

# Rouge Et Noir

A Little Business Romance of the Banana Trade  
By O. HENRY



NOBODY knew exactly where Dicky Maloney had been for the past few days. He had been in Puerto Rey, he appeared there one day and that was all. He afterward said that he came on the fruit steamer Thor, but an inspection of the Thor's passenger list of that date would have found it to be Maloney. Curiosity, however, soon perished, and Dicky took his place among the heterogeneous litter of the coast—the stranded adventurers, refugees and odd fish from other countries that line the shore of the Caribbean.

He was an active, devil-may-care, rolicking fellow with an engaging gray eye, the most freckled grin, a rather dark, or much sun-burned complexion, and a head of the fiercest red hair ever seen in that country. Speaking the Spanish language as well as he spoke English, and seeming always to have plenty of silver in his pockets, it was not long before he was a welcome companion both with the natives and the resident foreigners. He developed an extreme fondness for vino blanco; could drink more of it than any three men in the place; and to meet Dicky Maloney's brilliant head and smile coming down the street meant, to any of his acquaintances, the consumption of from one to three bottles of strong, white wine. Everybody called him Dicky; everybody cheered up at sight of him—especially the natives to whom his marvelous ruddy hair and his free and easy style were a constant delight and envy.

A considerable amount of speculation still existed concerning the object of his stay in Puerto Rey, but one day he silenced this by opening a small shop for the sale of cigars, dulces and the handwork of the interior Indians—fiber and silk woven goods, deer-skin zapatos, and baskets of tula reeds. Even then he did not change his habits, for he was drinking and playing cards half the day and night with the comandante, the collector of the port, the Jefe Politico, and other gay dogs among the native officials. The care of the shop he left entirely to Pasa. And now it is both desirable and fitting to make Pasa's acquaintance, for she was Dicky's Digression.

La Madama Timotea Buencaminos y Salazar de las Yglesias kept a rum shop in Calle numero ocho. No disgrace, mind you, for rum-making is a government monopoly, and to keep a government dispensary assures respectability if not supereminence. Moreover, the saddest of precisians could find no fault with the conduct of the shop. Customers drank there in the lowest of spirits and fearfully, as in the shadow of the dead, for the madama's ancient but vaunted lineage counteracted even the rum's behest to be joyful. For, was she not of the Yglesias who landed with Pizarro? And had her deceased husband not been Comisionado de Caminos y Puertos for the district?

In the next room, seated in the cane rocking-chair, dreamily strumming a guitar, could generally be found her daughter Pasa—"La Santa Navanjada" the young maid had named her. Navanjada is the Spanish word for a certain shade of color that you must go to more trouble to describe in English. By saying: "The little saint, tinted the most beautiful-delicate-slightly-orange-golden" you will approximate the description of Dona Pasa Buencaminos y Salazar de las Yglesias.

That Dicky Maloney would, sooner or later, explore this field was a thing to be foreseen. There were few doors in Puerto Rey his red head had not been poked into.

He saw Pasa one afternoon sitting by the door with an unusually sly look upon her face. Dicky rushed off to find one of the white duck wall flowers to present him. In an incredibly short time he was seated close beside the cane rocking-chair. There were no back-against-the-wall poses with Dicky. At close range, was his theory of subjection. To carry the fortress with one concentrated, ardent, eloquent, irresistible escalade—that was Dicky's way.

Pasa was descended from the proudest Spanish families in the country. Moreover, she had had unusual advantages. Two years in a New Orleans school had elevated her ambitions and fitted her for a fate above the ordinary maidens of her native land. And yet here she succumbed to the first red-headed scamp with a gilt tongue and a charming smile that came along and courted her properly. For, very soon Dicky took her quietly to the little church next to the Teatro Nacional and then to his little shop in the grass-grown street where customers seldom troubled him. And it was her fate to sit, with her patient, saintly eyes and figure like a bisque Payche, behind his sequestered counter while Dicky drank and philandered with his frivolous acquaintances.

tents she never felt curiosity. There was a wife for you!

