

O. Henry Stories

II—The Discounters of Money

By O. HENRY

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THE spectacle of the money callips of the present day going about Bagdad-on-the-Subway trying to relieve the wants of the people is enough to make the great Al Raschid turn Haroun in his grave. If not so then the assertion should do so, the real calliph having been a wit and a scholar and therefore a hater of puns.

How properly to alleviate the troubles of the poor is one of the greatest troubles of the rich. But one thing agreed upon by all professional philanthropists is that you must never hand over any cash to your subject. The poor are notoriously temperamental, and when they get money they exhibit a strong tendency to spend it for stuffed olives and enlarged crayon portraits instead of giving it to the installment man.

And still old Haroun had some advantages as an eleemosynarian. He took around with him on his rambles his vizier, Giagar (a vizier is a composite of a chauffeur, a secretary of state and a night and day bank), and old Uncle Mesour, his executioner, who toted a snickersnee. With this entourage a calliphing tour could hardly fail to be successful. Have you noticed lately any newspaper articles headed "What Shall We Do With Our Ex-prisoners?" Well, now, suppose Mr. Carnegie should engage them and Jesse Willard to go about assisting in the distribution of free libraries? Do you suppose any town would have the hardihood to refuse one? That calliph-alons combination would cause two libraries to grow where there had been only one set of E. P. Roe's works before.

But, as I said, the money callips are handicapped. They have the idea that earth has no sorrow that dough cannot heal, and they rely upon it solely. Al Raschid administered justice, rewarded the deserving and punished whomsoever he disliked on the spot. He was the originator of the short story contest. Whenever he succored any chance pickup in the bazaars he always made the succoree tell the sad story of his life. If the narrative lacked construction, style and esprit he commanded his vizier to dole him out a couple of thousand ten dollar notes of the First National Bank of the Bosphorus, or else gave him a soft job as Keeper of the Bird Seed for the Bulbula in the Imperial Gardens. If the story was a crackerjack he had Mesour, the executioner, whack off his head. The report that Haroun Al Raschid is yet alive and is editing the magazine that your grandmother used to subscribe for lacks confirmation.

And now follows the "Story of the Millionaire," "The Inefficacious Increment" and "The Babes Drawn From the Wood."

Young Howard Pilkins, the millionaire, got his money ornithologically. He was a shrewd judge of storks and got in on the ground floor at the residence of his immediate ancestors, the Pilkins Brewing company. For his money was a partner in the business. Finally old man Pilkins died from a torpid liver, and then Mrs. Pilkins died from worry on account of torpid delivery wagons—and there you have young Howard Pilkins with \$4,000,000, and a good fellow at that. He was an agreeable, modestly arrogant young man, who implicitly believed that money could buy anything that the world had to offer. And Bagdad-on-the-Subway for a long time did everything possible to encourage his belief.

But the rat trap caught him at last. He heard the spring snap and found his heart in a wire cage regarding a piece of cheese whose other name was Alice von der Ruysling.

The Von der Ruyslings still live in that little square about which so much has been said and in which so little has been done. Today you hear of Mr. Tilden's underground passage, and you hear Mr. Gould's elevated passage, and that about ends the noise in the world made by Gramercy square. But once it was different. The Von der Ruyslings live there yet, and they received the first key ever made to Gramercy park.

You shall have no description of Alice v. d. R. Just call up in your mind the picture of your own Maggie or Vera or Beatrice, straighten her nose, soften her voice, tone her down and then tone her up, make her beautiful and unattainable, and you have a faint dry point etching of Alice. The family owned a crumbly brick house and a coachman named Joseph in a coat of many colors, and a horse so old that he claimed to belong to the order of the Perisodactyla, and had toes instead of hoofs. In the year 1898 the family had to buy a new set of harness for the Perisodactyla. Before using it they made Joseph smear it over with a mixture of ashes and soot. It was the Von der Ruysling family that bought the territory between the Bowers and East river and Rivington street and the Statue of Liberty, in this

year 1940, from an Indian chief for a quart of passementerie and a pair of Turkey red portieres designed for a Harlem flat. I have always admired you that the Von der Ruyslings were exactly the kind of poor aristocrats that turn down their noses at people who have money—oh, well, I don't mean that; I mean people who have just money.

One evening Pilkins went down to the red brick house in Gramercy square and made what he thought was a proposal to Alice v. d. R. Alice, with her nose turned down and thinking of his money, considered it a proposition and refused it and him. Pilkins, summing up all his resources as any good general would have done, made an incidental reference to the advantages that his money would provide. That



"My name is Pilkins and I'm worth several million dollars."

settled it. The lady turned so cold that Walter Wellman himself would have waited until spring to make a dash for her in a dog sled.

