Indiana Daily Times

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AS POSTMASTER, Mr. Robison might not be satisfied with certain statements of ownership, management, etc., as filed by a well-known "truth teller!"

FROM THE AMOUNT of preparations being made to retract and avoid responsibility, it might be believed that that government slacker list is hardly correct enough to justify publication.

WITH VACANCIES on the tax board, utility commission, industrial commission and board of works, there ought not be so much trouble finding places for the faithful, whoever they are!

HAD MR. HOWE been nominated, Mayor Jewett would have hurried to Washington in behalf of his friend, Bob Bryson, for postmaster. As it is, Mr. Bryson may have to go to work for a living soon.

What Jewett Might Do

There remains a little more than seven months of the repudiated Jewett administration of the city of Indianapolis.

Seven months is an exceedingly short period in which to atone for the mistakes of three years and four months, but at least a partial atonement is possible and ought, by all means, to be realized.

Prior to the primaries of last Tuesday Charles W. Jewett would not admit that there was anything in his administration that could be bettered.

But a week before the primaries he put the popularity of his administration to a test when he declared that both Mr. Shank and Mr. Robison had repudiated his administration and demanded that the party support Mr. Howe, who had indorsed him.

The Republican party contained only 27,207 voters who thought enough of the Jewett administration to vote for Mr. Howe, while 39,164 voters supported the candidates who had repudiated the mayor.

In view of this showing Mr. Jewett ought to be convinced, as are the people of Indianapolis, that his administration of the city has not been a success.

In the seven months that are left, Mayor Jewett may do much to get back into the good graces of the majority of his party.

As a first step he might stop the special privileges which he has been extending to the worst element of the negro race in this city, close up the Rufe Page and Joker Young gambling dives and rescind his instructions concerning the right of these negroes to "mingle" with the whites in the amusements of the whites.

The primaries demonstrated very plainly that the voters of the Republican party were thoroughly out of patience with the administration's pampering of this class of negroes. The voters refused to nominate a negro for any office by a vote that cannot be mistaken.

Having revoked the privileges of the negro gamblers, the mayor might go farther and make it plain to the eighteen hundred or more city employes on whom he depended for political strength that they have some duties to perform for the taxpayers who revolted against maintaining them for political services. He might lay down a rule that they forget politics and deliver six days' work a week for the city.

With these two general improvements in effect, the mayor might climb down off his pedestal long enough to explain to his constituents just what it is he wishes to build at the city hospital—whether it is a "mingling" place for negroes and whites or another unit of the hospital. There is room for improvement in the physical property at the hospital and the opposition to improvement will fade whenever the mayor ceases trying to make a vote catcher for negroes out of his plan to improve it.

Next, the mayor might put into effect those recommendations for the improvement of the administration of the market house. If he made of the market house a properly conducted place for the meeting of producers and consumers he might reasonably expect assistance in the improvement of the property.

Along with these betterments the mayor might change the qualifications for employment at the asphalt plant sufficiently to get some men on the city pay rolls whose interest would be in repairing our porous pavements rather than in patching a political machine that is now past repair.

Further, the mayor might devote a little time toward seeking an economical method of collecting and disposing of garbage. Every one in the city knows now that he wasted about $170,000 of the taxpayers' money when he bought the garbage plant and that he has since wasted about $100,000 a year in the effort to make it appear that this garbage plant is "profitable."

Summed up, Mayor Jewett will find that there is an opportunity for him to recover some of his lost popularity by devoting his time to the following things:

1. The acknowledgment of the fact that his negro henchmen are as amenable to the law as the white people of the community.

2. The acknowledgment of the fact that the taxpayers are paying municipal salaries for other purposes than perpetuating a political machine.

3. The improvement of the city hospital along lines that will make it an institution for health rather than a place for negroes to "mingle" with the whites.

4. The administration of the city market for the benefit of the consumers rather than a political machine, which is the first step necessary to the building of a better market.

5. The repair of our streets to a point where they are passable.

6. The collection and disposal of garbage at a cost to the city of not more than the same could be done by private contractors at a huge profit.

We do not know that Mayor Jewett will attempt any of these things. But it was his failure to attempt them before the primaries that led to his repudiation by more than half the voters of his party in the primaries and his failure to make an attempt to accomplish these things before the election will be the biggest asset the Democrats of Indianapolis will have in the election.

Undesirable Support

It ought to be apparent to the aspirants for political honors in this community that the pledge of support from a mysteriously owned newspaper of doubtful politics is no longer an asset in a campaign.

