

# O. HENRY and AL. JENNINGS

## The Bandit's Astonishing Tale of the Story King An Amazing Revelation With a Thrill in Every Chapter

Charged with Human Interest and Emotion, This Virtue, Dynamic Document Flashes with All the Good and Evil in Human Nature. Its Startling Chapters Show Burning Light Upon One of the Awful Crimes of Civilization, the Barbarous Cruelty of the Penitentiary in Which Both Were Confined.

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### CHAPTER ONE

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A wilderness of snow—wind tearing like a ruffian through the white silence—the bleak pines setting up a sudden roar—a woman and four children hurrying through the waste. And abruptly the woman stumbling exhausted against a little fence corner and the four children screaming in terror at the strange new calamity that had overtaken them.

The woman was my mother—the four children, the oldest 8, the youngest 2, were my brothers. I was born there in that fence corner in the snow in Tazewell county, Virginia, November 20, 1863. My brothers ran wild through the Big Basin of Burke's Gardens, crying for help. My mother lay there in a fainting collapse from her five days' flight from the Tennessee plantation.

Leave Everything! Warning by Courier.

The Union soldiers were swooping down on our plantation. My father, John Jennings, was a colonel in the Confederate army. He sent a courier warning my mother to leave everything, to take the children and to cross the border into Virginia. The old home would be fired by the rebel soldiers to prevent occupation by Union troops.

A few of the old negroes left with her. They were but an hour on the road. They looked back. The plantation was in flames. At the sight the frightened darkies fled. My mother and the four youngsters went on. Sixty miles they tramped, half walking, and always beset with alarms. Frank was so little he had to be carried. Sometimes they were knee deep in slush, sometimes they

were slipping in the mud. The raw wind cut to the bone. It was perhaps as terrible and as bitter a journey as a woman ever took.

Poverty in Loft of Cabin Church.

I was born in a snow heap and reared in a barn. They picked my mother up and carried her in a rickety old cart to the mountains. Jack and Zeb, the two oldest, had sent their panicky clamor through the waste. A woodman answered.

The loft of an old log cabin church in the Blue Ridge mountains was our home in those hungry years of the Civil war. We had nothing but poverty. There was never enough to eat. We heard no word from our father. Suddenly in 1865 he returned and we moved to Martintown, Ill.

I remember our home there. I remember our habitual starvation. We lived in an empty tobacco barn. There was hardly a stick of furniture in the place. Frank and I used to run wild about the bare rooms, I know that I was always longing and dreaming of good things to eat.

Before the war my father was a physician. A little sign on our barn tempted a few patients to try his skill and gradually he built up a meagre practice. All at once, it seemed, his reputation grew and he became quite a figure in the town. He had never studied law, but he was elected district attorney.

It was as though a fairy charm had been cast over us. And then my mother died. It broke the spell. She Was Too

Strong to Complain.

There was something grim and fighting and stubborn about her. In all the misery of our pinched days I never heard her complain. She was perhaps, too strong. When she died it was like the tearing up of a prop. The home went to pieces.

Frank and I were the youngest. A pair of stray dogs were grubbing about in the alleys, barking in the top floor of an old storehouse earfing our living by gathering coal off the sandbars of the Ohio river. We sold it for 10 cents a bushel. Sometimes we made as much as 15 cents in two days. Then we would stuff ourselves with pies and doughnuts. Usually our dinner was an uncertain and moveable feast. Nobody troubled about us. Nobody told us what to do or what to avoid. We were our own law.

We were little savages fighting to survive. Nothing in our lives made us aware of any obligations to others. It was hardly an ideal environment wherein to raise law respecting citizens.

That's Paw! He's Asleep Out There!

My father tried to keep some sort of a home for us, but he was often away for weeks at a time. One night Frank met me at the river. His eyes stuck out like a cat's in the dark. He grabbed me by the coat and made me run along with him. He stopped, suddenly and pointed to a great black lump huddled against the door of Shrieber's store.

