

CABBAGES AND KINGS

By O. HENRY

Copyright, 1921, by Doubleday, Page & Co., Published by special arrangement with the Wheeler Syndicate, Inc.

ROUGE ET NOIR

Continued from yesterday.

It has been indicated that disaffection followed the elevation of Losada to the presidency. This feeling continued to grow. Throughout the entire republic there seemed to be a spirit of silent, unspoken discontent. Even the old Liberal party to which Goodwin, Zavalla and other patriots had lent their aid was disappointed. Losada had failed to become a popular idol. Fresh taxes, fresh import duties and, more than all, the tolerance of the outrageous oppression of citizens by the military had made him the most obnoxious president since the despicable Alforan. The majority of his own cabinet were out of sympathy with him. The army, which he had courted by giving it its tyrannical, had been his main support. But the most impetuous of the administration's moves had been when it nationalized the Vesuvius Fruit Company, an organization plying 12 steamers with a cash capital somewhat larger than Anchuria's surplus and debt combined.

Reasonably an established concern, the Vesuvius would become irritated at having a small, retail republic with no rating at all attempt to squeeze a subsidy from a company that had refused. The president at once retaliated by clapping an export duty of one real per bunch of bananas—a thing unprecedented in fruit-growing countries. The Vesuvius Company had invested large sums in wharves and plantations along the Anchuria coast; their agents had erected fine homes in the towns where they had their headquarters, and heretofore had worked with the republic in good-will and with advantage to both. It would lose an immense sum if compelled to move. The selling price of bananas from Vera Cruz to Trinidad was three cents per bunch. This new duty of one real would have ruined the fruit growers in Anchuria and have seriously recommended the Vesuvius Company to decline to pay it. But for some reason the Vesuvius continued to buy Anchuria fruit, paying four reals for it and not suffering the growers to bear the loss.

This apparent victory deceived His Excellency and he began to hunger for more of it. He sent an emissary to request a conference with a representative of the fruit company. The Vesuvius sent Mr. Franzoni, a little, stout, cheerful man, always cool, and white-

ting airs from Verdi's operas. Senior Espirition of the office of the Minister of Finance, attempted the sandbagging in behalf of Anchuria. The meeting took place in the cabin of the "Salvador" of the Vesuvius line.

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

Mr. Franzoni denied that his company would receive any benefits from a contemplated road. As its representative he must decline to contribute fifty thousand pesos. But he would assume the responsibility of offering twenty-five.

Did Senior Espirition understand Senior Franzoni to mean twenty-five thousand pesos? Twenty-five pesos. And in silver; not in gold.

"Your offer insults my government," cried Senior Espirition, rising with indignation.

"Then," said Mr. Franzoni, in warning tone, "we will change it."

The offer was never changed. Could Mr. Franzoni have meant the government?

This was the state of affairs in Anchuria when the winter season opened at Corallo at the end of the second year of Losada's administration. So, when the government and society made its annual exodus to the seashore, it was evident that the presidential advent would not be celebrated by unlimited rejoicing. The tenth of November was the day set for the entrance into Corallo of the gay company from the capital. A narrow-gauge railroad runs twenty miles into the interior from Solitas. The government party travels by carriage from San Mateo to this road's terminal point, and proceeds by train to Solitas. From here they march in grand procession to Corallo where, on the day of their coming, festivities and ceremonies abound. But this season saw an ominous dawning of the tenth of November.

Although the rainy season was over, the day seemed to hark back to receding June. A fine drizzle of rain fell all during the forenoon. The procession entered Corallo amid a strange silence.

President Losada was an elderly man, grizzled bearded, with a considerable ratio of Indian blood revealed in his cinnamon complexion. His carriage headed the procession, surrounded and guarded by Captain Cruz and his famous troop of one hundred light horse "El Ciento Huilando." Colonel Rocas followed, with a regiment of the regular army.