But Pilkins was something of a sport himself. You can't fool all the millionaires every time the ball drops on the Western Union building.

"If at any time," he said to A. v. d. R., "you feel that you would like to reconsider your answer send me a rose like that."

Pilkins audaciously touched a jack rose that she wore loosely in her hair.

"Very well," said she. "And when I do you will understand by it that either you or I have learned something new about the purchasing power of money. You've been spoiled, my friend. No; I don't think I could marry you. Tomorrow I will send you back the presents you have given me."

"Presents?" said Pilkins in surprise.

"I never gave you a present in my life. I would like to see a full length portrait of the man that you would take a present from."

"You've forgotten," said Alice v. d. R., with a little smile. "It was a long time ago when our families were neighbors. You were seven, and I was trundling my doll on the sidewalk. You gave me a little gray, hairy kitten with shoebutton eyes. Its head came off, and it was full of candy. You paid 5 cents for it—you told me so. I haven't the candy to return to you. I hadn't developed a conscience at three, so I ate it. But I have the kitten yet, and I will wrap it up neatly and send it to you tomorrow."

Beneath the lightness of Alice v. d. R.'s talk the steadfastness of her rejection showed firm and plain. So there was nothing left for him but to leave the crumbly red brick house and be off with his abhorred millions.

On his way back Pilkins walked through Madison square. The hour hand of the clock hung about 8. The air was stingingly cool, but not at the freezing point. The dim little square seemed like a great, cold, unroofed room, with its four walls of houses spangled with thousands of insufficient lights. Only a few loiterers were huddled here and there on the benches.

But suddenly Pilkins came upon a youth sitting brave and, as if conflicting with summer suitriness, coatless, his white shirt sleeves conspicuous in the light from the globe of an electric. Close at his side was a girl, smiling, dreamy, happy. Around her shoulders was, palpably, the missing coat of the cold defying youth. It appeared to be a modern panorama of the "Babes in the Wood," revised and brought up to date, with the exception that the robins hadn't turned up yet with the protecting leaves.

Pilkins sat on the bench, one seat removed from the youth. He glanced cautiously and saw (as men do see and women—oh, never can!) that they were of the same order.

Pilkins leaned over after a short time and spoke to the youth, who answered smilingly and courteously. From general topics the conversation concentrated to the bedrock of grim personalities. But Pilkins did it as delicately and heartily as any calliph could have done. And when it came to the point the youth turned to him, soft voiced and with his undiminished smile.

"I don't want to seem unappreciative, old man," he said, with a youth's somewhat too early spontaneity of address. "But, you see, I can't accept anything from a stranger. I know you're all right and I'm tremendously obliged, but I couldn't think of borrowing from anybody. You see, I'm Master Clayton—the Clayton of Roanoke county, Va., you know. The young lady is Miss Eva Bedford—I reckon you've heard of the Bedfords. She's seventeen and one of the Bedfords of Bedford county. We've eloped from home to get married and we want to see New York. We got in this afternoon. Somebody got my pocket-book on the ferryboat and I had only 3 cents in change outside of it. I'll get some work somewhere tomorrow and we'll get married."

"But, I say, old man," said Pilkins in confidential low tones, "you can't keep the lady out here in the cold all night. Now, as for hotels—"

"I told you," said the youth with a broader smile, "that I didn't have but 3 cents. Besides, if I had a thousand, we'd have to wait here until morning. You can understand that, of course. I'm much obliged, but I can't take any of your money. Miss Bedford and I have lived an outdoor life and we don't mind a little cold. I'll get work of some kind tomorrow. We've got a paper bag of cakes and chocolates and we'll get along all right."

"Listen," said the millionaire, impressively. "My name is Pilkins and I'm worth several million dollars. I happen to have in my pockets about \$500 or \$600 in cash. Don't you think you are drawing it rather fine when you decline to accept as much of it as will make you and the young lady comfortable at least for the night?"

"I can't say, sir, that I do think so," said Clayton of Roanoke county. "I've been raised to look at such things differently. But I'm mightily obliged to you, just the same."

"Then you force me to say good night," said the millionaire.

Twice that day had his money been scorned by simple ones to whom his dollars had appeared as but tin tobacco tags. He was no worshiper of the actual minted coin or stamped paper, but he had always believed in its almost unlimited power to purchase.

Pilkins walked away rapidly and then turned abruptly and returned to the bench where the young couple sat. He took off his hat and began to speak. The girl looked at him with the same sprightly, glowing interest that she had been giving to the lights and stately and sky reaching buildings that made the old square seem so far away from Bedford county.

