THE GOLD THAT GLITTERED

A Revolution That Failed Because of a Blond Pompadour.

By O. HENRY.

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A story with a moral appended is like the bill of a mosquito. It bores you and then injects a stinging drop to irritate your conscience; therefore let us have the moral first and be done with it. All is not gold that glitters, but it is a wise child that keeps the stopper in his bottle of testing acid.

Where Broadway skirts the corner of the square presided over by George the Veracious is the Little Rialto.

Westward and southward from the Thespian glare are one or two streets where a Spanish American colony has huddled for a little tropical warmth in the nipping north. The center of life in this precinct is El Refugio, a cafe and restaurant that caters to the volatile exiles from the south.

One day a Hamburg-American liner deposited upon pier No. 55 General Perrico Ximenes Villablanca Falcon, a passenger from Cartagena. The general was between a clay bank and a bay in complexion, had a forty-two inch waist and stood five feet four with his Du Barry heels.

General Falcon had enough English under his hat to enable him to inquire his way to the street in which El Refugio stood. When he reached that neighborhood he saw a sign before a respectable red brick house that read, "Hotel Espanol." In the window was a card in Spanish, "Aqui se habla Espanol." The general entered, sure of a congenial port.

In the cozy office was Mrs. O'Brien, the proprietress. She had blond—oh, unimpeachably blond!—hair. For the rest she was amiability and ran largely to inches around. General Falcon brushed the floor with his broad brimmed hat and emitted a quantity of Spanish, the syllables sounding like firecrackers gently popping their way down the string of a bunch.

"Spanish or dago?" asked Mrs. O'Brien pleasantly.

"I am a Colombian, madame," said the colonel proudly. "I speak the Spanish. The advisement in your window say the Spanish he is spoken here. How is that?"

"Well, you've been speaking it, ain't you?" said "the madame." "I'm sure I can't."

At the Hotel Espanol General Falcon engaged rooms and established himself. At dusk he sauntered out upon the streets to view the wonders of this roaring city of the north. As he walked he thought of the wonderful golden hair of "Madame O'Brien."

At the corner of Broadway and the Little Rialto the general became involved. The street cars bewildered him, and the fender of one upset him against a pushcart laden with oranges. A cab driver missed him an inch with a hub and poured barbarous execrations upon his head.

As the general fluttered out of the streamers of passers like a wounded

THE WAYS OF MR. KELLEY COULD NOT BUT SUCCEED.

snipe he was marked simultaneously as game by two hunters. One was "Bully" McGuire, whose system of sport required the use of a strong arm and the misuse of an eight inch piece of lead pipe. The other Nimrod of the asphalt was "Spider" Kelley, a sportsman with more refined methods.

In pouncing upon their self evident prey Mr. Kelley was a shade the quicker. His elbow fended accurately the onslaught of Mr. McGuire.

"G'wan!" he commanded harshly. "I saw it first." McGuire slunk away, awed by superior intelligence.

"Pardon me," said Mr. Kelley to the general, "but you got balled up in the shuffle, didn't you? Let me assist you." He picked up the general's hat and brushed the dust from it.

The ways of Mr. Kelley could not but succeed. The general, bewildered and dismayed by the resounding streets, welcomed his deliverer.

"I have a desire," said the general, "to return to the hotel of O'Brien, in which I am stop. Caramba! Senor, there is a loudness and rapidness of going and coming in the city of this Neuva York."

Mr. Kelley's politeness would not suffer the dis[illegible] brave the da[illegible] accompanied. A[illegible] Espanol they pe[illegible] down on the opposite [illegible] street shone the modest [illegible] sign of El Refugio. Mr. Kelley, [illegible] whom few streets were u[illegible] knew the place exteriorly as a "[illegible] joint." All foreigners Mr. Kelley classed under the two heads of "da[illegible] goes" and Frenchmen. He proposed to the general that they repair thither and substantiate their acquaintance with a liquid foundation.

An hour later found General Falcon and Mr. Kelley seated at a table in the conspirators' corner of El Refugio. Bottles and glasses were between them. For the tenth time the general confided the secret of his mission to the Estados Unidos. He was here, he declared, to purchase arms—2,000 stands of Winchester rifles—for the Colombian revolutionists. He had drafts in his pocket drawn by the Cartagena bank on its New York correspondent for $25,000. At other tables other revolutionists were shouting their political secrets to their fellow plotters, but none was as loud as the general. He pounded the table, he bellowed for some wine, he roared to his friend that his errand was a secret one and not to be hinted at to a living soul. Mr. Kelley himself was stirred to sympathetic enthusiasm. He grasped the general's hand across the table.

