A Little Business Romance of the Banana Trade

By O. HENRY

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Maloney halled

Thor's passenger list of that date the shore of the Caribbean.

and the resident foreigners. He de full of white wine and the devil, veloped an extreme fondness for vino blancho; could drink more of it than comandante out the door upon the any three men in the port, and to stones of the street, senseless. That meet Dicky Maloney's brilliant head five minutes Dicky had spent in punand smile coming down the street ishing him scientifically and carefully, meant, to any of his acquaintances, so that the pain might be prolonged the consumption of from one to three as far as possible. bottles of strong, white wine. Every- A barefooted policeman who had body called him Dicky; everybody been watching the affair from across cheered up at sight of hith-especially the street, now blew a whistle and a the natives to whom his marvelous ruddy hair and his free and easy style from the cuartel just around the corwere a constant delight and envy.

tion still existed concerning the ob- more whistles, which brought out reject of his stay in Puerto Rey, but one enforcements of twelve. day he silenced this by opening a small shop for the sale of cigars, the martial spirit, stooped and drew Dicky called the sergeant of the jall dulces and the handiwork of the in- the comandante's sword which was terior Indians-fiber and silk woven girded about him, and charged his foe. goods, deerskin zapatos, and basket- He chased the standing army four work of tule reeds. Even then he did squares, playfully prodding its squealnot change his habits, for he was ing rear, and hacking its bare, gingerdrinking and playing cards half the colored heels. He was not so success day and night with the comandante, ful with the civic authorities. Eight the collector of the port, the Jefe Poli- muscular, nimble policemen overpowtico, and other gay dogs among the ered him, and conveyed him, triumnative officials. The care of the shop phantly but warfly to fall. "El Diablo he left entirely to Pasa. And now it Colorado," they dubbed him, and deis both desirable and fitting to make rided the military for its defeat. Pasa's acquaintance, for she was Dicky's Digression.

La Madama Timotea Buencaminos y Salazar de las Yglesias kept a rum government dispensary assures respectability if not supereminence. Moreover, the saddest of precisians of the shop. Customers drank there in the lowest of spirits and fearsomemadama's ancient but vaunted lineage by the republic, but no food. counteracted even the rum's behest to For two days succeeding Pasa came Yglesias who landed with Pizarro? him food. He eagerly inquired each And had her deceased husband not time if a letter or package had come been Comisionado de Caminos y Puen- for him, and she mournfully shook her tes 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 Sanita Navanjada" the young men had named her. Navanjada is the Spanish word for a certain shade of color that you must go to more trouble to describe in Engglish. By saying: "The little saint, can dig up for a fellow?" tinted the most beautiful-delicateslightly-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 tavo is spent." She pressed closer 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 saintly to be brave, but I cannot live without look upon her face. Dicky rushed off thee. Three days nowto find one of the white duck wallflowers to present him. In an incredibly short time he was seated close beside the cane rocking-chair. There without a smile, stern, menacing and 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 redhaired scamp with a glib 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 custoher fate to sit, with her patient, saintly eyes and figure like a bisque Psyche, behind its sequestered counter while Dicky drank and philasdered with his frivolous acquain-

Sometimes mysterious things hapgenerally conspirator-like men with pers-" dark clothes and hats. Of course, a while, and talked about.

addressed to "Mr. Dicky Maloney," or donkeys and geese got into the chapel "Senor Dickee Maloney," to the con- loft, and the culprits wanted to bide riderable pride of Pasa. That so many in your room." people should desire to write to him only confirmed her own suspicion that sul, hurriedly adjusting his spectacles. the light from his red head shone "Are you a a Yale man, too? Were

OBODY knew ex- tents she never felt curlosity. There

actly where Dicky was a wife for you! The one mistake Dicky made in from or how he Puerto Rey was to run out of money eached Puerto at the wrong time. Where his money Rey. He appeared came from was a puzzle, for the sales there one day and of his shop were next to nothing, but that was all. He that source failed, and at a peculiarly afterward said unfortunate time. It was when the that he came on comandante, Don Senor el Coronel Enthe fruit steamer carnacion Casablanca looked upon the Thor, but, an in- little saint seated in the shop and felt spection of the his heart go pitapat.