Gen. Leonard Wood enumerated that pledge as one of the instruments on which he depended to win the Republican nomination for president. He failed in Indiana as elsewhere.

James W. Fesler listened to the siren call and banked upon this support to win the nomination for Governor. He quit the race a poorer but a wiser man.

The Democrats of Indiana looked with favor on its support of the League of Nations and placed its "counsel" at the head of their speakers' bureau in the State campaign. They had lost the fight before they realized that by the alliance they had been tricked out of the opportunity to present the State issues on which they had a chance to win.

Mr. Thomas C. Howe, former president of Butler College, rejoiced over the unlimited exercise of this influence in his behalf in the primary campaign and he owes his defeat as a Republican candidate for mayor to the fact that he had its very best effort.

It is a fact, well known in editorial circles, that a newspaper may crystallize but it cannot compel public support of a man or an idea.

The province of a newspaper is still the truthful presentation of facts to its readers. Efforts to think for the reader, or so to color the facts that the reader will be misled into conclusions that are not correct but selfishly desired cannot long succeed.

This community has been surfeited with such efforts and at last it has awakened to the fact that hypocrisy is no more impossible in the press than in the individual.

Cumulative incidents of misrepresentation, of truths half told, or frenzied lying and plain deceit make a record that eventually overshadows a reputation for truth and veracity. A newspaper is no different than an individual in that respect. Each time it is caught in a falsehood there is engendered a doubt of its ability to tell the truth.

Probably there will be more names added to the list of estimable gentlemen who have been deceived as to the strength of the mysteriously owned and managed newspaper before its sheer inability to make itself believed is completely demonstrated.

But the candidate who aspires to office in Marion County will do well to think twice before he places himself in the same unenviable position as Mr. Fesler and Mr. Howe found themselves on the morning after unsuccessful elections.

The Shamrock and the Palm

By O. HENRY

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(Continued From Page One.)

clutch. 'Twas hard work. 'Tis strainin' to the back and makes corns on the hands."

"I didn't know you had ever lent your sword to an oppressed people," murmured Atwood, from the grass.

"I did," said Clancy; "and they turned it into a ploughshare."

"What country was so fortunate as to secure your aid?" airily inquired Blanchard.

"Where's Kamohatka?" asked Clancy, with seeming irrelevance.

"Why, off Siberia somewhere in the Arctic regions," somebody answered, doubtfully.

"I thought that was the cold one," said Clancy, with a satisfied nod. "I'm always gettin' the two names mixed. 'Twas Guatemala, then—the hot one—I've been filibusterin' with. Ye'll find that country on the map. 'Tis in the district known as the tropics. By the foresight off Providence, it lies on the coast so the geography man could run the names of the towns off into the water. They're an inch long, small type, composed of Spanish dialects, and, 'tis my opinion, of the same system of syntax that blew up the Maine. Yes, 'twas that country I sailed against, single-handed, and endeavored to liberate it from a tyrannical government with a single-barreled pick-ax, unloaded at that. Ye don't understand, of course. 'Tis a statement demandin' elucidation and apologies.

"'Twas in New Orleans one morning about the first of June; I was standin' down on the wharf, lookin' about at the ships in the river. There was a little steamer moored right opposite me that seemed about ready to sail. The funnels of it were throwin' out smoke, and a gang of roustabouts were carryin' aboard a pile of boxes that was stacked upon the wharf. The boxes were about two feet square, and something like four feet long, and they seemed to be pretty heavy.

"I walked over, careless, to the stack of boxes. I saw one of them had been broken in handlin'. 'Twas curiosity made me pull up the loose top and look inside. The box was packed full of Winchester rifles. 'So, so,' says I to myself; 'somebody's gettin' a twist on the neutrality laws. Somebody's aidin' with munitions of war. I wonder where the popguns are goin'?'

"I heard somebody cough, and I turned around. There stood a little fat man with a brown face and white clothes, a first-class-looking little man, with a four-karat diamond on his finger and his eye full of interrogations and respects. I judged he was a kind of foreigner—may be from Russia or Japan or the archipelagoes.

"'Hist!' says the found man, full of concealments and confidences. 'Will the senor respect the discoveries he has made, that the mans on the ship shall not be acquaint? The senor will be a gentleman that shall not expose one thing that by accident occur.'