"That's paw," he said. "He's asleep out there."

Shame like a hot wave swept over me. I wanted to get him away. I was fond of him and I didn't want the people in the town to know. I ran up and caught him by the shoulder. "Paw, get, get up," I whispered. He sat up, his face stupid with sleep. Then he saw me and struck out a furious blow that sent me reeling to the curb. White hot with anger and hurt affection, I got up and ran like a little maniac to the river.

I threw myself on the sandbar and beat the ground in a fury of resentment. I was crushed and engaged. I wanted to get away, to strike out alone.

I knew the boats like a river rat. They were loading freight. I crawled in among the boxes of the old Fleetwood and I got to Cincinnati as forlorn and wretched as any runaway kid.

Worked Like Slave And Refused Pay.

But I was a little cranky. I made up my mind to be a musician. I could play the trombone. The Volks theater, a cheap beer garden, took me on. I worked like a slave for four days. Saturday night I went around to the manager and asked for my pay. I was starved—I had only eaten what I could pick up. For four days I had haunted the saloons lunch counters. I used to sneak in, grab a sandwich, duck, grab another and get kicked out.

"You mangy little ragamuffin," the manager swore, with more oaths than I had ever heard before. "Get out of here!"

He knocked me against the wall. I had an old buldog pistol. I fired at him and ran.

The shot went wild. I saw that, but I saw, too, that I had to run. I didn't stop until I had climbed onto a blind baggage car bound for St. Louis. Then I crept into a hog car, pulled the hay over me and slept until I was dumped off at the stockyards in Kansas City.

Fight Wins Home In the Stockyards.

It was the first time I was on the dodge. It is an ugly thing for a boy of 11 to attempt murder, but self protection was the only law I knew. Society might shelter other youngsters. I had to fight for almost every crust I had ever eaten. I was forced to take the law in my own hands or be beaten down by the scant poverty that warped my early life.

It was a fight that won me a brief home at the stockyards. I had a scrap with the kid terror of the shambles. We fought to a finish. Grown men stood about and shouted with laughter. Blood streamed from my nose and mouth. The fight was a draw.

The terror's father came over and shook my hand. I went home with them and stayed for a month. The kid and I would have died for each other in a week. We cleaned out every other youngster in the yard. The kid's mother, slovenly and in-temperate as she was, had the sunny

kindness of people that have hungered and suffered. She was like a mother to me.

Over the Plains In Schooner Wagon.

On the old schooner wagon we started across the plains together. Near the little town of Lajunta, Colo., came the catastrophe that wrecked my existence.

Al Brown got hold of some whiskey. We stopped for the night in the midst of the prairie. The beans were boiling on the open fire. He walked up to the fire, looked into the sauce pan—"Beans, again," he snarled, and kicked the dinner to the ground. Without a word his wife took up the frying pan and beat him over the head. He went out—cold.

The kid and I had to run out to

## Reduce Weight Easily Now

Do you wish to become slender, graceful, healthier, happier? Eat all you need, but chew your food thoroughly, and be happy while following easy Korean system obtainable in box at drug store. Purposed to aid in reducing fat in any part of the body. Reduces whatever you need (10 to 60 lbs.) under \$100.00 money-refund guarantee or no cost to you.

Reduce puffy abdomen, double chin, large limbs, obese hips and other overstout parts of the body.

Even a few days of Korean system (pronounced kor-ee-n) has been reported to show a noticeable reduction in weight. No thyroid, no starvation, no exhausting exercise, no hunger—genuine reduction method approved by physicians. Foodstuffs become light, the skin firmer and smoother in appearance, work seems easier, and a buoyant feeling takes possession of the whole being as superfluous, unhealthy fat disappears. Begin reducing now. Get Kor-ee-n. Buy a small box of Kor-ee-n at any busy drug store. Show others this advertisement.