The comandante, who was versed in would have found it to be Maloney- all the intricate arts of gallantry, first Curiosity, however, soon per- delicately hinted at his sentiments by ished, and Dicky took his place among donning his dress uniform and strutthe heterogeneous litter of the coast- ung up and down flercely before her the stranded adventurers, refugees and window. Pasa, glancing demurely with odd fish from other countries that line her saintly eyes, instantly perceived his resemblance to her parrot, Chichi. He was an active, devil-may-care, and was diverted to the extent of a rollicking fellow with an engaging smile. The comandante saw the smile. gray eye, the most irresistible grin, a which was not intended for him. Conrather dark, or much sun-burned com- vinced of an impression made, he enplexion, and a head of the fieriest red tered the shop, confidently, and adhair ever seen in that country. Speak- vanced to open compliment. Paza ing the Spanish language as well as froze; he pranced; she flamed royally; he spoke English, and seeming always he was charmed to injudicious perto have plenty of silver in his pockets, sistence: she commanded him to leave it was not long before he was a wel- the shop; he tried to capture her hand come companion both with the natives and-Dicky entered, broadly smiling.

Five minutes later he pitched the

squad of eight soldiers came running ner. When they saw that Dicky was A considerable amount of specula- the offender they stopped and blew

Dicky, being thoroughly imbued with

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 shop in Calle numero ocho. No dis- and 'dobe walls of a line of insignifigrace, mind you, for rum-making is a cant tiendas. At sunset, along a path government monopoly, and to keep a across this plaza, came a melancholy procession of sad-faced women bearing plantains, bread, casaba and fruiteach coming with food to some wretch could find no fault with the conduct behind those bars to whom she still clung. Thrice a day, morning, noon and sunset, they were permitted to ly, as in the shadow of the dead, for la come. Water was furnished her guests

be joyful. For, was she not of the at each appointed time and brought 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, muchachita. Is this the best you Pasa looked at him as a mother looks at a beloved but capricious

babe. "Think better of it," she said, in a there will be nothing. The last cen-

against the grating, Pasa lowered her voice to almost a whisper. "And, listen, heart to my heart," she said, "I have endeavored

Dicky caught a faint gleam of steel once she looked in his face and saw it purposeful. Then he suddenly raised his hand and his smile came back like a gleam of sunshine. The hoarse signal of an incoming steamer's siren to the sentry who was pacing before

the door: 'What steamer comes?' "The Catarina."

"Of the Vesuvius line?" "Without doubt, of that line." "Go you, picarilla," said Dicky, joyously to Pasa, "to the American consul. Tell him I wish to speak with See that he comes at once. And you, let me see a different look in those eyes, for I promise your head

shall rest upon this arm tonight." It was an hour before the consul came. He was a spectacled young you that. Come." mers seldom troubled him. And it was izing his office to study the tropic man, a greedy botanist who was utilflora. He held a green umbrella under his arm, and mopped his forehead impatiently.

"Now, see here, Maloney," he began, captiously, "you fellows seem to laughter. think you can cut up any kind of row, pened at night about Dicky's shop, and expect me to pull you out of it. While the front of it was dark, in the I'm neither the War Department nor a Hittle room back of it Dicky and a gold mine. This country has its laws, few of his friends would sit about a you know, and there's one against table carrying on some kind of very pounding the senses out of the reguquiet negocios until quite late. Final. lar army. You Irish are forever getly he would let them out the front ting into trouble. I don't see what I door very carefully, and go upstairs can do. Anything like tobacco, now, to his little saint. These visitors were to make you comfortable-or newspa-

"Son of Eli," interrupted Dicky, these dark doings were noticed after gravely, "you haven't changed an lota. That is almost a duplicate of the Quite a number of letters arrived, speech you made when old Koen's

"Oh, heavens!" exclaimed the con around the world. As to their con- you in that crowd? I don't seem to officially recognized is San Mateo, sev | against the wall close by the lower Indians, Caribs, bables, beggars, old,

named Majoney. Such a lot of college men seem to have misused their ad- the entire administration removes to ence. vantages. One of the best mathema- Puerto Rey, where the sea breeze renticians of the class of '91 is selling lot | ders the pursuit of business and pleas- ty for the festive occasion in a welltery tickets in Belize. A Cornell man ure possible. Custom had so estab- fitting black suit. Pasa was close by econd steward on a guano boat. I'll tive that a commodious government write to the Department If you like. Mnloney. Or if there's any tobacco. om newspa-

"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, hurrled away. The captain of discontent. The administration of away from the women! And a Mathe Catarino, a stout man, Sicilian born, soon appeared, shoving, with lit. from a popular idol. Fresh taxes, tle ceremony, through the guards to the jail door. The Vesuvius Fruit all, his tolerance of the outrageous op-Company had a habit of doing things that way in Puerto Rey.