"'Monseer,' says I—for I judged him to be a kind of Frenchman—'receive my most exasperated assurances that your secret is safe with James Clancy. Furthermore, I will go so far as to remark, Veev la Liberty—they'll get it good and strong. Whenever you hear of a Clancy obstructin' the abolishment of existin' governments you may notify me by return mail.'

"'The senor is good,' says the dark, fat man, smilin' under his black mustache. 'Wish you to come aboard my ship and drink of Vino of Italy.'

"'Bein' a Clancy, in two minutes me and the foreigner man were seated at a table in the cabin of the steamer with a bottle between us. I could hear the heavy boxes bein' dumped into the hold. I judged that cargo must consist of at least 2,000 Winchesters. Me and the brown man drank the bottle of stuff, and he called the steward to bring another. When you amalgamate a Clancy with the contents of a bottle you practically instigate secession. I had heard a good deal about these revolutions in them tropical localities, and I begun to want a hand in it.

"'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.

"'Yes, yes,' said the little man, pounding his first on the table. 'A change of the greatest will occur. Too long have the people been oppressed with the promises and the never-to-happen things to become. The great work it shall carry on. Yes. Our forces shall in the capital strike of the soonist. "Carrambos!"'

"'Carrambos is the word,' says I, beginning to invest myself with enthusiasm and more wine, 'likewise veeva, as I said before. May the shamrock of old—I mean the banana vine or the pie-plant, or whatever the imperial emblem may be of your down-trodden country, wave forever.'

"'A thousa' thanks,' says he, the round man, 'for your emission of amicable utterances. What our cause needs of the very most is mans who will to work do, to life it along. Oh, for one thousand strong good mans to aid the General De Vega that he shall to his country bring those success and glory. It is hard—oh, so hard to find good mans to help in the work.'

"'Monseer,' says I, leanin' over the table and graspin' his hand, 'I don't know where your country it, but me heart bleeds for it. The heart of a Clancy was never deaf to the sight of an oppressed pepole. The family is filibusterers by birth, and foreigners by trade. If you can use James Clancy's arms and his blood in denudin' your shores of the tyrant's yoke they're yours to command.'

"General De Vega was overcome with joy to confiscate my condolence of his conspiracies and predicaments. He tried to embrace me across the table, but his fatness, and the wine that had been in the bottles prevented. Thus was I welcomed into the ranks of filibustery. Then the general man told me his country had the name of Guatemala, and was the greatest nation laved by any ocean whatever anywhere. He looked at me with tears in his eyes, and from time to time he would emit the remark, 'Ah! big, strong, brave mans! That is what my country need.'

"General De Vega, as was the name by which he denounced himself, brought out a document for me to sign, which I did, makin' a fine flourish and cuttycue with the tail of the 'y.'

"'Your passage-money,' says the general, business-like, 'shall from your pay deduct.'

"'Twill not,' says I, haughty. 'I'll pay my own passage.' A hundred and eighty dollars I had in my inside pocket, and 'twas no common filibuster I was goin' to be, filibusterin' for me board and clothes.

"The steamer was to sail in two hours, and I went ashore to get some things together I'd need. When I came aboard I showed the general with pride the outfit. 'Twas a fine Chinchilla overcoat, Arctic overshoes, fur caps and earmuffs, with elegant fleece-lined' gloves and woolen muffler.

"'Carrambos!' says the little general. 'What clothes are these that shall go to the tropic?' And then the little spalpeen laughs, and he calls the captain, and the captain calls the purser, and they pipe up the chief engineer and the whole gang leans against the cabin and laughs at Clancy's wardrobe for Guatemala.

"I reflects a bit, serious, and asks the general again to denominate the terms by which his country is called. He tells me, and I see then that 'twas the t'other one, Kamchatka, I had in mind. Since then I've had difficulty in separatin' the two nations in name, climate and geographics disposition.

"I paid my passage—twenty-four dollars, first cabin—and at the table with the officer crowd. Down on the lower deck was a gang of second-class passengers, about forty of them, seemin' to be Dagoes and the like. I wondered what so many of them were goin' along for.

