

We shun them at every opportunity, those busybodies who pose as our friends...

Gustav Frensen's "Klaus Hinrich Bant" reminds one of "David Copperfield" in its long deliberative unfolding...

New York is protesting against a new danger in the reckless driving of automobiles by boys and girls through the streets...

Now it is discovered that the famous pirate, Captain Kidd, who, according to the old song, "much wickedness he did as he sailed," was really no pirate at all...

Another rich American girl is to marry an English nobleman. The next generation of the British peerage will be as much American as English...

A dreadnaught is a formidable object, but it affords a shining mark for a little aeroplane flitting hither and yon among the clouds...

From Honey Creek, Ia., comes the story that a bolt of lightning dug a well and found water after a farmer had tried in vain for years...

A Pennsylvania pastor, getting \$30 a month salary, has been ordered to pay his wife \$5 monthly alimony...

One railroad is to teach politeness to its employees. It will be great to get the soft answer which turneth away wrath when one has just missed the 7:19 train.

The Shamrock and the Palm

By O. HENRY

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North Rampart Street, one day, I met Clancy, whom I had not seen in months...

He greeted me with heartiness, and I thought I saw something in his eye that ought to be divulged...

"I was one morning about the first of June; I was standing down on the wharf, looking about at the ships in the river...

"I heard somebody cough, and I turned around. There stood a little, round, fat man with a brown face and white clothes...

"'Hein' a Clancy, in two minutes me and the foreign man were seated at a table in the cabin of the steamer with a bottle between us...

"'You goin' to stir things up in your country, ain't you, monseer?' says I, with a wink to let him know I was on."

The General De Vega that he shall be his country bring those success and glory! It is hard—oh, so hard to find good means to help in the work."

"'General De Vega was overcome with joy to confabulate my condoleance of his conspiracies and predicaments. He tried to embrace me across the table, but his fatness, and the wine that was not in the bottles, prevented...

"They unloaded the boxes from the train and began to knock the tops off. From the first one that was opened I saw General De Vega take the Winchester rifles and pass them around to a squad of morbid, seven-foot soldiers...

"They gave me a pick, and I took it, meditating an insurrection on the spot; but there was the guard's hand! the Winchester's carbines, and I come to the conclusion that discretion was the best part of filibustering...

"'Monseer,' says I, 'lingerin'' will you tell a poor little Irishman this: When I set foot on your cockroachy steamer, and breathed liberal and revolutionary sentiments into your sour wine, did you think I was conspirin' to sling a pick on your contemptuous little railroad? And when you answered me with patriotic recitations, humping up the star-spangled cause of liberty, did you have meditations of reducin' me to the ranks of the stump-grubbin' Dagoes in the chain-gang of your vile and grovelin' country?'

"The general man expanded his rostrum and laughed considerable. Yes, he laughed very long and loud, and I, Clancy, stood and waited. 'Comical man!' he shouts, at last. 'So, you will kill me from the laughing. Yes; it is hard to find the brave, strong man to aid my country. Revolu-

tion? Did I speak of r-revolutions? Not one word. I say, big, strong man, I need in Guatemala. So. The mistake is of you. You have looked in those one box containing those guns for the guard. You think all boxes is containin' 'em. No, no. There is not war in Guatemala. But work? Yes, Good. 'Tis a dirty dollar in the month. You shall shoulder one pickax, senior, and dig for the liberty and prosperity of Guatemala. Or to your work. The guard waits for you."

"'Little fat, poodle dog of a brown man,' says I, quiet, but full of indignations and discomforts, 'things shall happen to you. Maybe not right away, but as soon as J. Clancy can formulate somethin' in the way of orders.'"

"'The boss of the gang orders us to work. I tramps off with the Guineas, and I hears the distinguished patriot and kidnaper laughin', hearty, as we go."

"'Tis a sorrowful fact, for eight weeks I built railroads for that misbehavin' country. I filibustered twelve hours a day with a heavy pick and a spade, choppin' away the luxuriant landscape that grew upon the right of way. We worked in swamps that smelled like there was a leak in the gas mains, trampin' down a fine assortment of the most expensive hot-house plants and vegetables."