"I am exceedingly sorry-exceeding 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 proxies applied for subsidy they enmoney 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, gesticulating, "It was dispatched Where is the Cristobal? Off Cape Autonio 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 squad and asked: "Am I preso by the military or by

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 pe- nine years before while in the prime sos would not be more than an equiva- of life and usefulness. A faction of lent to benefits received.

building had been erected on the

president and his official family during

But now, this year, though the

heart of the people was not stirred to

the customary joyous preparation.

Throughout the entire republic there

pression of the citizens by the mili-

noxious president since the despised

istration's moves had been when it

Costaragua's surplus and debt com-

public with no rating at all attempt to

squeeze it. So, when the government

countered a polite refusal. The presi-

An emissary requested an inter-

zoni, a little, stout, cheerful man al-

ways whistling Verdi. Senor Ortiz,

secretary to the Minister of Finance,

attempted the sandbagging in behalf

Senor Ortiz opened negotiations by

the announcement that the govern-

ment contemplated the building of a

growing countries.

of Costaragua.

tary had rendered him the most ob- head and smiled.

irritated at having a small, retail re- president at its close

seemed to be a spirit of silent, sullen

their sofourn.

Alforan

beach at Puerto Rey for the use of the tively.

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



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

effect now, senor."

"Bueno. Now go or send to the alcalde, the Juez de la Paz and the Jefe low voice; "since for the next meal de los Policios. Tell them I am pre- and? pared at once to satisfy the demands | By no means. Five hundred pesos of justice." A folded bill of the "long And in silver; not gold. green" slid into the sergeant's hand. So, that night Dicky sat by the win-

dow 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 dis- else. from the folds of her mantilla. For order. Pasa's fingers often ached to | So, when the fifteenth day of May smooth and arrange it, but Dicky arrived the signs were that the presiwould never allow it. He was poring, dential advent would not be cele tonight, over a great litter of maps brated by unlimited rejoicing. and books and papers on his table until that perpendicular line came be- ly man, grizzly bearded, with a contween his brows that always dis- siderable ratio of Indian blood revealsounded in the harbor. Dicky ca'led tressed Pass. Presently she went and ed in his cinnamon complexion. As he brought his hat, and stood with it un- was assisted into his carriage, his til he looked up, inquiringly.

plained. "Go out and drink vino blan- come, but he faced a stolid, unenwish to see,"

Dicky laughed and threw down his last able-bodied unit to witness the "The vino blanco stage is scene, but they maintained an accusive papers. past. It has served its turn. Perhaps, silence. after all, there was less entered my

window and Jatched the quivering government building at its end. gleams from the lights of the Catarina reflected in the harbor.

"I was thinking," she began, anticipating Dicky's question, "of the fool-Because I went to school in the states building, Captain Cronin, of the S. J. hast thou stolen me!"

miling ning, by a head."

The Vesuvius Plays.

has, practically, two capitals The one It was the flery poll of Dicky Maloney his bosom-the barefooted, the dirty,

"Surely there is no martial law in contribution of five hundred to the contemplators. Did Senor Ortiz understand Mr. Franzoni to mean five hundred thous-

"Your offer insults my government,"

said Senor Ortiz, rising indignantly. "Then," cried Mr. Franzoni, in warning voice, "we will change it!" The offer was never changed. Mr.

Franzoni must have meant something

President Zarilla was a little, elder sharp, beady eyes glanced around for "It is sad for you here," she ex- the expected demonstration of walco. Come back when you get that thused array of curious citizens. Sightsmile you used to wear. That is what seers the Costaraguans are by birth and habit, and they turned out to the

At length, after a prodigious gallopmouth and more my ears than people ing and curvetting of red-sashed mathought. But, there will be no more jors, gold-laced colonels and epauletted maps or frowns tonight. I promise generals, the procession formed for its annual formal progress down the prin-They sat upon a reed sillets at the cipal street-the Camino Real-to the

As the band struck up, and the movement began, like a bird of tll Presently Pasa rippled out one of omen the S. J. Pizzoni, Jr., the swifther infrequent chirrups of audible est 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 proces sh things girls have in their minds, sion had reached the government used to have ambitions. Nothing Pizzoni, Jr., and Mr. Vincenti, member less than to be the president's wife of the Vesuvius Company, had landed would satisfy me. And, look thou, and were pushing their way, bluff, red picaroon, to what obscure fate hearty and nonchalant, through the crowd on the narrow sidewalk. Clad "Don't give up hope," said Dicky, in white linen, big, debonair, with an El Ciento Hullando dismounted and "There was a dictator of air of good-humored authority, they arranged themselves in a cordon about Chili named O'Higgins. Why not a made conspicuous figures among the the steps of Casa Morena. President Maloney of this country? dark mass of unimposing Costara-Say the word, and I'll make the race. guans. They penetrated to within a ment to prove himself a born genius We'll capture the Irish vote, easy run- few yards of the steps of the brown and politician. He waved those solstone building Casa Moreno, the diers aside, and descended the steps brown White House of Costaragua, to the street. There, without losing Looking easily above the heads of the his dignity or the distinguished elecrowd, they perceived another that gamee that the loss of his red hair

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 flestas was the signal for thundering vivas of love and approba-

ubiquitous black mantilla.

he would keep away from them.'