"Mr.—er—Roanoke," said Pilkins, "I admire your—your independent—your idiosyncrasy so much that I'm going to appeal to your chivalry. I believe that's what you southerners call it when you keep a lady sitting outdoors on a bench on a cold night just to keep your old, out of date pride going. Now, I've a friend—a lady—whom I have known all my life—who lives a few blocks from here—with her parents and sisters and aunts and all that kind of indorsement, of course. I am sure this lady would be happy and pleased to put up—that is, to have Miss—er—Bedford give her the pleasure of having her as a guest for the night. Don't you think, Mr. Roanoke—er—Virginia, that you could unbend your prejudices that far?"

Clayton of Roanoke rose and held out his hand.

"Old man," he said, "Miss Bedford will be much pleased to accept the hospitality of the lady you refer to."

Pilkins conducted them to the crumbly red brick house of the Von der Ruyslings. His card brought Alice downstairs wondering.

"Of course I will take her in," said Alice. "Haven't those southern gits a thoroughbred air? Of course she will stay here. You will look after Mr. Clayton, of course."

"Will it?" said Pilkins delightedly.

"Oh, yes, I'll look after him! As a citizen of New York and therefore a part owner of its public parks I'm going to extend to him the hospitality of Madison square tonight. He's going to sit there on a bench till morning. There's no use arguing with him. Isn't it wonderful? I'm glad you'll look after the little lady, Alice. I tell you those 'Babes in the Wood' made my—that is—made Wall street and the Bank of England look like penny arcades."

Miss von der Ruysling whisked Miss Bedford of Bedford county up to restful regions upstairs. When she came down she put an oblong small pasteboard box into Pilkins' hands.

"Your present," she said, "that I am returning to you."

"Oh, yes, I remember," said Pilkins, with a sigh, "the woolly kitten."

He left Clayton on a park bench and shook hands with him heartily.

"After I get work," said the youth, "I'll look you up. Your address is on your card, isn't it?"

Thanks. Well, good night. I'm awfully obliged to you for your kindness. No, thanks, I don't smoke. Good night."

In his room Pilkins opened the box and took out the stinking, funny kitten, long ago ravaged of his candy and minus one shoe button eye. Pilkins looked at it sorrowfully.

"After all," he said, "I don't believe that just money alone will—"

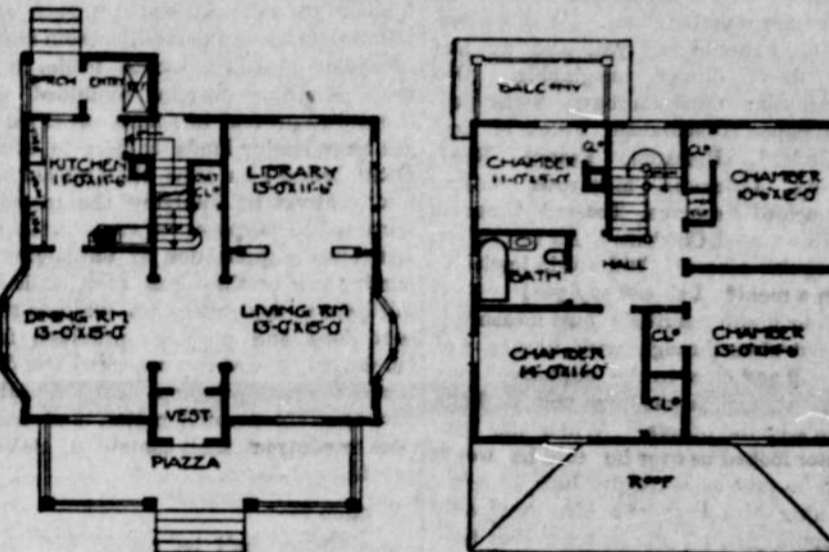
And then he gave a shout and dug into the bottom of the box for something else that had been the kitten's resting place—a crushed but red, fragrant, glorious, promising Jacqueminot rose.

A MODERNIZED COLONIAL DESIGN.

Design 602, by Glenn L. Saxton, Architect, Minneapolis, Minn.



PERSPECTIVE VIEW—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.



FIRST FLOOR PLAN. SECOND FLOOR PLAN.

