

## BOOK OF THE WEEK.

## "QUINNEYS."\*

"Old Joe is dead, and young Joe reigns in his stead."

"Right you are," replied Quinney.

Later young Joe had gone for a walk alone. The keen air blew the fog out of his brain, and presently he exclaimed aloud:

"Yes, I am Quinneys!"

After a pause he burst out again, "Gosh, I'm jolly glad that I gave him a tip-top funeral! He'd have pinched something awful over mine."

In the window of Quinneys there was a dirty card, "Genuine Antiques." In such matters old Joe had always been behind his times. Fired with enthusiasm young Joe seized the card and tore it up. "Never could persuade the old man that the genuine antiques card was a dead give away."

"You're your father without any moss on you," remarked Tamplin.

Having summarily arranged his business future, young Joe next proceeded to settle his domestic life. Without losing a day he called at Laburnum Row. Mrs. Biddlecome's eyes sparkled when she saw her visitor. "Never expected to see you this evening, Mr. Quinney."

"I'm tired of doing the things that are expected," was the surprising reply. Then, with a flush he blurted out, "Susan in?" Pending her appearance he appraises Susan's value. "You learned her French," and the pi-anner. By gum, is there a girl except Susie who parleyvoos in this part of the town?"

Vulgar little Quinney had a true eye for beauty and value. His success in business and his choice of a wife go to prove this. The Dream Cottage, their first home, was a spot to be envied.

The agent smiled discreetly when he saw them.

"Bird nestin' we are," said Quinney.

"Just so. Did you like the nest you saw yesterday?"

The girl answered eagerly, "It was too sweet for anything." That was before Dream Cottage was in question.

Her brown eyes dwelt with rapture upon a tiny lawn sloping to the sleepy Mel. Over everything hung a veil of romance. Furtively she wiped two tears from her eyes.

"Let us go," she said quietly.

She turned and the men followed her in silence. The agent had mentioned a sum which made Quinney whistle. But he bought it all the same.

"Yes, it's me that bought it. Now ain't I a regular old rag-bag o' surprises?"

In the furnishing he would swoop unerringly upon what was really beautiful and enduring.

"A fine thing like that Kang He jar makes me feel good, I can kneel down before it."

Mrs. Biddlecome observed majestically, "Don't be blasphemous, Joseph."

\* By Horace Annesley Vachell. John Murray, London.

"It is blasphemy to my notion to prefer ugliness to beauty. I chose Susan. Suppose I'd done as my father wanted and got engaged to that hyena Arabella because she had something in her stocking besides a leg like a bedpost."

"Now you are indelicate, isn't he, Susan?"

The night his child was born he swore he would sell no more new oak as old if his precious Susan was spared. He remembered the faked specimen of early Worcester, and his resolution to sell it at the first opportunity. He rushed into the sitting-room, seized the cup and saucer, and smashed them. This resolution he adhered to with few exceptions.

"Posy, his child, had submitted, not without kickings and prickings, to strict discipline. Quinney from the child's birth had determined that the stream must rise higher than its source."

"Don't bother about me, daddy; I'm all right."

"By gum you are! That's why I bother. In my experience it's the right bits that get smashed."

"Quinneys" is an altogether delightful book, fresh, original, humorous. Its hero reminds us strongly of Mr. Wells' creations. For those of our readers who may have an interest in antiques there is a great deal of information. We have not for a long time read anything so good; in its style Quinneys is a masterpiece.

H. H.

## VERSES.

For who that leans on God's right arm

Was ever yet forsaken?

What righteous cause can suffer harm

If He its part has taken?

Though wild and loud, and dark the cloud,

Behind its folds His hand upholds

The calm sky of to-morrow!

Then let the selfish lip be dumb,

And hushed the breath of sighing;

Before the joy of peace must come

The pains of purifying.

God give us grace, each in his place,

To bear his lot and murmur not,

Endure, and wait, and labour!

—J. Greenleaf Whittier.

## WORD FOR THE WEEK.

## MY DAILY DESIRE.

To awaken each morning with a smile brightening my face; to greet the day with reverence for the opportunities it contains; to approach my work with a clean mind; to hold ever before me, even in the doing of little things, the Ultimate Purpose toward which I am working; to meet men and women with laughter on my lips and love in my heart; to be gentle and kind and courteous through all the hours; to approach the night with the weariness that ever woos sleep and the joy that comes from work well done—this is how I desire to waste wisely my days.—Thomas Dreier.

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