"With that head of hair!

attention from the parade.

bustering out of my line."

President Zarilla had made him far loney! Hasn't he got a license? But,

But the most impolitic of the admin- tlemen. Our money is on the red."

pany of New Orleans, an organization | carriage and had taken his stand upon

breeze.

that our air is still free.

Thus disposing of Zarilla's adminis-

the Liberal party led by Zarilla him

self had been accused of the deed.

Whether guilty or not, it was eight

ing Zarilla had gained his goal.

ears before the ambitious and schem-

Upon this theme General Pilar's elo

quence was loosed. He drew the plc-

ture of the beneficent Olivarra with a

Captain Cronin's laugh almost drew

Vincenti glanced again at Dicky's

"Rouge et noir," he said. "There

They ceased talking, for General

Holding in his hand the gilt keys of

you have it. Make your play, gen-

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

"Ten dollars to a dinner at the Saint 'harles," remarked Mr. Vincenti, that rouge wins "

"I never bet against my own intersts," said Captain Cronin, lighting a poses in the city of Manhattan, and cumferential thoroughfare system gar. "Long-winded old boy, for his farmers living near the trunk line are should be completed. All the main

"My Spanish." replied Vincenti runs about ten words to the minute; his is something around two hundred. 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 sor rowed, 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 bold y into the carriage of the president His arm remained extended aloft as if to sustain his peroration. The 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 be queathed his spirit-yes, more-his learning, his courage, his kindnessyes, more-his youth, his image-people of Costaragua, have you forgotten the son of Olivarra?"

Cronin and Vincenti, watching closey, saw Dicky Maloney suddenly raise his hat, tear off his shock of red hatr 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 ion-like pose, the same frank, unfaunted expression, the same high forehead with the peculiar line of the lustering, crisp black hair.

General Pilar was an experienced rator. He seized the moment of preathless silence that preceded the

"Citizens of Costaragua," he trumpeted, holding aloft the keys to Cass Morena, "I am here to deliver these keys-the keys to your homes and lib erty-to your chosen president. Shall I deliver them to Enrico, Olivarra's assassin, or to his son?"

"Olivarra! Olivarra!" the shricked and howled. All vociferated the magic name-men, women, children and the parrots

And the enthusiasm was not con fined 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

But Ramon Olivarra seized that mo-The banana republic of Costaragua towered above the understred natives. brought him, he took the proletariat to

remember any one with red-any one | enty miles in the interior. But, during | step, and his broad, seductive grin | young, saints, soldiers and sinnersthe hot season, from May to October, showed that he recognized their preshe missed none of them.

While this act of the drama was being produced the scene-shifters had Dicky had attired himself becomingbeen busy at the duties assigned them. Two of Cruz's dragoons had setsed dropped off here last month. He was lished this annual hegira of the execu- his side, her head covered with the the bridle reins of President Zarilla's horses, others formed a close guard, and they galloped off with the tyrant Mr. Vincenti looked at her attenand his two maledorous ministers. No doubt a place had been prepared for "Hotticelli's Madonna," he remarkthem. There are quite a number of ed, gravely. "I wonder when she got into the game. I don't like his getwell-barred stone apartments in Puermiddle of May was almost come, the ting tangled with the women. I hoped

"Rouge wins," said Mr. Vincenti, 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 nonsense aside, what do you think of fresh import duties, and, more than the prospects? It's a species of fillwas 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. antagonized the Vesuvius Fruit Com- Pilar had descended from the first With his hat in his hand, and his medals and decorations shining on plying twelve steamships, and with a the top step of Casa Morena. As the his breast, the general gave her his cash capital something larger than oldest member of the cabinet, custom arm, and they went up the steps tohad decreed that he should make the gether. And then Ramon Olivarra bined. Naturally, an established con- address of welcome, presenting the stepped forward and took both her cern like the Vesuvius would become keys of the official residence to the hands before all the people.