"Well, then, in three days we sailed alongside that Gautengala. 'Twas a blue country, and not yellow as 'tis mis-oiored on the map. We landed at a town on the coast, where a train of cars was waitin' for us on a dinkly railroad. The boxes on the steamer were brought ashore and loaded on the cars. The gang of Dagoes got aboard, too, the general and me in the front car. Yes, me and General De Veva headed the revolution, as it pulled out of the seaport town. That train traveled about as fast as a policeman goin' to a riot. It penetrated the most conspicuous lot of fuzzy scenery ever seen outside a geography. We run some forty miles in seven hours, and the train stopped. There was no more railroad. 'Twas a sort of camp in a damp gorge full of wildness and melancholy. They were gettin' ready to chase pin' out the forests ahead to continue the road. 'Here,' says I to myself, 'is the romantic haunt of the revolutionists. Here will Clancy, by the virtue that is in a superior race and the inculcation of Fenian tactics, strike a tremendous blow for liberty.'

"They unloaded the boxes from the train and begun to knock the tops off. From the first one that was open I saw General De Vega take the Winchester rifles and pass them around to a squad of morbid soldiery. The other boxes were opened next, and, believe me or not, divil another gun was to be seen. Every other box in the load was full of pickaxes and spades.

"And then—sorrow be upon them troubles—I'm sorry Clancy and the dishonored Dagoes, each one of them, had to shoulder a pick or a spade, and march away to work on that dirty little railroad. Yes; 'twas that the Dagoes shipped for, and 'twas that the filibusterin' Clancy signed for, though unbeknownst to himself at the time. In after days I found out about it. It seems 'twas hard to get hands to work on that road. The intelligent natives of the country was too lazy to work. Indeed, the saints know, 'twas unnecessary. By stretchin' out one hand, they could seize the most delicate and costly fruits of the earth, and, by stretchin' out the other, they could sleep for days at a time without hearin' a seven o'clock whistle or the footsteps of the rent man upon the stairs. So, regular, the steamers traveled to the United States to seduce labor. Usually the imported spade-slingers died in two or three months from eating the over-ripe water and breathin' the violent tropical scenery. Wherefore they made them sign contracts for a year, when they hired them and put an armed guard over the poor divils to keep them from runnin' away.

"'Twas thus I was double-crossed by the tropics through a family failin' of goin' out of the way to hunt disturbances.

"They gave me a pick, and I took it, meditatin' an insurrection on the spot; but there was the guards handlin' the Winchesters careless, and I come to the conclusion that discretion was the best part of filibusterin'. There was about a hundred of us in the gang startin' out to work, and the word was given to move. I steps out of the ranks and goes up to that General De Vega man, who was smokin 'a cigar and gazin' upon the scene with satisfactions and glory. He smiles at me polite and devilish. 'Plenty work,' says he, 'for big strong mans in Guatemala. Yes. T'irty dollars in the month. Good pay. Ah, yes. You strong, brave man. Bimeby we push those railroad in the capital very quick. They want you go work now. Adios, strong mans.'

"'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, thumping 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-gangs of your vile and grovelin' country?'

"The general man expanded his rotundity and laughed considerable. Yes, he laughed very long and loud, and I, Clancy, stood and waited.

"'Comical mans!' he shouts at last. 'So you will kill me from the laughing. Yes; it is hard to find the brave strong mans to aid my country. Revolutions? Did I speak of r-r-revolutions? Not one word. I say, big, strong mans is need in Guatemala. So. The mistake is of you. You have looked in those one box containing those gun for the guard. You think all boxes is contain gun? No. There is no war in Guatemala. But work? Yes. Good. T'irty dollar in the month. You shall shoulder one pickax, senor, and dig for the liberty and prosperity of Guatemala. Off 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 repartee.'

"The boss of the gang orders us to work. I tramps off with the Dagoes, 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 luxurious 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 hothouse plants and vegetables. The scene was tropical beyond the wildest imagination of the geography man. The trees was all sky-scrapers; the underbrush was full of needles and pins; there was monkeys jumpin' around and crocodiles and pink-tailed mockin'-birds, and ye stood knee-deep in the rotten water and grabbed roots for the liberation of Gautemala. Of nights we would build smudges in camp to discourage the mosquitoes, and sit in the smoke, with the guards pacin' on the road—mostly Dagoes, nigger-men, Spanish-men and Swedes. Three or four were Irish.

"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, 'ye think ye'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 ye. Ye're surrounded by a region chuck full of disreputable beasts—lions and baboons and anacondas—waitin' to devour ye. The sun strikes ye hard, and melts the marrow in your bones. Ye get similar to the lettuce-eaters the poetry-book speaks about. Ye forget the elevated sintiments of life, such as patriotism, revenge, disturbance of the peace, and the dacint love of a clean shirt. Ye do your work, and ye swallow the kerosene oil and rubber pipestems dished up to ye by the Dago cook for food. Ye light your pipeful, and say to yourself, 'Nixt week I'll break away,' and ye go to sleep and call yerself a liar, for ye know ye'll never do it.'

