

O. Henry Stories

III.—The Enchanted Profile

By O. HENRY

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HERE are few calligraphers. Women are Scheherazades by birth, predilection, instinct and arrangement of the vocal chords. The thousand and one stories are being

told every day by hundreds of thousands of visiers' daughters to their respective suitors. But the bowstring will get some of 'em yet if they don't watch out. I heard a story, though, of one lady calligrapher. It isn't precisely an "Arabian Nights" story, because it brings in Cinderella, who flourished her disrag in another epoch and country. So if you don't mind the mixed dates (which seem to give it an eastern flavor, after all) we'll get along.

In New York there is an old, old hotel. You have seen wood cuts of it in the magazines. It was built—let's see—at a time when there was nothing above Fourteenth street except the old Indian trail to Boston and Hammerstein's office. Soon the old hostelry will be torn down. And as the stout walls are riven apart and the bricks go roaring down the chutes crowds of citizens will gather at the nearest corners and weep over the destruction of a dear old landmark. Civic pride is strong in New Bagdad, and the wettest weeper and the loudest howler against the iconoclasts will be the man (originally from Terre Haute) whose fond memories of the old hotel are limited to his having been kicked out from its free lunch counter in 1873.

At this hotel always stopped Mrs. Maggie Brown. Mrs. Brown was a boy woman of sixty, dressed in the rustiest black, and carrying a handbag made, apparently, from the hide of the original animal that Adam decided to call an alligator. She always occupied a small parlor and bedroom at the top of the hotel at a rental of \$2 per day. And always, while she was there, each day came hurrying to see her many men, sharp faced, anxious looking, with only seconds to spare. For Maggie Brown was said to be the third richest woman in the world, and these solicitous gentlemen were only the city's wealthiest brokers and business men seeking trifling loans of half a dozen millions or so from the dingy old lady with the prehistoric bow.

The stenographer and typewriter of the Acropolis hotel—there, I've let the name of it out!—was Miss Ida Bates. She was a holdover from the Greek classics. There wasn't a flaw in her looks. Some old timer in paying his regards to a lady said, "To have loved her was a liberal education." Well, even to have looked over the back hair and neat white shirt waist of Miss Bates was equal to a full course in any correspondence school in the country. She sometimes did a little typewriting for me and, as she refused to take the money in advance, she came to look upon me as something of a friend and protégé. She had unfailing kindness and good nature, and not even a white lead drummer or a fur importer had ever dared to cross the dead line of good behavior in her presence. The entire force of the Acropolis, from the owner, who lived in Vienna, down to the head porter, who had been bedridden for sixteen years, would have sprung to her defense in a moment.

One day I walked past Miss Bates' little sanctum Remingtonium and saw in her place a black haired unit—unmistakably a person—pounding with each of her forefingers upon the keys. Musing on the mutability of temporal affairs, I passed on. The next day I went on a two weeks' vacation. Returning, I strolled through the lobby of the Acropolis, and saw, with a little warm glow of auld lang syne, Miss Bates, as Grecian and kind and flawless as ever, just putting the cover on her machine. The hour for closing had come, but she asked me in to sit for a few minutes in the dictation chair. Miss Bates explained her absence from and return to the Acropolis hotel in words identical with or similar to those following:

"Well, man, how are the stories coming?"

"Pretty regularly," said I. "About equal to their going."

"I'm sorry," said she. "Good typewriting is the main thing in a story. You've missed me, haven't you?"

"No one," said I, "whom I have ever known knows as well as you do how to space properly belt buckles, semi-colons, hotel guests and hatpins. But you've been away, too. I saw a package of peppermint pepsin in your place the other day."

"I was going to tell you about it," said Miss Bates, "if you hadn't interrupted me."

"Of course, you know about Maggie Brown, who stops here. Well, she's worth \$40,000,000. She lives in Jersey in a \$10 flat. She's always got more cash on hand than half a dozen business candidates for vice president. I don't know whether she carries it in her stocking or not, but I know she's slightly popular down in the part of

the town where they worship the golden calf. "Well, about two weeks ago Mrs. Brown stops at the door and rubbers at me for ten minutes. I'm sitting with my side to her, striking off some manifold copies of a copper mine proposition for a nice old man from Tonopah. But I always see everything all around me. When I'm hard at work I can see things through my side combs, and I can leave one button unbuttoned in the back of my shirt waist and see who's behind me. I didn't look around, because I make from \$18 to \$20 a week, and I didn't have to.