Reduce puffy abdomen, double chin, large limbs, obese hips and other overstout parts of the body.

the edge of the prairie. We always hid when they started to scrap. She came out, hooked up the team and began dumping in her things and the kids'.

"Johnny, get your duds, we're going to leave," she said. I never felt so isolated in my life. The kid didn't want to leave me. I started to cry. It was getting ter-

ribly dark. The woman came back. "Honey, I can't take you," she said. I was afraid of the dark, afraid of the silence. I caught hold of her. She pushed me away, climbed up on the wagon and drove off, leaving me alone on the prairie with the man she thought she had murdered. (Continued next Sunday)

Read the Classified Ads.

## A FEW SPECIALS FOR THIS WEEK

- \$1 Broom ..... 64c
- 3 cans Carolene Milk ..... 33c
- 4 pounds Fine Walnuts ..... 98c
- 2 packages Jiffy Jell ..... 29c
- Tillamook Cheese, per pound ..... 34c
- Bird Seed, per package ..... 14c
- Nut Butter, per pound ..... 33c
- Fancy Rice, 3 pounds ..... 33c
- COOKIES, per pound ..... 24c
- English Breakfast Tea, per pound ..... 37c
- High Grade Coffee, per pound ..... 29c
- Krinkle Corn Flakes, per package ..... 10c
- Best Grade Peanut Butter, per pound ..... 19c

## WE SAVE YOU MONEY FARMERS CASH STORE

C. Burton Durdall  
247—North Commercial Street—247  
Two Big Stores—SALEM and SILVERTON

## BUY FROM A Reliable Dealer Fruit Growers, Attention!

Used truck bargains in light models with bodies and 1920 license free. All cars guaranteed as represented. It is better to buy a good rebuilt truck than a cheap new one. Our cars are thoroughly overhauled and rebuilt.

### BARGAIN LIST

- 1920 Maxwell Panel Body delivery, with good tires ..... \$700
- Maxwell 1-ton with good stake body and four brand new tires, overhauled and guaranteed. Low price of ..... \$1000
- Republic 1-ton with good body and tires, overhauled and guaranteed. Low price of ..... \$1250
- Republic 1-ton with good body and top, good tires. This one is like new. Overhauled and guaranteed. .... \$1650
- Republic 2½-ton with brand new tires, overhauled and guaranteed. Low price of ..... \$2250
- Bethlehem 2½-ton, used sixty days, just like new. Low price of ..... \$2600

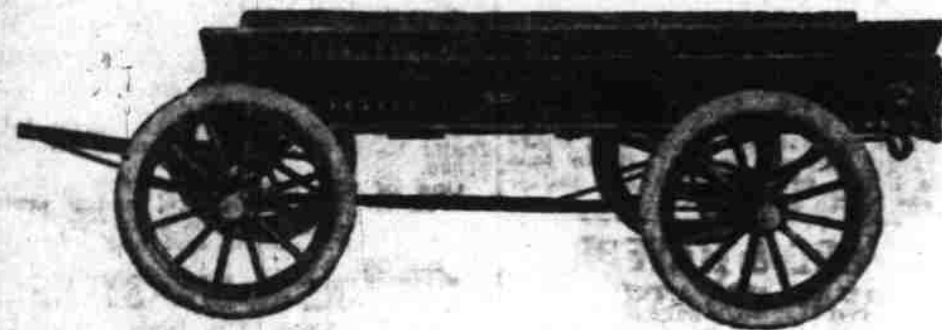
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"BUY FROM A RELIABLE DEALER"

## We are Selling out our line of AUTOMOBILE TRAILERS

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- 2 Wheel Solid Tire Trailer, 1½ tires, capacity 750 pounds. .... \$ 60.00
- 2 Wheel Solid Tire Trailer, 1¾ tires, capacity 1250 pounds. .... \$ 80.00
- 2 Wheel Solid Tire Trailer, 2 tires, capacity 2000 pounds. .... \$105.00
- 4 Wheel Pneumatic Tire Trailer, 30x3 tires capacity 1500. .... \$175.00