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

"'Tis the man,' says Halloran, 'who is thryin' to complete the finishin' of the railroad. 'Twas the project of a private corporation, but it busted, and then the government took it up. De Vegy is a big politician, and wants to be president. The people want the railroad completed, as they're taxed mighty on account of it. The De Vega man is pushin' it along as a campaign move.'

"'Tis not my way,' says I, 'to make threats against any man, but there's an account to be settled between the railroad man and James O'Dowd Clancy.'

"'Twas that way I thought, meslif, at first,' Halloran says, with a big sigh, 'until I got to be a lettuce-eater. The fault's wid these tropics. They rejuices a man's system. 'Tis a land, as the poet says, "Where it always seems to be after dinner." I does me work and smokes me pipe and sleeps. There's little else in life, anyway. Ye'll get that way yerself, mighty soon. Don't be harborin' any sintimints at all, Clancy.'

"'I can't help it,' says I; 'I'm full of 'em. I enlisted in the revolutionary army of this dark country in good faith to fight for its liberty, honor and silver candlesticks; instead of which I am set to amputatin' its scenery and grubbin' its roots. 'Tis the general man will have to pay for it.'

"Two months I worked on that railroad before I found a chance to get away. One day a gang of us was sent back to the end of the completed line to fetch some picks that had been sent down to Port Barrios to be sharpened. They were brought on a hand-car, and I noticed, when I started away, that the car was left there on the track.

"That night, about twelve, I woke up Halloran and told him my scheme.

"'Run away?' says Haloran. 'Good Lord, Clancy, do ye mean it? Why, I ain't got the nerve. It's too chilly, and I ain't slept enough. Run away. I told you, Clancy, I've eat the lettuce. I've lost my grip. 'Tis the tropics that's done it. 'Tis like the poet says. "Forgotten are our friends that we have left behind; in the hollow lettuce-land we will live and lay reclined." You better go on Clancy. I'll stay, I guess. It's too early and cold, and I'm sleepy.'

"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 cocoanut I had, and made for the railroad. I got on that hand-car and made it fly. 'Twas yet a while before daybreak when I saw the lights of Port Barrios about a mile away. I stopped the hand-car there and walked to the town. I stepped inside the corporatoos of that town with care and hesitations. I was not afraid of the army of Guatemala, but me soul quakes at the prospect of a hand-to-hand struggle with its employment bureau. 'Tis a country that hires its help easy and keeps 'em long. Sure I can fancy Missis America and Missis Guatemala passin' a bit of gossip some fine, still night across the mountains. 'Oh, dear,' says Missis America, 'and it's a lot of trouble I'm havin' ag'in with help, senora, ma'am, Laws, now!' says Missis Guatemala. 'you don't say so, ma'am. Now, mine never think of leavin' me—te-he! ma'am,' snickers Missis Guatemala.

"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 smoke emergin' from her stacks. I turned down a little grass street that run 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, 'savve English?'

"'Heap plenty, yes,' says he, with a grin.

"'What steamer is that?' I asks him, 'and where is it going? 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' to have. You hear some talkee 'bout big battle, maybee so? You think catchee General De Veva, senor? Yes? No?

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

"'Oh,' says the nigger-man, proud to spead the English, 'verree great revolution in Guatemala one week ago. General De Vega, him try to be president. Him raise armee—one—five—ten thousand mans for fight at the government. Those one government send five—forty—hundred thousand soldier to suppress revolution. They fight big battle yesterday. Government killed 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 mans is kill. That revolution is smash suppress—bust—very quick. General De Vega, him r-r-run away fast on big mule. Yes, carrambos! The general, him r-r-run away, and his armee is kill. That government soldier, they fry find General De Vega verree much. They want catchee him for shoot. You think they catchee that general, senor?'

"'Saints grant it!' says I. 'Twould be the judgment of Providence for settin' the warlike talent of a Clancy to gradin' the tropics with a pick and shovel. But 'tis not so much a question of insurrection now, mule man, as 'tis of the hired-man problem. 'Tis anxious I am to resign a situation of responsibility and trust with the white wings department of your great and degraded country. Row me in your little boat out to that steamer, and I'll give ye five dollars—sinker pacers—sinker pacers,' says I, reducin' the offer to the language and denomination of the tropic dialects.