The one mistake Dicky made in Puerto Rey was to run out of money at the wrong time. Where his money came from was a puzzle, for the sales of his shop were next to nothing, but that source failed, and at a peculiarly unfortunate time. It was when the comandante, Don Senior el Coronel Encarnacion Casablanca looked upon the little saint seated in the shop and felt his heart go pitapat.

The comandante, who was versed in all the intricate arts of gallantry, first delicately hinted at his sentiments by donning his dress uniform and strutting up and down fiercely before her window. Pasa, glancing demurely with her saintly eyes, instantly perceived his resemblance to her parrot, Chichil, and was diverted to the extent of a smile. The comandante saw the smile, which was not intended for him. Convinced of an impression made, he entered the shop, confidently, and advanced to open compliment. Pasa froze; he pranced; she flamed royally; he was charmed to injudicious persistence; she commanded him to leave the shop; he tried to capture her hand and—Dicky entered, broadly smiling, full of white wine and the devil.

Five minutes later he pitched the comandante out the door upon the stones of the street, senseless. That five minutes Dicky had spent in pushing him scientifically and carefully, so that the pain might be prolonged as far as possible.

A barefooted policeman who had been watching the affair from across the street, now blew a whistle and a squad of eight soldiers came running from the cuartel just around the corner. When they saw that Dicky was the offender they stopped and blew more whistles, which brought out reinforcements of twelve.

Dicky, being thoroughly imbued with the martial spirit, stooped and drew the comandante's sword which was gripped about him, and charged his foe. He chased the soldier, and finally, with a flourish, playfully prodding his squealing rear and heeling his bare, singer-colored heels. He was not so successful with the civic authorities. Eight muscular, nimble policemen overpowered him, and conveyed him, triumphantly but warily to jail. "El Diablo Colorado," they dubbed him, and degraded the military for its defeat.

Dicky, with the rest of the prisoners, could look out the barred door at the grass of a little plaza, a row of orange trees, and the red tile roofs and 'dobe walls of a line of insignificant tiendas. At sunset, along a path across this plaza, came a melancholy procession of sad-faced women bearing plantains, bread, cassava and fruit, each coming with food to some wretch behind these bars to whom she still clung. Thrice a day, morning, noon and sunset, they were permitted to come. Water was furnished her guests by the republic, but no food.

For two days succeeding Pasa came at each appointed time and brought him food. He eagerly inquired each time if a letter or package had come for him, and she mournfully shook her head.

On the morning of the third day she brought only a small loaf of bread. There were dark circles under her eyes. She seemed as calm as ever.

"By jingo," said Dicky, who seemed to speak in English or Spanish as the whim seized him, "this is dry provender, muchacha. Is this the best you can fig up for a fellow?"

Pasa looked at him as a mother looks at a beloved but capricious babe.

"Think better of it," she said, in a low voice; "since for the next meal there will be nothing. The last centavo is spent." She pressed closer against the grating.

Pasa lowered her voice to almost a whisper. "And, listen, heart to my heart," she said, "I have endeavored to be brave, but I cannot live without thee. Three days now—"

"There's nothing," interrupted Dicky, shortly, "but this. You go tell the captain of the Catarina that Dicky Maloney wants to see him as soon as he can conveniently come. Tell him where I am. Hurry. That's all."

The consul, glad to be let off so easily, hurried away. The captain of the Catarina, a stout man, Sicilian born, soon appeared, shoving, with little ceremony, through the guards to the jail door. The Vesuvius Fruit Company had a habit of doing things that way in Puerto Rey.

"I am exceedingly sorry—exceedingly sorry," said the captain, "to see this occur. I place myself at your service, Mr. Maloney. Whatever you need shall be furnished. Whatever you say shall be done."

Dicky looked at him unsmilingly. His red hair could not detract from his attitude of severe dignity as he stood, tall and calm, with his now grim mouth forming a horizontal line.

