THE OREGON STATESMAN, SALEM, OREGON.

O. HENRY AND AL. JENNINGS

(Continued from last week)

CHAPTER TWENTY-THREE

railing of the prison drug store- . the reading. the five wards of the hospital disease. The quiet of the night a scratch or an erasure on a sin- editor. disturbed with the groans of bro- gle sheet. ken men, the coughs of the wasted, the frightened gasp of the dying. The night nurse paddling from ward to ward and every drug store with the crude infor- aroused from a dream. Raidler "con" mation-another croaked. Then, down the corridors the rattle of the wheelbarrow and the negro life-termer did it in my life before. By God. bumping the "stiff" into the dead like." A desk and a chair sethouse. tled in the raw heart of chill de-

pression! There at that desk, night after night, sat Bill Porter. And in the bubbled up the mellow smile of sneak into the heart with a kind his genius-the smile born of of overflowing warmth. heartache, of shame, of humiliation-the smile that has sent its Convicts Acclaim ripple of faith and understanding Porter a Genius. to the hearts of men and women everywhere.

When it first caught Billy arrall," he read to us. Both Bil-Raidler and me, we cried out- ly and I could understand the memoirs.

Bill Porter Makes Two Convicts Weep.

way. of a fellow struggler. I have a the early kindness of his life. He it to you and Billy."



usually the listener while others Rejection of Story talked, that one felt a warm surge Cause of Spasm. of pleasure whenever he showed a disposition for confidence. Bil-

A desk and a chair inside the ly and I swerved about, eager for the Black Cat. There was in the Porter sat on a high stool near prison at this time a cultured never was held.

the desk and carefully drew from Frenchman, a ganker from New grouped around that store and in his pocket a roll of brown papers. Orleans. Through his sister. those wards from 50 to 200 pd- He had written in a big, gener- Porter's stories, bearing the New tients racked with all manner of ous hand and there was scarcely Orleans address, were sent to the

ought to bring. It came back. has grinned and jabbed his maimed

cnius

hand into his eye. "Damn you, Porter, & never I didn't know what a tear looked appointment that seized me when swarthy, mannered like a prince Porter's great story was rejected.

It was a funny thing to see two train robbers blubbering over the simple story.

Perhaps the convict is overgrisly atmosphere of prison sentimental, but the queer twist daughter. Margaret. Now she Louisa was official chef of the death and prison brutality there in Porter's story just seemed to would have to wait. It cut him "Recluse Club." He turned out as a father.

rival.

It was "The Christmas Chapblacklist them in the future.

He had come into the prison post- the girl. We could feel his hot the deciding voice." office on a Friday afternoon. It jealousy toward the peeler who And he went back to his desk orated with wild flowers and set the verses were scrawled under you something." he said, mysteriwas just about a fortnight after won the bride. We knew that and wrote and wrote. He went for six, was simply laden with all the figures. Every Sunday we ously. I had offered to read him my he would keep his promise-we back to the melancholy prison manner of delicacies-olives, rad- had different place cards. knew he would return to kill his hospital, to the night patrol ishes, sugar, cream, white bread,

through the cell ranges, gather. lettuce, tomatoes, And when he comes back on ing his material, transmuting the Christmas eve, dressed as a Santa gloom through the O. Henry al- Banker Sits at Claus, armed to bring tragedy to chemy into the sunny gold of his Convict's Banquet.