"'Cinco pesos,' repeats tha little man. 'Five dollee, you give?'

"'Twas not such a bad little man. He had hesitations at first, sayin' that passengers leavin' the country had to have papers and passports, but at last he took me alongside the steamer.

"'Day was just breakin' as we struck her, and there wasn't a soul to be seen on board. The water was very still, and the nigger-man gave me a lift from the boat and I climbed onto the steamer where her side was sliced to the deck for loadin' fruit. The hatches was open, and I looked down and saw the cargo of bananas that filled the hold to within six feet of the top. I thinks to myself, 'Clancy, you better go as a stowaway. It's safer. The steamer man might hand you back to the employment bureau. The tropic'll get you, Clancy, if you don't watch out.'

"So I jumps down easy among the bananas, and digs out a hole to hide in among the bunches. In an hour or so I could hear the engines going and feel the steamer rockin,' and I knew we were off to sea. They left the hatches open for ventilation, and pretty soon it was light enough in the hold to see fairly well. I got to feelin' a bit hungry, and thought I'd have a light fruit lunch, by way of refreshment. I creeped out of the hole I'd made and stood up straight. Just then I saw another man crawl up about ten feet away and reach out and skin a banana and stuff it into his mouth. 'Twas a dirty little man, black-faced and ragged and disgraceful of aspect. Yes, the man was a ringer for the pictures of the fat Weary Willie in the funny papers. I looked again, and saw it was my general man—De Vega, the great revolutionist, mule-rider and pickax importer. When he saw me the general hesitated with his mouth filled with banana and his eyes the size of cocoanuts.

"'Hist!' I says. 'Not a word, or they'll put us off and make us walk. 'Veev la Liberty!' I adds, copperin' the sentiment by shovin' a banana into the source of it. I was certain the general wouldn't recognize me. The nefarious work of the tropics had left me lookin' different. There was half an inch of roan whiskers coverin' me face, and me costume was a pair of blue overalls and a red shirt.

"'How you come in the ship, senor?' asked the general as soon as he could speak.

"'By the back door—whist!' says I. 'Twas a glorious blow for liberty we struck,' I continued, 'but we was overpowered by numbers. Let us accept our defeat like brave men and eat another banana.'

"'Were you in the cause of liberty fightin', senor?' says the general, sheddin' tears on the cargo.

"'To the last,' says I. 'Twas I led the last desperate charge against the minions of the tyrant. But it made them mad, and we were forced to retreat. 'Twas I, general, procured the mule upon which you escaped. Could you give that ripe bunch a little boost this way, general? It's a bit out of my reach. Thanks.'

"'Say you so, brave patriot?' said the general, again weepin'. 'Ah, Dios! And I have not the means to reward your devotion. Barely did I my life bring away. Carrambos! what a devil's animal was that mule, senor! Like ships in one storm was I dashed about. The skin on myself was ripped away with the thorns and vines. Upon the bark of a hundred trees did that beast of the infernal bump, and cause outrage to the legs of mine. In the night to Port Barrios I came. I dispossess myself of that mountain mule and hasten along the water shore. I find a little boat to be tied. I launch myself and row to the steamer. I climbed one rope that hang at the side. I then myself hide in the bananas. Surely, say, if the ship captains view me, they shall throw me again to those Guatemala. Those things are not good. Guatemala will shoot General De Vega. Therefore, I am hide and remain silent. Life itself is glorious. Liberty, it is pretty good, but not so good as life I do not think.'

"Three days, as I said, was the trip to New Orleans. The general man and me got to be cronies of the deepest style. Bananas we ate until they were distasteful to the sight and an eyesore to the palate, but to bananas alone was the bill of fare reduced. At night I crawled out, careful, on the deck, and gets a bucket of fresh water.

"That General De Vega was a man inhabited by an engorgement of words and sentences. He added to the monotony of the voyage by divesting himself of conversation. He believed I was a revolutionist of his own party, there bein,' as he told me, a good many Americans and other foreigners in its ranks. 'Twas a braggart and a conceited little gabbler it was, though he considered himself a hero. 'Twas on himself he wasted all his regrets at the failin' of his plot. Not a word did the little balloon have to say about the other misbehavin' idiots that had been shot or run themselves to death in his revolution.