"Captain De Lucco, I believe I still have funds in the hands of your company—ample and personal funds. I ordered a remittance last week. The money has not arrived. You know what is needed in this game. Money and money and more money. Why has it not been sent?"

"By the Cristobal," replied De Lucco, gestulating, "it was dispatched. Where is the Cristobal? Off Cape Antonio I spoke her with a broken shaft. A tramp coaster was towing her back to New Orleans. I brought money ashore thinking your need for it might not withstand delay. In this envelope is one thousand dollars. There is more if you need it, Mr. Maloney."

"For the present it will suffice," said Dicky, softening as he crinkled the envelope and looked down at the half-inch thickness of smooth, dingy bills.

"The long green!" he said, gently, with a new reverence in his gaze. "Is there anything it will not buy, captain?"

When the captain had departed Dicky called the sergeant of the jail guard and asked:

"Am I preso by the military or by the civil authority?"

"Surely there is no martial law in effect now, señor."

"Buena. Now go or send to the alcalde, the Juez de la Paz and the Jefe de los Policias. Tell them I am prepared at once to satisfy the demands of justice." A folded bill of the "long green" slid into the sergeant's hand.

So, that night Dicky sat by the window of the room over his shop and his little saint sat close by, working at something silken and dainty. Dicky was thoughtful and grave. His red hair was in an unusual state of disorder. Pasa's fingers often ached to smooth and arrange it, but Dicky would never allow it. He was poring, tonight, over a great litter of maps and books and papers on his table until that perpendicular line came between his brows that always distressed Pasa. Presently she went and brought his hat, and stood with it until he looked up, inquiringly.

"It is sad for you here," she explained. "Go out and drink vino blanco. Come back when you get that smile you used to wear. That is what I wish to see."

But the most impolitic of the administration's moves had been when it antagonized the Vesuvius Fruit Company of New Orleans, an organization plying twelve steamships, and with a cash capital something larger than Costa Rica's surplus and debt combined. Naturally, an established concern like the Vesuvius would become irritated at having a small, retail republic with no rating at all attempt to squeeze it. So, when the government proxies applied for subsidy they encountered a polite refusal. The president retaliated by clipping an export duty of one real per bunch on bananas—a thing unprecedented in fruit growing countries.

An emissary requested an interview with a representative of the company. The Vesuvius sent Mr. Franzoni, a little, stout, cheerful man always whistling Verdi. Senior Ortiz, secretary to the Minister of Finance, attempted the sandbagging in behalf of Costa Rica.

Senior Ortiz opened negotiations by the announcement that the government contemplated the building of a railroad to skirt the alluvial coast lands. After touching upon the benefits such an improvement would confer upon the interests of the Vesuvius, he reached the definite suggestion that a contribution to the road's expense of one hundred thousand pesos would not be more than an equivalent to benefits received.

Mr. Franzoni denied any benefits from the contemplation of a road. He was authorized, however, to offer a contribution of five hundred to the contemplators.

Did Senior Ortiz understand Mr. Franzoni to mean five hundred thousand? By no means. Five hundred pesos. And in silver; not gold.

"Your offer insults my government," said Senior Ortiz, rising indignantly.

"Then," cried Mr. Franzoni, in a warning voice, "we will change it!"

The offer was never changed. Mr. Franzoni must have meant something else.

So, when the fifteenth day of May arrived the signs were that the presidential advent would not be celebrated by unlimited rejoicing.

President Zarilla was a little, elderly man, grizzled bearded, with a considerable ratio of Indian blood revealed in his cinnamon complexion. As he was assisted into his carriage, his sharp, beady eyes glanced around for the expected demonstration of welcome, but he faced a stolid, unenthused array of curious citizens. Slight-seers the Costaguans are by birth and habit, and they turned out to the last able-bodied unit to witness the scene, but they maintained an accusive silence.