And while the cheering was break ing out afresh everywhere Captain Casa Morena, he began his address in | Cronin and Mr. Vincenti turned and a historical form, touching upon each walked back toward the landing where

administration and the advance of the ship's gig was waiting for them. "There'll be another presidente dent retaliated by clapping an export civilization and prosperity from the duty of one real per bunch on ba- first dim striving after liberty down to proclamada in the morning," said Vinnanas—a thing unprecedented in fruit present times. Arriving at the regime centi, musingly. "As a rule, they are of President Zarilla, at which point, not as reliable as the elected ones. according to precedent, he should But this youngster seems to have good view with a representative of the have delivered a eulogy upon its wise stuff in him. He planned and maneucompany. The Vesuvius sent Mr. Fran. | conduct and the happiness of the peovered the whole campaign. Olivarra's ple, General Pilar paused. Then he siwidow, you know, was wealthy. She gave the boy eight years of the best lently held up the bunch of keys high education in the states. The company above his head, with his eyes closely regarding it. The ribbon with which bunted him up and backed him in the little game." they were bound fluttered in the

"It's a glorious thing," said Cronin, half jestingly, "to be able to discharge "It still blows," cried the speaker, a government and insert one of your exultantly. "Citizens of Costaragua, wn choosing, these days." give thanks to the saints this night

"It's business," stated Vincenti, stopping to offer his cigar to a monkey swinging from a lime tree; "and tration, he abruptly reverted to that that is what moves the world of toof Olivarra, Costaragua's most popular day. That extra real on the price of ruler. Olivarra had been assassinated bananas had to go. We took the quickest way of removing it."

ELECTRIC LIGHTS ON FARMS

Morning Chores Are Done in Kansas by the Ald of Electricity-An Up-to-Date Sod House.

Within ten years electricity will light a majority of the farm homes and country schools and churches of Kansis, it is predicted. Farm homes lighted with electricity are now numbered by hundreds.

With the general use of the gasoline engine this has been made possible. Electric light and power companies in several of the cities are also making plans by which they can supply farmers with current from their trunk lines.

A notable case of this sort is found at Manhattan, where the power for electric generation is furnished by a dam on the Big Blue river, four miles from the city.

The current generated is used for electric lighting and street car purusing it in their residences, barns and feed lots. In the early morning hours, when the farmers feed and care for their stock and do the milking, electric lights are found to be very useful. In a rich farming community ten miles north of Atchison the farmers have decided to have an electric light

plant of their own. They will build a small power house where current will be generated and from which it will be carried into their homes. Several farmers living ten miles west of Atchison have small dynamos

on their farms providing electric light for their homes, barns and dairy buildings.

Recently the town of Troy, forty niles north of Atchison, contracted for light from the Atchison plant. A trunk line wire was stretched between the two places, and now twenty-five farmers along the route are connect-

ing their homes with this trunk line. Near Garden City, which a few years ago was in the center of the great American desert, there are farms where all the buildings are made of cement concrete and each is lighted with electricity generated by a gasoline engine on the place.

The early pioneer way of living and the modern system are blended on one farm. A farmer is still living in a sod house built a quarter of a century ago. He is constructing a new and up-todate home in which he has installed a gasoline engine with which to generate electricity for lighting.

He will not move out of the old sod house until March next because of its warmth and comfort in winter, but he is enjoying electric lights in that primtive dwelling. It is believed this is the only instance in which a sod house has been lighted by electricity.

In the natural gas regions of southeastern Kansas the electric light is cheaper than gas,-New York Sun.

Same Sum. "Way is everything so high?"

"The farmers ain't getting any more actual money," declared a grizzled agriculturalist. "Two years ago I raised a thousand barrels of apples and sold 'em for \$5,000. Last year I raisec 500 barrels and sold 'em for \$5,000. This year I raised five barrels-"

"I see. And you expect to sell 'em for \$5,000."

When She Hit the Mark. Boblits-I've always kept my eyes open, but I've never seen a woman throw anything straight.

Collister-That's because you have never been fortunate enough to see her throw a kiss.

Nothing Left.

"The English government cannot even terrorize the suffragettes by put ting them in frons.

"Why wouldn't they mind that?" "It would be nothing to them after the hobble skirts."

**** 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 vil-

lages 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 managements 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 with legacies from slavery and war, associate these with

the village. But all Carolinians know, says the South Atlantic Quarterly, that these villagers 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 mill managements, owing to various 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 improv-

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 trans-

portation 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 pas-

senger 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 cirthoroughfares of travel

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 heading in the many instances of large profits from beauty and esthetic charm which the world affords. They are realizing that much 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 be gin 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.

on to the old American trick of mas-

saging 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

British bull exhibitors have caught

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 Rec-