"The second day out he was feelin' pretty braggy and uppish for a stowed-away conspirator that owed his existence to a mule and stolen bananas. He was tellin' me about the great railroad he had been buildin' and he relates what he calls a comic incident about a fool Irishman he inveigled from New Orleans to sling a pick on his little morgue of a narrow-guage line. 'Twas sorrowful to hear the little, dirty general tell the approbrious story of how he put salt upon the tail of that reckless and silly bird, Clancy. Laugh, he did, hearty and long. (He shook with laughin', the black-faced rebel and outcast, standin' neck-deep in bananas, without friends or country.)

"'Ah, senor,' he snickers, 'to the death you would have laughed at that drollest Irish. I say to him: "Strong, big mans is need very much in Guatemala." "I will blows strike for your down-pressed country," he say. "That shall you do," I tell him. Ah! it was an Irish so comic. He sees one box break upon the wharf that contain for the guard a few gun. He think there is gun in all the box. But that is all pick-axe. Yes. Ah! senor, could you the face of that Irish have seen when they set him to work!'

"'Twas thus the ex-boss of the employment bureau contributed to the tedium of the trip with merry jests and anecdote. But now and then he would weep upon the bananas and make oration about the lost cause of liberty and the mule.

"'Twas a pleasant sound when the steamer bumped against the pier in New Orleans. Pretty soon we heard the pat-a-pat of hundreds of bare feet, and the Dago gang that unloads the fruit jumped upon the deck and down into the hold. Me and the general worked a while at passin' up the bunches, and they thought we were part of the gang. After about an hour we managed to slip off the steamer on to the wharf.

"'Twas a great honor on the hands of an obscure Clancy, havin' the entertainment of the representative of a great foreign filibusterin' power. I first bought for the general and myself many long drinks and things to eat that were not bananas. The general man trotted along at my side, leavin' all the arrangements to me. I led him up to Lafayette Square and set him on a bench in the little park. Cigarettes I had bought for him, and he humped himself down on the seat like a little fat, contented hobo. I look him over as he sets there, and what I see pleases me. Brown by nature and instinct, he is now brindled with dirt and dust. Praise to the mule, his clothes is mostly strings and flaps. Yes, the looks of the general man is agreeable to Clancy.

"I ask him, delicate, if, by any chance, he brought away anybody's money with him from Guatemala. He sighs and bumps his shoulders against the bench. Not a cent. All right. Maybe, he tells me, some of his friends in the tropic outfit will send him funds later. The general was as clear a case of no visible means as I ever saw.

"I told him not to move from the bench and then I went up to the corner of Poydras and Carondelet. Along there is O'Hara's beat. In five minutes along comes O'Hara, a big, fine man, red-faced, with shinin' buttons, swingin' his club. 'Twould be a fine thing for Guatemala to move into O'Hara's precinct. 'Twould be a fine bit of recreation for Danny to suppress revolutions and uprisings once or twice a week with his club.

"'Is 5046 workin' yet, Danny?' says I, walkin' up to him.

"'Overtime,' says O'Hara, lookin' over me suspicious. 'Want some of it?'

"'Fifty-forty-six is the celebrated city ordinance authorizin' arrest, conviction and imprisonment of persons that succeed in concealin' their crimes from the police.

"'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 spled 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 bug-house he is, on account of losin' his job.'

"'Carrambos!' says the general fizzin' like a little soda-water fountain, 'you fought, senor, 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 bananas. 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, as I knew they would, for I had money to show, and O'Hara spoke for me. Yes; sixty days he got. 'Twas just so long that I slung a pick for the great country of Kam—Guatemala."

Clancy paused. The bright starlight showed a reminiscent look of happy content on his seasoned features. Keogh leaned in his chair and gave his partner a slap on his thinly-clad back that sounded like the crack of the surf on the sand.

"Tell 'em, ye divil," he chuckled, "how you got even with the tropical general in the way of agricultural maneuverings."

"Havin' no money," concluded Clancy, with unction, "they set him to work out his fine with a gang from the parish prison clearing Ursulines street. Around the corner was a saloon decorated gaudily with electric fans and cool merchandise. I made that me headquarters and every fifteen minutes I'd walk around and take a look at the little man filibusterin' with a rake and shovel. 'Twas just such a hot broth of a day as this has been. And I'd call at him, 'Hey, monseer!' and he'd look at me black, with the damp showin' through his shirt in places.

"'Fat, strong mans,' says I to General De Vega, 'is needed in New Orleans. Yes. To carry on the good work. Carrambos! Erin go bragh!'"

