye-er gr-rear reppytation as a po-lisman is what shopped the fight?"

"M-m-m, well," returned Policeman Flynn, "'tis half reppytation an' 'tis half bein' wise an' knowin' th' right wa-ay iv doin' a thing."

Mrs. Flynn said nothing in reply, but when Terry came back she called him to her.

"Terry," she said, "what did ye-er father say to ye befoor ye went back to th' cr-owd?"

"He told me," answered Terry, "that the moment he started in that direction I should start the cry: 'Police! Here comes the patrol wagon!' and I did it."

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Nothing is more easy than to deceive ourselves, as our affections are subtle persuaders.—Demosthenes.



Why German Ship was Favored. Sir West Ridgeway, until lately governor of Ceylon, returned to England from that country in a German steamship. The question was raised in the house of commons why he had not traveled on a British vessel. The colonial secretary explained that Sir West was allowed to take his pet dog with him on the German ship, a privilege the English ships had denied him.

Have No Confidence in Gunners. Notwithstanding some recent good gun records on British warships the admiralty still seems to lack confidence. The plan to make a target of the wrecked and abandoned battleship Montague on Lundy Island has been abandoned, for fear the gunners might destroy a lighthouse that is in the neighborhood.

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"Phin" Had His Own Reasons for Most Peculiar Action.

Some years ago there lived in the village of Vienna, Me., a man by the name of Phineas Jones, commonly known as "Phin." Among other faults, "Phin" had an unfortunate love for something more fiery than soda water. On one occasion he had driven to Augusta, about 20 miles distant, and during his day in town had imbibed more than was good either for his equanimity or his clearness of brain. Returning at nightfall to the livery stable where he had put up his outfit, he undertook to harness his own horse, to the delight of the stable boys.

He managed to get the harness on, after much trouble, but when he undertook to place the horse between the hills, he led her in with her astonished face toward the dasher. One of the stable boys, convulsed with laughter, called out:

"Here, 'Phin,' hadn't you better turn your horse 'round?"

"Phin," in no mood to brook interference, faced the boy with maudlin dignity, and, steadying himself against the wagon-wheel, replied, solemnly:

"Young man (hic), p'raps you don't know (hic) which way I'm goin'!"

DISFIGURING SKIN HUMOR.

Impossible to Get Employment, as Face and Body Were Covered with Sores—Cured by Cuticura.

"Since the year 1894 I have been troubled with a very bad case of eczema which I have spent hundreds of dollars trying to cure, and I went to the hospital, but they failed to cure me, and it was getting worse all the time. Five weeks ago my wife bought a box of Cuticura Ointment and one cake of Cuticura Soap, and I am pleased to say that I am now completely cured and well. It was impossible for me to get employment, as my face, head and body were covered with it. The eczema first appeared on the top of my head, and it had worked all the way around the back of my neck and around to my throat, down my body and around the hips. It itched so I would be obliged to scratch it, and the flesh was raw. I am now all well, and I will be pleased to recommend the Cuticura Remedies to all persons who wish a speedy and permanent cure of skin diseases." Thomas M. Rossiter, 290 Prospect Street, East Orange, N. J., Mar. 30, 1905.

Apple Orchard Made Money.

The Dover Sunshine publishes an interesting story of success in orcharding in that rich irrigated section of Benton county. Eleven years ago, according to the editor, one of the present prominent citizens began making a home. He had spent 25 years as a railroad man, and desired a change. His little tract of six acres was set to apple trees. There were but two varieties, the pippins and Spitzenbergs. In three years the trees began bearing fruit. At the end of ten years the total income from that orchard was \$9,952. The land originally cost \$55 an acre, and an additional \$45 an acre for clearing and planting.—Seattle Post-Intelligencer.

Seamen of Mature Age.

Lord Charles Beresford, who has just been given the highest sea command in the British navy, with the rank of admiral, is in his sixty-first year. Admiral Boscawen, who relinquishes the particular service squadron, is 63, or a year older than any American officer on the active list. The new commander of the Mediterranean station, Sir Charles Drury, is 87. Vice Admiral Curzon-Howe, the new head of the Atlantic fleet, is 56. The chief of the new home fleet, Rear Admiral Bridgman, who is 58, did not reach his present rank until he was 55. Prince Louis of Battenberg, second in command of the Mediterranean squadron, is 52. Farragut was 60 years of age before he obtained flag rank and 61 when he fought his greatest battle.

A Great Outside Remedy.

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Bull Was Up to Date. "Good gracious," said the woman chauffeur, "that bull seems awfully angry, doesn't he?"

"It's your red automobile, ma'am," explained the farmer.

She flushed and hid her lip.

"I know it is an old-fashioned 1904 model," she murmured, "but who'd have thought a stupid old country bull would notice that?"

To Abolish the Cuirass.

The French ministry has decided to abolish the cuirass. There are 13 regiments of cuirassiers in the French army. The weapon has been famous for a hundred years, and its traditions from Austerlitz to Worth are among the most glorious of the French army.

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