Get busy at once while our stock is complete

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# SHOE SALE

## Starts off with Big Rush. New Bargains and extra help put on for

## ALL THIS WEEK

### Get in line and get your pair as we are having the biggest rush of the season.

#### Prices that have caused the big rush—

#### THE SEASON'S LATEST

Ladies' black or brown Oxfords, all this season's styles, high or military heels. Long pointed toes. All widths. Bought to sell at \$11.00; now—

**\$7.95**

#### LATEST STYLE PUMPS

\$10.00 and \$12.00 black kid Pumps. Some with \$3.50 buckles, others plain high or military heels, and priced—

**\$6.95**

#### WHITE CANVAS OXFORDS

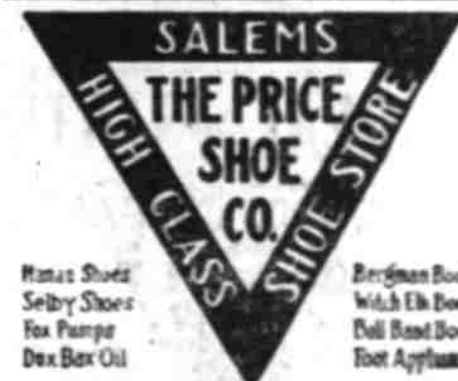
Ladies' white canvas Oxfords, high or low heels, covered heels. Our regular \$6.00 values.

**\$3.95**

#### CHILDREN'S SHOES

Children's brown calf shoes, blucher lace, sizes 8½ to 12½ and 13 to 2. Our regular \$5 shoe

**\$2.95**



326 State St. Next to Lane-Deak Bank

#### AN ECONOMICAL BUY

Choose from an assorted lot of black kid and patent leather Shoes, button. All sizes in the lot. Cuban and Military heels. These were regular \$5 and \$6 Shoes.

**\$2.95**

#### ONE LOT LADIES' BLACK KID SHOES

One lot Ladies' Black Kid Shoes, lace or button. Cuban, Military or Louis heels. All sizes in lot. Our regular \$6.00 and \$7.00 values.

**\$3.95**

#### HANAN SHOES \$4.95

A rare bargain for women with small feet. Hanan black kid Shoes, lace or button, small sizes only. High or low heels. These are worth \$12.00 and \$15.00. Special

**\$4.95**

#### MEN'S ELK BALS

500 pairs Men's Brown Elk Bals. The most comfortable dry weather shoe made. Cost at the factory at present, \$3.50. Will go during this sale at

**\$2.65**

#### SHOES AT HALF PRICE

Odd lot, broken lines, Men's black and brown Calf Shoes. All sizes in the lot. \$10 and \$12 values—

**\$5.95**

#### MEN'S BLACK CALF BLUCHER LACE SHOES

Wide toe. All sizes. Our regular \$10 Shoes in stock.

**\$6.95**

#### LADIES' BROWN SHOES

New Brown Calf Vamp, Cloth Top Shoes, Cuban or Louis heels, lace, pointed toes, late lasts. Our regular \$10 sellers.

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#### WOMEN'S JULIET HOUSE SHOES

Ladies' regular \$6.00 first grade black kid, belting soles, fully guaranteed House Shoes at

**\$3.95**

#### MISSES' DRESS SHOES

Fine soft mahogany calf dress shoes, sizes 11½ to 2. Sold regularly at \$6.00, are now—

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#### YOUTH'S DRESS SHOES

Youth's black calf blucher lace shoes for school or dress wear. Sizes 11 to 2. Regular \$4.50—

**\$3.65**

#### BOYS' DRESS SHOES

Boys' black calf blucher lace shoes, for school or dress wear. Sizes 2½ to 5½, regular \$5.00

**\$3.95**



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