KEEPING HOUSE WITH THE HOOPERS

(The Hoopers, an average American family of five, living in a suburban town, on a limited income, will tell the readers of the Daily Times how the many present-day problems of the home are solved by working on the budget that Mrs. Hooper has evolved and found practical. Follow them daily in an interesting review of their home life and learn to meet the conditions of the high cost of living with them.)

SATURDAY.

The conversation at the breakfast table centered about the kind of new suit Roger was to have. He and his mother had talked it over and she knew what his personal inclinations in the matter were, so that it seemed quite possible that she might be able to select a suit for him that would be perfectly satisfactory.

"I believe as long as it is raining so that you and Roger can't possible work in the garden this afternoon it would be much better for him to come with me when I select his suit," said Mrs. Hooper. "I intended, of course, to have him try it on before I bought it, but I thought—I'd just go around this afternoon and see how near I could come to getting just what he wants."

"Certainly he ought to go with you," agreed Henry. "I'll keep Betty home here with me and you can both take the whole afternoon to it and finish it up."

Mrs. Hooper's budget showed a surplus of $19.60 in her clothing account and from this amount she intended to deduct the price of Roger's new summer suit, so that no inroad on her weekly allowance would be made to help pay for the suit. She had been much comforted by the thought that the price of wearing apparel was going down, but the deplorable truth remained that material was still of much poorer quality than it had been before the war, and that there seemed scarcely any guarantee that a suit would wear well, even at a price that would have been considered unreasonably high a few years ago.

It was rather a long and tedious process before she found what she wanted that satisfied Roger as well. They went to three or four shops and tried on what seemed like an endless number of suits and Mrs. Hooper had almost concluded that, after all, the purchase would necessitate a trip to the city, when almost by accident in the last store they ran upon just the thing for which they had been searching. It was a mixed tweed material—a sort of pepper and salt effect—that had the appearance of being rather light and summery and still had a dark-toned body that made it a perfectly possible suit to be worn late into the fall. The price was $15.00, which Mrs. Hooper had found was what all the medium suits were costing. There were less expensive ones but the material did not warrant the risk saving a few dollars on the initial cost, and those that were higher priced suited her purpose no better than the one she and Roger decided on, as the extra amount asked for them seemed in many cases not to be because of much more superior quality but because of some little fad of style that made it popular for the moment. There was very little alteration necessary beyond the shortening of the trouser legs and Mrs Hooper and Roger returned just in time for tea, delighted at having found exactly what they had in mind for his summer suit

"I'll get you a straw hat and a new tie and with your new shoes that I bought last fall and that you haven't worn yet you will be 'off my hands' for the season as well as Helen, and I can turn my attention to Betty and your father and myself," said Mrs. Hooper as she took the tea Helen brought her as soon as she was seated.

The menu for the three meals on Sunday is:

BREAKFAST.

Orange Juice.
Cereal.
Hot Corn Bread. Boiled Bacon.
Coffee.

DINNER.

Leg of Mutton. Brown Gravy.
New Potatoes. Creamed Cauliflower.
Raisin Pie.

SUPPER.

Nut Sandwiches.
Radishes. Olives.
Banana Layer Cake.
Cocoa.

TENTH WEEK.
WEEKLY STATEMENT FROM MRS. HOOPER'S ACCOUNT BOOK.
Received Henry's Salary.....$50.00

Budget.			Paid out.	Balance.	Surplus.
Shelter $6.00			Nothing	$6.00	$56.50
Food 20.00	Meat	$3.25			
	Dairy Supplies	3.50			
	Fish	1.00			
	Fruit and Vegetables	4.20			
	Groceries	4.30			
	Ice	1.00			
	Henry's Lunches	2.50			
			19.75	.25	
	Eggs for "putting down" $2.20 from supply of $2.44.				.24
Clothing 700	Helen's Belt	$ .50			
	Roger's Underwear	3.00			
	Two pairs socks	.30			
	Two Shirts at 97c	1.94			
			5.74	1.26	
	Roger's suit $15.00 from surplus of $19.60.				4.60
Operating Ex.. 9.00	Paint for bathroom	$1.50			
	House supplies	2.25			
			3.75	5.25	48.90
Advancement... 3.00	Helen's dancing lessons	$ .50			
	Church	.25			
	Newspapers	.25			
			1.00	2.00	10.05
Savings for life Ins. Prem... 5.00			Nothing	5.00	45.00
$50.00			$30.24	$19.76	$50.00

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