"Monseer," he said earnestly, "I don't know where this country of yours is, but I'm for it. It's a lucky thing for you that you butted into me tonight. I'm the only man in New York that can get this gun deal through for you. The secretary of war of the United States is me best friend. He's in the city now, and I'll see him for you tomorrow. In the meantime, monseer, you keep them drafts tight in your inside pocket. I'll call for you tomorrow and take you to see him. Say, that ain't the District of Columbia you're talking about, is it?" concluded Mr. Kelley, with a sudden qualm.

"No, no, no!" exclaimed the general. "It is the republic of Colombia; it is a g-r-reat republic on the top side of America of the south—yes, yes."

"All right," said Mr. Kelley, reassured. "Now, suppose we trek along home and go by-by. I'll write to the secretary tonight and make a date with him."

They parted at the door of the Hotel Espanol.

Kelley went to the nearest telephone booth and called up McCrary's cafe, far up on Broadway. He asked for Jimmy Dunn.

"Is that Jimmy Dunn?" asked Kelley.

"Yes," came the answer.

"You're a liar," sang back Kelley joyfully. "You're the secretary of war. Wait there till I come up. I've got the finest thing down here in the way of a fish you ever baited for. It's a Colorado maduro, with a gold band around it and free coupons enough to buy a red hall lamp and a statuette of Psyche rubbering in the brook. I'll be up on the next car."

Jimmy Dunn was an A. M. of crookdom. He was an artist in the confidence line. He never saw a bludgeon in his life, and he scorned knockout drops.

These two gentlemen held a conference that night at McCrary's. Kelley explained.

"He's as easy as a gum shoe. He's from the island of Colombia, where there's a strike or a feud or something going on, and they've sent him up here to buy 2,000 Winchesters to arbitrate the thing with. He showed me two drafts for $10,000 each and one for $5,000 on a bank here. 'S truth, Jimmy, I felt real mad with him because he didn't have it in $1,000 bills and hand it to me on a silver waiter. Now, we've got to wait till he goes to the bank and gets the money for us."

They talked it over for two hours, and then Dunn said, "Bring him to — Broadway at 4 o'clock tomorrow afternoon."

In due time Kelley called at the Hotel Espanol for the general. He found that wily warrior engaged in a delectable conversation with Mrs. O'Brien.

"The secretary of war is waiting for us," said Kelley.

The general tore himself away with an effort.

"Aye, senor," he said, with a sigh, "duty makes a call. But, senor, the senoras of your Estados Unidos—how beauties! For exemplification, take you la Madame O'Brien—que magnifica! She is one goddess—one Juno—what you call one ox eyed Juno."

Now, Mr. Kelley was a wit, and better men have been shriveled by the fire of their own imagination.

"Sure," he said, with a grin, "but you mean a peroxide Juno, don't you?"

Mrs. O'Brien heard and lifted an auriferous head. Her businesslike eye rested for an instant upon the disappearing form of Mr. Kelley. Except in street cars one should never be unnecessarily rude to a lady.

When the gallant Colombian and his escort arrived at the Broadway address they were held in an anteroom for half an hour and then admitted into a well equipped office where a distinguished looking man with a smooth face wrote at a desk. General Falcon was presented to the secretary of war of the United States and his mission made known by his old friend Mr. Kelley.

"Ah, Colombia!" said the secretary significantly when he was made to understand. "I'm afraid there will be a little difficulty in that case. The president and I differ in our sympathies there. He prefers the established government, while I"— The secretary gave the general a mysterious but encouraging smile. "You of course know, General Falcon, that an act of congress has been passed requiring all manufactured arms and ammunition exported from this country to p[illegible] through the war department. Now, I can do anything for you I will [illegible] glad to do so to oblige my old fr[illegible] Mr. Kelley. But it must be in abs[illegible] secrecy, as the president, as I h[illegible] said, does not regard favorably [illegible] efforts of your revolutionary party [illegible] Colombia. I will have my orderly bri[illegible] a list of the available arms now in th[illegible] warehouse."

The secretary struck a bell, and an orderly with the letters A. D. T. on his cap stepped into the room.

"Bring me Schedule B of the small arms inventory," said the secretary.

The orderly quickly returned with a printed paper. The secretary studied it closely.

"I find," he said, "that in warehouse 9 of government stores there is a shipment of 2,000 stands of Winchester rifles that were ordered by the sultan of Morocco, who forgot to send the cash with his order. Our rule is that legal tender money must be paid down at the time of purchase. My dear Kel-

"I WILL HAVE MY ORDERLY BRING A LIST OF THE AVAILABLE ARMS."

ley, your friend General Falcon shall have this lot of arms if he desires it at the manufacturer's price. And you will forgive me, I am sure, if I curtail our interview."