At length, after a prodigious galloping and curvetting of red-sashed majors, gold-laced colonels and spawpated generals, the procession formed for its annual formal progress down the principal street of the Camino Real—to the government building at its end.

As the band struck up, and the movement began, like a bird of ill omen the S. J. Pizzoni, Jr., the swift steamship of the Vesuvius line, glided into the harbor in plain view of the president and his train.

By the time the van of the procession had reached the government building, Captain Cronin, of the S. J. Pizzoni, Jr., and Mr. Vincent, member of the Vesuvius Company, had landed and were pushing their way, bluff, hearty and nonchalant, through the crowd on the narrow sidewalk. Clad in white linen, big, debonair, with an air of good-humored authority, they made conspicuous figures among the dark mass of unimposing Costaguans. They penetrated to within a few yards of the steps of the brown stone building, Casa Morena, the brown White House of Costa Rica. Looking easily above the heads of the crowd, they perceived another that towered above the undernatives. It was the fiery poll of Dicky Maloney against the wall close by the lower

step, and his broad, seductive grin showed that he recognized their presence.

Dicky had stilled himself becomingly for the festive occasion in a well-fitting black suit. Pasa was close by his side, her head covered with the ubiquitous black mantilla.

Mr. Vincent looked at her attentively.

"Botticelli's Madonna," he remarked, gravely. "I wonder when she got into the game. I don't like his getting tangled with the women. I hoped he would keep away from them."

Captain Cronin's laugh almost drew attention from the parade.

"With that head of hair! Keep away from the women! And a Maloney! Hasn't he got a license? But, nonsense aside, what do you think of the prospects? It's a species of filibustering out of my line."

Vincent glanced again at Dicky's head and smiled.

"Rouge et noir," he said. "There you have it. Make your play, gentlemen. Our money is on the red."

They ceased talking, for General Pilar had descended from the first carriage and had taken his stand upon the top step of Casa Morena. As the oldest member of the cabinet, custom had decreed that he should make the address of welcome, presenting the keys of the official residence to the president at his close.

Holding in his hand the gilt keys of Casa Morena, he began his address in a historical form, touching upon each administration and the advance of civilization and prosperity from the first dim striving after liberty down to present times. Arriving at the regime of President Zarilla, at which point, according to precedent, he should have delivered a eulogy upon its wise conduct and the happiness of the people, General Pilar paused. Then he silently held up the bunch of keys high above his head, with his eyes closely regarding it. The ribbon with which they were bound fluttered in the breeze.

"It still blows," cried the speaker, exultantly. "Citizens of Costa Rica, give thanks to the saints this night that our air is still free."

Thus disposing of Zarilla's administration, he abruptly reverted to that of Olivarra, Costa Rica's most popular ruler. Olivarra had been assassinated nine years before while in the prime of life and usefulness. A faction of the Liberal party led by Zarilla himself had been accused of the deed. Whether guilty or not, it was eight years before the ambitious and scheming Zarilla had gained his goal.

Upon this theme General Pilar's eloquence was loosed. He drew the picture of the beneficent Olivarra with a loving hand. He reminded the people of the peace, the security and the happiness they had enjoyed during that period. He recalled in vivid detail and with significant contrast the last summer sojourn of President Olivarra in Puerto Rey, when his appearance at their fiestas was the signal for thundering vivas of love and approbation.

The first public expression of sentiment from the people that day followed. A low, sustained murmur went among them like the surf rolling along the shore.

"Ten dollars to a dinner at the Saint Charles," remarked Mr. Vincent, "that rouge wins."

"I never bet against my own interests," said Captain Cronin, lighting a cigar. "Long-winded old boy, for his age. What's he talking about?"

"My Spanish," replied Vincent, "runs about ten words to the minute. Whatever he's saying, he's getting them warmed up."

"Friends and brothers," General Pilar was saying, "could I reach out my hand this day across the lamentable silence of the grave to Olivarra 'the Good,' to the ruler who was one of you, whose tears fell when you sorrowed, and whose smile followed your joy—I would bring him back to you, but—Olivarra is dead—dead at the hands of a craven assassin!"