For a suburban, small village or farm home this plan is without equal. There are three reasons why this plan is unusually good for the purposes stated above—first, economy in construction; second, amount of space for the size of the building; third, ample chamber capacity. There is space in the third story for three chambers in case this is built as a farmhouse. There may also be a bath installed in the third story for hired help. The third story so finished will add about \$500 to the cost of the whole. The estimate is given without this third floor finished. The coat closet under the stairs may be eliminated and provide an entrance from the grade door in the rear direct to the third story without even passing through the kitchen. This is a very remarkable and unusual feature for a house designed along these lines. The layout of the first and second floors of the house makes a good comfortable, livable home, with the central staircase hall idea. Size, 32 feet wide and 28 feet deep over the main part. Full basement. First story, 9 feet; second story, 8 feet in the clear when finished. Birch or maple floors throughout first and second stories. 1 1/4 inch face. Finish in first story red gum, second story southern cypress, birch or Washington fir. Cost to build, exclusive of heating and plumbing, \$2,950.

Upon receipt of \$1 the publisher of this paper will furnish a copy of Saxton's book of plans, "American Dwellings." It contains about 250 up to date designs of cottages, bungalows and residences costing from \$1,000 to \$6,000.

Concerning Dreams.

Scientists assure us that the longest dream we ever have—even the dream that seems to carry us on through several days—actually occupies no more than a single second!

Some authorities maintain that if any one of our dreams were to last longer than a single second we should die. Other authorities are convinced that we do not dream at all when we are asleep, but only in the fraction of time when we are (as Shakespeare has expressed it) "twixt sleep and waking."

It is also argued that dreams are nothing but distorted ideas and images passing through the drowsy mind and being no more than extraordinary variations of things that have happened or of things that we have thought or read in our waking moments; they can have no possible association with our future. But, on the other hand, dreams have been credited with prophetic meanings since the days when the world was young, and dream books are still published and purchased and consulted by the million.

Puss in Boots.

No collection of fairy tales is complete without "Puss in Boots," and it is interesting to know that it has amused the children of a hundred generations. The various versions of the story differ materially, however. It is believed that the Zanzibar version is the original. There the man is ungrateful to the clever cat and is punished by awaking to find his prosperity a dream. In France, Italy and India the cat is a swindler and the Marquis of Carrabas is his accomplice. In Russia and Sicily "Puss in Boots" is a moral story and the cat helps the man from motives of gratitude. When Cruikshank illustrated "Puss in Boots" he rewrote it and introduced the moral motive of gratitude in the cat, but the American version does not point out any motive. Why should the cat help his master to title and riches? In our story he is a weak fellow who does nothing to help himself, and we feel that the cat is throwing his energies away on an idler.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Parrot a Witness.

In the suit of Mrs. Kittle Pope of Bloomington, Ill., against Mrs. Nellie Clark for assault the most important testimony was given by a parrot owned by Mrs. Clark, the only witness of the assault, which kept repeating some words of incriminating nature that his mistress had used.

DUELS OVER TRIFLES.

At One Time Almost Any Incident Was an Excuse For a Meeting.

Duels at one time were fought for the merest trifles. Colonel Montgomery was shot in a duel about a dog. Colonel Ramsey in one about a servant, Mr. Featherstone in one about a recruit. Sterne's father in one about a goose, and another gentleman in one about a bottle of anchovies. One officer was challenged for merely asking his opponent to pass him a goblet. Another was compelled to fight about a pinch of snuff. General Barry was challenged by a Captain Smith for declining wine at a dinner on a steamboat, although the general pleaded as an excuse that wine invariably made him sick, and Lieutenant Cowther lost his life in a duel because he was refused admittance to a club of pigeon shooters.

In 1777 a duel occurred in New York between Lieutenant Featherstonhaugh of the Seventy-fifth and Captain McPherson of the Forty-second British regiment in regard to the manner of eating an ear of corn, one contending that the eating was from the cob and the other contending that the grain should be cut off from the cob before eating. Lieutenant Featherstonhaugh lost his right arm, the ball from his antagonist's pistol shattering the limb fearfully, so much so that it had to be amputated. Major Noah lost his life in 1827 at the dueling ground at Hoboken in a simple dispute about what was trumps in a game of cards.—London Chronicle.

The Motor Ship Construction Co., of California will establish a wooden ship yard in Portland.

WILL MY CHILD TAKE DR. KING'S NEW DISCOVERY?

This best answer is Dr. King's New Discovery itself. Its a pleasant sweet syrup, easy to take. It contains the medicines which years of experience have proven best for Coughs and Colds. Those who have used Dr. King's New Discovery longest are its best friends. Besides every bottle is guaranteed. If you don't get satisfaction you get your money back. Buy a bottle, use as directed. Keep what is left for Cough and Cold insurance.

At The Churches

Arleta Baptist Church
9:45 a. m. Bible School.
11 a. m. Preaching service.
8:00 p. m. Evening services.
7:00 p. m. B. Y. P. U. meeting.
8:00 Thursday Prayer meeting.
Everybody welcome to any and all of these services.
W. T. S. Spriggs, pastor.