As one result of this interview the general was deeply grateful to his esteemed friend Mr. Kelley. As another the nimble secretary of war was extremely busy during the next two days buying empty rifle cases and filling them with bricks, which were then stored in a warehouse rented for that purpose. As still another when the general returned to the Hotel Espanol Mrs. O'Brien went up to him, plucked a thread from his lapel and said:

"Say, senor, I don't want to 'butt in,' but what does that monkey faced, cat eyed, rubber necked tin horn tough want with you?"

"Sangre de mi vida!" exclaimed the general. "Impossible it is that you speak of my good friend Senor Kelley."

"Come into the summer garden," said Mrs. O'Brien. "I want to have a talk with you."

Let us suppose that an hour has elapsed.

"And you say," said the general, "that for the sum of $18,000 can be purchased the furnishment of the house and the lease of one year, with this garden so lovely, so resembling unto the patios of my care Colombia?"

"And dirt cheap at that," sighed the lady.

"Ah, Dios!" breathed General Falcon. "What to me is war and politics? This spot is one paradise. My country it have other brave heroes to continue the fighting. What to me should be glory and the shooting of mans? Ah, no! It is here I have found one angel. Let us buy the Hotel Espanol, and you shall be mine, and the money shall not be waste on guns."

Mrs. O'Brien rested her blond pompadour against the shoulder of the Colombian patriot.

"Oh, senor," she sighed happily, "ain't you terrible!"

Two days later was the time appointed for the delivery of the arms to the general. The boxes of supposed rifles were stacked in the rented warehouse, and the secretary of war sat upon them, waiting for his friend Kelley to fetch the victim.

Mr. Kelley hurried at the hour to the Hotel Espanol. He found the general behind the desk adding up accounts.

"I have decide," said the general, "to buy not guns. I have today buy the insides of this hotel, and there shall be marrying of the General Perrico Ximenes Villablanca Falcon with la Madame O'Brien."

Mr. Kelley almost strangled.

"Say, you old baldheaded bottle of shoe polish," he spluttered, "you're a swindler, that's what you are! You've bought a boarding house with money belonging to your infernal country, wherever it is."

"Ah," said the general, footing up a column, "that is what you call politics. War and revolution they are not nice. Yes. It is not best that one shall always follow Minerva. No. It is of quite desirable to keep hotels and be with that Juno—that ox eyed Juno. Ah, what hair of the gold it is that she have!"

Mr. Kelley choked again.

"Ah, Senor Kelley," said the general feelingly and finally, "is it that you have never eaten of the corned beef hash that Madame O'Brien she make?"

OUTLOOK FOR INDOOR AQUATICS

Calls For Candidates at Colleges Bring Quick Responses.

MANY VETERANS OUT AGAIN.

With Only Two Men of Last Year's Team Missing Princeton Will Be Strong—Penn Appears Weak—Columbia's Good Prospects.

Calls for candidates for the swimming and water polo varsity teams at the colleges holding membership in the league have met with unusual success this year, and the squads now doing preliminary work are more numerous and of higher class than ever before. The sport is gradually enlarging its scope and growing steadily in popularity. Many of the colleges and schools have made swimming part of their curriculum, so that opportunity and incentive are encouraging more and more students to take up aquatics with a view to competition.

The defection of Harvard last spring from the ranks of the Intercollegiate Swimming association, far from showing lack of interest, indicates a praiseworthy desire to improve matters at home. The Cambridge faculty objected to the constant trips made necessary by the championship meets and pronounced itself in favor of a New England league, in which Harvard, Brown, Amherst and Williams would contest for honors. In view of the fact that Cornell, Syracuse and one or two other institutions now have teams in the water, the scheme should work out to the benefit of all. The west has an association that is yearly growing stronger, and with the New England and the Intercollegiate leagues to take care of swimming in the east competition for everybody will be provided, also affording a chance to determine the country's best team by bringing the winners together in a post season tournament.

While steps are being taken to induce one of the outside colleges to

BATTLES, PRINCETON'S CRACK SWIMMER.

take Harvard's place, the five universities now holding membership are busy preparing for the opening event, and it looks like a close race for the pennants.

In looking over the material for the various squads one soon realizes how close will be the struggle, for the teams were never more evenly matched. Yale loses only Richards and Princell of the 1910 men, which means that Captain Stoddart, the best all around product of the year, will have for his swimming team H. S. Palmer, the 220 yard champion; W. Howe, the 50 yard record holder, and S. T. Devan, S. Moses, H. Winslow, J. McGhie and H. Harper, besides the plunge holder, R. Loree, and the fancy diver, H. C. Hughes.

At Pennsylvania the graduation of Captain Feustman, the great water polo forward, will be the most severe blow. It is thought that John Shryock, the Intercollegiate hundred yarder, will take special work and compete again. J. Graham, Jr., has been elected captain of the swimmers and can count on the fancy divers, Hans and Berens; the plungers, Hopkinson and Wolferth, and the sprinters, Clement, Anthony, Borden, White and Yerkes.