The president's sharp, beady eyes glanced about him for the expected demonstration of welcome; but he faced a stolid, indifferent array of citizens. Sight-seers the Anchurians are by birth and habit, and they turned out to their last able-bodied unit to witness the scene; but they maintained an accusative silence. They crowded the streets to the very wheel ruts, they covered the red tile roofs to the eaves, but there was never a "viva" for them. No wreaths of palm and lemon branches or gorgeous strings of paper roses hung from the windows and balconies as was the custom. There was an apathy, a dull, dissenting disapprobation, that was the more ominous because it puzzled. No one feared an outburst, a revolt of the discontents, for they had no leader. The president and those loyal to him had never even heard whispered a name among them capable of crystallizing the dissatisfaction into opposition. No, there could be no danger. The people always procured a new idol before they destroyed an old one.

At length, after a prodigious galloping and curvetting of redoubtable majors, gold-laced colonels and epauletted generals, the procession formed for its annual progress down the Calle Grande to the Casa Morena, where the ceremony of welcome to the visiting president always took place.

The Swiss band led the line of march. After it pranced the local comandante, mounted, and a detachment of his troops. Next came a carriage with four members among them the Minister of War, old of the cabinet conspicuous General Pilar, with his white moustache and his soldierly bearing. Then the president's vehicle, containing also the Ministers of Finance and State, and surrounded by Captain Cruz's light horse formed in a close double file of fours. Following them, the rest of the officials of state, the judges and distinguished military and social ornaments of public and private life.

As the band struck up, and the movement began, like a bird of illomen the "Valhalla," the swiftest steamship of the Vesuvius line, glided into the harbor in plain view of the president and

his train. Of course, there was nothing menacing about its arrival—a business firm does not go to war with a nation—but it reminded Senior Espirition and others in those carriages that the Vesuvius Fruit Company was undoubtedly carrying something up its sleeve for them.

By the time the van of the procession had reached the government building, Captain Cronin, of the "Valhalla," and Mr. Vincenti, member of the Vesuvius Company, had landed and were pushing their way, bluff, hearty and nonchalant, through the crowd on the narrow sidewalk clad in white linen big, debonair, with an air of good-humored authority, they made conspicuous figures among the dark mass of unimposing Anchurians, as they penetrated to within a few yards of the steps of the Casa Morena. Looking easily above the heads of the crowd, they perceived another that towered above the undersized natives. It was the fiery poll of Dicky Maloney against the wall close by the lower step, and his broad, seductive grin showed that he recognized their presence.

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

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

By the time the procession almost drew attention from the parade, "With that head of hair! Keep away from the women! And a Maloney! Hasn't he got a license? But, nonsense

aside, what do you think of the prospects? It's a species of filibustering out of my line."

Vincenti glanced again at Dicky's head and smiled. "Rouge et noir," he said. "There you have it. Make your play, gentlemen. Our money is on the red."

(To be Continued.)

O'BRIEN RESIDENCE ATTACKED.

Dublin, June 1.—Armed men made an attack on the residence of Hon. Edward Donough O'Brien, at Roselevan, Ennis, yesterday, wounding one person. A tennis game was in progress when forty men suddenly appeared, shouting "Hands up." They commenced firing, wounding W. H. Ball. A motor car was stolen and another was burned during the raid. Several women faint.

REFUSES TO RESIGN.

San Antonio, Tex., June 1.—Hugh H. Robertson, United States district attorney for the western district of Texas, today announced he had refused a request of Attorney General Daugherty that he resign. He characterized the Attorney General's request as "a piece of cheap and petty politics."

FLORESTON SHAMPOO

Creates a soft creamy lather that cleanses the hair and scalp. Removes all dirt and dandruff, makes the hair soft, fluffy and easy to do up. 50c. at Druggists, or by mail. Hiscoc Chemical Works, Patchogue, N. Y.

ARE TO SEARCH FOR LOST RIVER

Lost River Bed in Alaska Believed to Contain Vast Amount Gold

Edmonton, Alta., June 1.—Search for a lost river—a river of gold—will be undertaken this year by several prospectors, including old-timers from the Yukon and Alaska, who are now here outfitting for the long journey into the north country. This lost river bed, where the Peace River once flowed, is somewhere in the big bend of the Peace, bisected by a line drawn from Fort St. John to the mouth of the Battle River.

Some years ago an Indian brought into Ft. St. John a fair sized gold nugget, which, according to the tale told by old timers of the north, he discovered in a stream in the country to the north-east of the post.