The speaker turned and gazed boldly into the carriage of the president. His arm remained extended aloft as if to sustain his peroration. A president was listening, aghast, at this remarkable address of welcome.

"Who says that Olivarra is dead?" suddenly cried the speaker, his voice old as he was, sounding like a battle trumpet. "His body lies in the grave, but, to the people he loved he has been quenched his spirit—yes, more—his learning, his courage, his kindness—yes, more—his youth, his image—people of Costa Rica, have you forgotten the son of Olivarra?"

Cronin and Vincent, watching closely, saw Dicky Maloney suddenly raise his hat, tear off his shock of red hair, leap up the steps and stand at the side of General Pilar. The minister of war laid his arm across the young man's shoulders. All who had known President Olivarra saw again his same lion-like pose, the same frank, undaunted expression, the same high forehead with the peculiar line of the clustering, crisp black hair.

General Pilar was an experienced orator. He seized the moment of breathless silence that preceded the storm.

"Citizens of Costa Rica," he trumpeted, holding aloft the keys to Casa Morena, "I am here to deliver these keys—the keys to your homes and liberty—to your chosen president. Shall I deliver them to Enrico, Olivarra's assassin, or to his son?"

"Olivarra! Olivarra!" the crowd shrieked and howled. All vociferated the magic name—men, women, children and the parrots.

And the enthusiasm was not confined to the blood of the plebs. Colonel Rocas ascended the steps and laid his sword theatrically at Young Ramon Olivarra's feet. Four members of the cabinet embraced him. Captain Cruz gave a command and twenty of El Ciento Hombres dismounted and arranged themselves in a cordon about the steps of Casa Morena.

But Ramon Olivarra asked that moment to prove himself a born genius and politician. He waved those soldiers aside, and descended the steps to the street. There, without losing his dignity or the distinguished elegance that the loss of his red hair brought him, he took the proletriat to his bosom—the barefooted, the dirty, Indians, Caribs, babies, beggars, old, young, sailors, soldiers and sinners— he missed none of them.

While this act of the drama was being produced the scene-shifters had been busy at the duties assigned them. Two of Cruz's dragoons had seized the brittle reins of President Zarilla's horses, others formed a close guard, and they galloped off with the tyrant and his two malodorous ministers. No doubt a place had been prepared for them. There are quite a number of well-barred stone apartments in Puerto Rey.

"Rouge wins," said Mr. Vincent, calmly lighting another cigar.

Captain Cronin had been intently watching the vicinity of the steps for some time.

"Good boy!" he exclaimed, suddenly, as if relieved. "I was wondering if he was going to forget his Kathleen Mavourneen."

Young Olivarra had reascended the steps and spoken a few words to General Pilar. That distinguished veteran descended to the walk and approached Pasa, who still stood, calm and wonder-eyed, where Dicky had left her. With his hat in his hand, and his medals and decorations shining on his breast, the general gave her his arm, and they went up the steps together. And then Ramon Olivarra stepped forward and took both her hands before all the people.

And while the cheering was breaking out afresh everywhere Captain Cronin and Mr. Vincent turned and walked back toward the landing where the ship's gig was waiting for them.

"There'll be another presidente proclaimed in the morning," said Vincent, musingly. "As a rule, they are not so reliable as the elected ones. But this youngster seems to have good sense. He planned and managed the whole campaign. Olivarra's widow, you know, was wealthy. She gave the boy eight years of the best education in the states. The company hunted him up and backed him in the little game."

"It's a glorious thing," said Cronin, half jestingly, "to be able to discharge a government and insert one of your own choosing, these days."

"It's business," stated Vincent, stopping to offer his cigar to a monkey swinging from a lime tree; "and that is what moves the world of today. That extra real on the price of bananas had to go. We took the quickest way of removing it."