"Colonel, would you mind the happy ranch house, we could stories. Many of these he read granting me an audience," he said sympathize with his mood. He to us in the stolen happiness of in the bantering formality of his overhears the wife say a word in Sunday afternoons at the "Re-"I'd appreciate the opinion his defense-he hears her praise cluse Club."

little scrap here. I'd like to read walks up to her-"There's a Porter Made Head Christmas present in the next Of Exclusive Club. Porter was usually so reticent. | room for you," he says and leaves

the house without firing the shot Porter was a bohemian in heart. that was to have ended the hus-

band's life. Well, the story is told as only nor kinship with the tempera-Henry can rough in the pic- mental quacks of the artistic alone; Carnot because he was old ture. Billy and I could see our- world-but a born original. He and fussy as a fat, spoiled baby. selves in the cowpuncher's place. loved freedom and unconvention-We could feel ourselves respond al sociability. In this buoyant at- wall, his ear tuned for the sound have died rather than wound Bill to that stray beam of kindness in mosphere he could warm up, of the guard's approach. The club Porter. the girl's thoughtless praise. We whisper out his drolleries, forget, and its opulent layout was discould teel it and it brought the Even in the prison the whimsical tinctly against prison rules. At a one even to mention the fact that tears to our calloused old cheeks. vagabond in him asserted itself, moment's signal, gas stove and its he was in the penitentiary. He Porter sat there silent, pleased, He founded the "Recluse club." his eyes aglow with happy satisfaction. He rolled up the manu- robbers, one a forger and two and draughtsman. script and climbed down from train robbers, made up its mem-

the stool. "Gentlemen, many thanks. I the construction office. And never ment was hidden like a long telenever expected to win tears from a club in the highest strata of so- phone booth behind it. It was experts of your profession," he ciety had graver, brighter, hapsaid at last. And then we all pier discussion-never an epi-

fell into a speculation as to what cure's retreat served a more de- flavoring extracts, flour and every the story should bring and where licious menu than our Sunday re- necessity, enough in fact, for a "Now, Mr. Carnot," he would

we ought to send it. We felt pasts. an intense interest in its fate. The embezzlers had been men

Caparral." With the fervor of best in Bill Porter. He was king Dinner Is Served hero worshippers. Raidier and I of that exclusive club. acknowledged Bill Porter, the It was a Sunday, three weeks

after I had been transferred to the postoffice, that I was invited door, a great dish cloth tied about his waist. to io

Announces Cook.

Make yurselves at home."

ding made with raisins.

Porter had drafted the rules of

Porter's raillery was boundless.

acknowledged ourselves

Raidler and I were the only ones

guilty. Louisa, Porter, Ikey and

old Carnot were all victims of

circumstances. They were touchy

Not one of those men, and

in social position, dared to take

liberties with him. I think they

respect. He never got it. Billy

Raidler never tired of puncturing

Old

about their pasts. And so the

Porter Presents

Rules of Club.

who

it was Bill, Porter's turn

"Colonel, I feel more at home/

"Slither over, Colonel," Porter whispered to me. "Ikey will show We decided to send the story to you the way."

An odder initiation ceremony

CHAPTER TWENTY-FOUR

and me. Poster met me at the door of the construction office and with

From the moment that Porter's tal" was sent out, Billy and i to my accomplishments. "Here is would have felt holding the horsrich. low, hesitant voice began could hardly wait for the weeks a financier worthy to sit with the es that day." he whispered in my thought of that stigma more than there was breathless suspense un- to go by. We were sure it would elect. The colonel kills with a ear. til suddenly Billy Raidler gulped be accepted at once. At least deft equanimity equalled only by once in a while returning to the and Porter looked up as one \$75 was the price we thought it the finesse of Louisa in seasoning remember to my last breath the menu. It was the first good the gravy."

meal I had had since I Years later 1 peduied my own to the French gentleman sent to story from editor to editor. Never the Ohio penitentiary on a charge three years before. did I feel the angry spasm of dis- of embezzlement. He was dapper. -the chief clerk in the construc-I knew that he, too, was filled tion office and the man respon-

with a bitter regret. He had sible for the magic kitchenette counted on the money. he want- concealed behind the walls of the ed to send a little present to his office.

to the quick, this failure of his, mince pies and roast beef that Not one of them could turn out them.

would have made the eyes of the delicacy as the chef of the But he said very little when Dives bulge with envy. He meas- Recluse club did it. Billy handed him the package, ured to the grain all his ingredi-We were so incensed against the ents and he followed minutely the publishers we wanted him to instructions in a big cook book.