Soon after this an old trapper, a white man, who made Fort St. John his headquarters, came into the Fort with a quantity of coarse gold which he had washed from some stream in a similar direction to that from which the Indian hailed.

He never visited his trap lines after this, living on the fat of the land in carefree idleness at the post. He often disappeared, whenever his supplies of necessities ran low, and would be away for a few days, always returning with a fresh supply of gold.

This aged trapper lived in this man-

ner for a number of years. He died, as many trappers and north country men have, on the trail. His body was found frozen. With him went his secret, he never having told to anyone the location of his find. The books of the Hudson's Bay Company still contain a large credit account in the name of the old trapper.

Northmen, who tell the story of the mystic El Dorado north of the Peace, declare that the gold was only available after a heavy fall of snow, with which the old fellow apparently washed his mineral. From an analysis of the circumstances generally, it is thought that the place from which the gold was taken was some old river bed where the Peace once flowed, but whether the story is correct or not remains to be proved.

Prospectors, however, are putting up good money to test the truth of the theory that the precious metal does exist somewhere to the north of Clear Hills in large quantities.

DOBY SENT TO "PEN"

Sheriff W. O. Cochran returned Monday night from Raleigh, where he went to take Claude Doby, alias Joe Burke, young white man convicted at the last criminal court of being a Pullman car thief. He also stopped at Goldsboro to place a patient in the negro hospital for insane.

FOREST EXPERIMENT STATION

Asheville, June 1.—A forest experiment station for the South, with headquarters in Asheville, will be established July 1, according to a statement by W. B. Greeley, chief forester in Washington, Tuesday. Four technical foresters work out of the office to be established here.

LABOR SITUATION IS BECOMING CRITICAL

Buenos Aires, June 1.—(By The Associated Press.)—The labor situation in Buenos Aires is growing more critical hourly, while the police continued to raid the headquarters of the extreme elements.

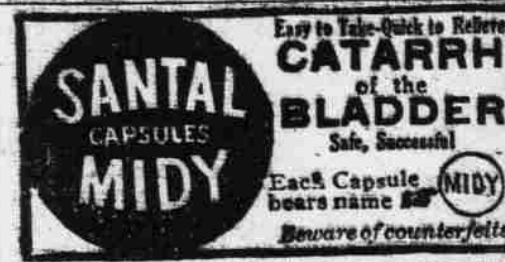
Several unions have joined the strike of chauffeurs, bringing the total number of strikers out today to more than thirty thousand. The Maritime Federation has decreed a general strike to begin today to tie up all maritime traffic under the Argentine flag.

The police raided a joint meeting of the Argentine branches of the Amsterdam communist organization and the Argentine labor federation and arrested 150 persons.

The Labor Protective Association, assisted by the Argentine Patriotic League, is marshalling non-union laborers to replace the strikers.

KING BORIS TO VISIT US.

Sofia, Bulgaria, June 1.—Premier Stambuliski, of Bulgaria, declared here yesterday that King Boris would visit the United States during the coming autumn and that he would accompany Boris.



SANTAL MIDY
Capsules
Easy to take—quick to relieve
CATARRH of the BLADDER
Each Capsule MIDY bears name of the source of counterfeits



\$3.90
and
\$4.90
Kinney's
217 S. Tryon St.
Men's Tan and Black Calf English Oxfords
\$3.90
Tan Brogue Ball Strap and English Oxfords
\$4.90
Send Us Your Mail Orders



LAFAYETTE

ANNOUNCEMENT

The Carolinas LaFayette Motors Company of Five Hundred North Tryon Street, Charlotte, has been appointed Distributors of the LaFayette line of deluxe motor cars for the Carolinas.



LAFAYETTE MOTORS COMPANY
at Mars Hill, Indianapolis

WALE'S Adding Listing and Bookkeeping Machines
Visible

SAVE TIME AND ENERGY
By their unflinching accuracy much of the worry and drudgery of office practices and figuring work is eliminated.

Let us demonstrate the Wale's on your work. If we can't show you a worthwhile buy we don't expect your business.

ADD MULTIPLY SUBTRACT DIVIDE

Sisk & Lambeth, Inc.
Sales Agents
112 Latta Arcade. Charlotte, N. C.