"That evening at knocking off time she sends for me to come up to her apartment. I expected to have to type-write about 2,000 words of notes of hand, lens and contracts with a 10 cent tip in sight, but I went. Well, man, I was certainly surprised. Old Maggie Brown had turned human.

"Child," says she, "you're the most beautiful creature I ever saw in my life. I want you to quit your work



"Well, she's worth \$40,000,000."

and come and live with me. I've no kith or kin," says she, "except a husband and a son or two, and I hold no communication with any of 'em. They are extravagant burdens on a hard working woman. I want you to be a daughter to me. They say I'm stingy and mean, and the papers print lies about my doing my own cooking and washing. It's a lie," she goes on. "I put my washing out, except the handkerchiefs and stockings and petticoats and collars and light stuff like that. I've got \$45,000,000 in cash and stocks and bonds that are as negotiable as Standard Oil preferred at a church fair. I'm a lonely old woman, and I need companionship. You're the most beautiful human being I ever saw," says she. "Will you come and live with me? I'll show 'em whether I can spend money or not," she says.

"Well, man, what would you have done? Of course I fell to it. And, to tell the truth, I began to like old Maggie. It wasn't all on account of the forty millions and what she could do for me. I was kind of lonesome in the world too. Everybody's got to have somebody they can explain to about the pain in their left shoulder and how fast patent leather shoes wear out when they begin to crack. And you can't talk about such things to men you meet in hotels; they're looking for just such openings.

"So I gave up my job in the hotel and went with Mrs. Brown. I certainly seemed to have a mash on her. She'd look at me for half an hour at a time when I was sitting, reading or looking at the magazines.

"One time I says to her: 'Do I remind you of some deceased relative or friend of your childhood, Mrs. Brown?' I've noticed you give me a pretty good optical inspection from time to time."

"You have a face," she says, "exactly like a dear friend of mine—the best friend I ever had. But I like you for yourself, child, too," she says.

"And say, man, what do you suppose she did? Loosened up like a Marcel wave in the surf at Coney. She took me to a swell dressmaker and gave her a carte to fit me out—money no object. They were rush orders, and madam locked the front door and put the whole force to work.

"Then we moved to—where do you think? No; guess again. That's right—the Hotel Bontou. We had a six room apartment, and it cost \$100 a day. I saw the bill. I began to love that old lady.

"And then, man, when my dresses began to come in—oh, I won't tell you about 'em! You couldn't understand. And I began to call her Aunt Maggie. You've read about Cinderella, of course. Well, what Cinderella said when the prince fitted that 3 1/4 a on her foot was a hard luck story compared to the things I told myself.

"Then Aunt Maggie says she is going to give me a coming out banquet in the Bontou that'll make moving vans of all the old Dutch families on Fifth avenue.

"I've been out before, Aunt Maggie," says I. "But I'll come out again. But you know," says I, "that this is one of the swellest hotels in the city. And you know—pardon me—that it's hard to get a bunch of notables together unless you're trained for it."

"Don't fret about that, child," says Aunt Maggie. "I don't send out invitations—I issue orders. I'll have fifty guests here that couldn't be brought together again at any reception unless it were given by a king or a trust busting district attorney. They are men, of course, and all of 'em either owe me money or intend to. Some of their wives won't come, but a good many will."

"Well, I wish you could have been at that banquet. The dinner service was all gold and cut glass. There were about forty men and eight ladies present besides Aunt Maggie and I. You'd never have known the third richest woman in the world. She had on a new black silk dress with so much passementerie on it that it sounded exactly like a hailstorm I heard once when I was staying all night with a girl that lived in a top floor studio.

"And my dress! Say, man, I can't waste the words on you. It was all hand made lace—where there was any of it at all—and it cost \$300. I saw the bill. The men were all baldheaded or white sidwhiskered, and they kept up a running fire of light repartee about 3 per cents and Bryan and the cotton crop.

"On the left of me was something that talked like a banker, and on my right was a young fellow who said he was a newspaper artist. He was the only—well, I was going to tell you.