"'One old man named Halloran—a man of Hibernian entitlements and discretions, explained it to me. He had been workin' on the road a year. Most of them died in less than six months. He was dried up to gristle and bone, and shook with chills every third night."

"'When you first come,' says he, 'you think you'll leave right away. But they hold out your first month's pay for your passage over, and by that time the tropics has its grip on you. You're surrounded by a grin' forest full of disreputable beasts—lions and baboons and anacondas—waitin' to devour you. The sun strikes yo hard, and yo melts the marrow in yo bones. Ye get similar to the lettuce-enters the poetry book speaks about. Ye forget the elevated sentiments of life, such as patriotism, revenge, disturbances of the peace and the daint love of a clane shirt. Ye do your work, and ye swallow the kerosene oil and rubber pipestem dished up to ye by the Dago cook for food. Ye light yo pipeful, and say to yourself 'Nixt week I'll break away, and ye go to sleep and call yourself a liar, for ye know ye'll never do it.'"

"'Who is this general man,' asks I, 'that calls himself De Vega?'"

"'So I had to leave Halloran. I dressed quiet, and slipped out of the tent we were in. When the guard came along I knocked him over, like a ninepin, with a green cocoonut I had, and made for the railroad. I got on that handcar and made it fly. 'Twas yet awhile before daybreak when I saw the lights of Port Barrios about a mile away. I stopped the handcar there and walked to the town."

"'I was wonderin' how I was goin' to move away from them tropics without bein' hired again. Dark as it was, I could see a steamer ridin' in the harbor, with the smoke emergin' from her stacks. I turned down a little grassy street that ran down to the water. On the beach I found a little brown nigger-man just about to shove off in a skiff."

"'Hold on, Sambo,' says I, 'savvy English?'"

"'Heap plenty, yes,' says he, with a pleasant grin. 'What steamer is that?' I asks him, and where is it goin'? And what's the news, and the good word, and the time of day?'"

"'That steamer the Conchita,' said the brown man, affable and easy, rollin' a cigarette. 'Him come from New Orleans for load banana. Him got load last night. I think him sail in one two hour. Verree nice day we shall be goin' have. You hear some talkin' 'bout big battle, maybe so? You think catchee General De Vega, senior? Yes? No?'"

"'How's that, Sambo?' says I. 'Big battle? What battle? Who wants catchee General De Vega? I've been up at my gold mines in the interior for a couple of months and haven't heard any news.'"

"'Oh, says the nigger-man, proud to speak the English, 'verree great revolution in Guatemala one week ago. General De Vega, him try be presidin'. Him raise armee—one-fifty-two thousand men for fight at the government. Those government send five—forty—one hundred thousand soldier to suppress revolution. They fight big battle yesterday at Logranada—that about nineteen or fifty mile in the mountain. That government soldier wheep General De Vega—oh, most bad. Five hundred—nine hundred—two thousand of his man is kill. That revolution is smash suppress—but—very quick. General De Vega, him, r-r-run away fast on one big mule."



KNOCKED HIM OVER, LIKE A NINEPIN, WITH A GREEN COCOANUT

"'Don't ye know Jimmy Clancy?' says I. 'Ye pink-gilled monster!' So, when O'Hara recognized me beneath the scandalous exterior bestowed upon me by the tropics, I backed him into a doorway and told him what I wanted, and why I wanted it. 'All right, Jimmy,' says O'Hara. 'Go back and hold the bench. I'll be along in ten minutes.'"

"'In that time O'Hara strolled through Lafayette Square and spied two Weary Willies disgracin' one of the benches. In ten minutes more J. Clancy and General De Vega, late candidate for the presidency of Guatemala, was in the station house. The general is badly frightened, and calls upon me to proclaim his distinguishments and rank."

"'The man,' says I to the police, 'used to be a railroad man. He's on the bum, now. 'Tis a little bughouse he is, on account of losin' his job.'"