Millard Avenue Presbyterian Church
10 a. m. Sabbath School.
11 a. m. Morning worship.
7:00 p. m. Y. P. S. C. E.
7:45 p. m. Evening worship.
7:30 p. m. Thursday, midweek service.
8 p. m. Thursday, choir practice.
Rev. Wm. H. Amos, Pastor.

St. Peter's Catholic Church
Sundays:
8 a. m. Low Mass.
10:30 a. m. High Mass.
8:30 a. m. Sunday School.
12 M. Choir rehearsal.
Week days: Mass at 8 a. m.

Seventh Day Adventist Church
10 a. m. Saturday Sabbath School.
11 a. m. Saturday preaching.
7:30 p. m. Wednesday, Prayer meeting.
7:45 p. m. Sunday preaching.

Kern Park Christain Church
Corner 69th St. and 46th Ave. S. E.
10 a. m. Bible School.
11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. preaching service.
6:30 p. m. Christain Endeavor.
7:30 p. m. Thursday, mid-week prayer meeting.
A cordial welcome to all.
Rev. G. K. Berry, Pastor.

St. Pauls Episcopal Church
One block south of Woodmere station.
Holy Communion the first Sunday of each month at 8 p. m. No other services that day.
Every other Sunday the regular services will be as usual.
Evening Prayer and sermon at 4 p. m.
Sunday School meets at 3 p. m. B. Boatwright, Supt., L. Maffett, Sec.
Rev. O. W. Taylor, Rector.

Lents Evangelical Church
Sermon by the Pastor, 11 a. m. and 7:15 p. m.
Sunday School 9:45 a. m., Albert Fankhauser, Superintendent.
Y. P. A. 8:15 p. m. Paul Bradford, President.
Prayer meeting Thursday 8 p. m.
A cordial welcome to all.
T. R. Hornschuch, Pastor.

Lents Friend's Church
9:45 a. m. Bible School, Mrs. Maud Keach, Superintendent.
11:00 a. m. Preaching services.
6:25 p. m. Christian Endeavor.
7:30 p. m. Preaching Services.
8:00 p. m. Thursday, mid-week prayer meeting.
A cordial welcome to all these services.
John Riley, Pastor.

Lents Baptist Church
Lord's Day, Bible School 9:45 a. m.
Morning worship, 11 a. m.
Elmo Heights Sunday School, 2:30 p. m.
B. Y. P. U., 6:30 p. m.
Evening worship, 7:30 p. m.
A cordial welcome to these services.
J. M. Nelson, Pastor.

Fifth Church of Christ
Fifth Church of Christ, Scientist of Portland, Ore. Myrtle Park Hall, Myrtle Park.
Services Sunday 11 a. m.
Sunday School 9:30 and 11 a. m.
Wednesday evening testimonial meeting 8 p. m.

Lents M. E. Church
Sunday School 9:45 a. m.
Preaching 11:00 a. m.
Services at Bennett Chapel at 3 p. m.
Epworth League 6:30 p. m.
Preaching 7:30 p. m.
Prayer meeting Thursday evening at 7:30.
W. R. F. Browne, pastor.
Residence 5703 83rd St.

Laurelwood M. E. Church
9:45 a. m. Sunday school.
11:00 a. m. preaching.
12:30 a. m. class meeting.
6:30 p. m. Epworth League.
7:30 p. m. preaching.
The pastor is assisted by a chorus choir and the Amphion Male Quartette.
8:00 p. m. Thursday evening, prayer service.
Dr. C. R. Carlos, pastor.

German Evangelical Reformed Church
Corner Woodstock Ave., and 87th St.
Rev. W. G. Lienkaemper, pastor.
Sunday School 10 a. m.
Morning Worship, 11 a. m.
Y. P. S. at 7:30 p. m.
German School and Catechetical Class Saturday 10 a. m.

Third United Brethren Church
10 a. m. Sunday School.
11 a. m. Preaching.
3 p. m. Junior Christian Endeavor.
6:30 p. m. Senior Christian Endeavor.
7:30 p. m. Preaching.

Brentwood M. E. Church
10 a. m. Sunday School.
11 a. m. Preaching service.
Rev. W. L. Wilson, Pastor.

LODGE DIRECTORY
Magnolia Camp No. 4026, Royal Neighbors, meets regular Second and Fourth Wednesdays of each month at I. O. F. Hall. Second Wednesday social meeting. Neighbors bring your families and friends. Fourth Wednesday, business. All neighbors requested to come. By order of the Camp.