"After the dinner was over Mrs. Brown and I went up to the apartment. We had to squeeze our way through a mob of reporters all the way through the halls. That's one of the things money does for you. Say, do you happen to know a newspaper artist named Lathrop—a tall man with nice eyes and an easy way of talking? No, I don't remember what paper he works on. Well, all right.

"When we got upstairs Mrs. Brown telephoned for the bill right away. It came, and it was \$600. I saw the bill. Aunt Maggie fainted. I got her on a lounge and opened the headwork.

"Child," says she when she got back to the world, "what was it—a raise of rent or an income tax?"

"Just a little dinner," says I. "Nothing to worry about—hardly a drop in the bucket-shop. Sit up and take notice—a dispossess notice, if there's no other kind."

"But say, man, do you know what Aunt Maggie did? She got cold feet! She hustled me out of that Hotel Bontou at 9 the next morning. We went to a rooming house on the lower west side. She rented one room that had water on the floor below and light on the floor above. After we got moved all you could see in the room was about \$1,500 worth of new swell dresses and a one burner gas stove.

"Aunt Maggie had had a sudden attack of the hedges. I guess everybody has got to go on a spree once in their life. A man spends his on highballs, and a woman gets wooly on clothes. But with \$40,000,000—say, I'd like to have a picture of—oh, speaking of pictures, did you ever run across a newspaper artist named Lathrop, a tall—oh, I asked you that before, didn't I? He was mighty nice to me at the dinner. His voice just suited me. I guess he must have thought I was to inherit some of Aunt Maggie's money.

"Well, Mr. Man, three days of that light housekeeping was plenty for me. Aunt Maggie was affectionate as ever. She'd hardly let me get out of her sight. But, let me tell you, she was a hedger from Hedgersville, Hedger county. Seventy-five cents a day was the limit she set. We cooked our own meals in the room. There I was with



"I am no worshiper of money," says I.

a thousand dollars' worth of the latest things in clothes doing stunts over a one burner gas stove.

"As I say, on the third day I flew the coop. I couldn't stand for throwing together a fifteen cent kidney stew while wearing at the same time a \$100 house dress with valenciennes lace insertion. So I go into the closet and puts on the cheapest dress Mrs. Brown had bought for me. It's the one I've got on now. Not so bad for \$75, is it? I'd left all my own clothes in my sister's flat in Brooklyn.

"Mrs. Brown, formerly 'Aunt Maggie,' says I to her. 'I'm going to extend my feet alternately, one after the other, in such a manner and direction that this timent will recede from me in the quickest possible time. I am no worshiper of money,' says I, 'but there are some things I can't stand. I can stand the fabulous monster that I've read about that blows hot birds and cold bottles with the same breath, but I can't stand a quitter,' says I. 'They say you've got \$40,000,000—well, you'll never have any less. And I was beginning to like you, too,' says I.

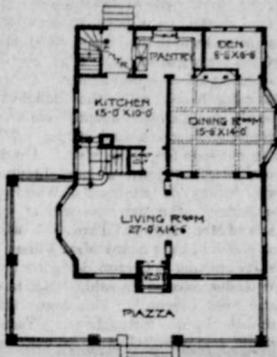
"Well, the late Aunt Maggie kicks all the tears saw. She offers to move

MODIFIED NEW ENGLAND COLONIAL.

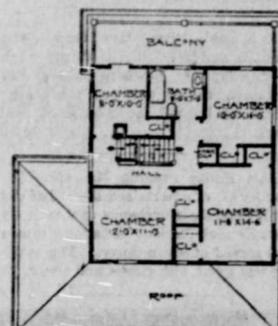
Design 605, by Glenn L. Saxton, Architect, Minneapolis, Minn.



PERSPECTIVE VIEW—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.



FIRST FLOOR PLAN.



SECOND FLOOR PLAN.