If the prison had suddenly been "Colonel, the day may come changed into paradise it would Raidier and me, we cried out- iy and I could understand the right. I think it was the proud- feelings of the cowpuncher who when I can decline publication- have seemed no more miraculous the club. A copy lay at each est moment in O. Henry's life. had lost out in the wooing of at present I don't seem to have than the scene in this improvised place with the little funny carbanquet room. A fairy table, dec- toons he made of us. Funny lit- ward with me. I want to show

In an armchair sat the little. rotund banker from New Orleans cartoonist drew them as cherubs, -the one who had accosted me friars, lilies without stain and

the day I transferred myself to the the dewdrops glistening on their white sheafs. cell in bankers' row. He was such a sputtery, rasp-voiced, punctilithey were Porter's equal at least ous trifle, Porter could not abide him. Billy Raider was also sitting in soul, in temperament. Not the in comfortable grandeur. These held him in a sort of awe. His poser-he had neither sympathy Billy because he could not walk dignity was invulnerable. Carnot would have liked the same

Ikey slippered from wall to his self-esteem. But Billy would Old Carnot did not want any

range could be hidden out of would bluster and sputter when Six convicts three of them bank sight. Louisa was an architect any one spoke of him as an exconvict. Every Sunday there A false wall had been built and was an argument about it. Raid-

bership. We met on Sunday in the kitchenette with full equip- ter, just for the impish lote of

small hotel. All had been stolen say, "my esteemed friend, Bill

Carnot would get red, champ

his chair.

sy lips sent out a shower. I "Dinner is served, gentlemen, ducked,

to you are contorting your face and wait on table. Bill in all his capering about so," the old man 8.5 100 buoyant sunniness brought on the turned on me.

roast beef that gala Sunday. It seemed to give him a whimsical don't want to get drowned." satisfaction to wait on Raidler

When "The Christmas Chapar- elaborate burlesque paid tribute holding the tray for you than 1 ex-convict would be shot on the to Porter. spot.

> Porter. We had many talks about Louisa, the chef, carved. I'll ١ĩ., light banter.

was thrown into jail to await trial cracked. The day I told him about Big Joo, a Creek We had a tomato soup that was Indian of the "Buck Gang" the pride of Louisa's heart. He I thought he was going to His face was usually boasted of the pinch of soda add- faint. ed to keep the milk from curd- quiet and enigmatic in its expresling. And there were corn and sion. This day it got ashen and green peas and roast potatoes, a rigid. He said nothing for a momince pie and a cold bread pud- ment. Then with a flash he turned the subject. Old Carnot I've given that recipe of Loui- would not have it. There was al-

sa's to every woman I ever met. most an open breach between Big Joe had been sick at the Lospital for months. One night the word went round that he had croaked. A burglar friend of

mine, on patrol duty at the hospital, came over to the postoffice.

"Jennings, come over to the

"They've got Big Joe tied up the Indian's body lay. ready for the wheelbarrow and "Hell, no" "Come over and see."" I went in with him. Big Joe

together, a handkerehlef over his

"Weil, by too, your honor. I He took out his penknife and pricked the Indian on the foot. Then it would begin all over The knee drew up, the man again. Carnot protesting that any twitched to his neck. It made me-

"The damn hellions know it." like to bury us all alive. Damn



Read the Classified Ads

"IF I WERE KING"

WARNING! On November and you will be required to vote on the so-

called Oleomargarine bill. The instigators of this vicious measure would have you believe that its purpose is to regulate and license.

It is directed against the manufacture and sale of Oleomargarine, Nut-margarine and all the many kinds of spreads used for bread by thousands of people in our state who cannot afford to pay the price of butter.

Facts to Remember!

I The OLEOMARGARINE BILL will not in any way benefit the Dairy industry of Oregon by the implied strengthening of the market or increasing the consumption of dairy products.