"'Carrambos! says the general, fizin' like a little soda-water fountain, 'you fought, senior, with my forces in my native country. Why do you say the lies? You shall say I am the General De Vega, one soldier, one caballero.'"

"'Railroader,' says I, again. 'On the hog. No good. Been livin' for three days on stolen banana.' Look at him. Ain't that enough?'"

"'Twenty-five dollars or sixty days, was what the recorder gave the general. He didn't have a cent, so he took the time. They let me go, and I knew they would, for I had money to show, and O'Hara knew me. Sixty days. 'Twas just so long I slung a pick for the great country of Kam—of Guatemala.'"

"Clancy paused. There was a look of happy content on his deeply sunburned face. 'Would you just step around the corner a minute with me?' he asked. 'If ye don't mind, I'll walk with ye there, and show ye Exhibit A. I go around there myself, every ten minutes, to look at it, and the time's about up now.'"

"I walked with him to the corner of Ursulines and down the street a little way. A gang of men, under guard from the parish prison, was at work cleaning the very rubbishy street, thus working out the fines they were unable to pay otherwise."

"Clancy stepped me on the sidewalk opposite a little, rotund, dark-featured man of foreign aspect, who was struggling feverishly with a heavy iron rake. The heat was almost tropical, and the little man showed vast areas of dampness through his tattered clothes."

"'Hey, monseer!' called Clancy, sharply. The little man looked up and scowled darkly. 'Fat, strong man,' shouted Clancy, cheerily, 'is needed in New Orleans. Yes. To carry on the good work. Carrambos! Erlu go bragh!'"

CUPID AND JEWELRY TRADE

Very Close Connection Between the Two Is Shown by a Little Reflection.

Have you ever stopped to think what would become of the jewelry business if it wasn't for its friend Cupid? It might also be well to stop and think what would become of Cupid if it wasn't for its friend the Jeweler. There is a closer business relationship between these two than many may imagine.

A young man falls in love, proposes and is accepted, thanks to Cupid. Then there is an engagement ring to buy and Cupid gets more thanks, this time from the Jeweler. The friends of the engaged couple hear of the approaching wedding and off they go to the Jeweler to buy suitable wedding presents. Then there are silver and golden wedding presents to buy also suitable gifts to provide for christenings and birthdays.

Under the circumstances it is easy to understand why jewelers and their assistants aid Cupid somewhat by never neglecting any possible opportunity to introduce eligible young men of their acquaintance to suitable young women. The rest is simple. Introductions are often followed by engagements. The Jeweler, to whom the young couple feel indebted for their new found happiness, is patronized when the engagement and wedding rings are bought. And as weddings mean wedding presents they are all very good for the jewelry business.

PASSING ON THE "REMEDY"

Afflicted One, "Cured," Was Willing Others Should Have Benefit of His Experience.

Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler, at a luncheon at the Mohonk Peace Congress, said with a laugh: "There is a type of man who declares that it will never be possible for mankind to get along without war. This type of man, whom nothing can convince, reminds me in his blind, stupid obstinacy of a chap who once consulted a famous Philadelphia physician about his dyspepsia. 'The patient was very deaf. The dialogue between the physician and him ran like this: 'What do you usually breakfast on?' 'Oh, no! At least two miles in the morning, and a motor ride after lunch.' 'How many hours do you sleep?' 'Well, doctor, I was 59 my last birthday.' 'Are you married?' 'Thirst.' 'With a gesture of impatience the physician turned and wrote out a simple remedy for dyspepsia. The patient, as he departed, shouted in the loud, harsh tones of the very deaf: 'Doctor, can cure deafness?' 'The other shook his head in the negative. 'Well,' said the patient, 'you've been very kind, and therefore I'm going to make you a present of this prescription.' He took a folded paper from his pocket. 'It cured me.' Logical Desire. She—Why are you so insistent about having me put up this jam? He—You ought to know, my dear, that a jam is something of a pressing matter."