In this colonial plan the living room and parlor are divided with a wide columned opening. This space may all be made into one large living room, and the vestibule can be left out entirely or built entire on the piazza, thus leaving the living room with regular lines. The dining room has a beamed ceiling and a large sideboard across the rear. This room is made very pleasant by a projecting bay window, back of which there is a small conservatory for flowers or could be used for a den or sewing room. There is a combination open stairway to the second story and a rear entrance to basement from the entry. The ice can be put into the refrigerator in the pantry from the outside. This house has a grand piazza 10 feet wide, covering the entire front and part of one side. A sun room or sleeping porch can be built across the rear if desired. The second story has four chambers and liberal closet space, large bath and very convenient hall. Full basement under entire house. Finish in first story is planned for oak or red gum throughout, with oak floors; second story pine to paint or Washington fir. First story, 9 feet; second story, 8 feet in the clear. Space in attic where two rooms could be finished. Size of house 26 by 30 feet. Cost to build, exclusive of heating and plumbing, \$4,300 if strict economy is used.

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.

Into a swell room with a two burner stove and running water.

"I've spent an awful lot of money, child," says she. "We'll have to economize for a while. You're the most beautiful creature I ever laid eyes on," she says, "and I don't want you to leave me."

"Well, you see me, don't you? I walked straight to the Acropolis and asked for my job back and I got it. How did you say your writings were getting along? I know you've lost out some by not having me to typewrite 'em. Do you ever have 'em illustrated? And, by the way, did you ever happen to know a newspaper artist—oh, shut up! I know I asked you before. I wonder what paper he works on? It's funny, but I couldn't help thinking that he wasn't thinking about the money he might have been thinking I was thinking I'd get from old Maggie Brown. If I only knew some of the newspaper editors I'd—"

The sound of an easy footstep came from the doorway. Ida Bates saw who it was with her back hair comb. I saw her turn pink, perfect statue that she was—a miracle that I share with Pygmalion only.

"Am I excusable?" she said to me—adorable petitioner that she became. "It's—it's Mr. Lathrop. I wonder if it really wasn't the money—I wonder, if after all, he—"

Of course, I was invited to the wedding. After the ceremony I dragged Lathrop aside.

"You an artist," said I, "and haven't figured out why Maggie Brown conceived such a strong liking for Miss Bates—that was? Let me show you."

The bride wore a simple white dress as beautifully draped as the costumes of the ancient Greeks. I took some leaves from one of the decorative wreaths in the little parlor and made a chaplet of them and placed them on see Bates' shining chestnut hair and made her turn her profile to her husband.

"By jingo!" said he. "Isn't Ida's a dead ringer for the lady's head on the silver dollar?"

Clear Skin Comes From Within

It is foolish to think you can gain a good clear complexion by the use of face powder. Get at the root of the trouble and thoroughly cleanse the system with a treatment of Dr. King's New Life Pills. Gentle and mild in action, do not gripe, yet they relieve the liver by their action on the bowels. Good for young, adults and aged. Go after a clear complexion today. 25c. at your druggist.

STORE OR STAGE?

A Word to Ambitious Young People Seeking a Future.

There is just as much demand among store owners and managers for high class salesmen, buyers and managers as there is among the theatrical and movie producers for actors. Merchants want to employ ambitious young men and women who can raise themselves above the ranks of the ordinary. The work is no harder, hours no longer and pay quite as good in the stores for help of all classes as it is in film or stage productions.

The "stars" in business are just as well paid as are those whose names grace the billboard. Where there is one film favorite who is paid \$1,000 a month there are half a dozen mercantile managers who receive as much or more. There are hundreds who receive \$200 a month to where there are five movie actors who receive the same. And there are ten dollar a week places among the members of the mob scenes, as there are ten dollar a week jobs among the "mobs" in the stores. Once a year or so some one graduates from the chorus or the "supers" to a place as an understudy or star, while in business many are promoted from the ranks to positions of trust and good salaries.

There are better opportunities for ambitious people in mercantile fields than as actors. The demand is many times greater. Owners are always on the watch for some one who will justify a promotion. But positions cannot be had without effort. They must be won by hard work, study and an overwhelming desire to get ahead. At all events we say, stick to the store—Farm Machinery.

Boomerang.

Gasoline costs so much that John D. Rockefeller can't afford to run his private \$20,000 ice plant. He's gone back into the clutches of the ice trust.

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. Beside 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.
7:30 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. Paul's 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. 6:15 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. Lienkemper, 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. 4025, Royal Neighbors, meets regular Second and Fourth Wednesdays of each month at I. O. 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.