2 The local butter industry is entirely regulated by national demand and the manufacture and sale of Oleomargarine and Nutmargarines can never, in the least, affect the dairy industry in the state.

3 Further state legislation in the form of the so-called Oleomargarine Bill is not necessary because the Government already has 79 pages of regulatory and licensing laws governing the operation of this legit. imate industry. Deception and fraud are impossible.

4 The Oleomargarine Bill is an attempt to dictate to you what you shall or shall not purchase in the way of a spread for your bread.

ASSOCIATED INDUSTRIES OF OREGON, 702 Oregon Bldg. Portland, Oregon



SUNDAY MORNING, OCTOBER 31, 1920

"What's ap""

off. I went back to the cot where (Continued next week.)

"Colonel, I don't knew why was lying in his cos, his feet tied

"Look, the hurglar whispered.

Starts Tues, at The Orega man who would salute him as an sick with repulsion. I went over

"Big Joe isn't dead," I said.

He turned his back and rushed

THE REAL PURPOSE IS TO KILL A GREAT OREGON

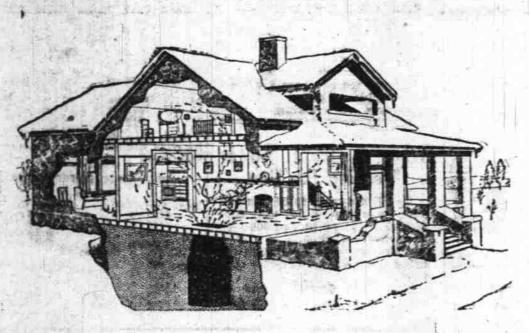
No man areaded the "Tell the croaker." He hid his feeling under a Porter hissed, "I told him. They'd Once in a while the veneer them, I'll get them yet."

his teeth together and rustle in

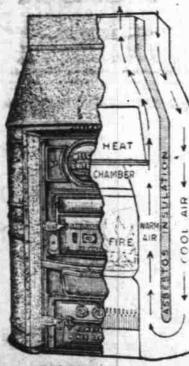
Louisa dodged from behind the "Don't speak of it. I don't he isn't dead." wish you to mention it," his pur-

uffion of ex-convicts as soon as we are discharged. We wish you great wealth. were forgotten cated and polished. It was a fit- in other shops and from the chief Christmas ting environment to bring out the cook

Compare Values and You'll Make Your Purchases t H. L. Stiff Furniture Co.



The Universal Pipeless Furnace **Heats and Ventilates**



Gives a healthful, comfortable, uniform warmth throughout the house. It will circulate every room in the house and make them comfortable. Does not heat up your basement, but puts the heat where you need it. The furnace of the day. Why hesitate. Buy one now.

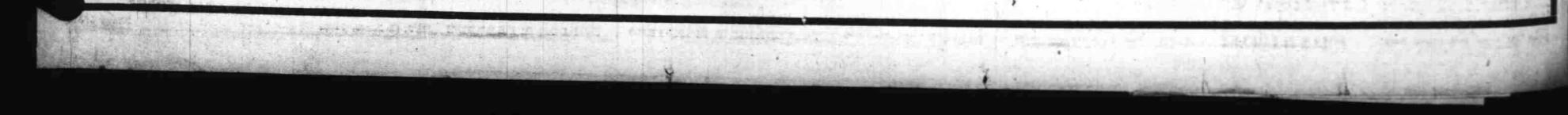
This cast lined heater with a swing top, nickel urn, nickel trimmings, a real beauty while they last at the little sum of. \$22.50



Take a tip from us---Buy your heating stove now. We are in a position to give you the best values for less money. Come in, let us show you. Every heater bought at our place, set up free by expert stove men



This is the Famous Combination heater burns coal, wood or briquettes. One of the most satisfactory heaters for any home



COMPLETE HOUSE FURNISHERS

ff Innitare Co