

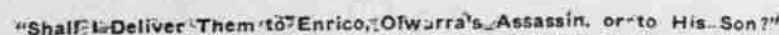
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A Little Business Romance of the Banana Trade

Passa was descended from the oldest Spanish families in the country. Moreover, she had had unusual advantages. Two years in a New Orleans school had elevated her ambitions and littered her for a fate above the ordinary maidens of her native land. And yet here she succumbed to the first red-haired scamp with a glib tongue and a charming smile that came along and courted her properly. For, very soon Dickie took her quietly to the little store he had bought from the National and then to his little shop in the grass-grown street where customers seldom troubled him. And it was her fate to sit, with her patient, saintly eyes and

For two days succeeding Pasa came at each appointed time and brought him food. He eagerly inquired each time if a letter or package had come for him, and she mournfully shook her head.

They're hanging men and women now
For lacking of the green.
So, that night Dicky sat by the win-
ow of the room over his shop and his



us President since the despised Alfoan. The majority of his own Cabinet were out of sympathy with him. The army, which he courted by giving it license to tyrannize, had been his main, and, thus far, adequate bulwark. But the most impolitic of the adminis-

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 themselves capable of crystallising the dissatisfied into opposition. No, there could be no

General Pillar was the most distinguished citizen of the republic. Hero of three wars and innumerable revolutions, he was an honored guest at European courts and camps. An eloquent speaker and a friend to the people, he represented the highest type of the Costarraguans.

Holding in his hand the gilt keys of Casa Morena, he began his address in a historical form, touching upon each administration and the advance of civilization and prosperity from the first dim striving after liberty down to pres-

"It's business," stated Vincenti, stopping to offer his cigar to a monkey swinging from a lime tree; "and that is what moves the world of today. That extra real on the price of bananas had to go. We took the quickest way of removing it."