# HOME TOWN HELPS

## MILL VILLAGES IN SOUTH

Undeniably Afford Better Conditions Than the People Encountered Elsewhere.

In South Carolina 150,000 persons, or one-fifth of its white population, live in cotton mill villages, while in the counties of Greenville, Spartanburg and Anderson one-third of the population is in these villages, and the villages continue to grow.

The South Carolina mill village is usually a separate community, sometimes having a population of over 5,000 inhabitants. It is entirely owned and controlled by the mill, and its residents have no village corporation of any kind.

These villages are built by the mill management for the simple reason that their people could not otherwise be housed near a mill. They attract much more attention from strangers than from southerners; for strangers, seeing in them for the first time the general poverty and other distressful conditions of our people, handicapped as they have been by legacies from slavery and war, associate these with the village.

But all Carolinians know, says the South Atlantic Quarterly, that these villages are of the same stock as they themselves, being composed as a class of the less successful, to whom the mills have offered much better wages, with better labor and living conditions, than they had before.

It is undeniable that South Carolina causes, come into closer personal touch with their individual operatives and feel more interest in them as a body than do eastern cotton manufacturers, and that South Carolina operatives have been benefited by coming to the mills; that the separate cottages of southern mill villages, with plenty of air and larger grounds, are better than the city tenements generally used by such operatives in the east, and that the village living conditions, as a rule, are steadily improving.

## PLANS FOR A MODEL CITY

Boston-1915 Directors See Many Changes in the Future—Trunk Sewers Are Advocated.

How to develop the metropolitan district has been outlined by the Boston-1915 directors.

Changes suggested in the transportation problem point in every case to metropolitan improvements to be obtained by uniform development.

"Rapid transit and steam systems should make a unified system of passenger transportation between all parts of the district.

"All freight lines should be connected with one another and with the water front. Freight yards should be distributed to avoid long teaming hauls.

"The system of radial thoroughfares should be perfected. The circumferential thoroughfare system should be completed. All the main thoroughfares of travel should be of ample width.

"Trunk sewers are advocated. The existing policy of reserving land and sites for public buildings should be continued and perfected, the committee believes. Changes in building and housing requirements are advocated, in the belief that the inequalities at present existing discourage investing capital and cause slum conditions in the lax localities."—Boston Transcript.

American Towns Waking Up.

Some districts and sections frankly recognize their advantages in climate, scenery and kindred attractions as one of their chief assets. New England, more than any other part of the country, profits by its summer charms, but the Rocky mountain region is not far behind in that respect. Florida has long counted upon winter tourists as one of its chief sources of prosperity.

Cities and districts which have no exceptional advantages of site or climate, scenery or historic interest, are finding a lesson worth heeding in the many instances of large profits from beauty and esthetic charm which the world affords. They are realizing that such civic beauty is the fruit of civic pride and public spirit. They are building their public edifices, laying out their parks and taking care of their streets with more understanding than they had in the past of the business wisdom of liberality and breadth of view in such affairs.

The ultimate consequence of this growing consideration of beauty and charm in the development of urban centers must color many phases of national progress. It is an influence which spreads and grows stronger, year by year.

Hartford Has Good Idea.

The city of Hartford, Conn., will begin this fall a systematic planting of trees on its public thoroughfares. The matter will be in charge of the city forester, who will first inspect the streets to find out where trees are most needed. A city nursery will be opened later.

Show Cattle Massaged.

British bull exhibitors have caught on to the old American trick of massaging and brushing and rubbing show cattle several times a day so as to bring them to the pink of perfection sought by buyers of beef. Grooms spend as much time on steers as they used to on show horses and it pays.—New York Press.

Flats With a Purpose.

"I hear they are building flats now that are provided with disappearing furniture." "I suppose that is for the purpose of providing more room." "That is understood to be the reason, but it will come in handy to have such a flat when the tax assessor makes his appearance."—Chicago Record-Herald.



"Shall I Deliver Them to Enrico, Olivarra's Assassin, or to His Son?"