Captain Battles of Princeton probably has the best water polo material of the lot, however, and properly handled they should develop into one of the best college teams ever seen.

Columbia enters the fray with a better outlook than she has had since the halcyon days of Trubenbach and Spenser. Captain Patterson seems to be the right man to handle the squad, and the White and Blue will find in M. Kennedy, the new professional coach, the help it has lacked for years.

While the championship tournament will not begin before January, several meets have already been held with outside teams, and the students will also take part individually in all the open Amateur Athletic union carnivals.

Auto Suggestion.

The chauffeur, who had been in an automobile smash, had just recovered from the anaesthetic.

"You're all right now, old chap," cheerfully said the surgeon, "just as good as new."

"Perhaps," smiled the patient weakly, "but I feel factory rebuilt."—Illustrated Sunday Magazine.

Awkward For Both.

"This is awkward. I flirted with a young man at the seashore and we both pretended to be rich. Now I find he lives in our city."

"But you needn't see him if you don't want to."

"I can't well get out of it. It seems he collects the payments on our piano."—Pittsburg Post.

I'm stuck upon a dainty girl,
A mental science miss.
She puts her hair up in a curl,
Her blue eyes promise bliss.
My brain is all awhirl,
And yet I'm glad of this—
The fact that she
Don't offer me
A mental science kiss!
—Cleveland Leader.

"I wonder what the teacher meant about the singing of my two daughters?"

"What did he say?"

"He said that Mamie's voice was good, but Maude's was better still."—Catholic News.

I wonder have you ever known
Or heard of such a thing
As paper hangers in the house
Who didn't try to sing?
—Detroit Free Press.

"The teacher of one of the classes in a school in the suburbs of Cleveland had been training her pupils in anticipation of a visit from the school commissioner," said George S. Wells. "At last he came, and the classes were called out to show their attainments.

"The arithmetic class was the first called, and in order to make a good impression the teacher put the first question to Johnny Smith, the star pupil.

"'Johnny, if coal is selling at $6 a ton and you pay the coal dealer $24, how many tons of coal will be bring you?'

"'Three,' was the prompt reply from Johnny.

"The teacher, much embarrassed, said, 'Why, Johnny, that isn't right.'

"'Oh, I know it ain't, but they do it anyhow.'"—Washington Post.

Her Conclusion.

"I've got my opinion of a woman that can't cook," growled William De Kikkur, glaring at his better half. "I suppose that if our cook would get married I'd starve to death!"

"You needn't worry about that, William," said Mrs. De K. gently. "Our cook has been married once, and I don't consider it at all likely that she would care to"—

But her irate spouse had slammed the door behind him.—Cleveland Leader.

Subsoiling with Dynamite.

"Strange are some of the farming methods of California," said Benjamin Mann, of Germantown, who recently returned from a visit to the Pacific coast. "One day in the vine country I heard a tremendous bang, bang, banging, and started from my seat, thinking that a dreadful explosion had occurred. But my host told me, with a laugh, that his men were merely plowing with dynamite. Then he went on to explain that when it was desired to loosen up the soil to a depth of three feet or so dynamite cartridges were set in the earth and fired off. They broke up the ground beautifully. They did the work much better, and much more cheaply, than any machine or any manual labor could do. And, in addition to this, they destroyed the parasite called the phylloxera, the bane of the vine growers. No vineyard whose soil had been dynamited, my host said, ever suffered from the phylloxera afterward."

Power from the Jordan.

A plan for supplying the whole of Palestine with electricity for lighting, heating and cooking purposes is being entered into by a French company, which has its headquarters in Paris.

The power will be supplied by the falls of the Jordan, between the Waters of Merom and the Lake of Galilee, where the river descends seventy feet. A generating plant will be erected on the west bank of the river, and will be connected with all the chief towns of the country. Some $1,000,000 will be required for the initial expenses.

It is hoped that in five years the works will be paying well.

The foregoing statement has been sent out from London, Eng., by the Associated Press. It is evidently authentic. Such intimations of the rehabilitation of Palestine have come so frequently of late that they have ceased to be startling. While men are contending that Palestine never can sustain a large population, and that the Jews never will return, God is silently bringing both to pass so rapidly that they will be completed before the sound of unbelieving doubters has ceased to be heard.

China Orders New Coinage.

China is at last to have a properly standardized currency, and an order has been issued by the imperial board of finance to the central and provincial mints to proceed with the manufacture of new coins. It may not be possible for a year or so to enforce the law in this regard, especially in the interior.

Built for Comfort.

Aeroplaning is to be made comfortable. Henri Deutsch, of Paris, whose prizes did so much for the advancement of aviation in its early days, is having an aerocab built for his own use. The aeroplane is of the Wright type, but a little cab of basketwork is being made to shelter the driver and his passenger from rain and cold.

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