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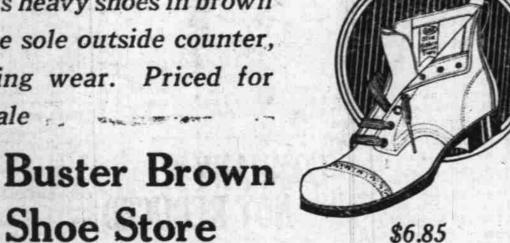
English and semi-English lasts in brown and black calf skin, sold regularly up to \$8.50. Priced for this sale-



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where to go."

"Well, he'll die out there.

"Maralatt," they answered

"Let him in, let him in!"

the gate and ordered it opened.

passed and overheard them.

Warden Finds Him

stricken with death.

the old man's arms.

daughter.

Everywhere he went asking for

The warden sent for Maralatt's

The young girl, graceful and

"Don't die, daddy! Why didn't you tell me? See, I'm your girl,

white as an angel, ran crying into

the room and flung herself into

Mary. Just look at me! Oh.

why didn't I know? If you only

knew how many times I longed

for a father-any one, any kind.

Maralatt looked at her in dim.

feverish gladness. He took the

delicate hands in his gigantic

"I looked all over for you,

With a smile of wondrous peace

Dora," he said. "I'm so glad you

on his lips, the prison demon

CHAPTER THIRTY-SIX

The shadows of a thousand

Dick Prices and Ira Maralatts

of a thousand tragedies seemed

to abide in the very air of the

ranges. Men who allowed them-

selves to come under the persist-

ent gloom of these haunting pres-

ences went mad.

palm and turned to her.

work, he said, they had refused

him. They said he was too old.

Who was it?" I asked.

(Continued from last week) CHAPTER THIRTY-FIVE

doned. I can't let you in," the "Sit down, Ira, and be calm." The warden could scarcely supdoor in Maralatt's face. press the emotion of his own "I've been up to Cleve- ing outside," another guard protested. Ran into the strangest thing. Guess you told a straight | They kept it up for an hour. I story, all right!"

"Yes sir," Ira answered, a frightened light in his eye. "Yes, sir, it was the truth. Leastways, yelled, and ran headlong to the I'm pretty sure it was. Surely, I office. Darby came rushing to couldn't have dreamed it, could Maralatt was not there. "You

"Now, that's all right. But listen to me. You had a wife, you been looking for him for weeks?" say? Dora, that was her name, wasn't it? Well, she died-died right after they kicked her out of Stricken by Death. the cottage. The baby lived. She's alive today. I met her. She's pretty. She was adopted by wealth people here in Columbus. They're friends of the governor. I just happened to talk about you. The girl's foster mother is a relative of your wife's. She thought you were a maniac. I told her

"Ira, go over to the State Shop, get a suit and shoes. You're pardoned. I took it up with the governor. You go out tomorrow.

With a shock of bewildered emotion that sent a quiver of sobbing happiness into his voice, Ira Maralatt put out his hands to the warden.

"Now, no, they haven't told her. it would be too sudden a strain."

Over Ex-Prisoner. The next morning Ira, in his Why didn't you tell me? cheap suit, the squeaky prison shoes and a light straw hat, came to the warden's office. His gigantic frame was stooped and his face shot through with nervous excitement.

"You did all this, Mr. Al," he said, the tears crowding into his when you rolled that apple to me." sank back on the pillows. The He resitated a moment. "Mr. Al, old hero had won his palm at she won't ever recognize me, will she? I don't think I'd like her to know her father was the Prison

When Darby handed him the pardon and the \$5, his hands "I don't know how to thank you, warden!" "You don't have to-God knows

you've paid for it!" Ira took two of his little canaries with him. "I'll give them to the girl for a present. I want to see her. I have to see her." He shook hands with Darby and

A week passed. We heard no word from him. The warden bething could have happened to the id man?" Maralatt was but 46. His terrible sufferings during 18 years in prison had broken even his magnificent strength. He seemed about 60. "I wonder if he went to see his daughter? Funny, I didn't hear."

Girl Asks Why She Wasn't Told.

It worried Darby so much he nquired. He sent for the girl's oster mother. He told her of Ira and the canaries. Back came the frantic answer from the daughter herself. In an hour she was at the warden's office.

"An old man with canaries?" Yes, an old man had come with them. She had the birds now. What about it? That man, my

'Why didn't some one tell me? low dare they keep it from me. That's what he meant when he That's why he called me little Dora. Oh, what shall we

In broken sentences she told of he mysterious visit of the old pird peddlar. Ira had gone up the steps of the palatial home where the girl lived. He had brought the little cage with the birds. Perhaps he had intended to tell Mary he was her father. The sight of her beauty, her culture, her happiness had chilled his ardor. The grand old fellow could not bear to spoil her glad youth with the tragedy of his bleak life. He had left with his claim unspoken.

Out of Sympathy.

The girl was coming down the stairs as the old man rang the bell. The butler had denied him entrance. And the girl had run forward and ordered the old man to come in.

"I though, Miss, perhaps you would buy these birds. I'm very poor and they are wonderful sing-

And just out of sympathy for the pathetic old stranger, the girl had bought the canaries. He would only take a half dollar from her. She had not understood. He had looked at her and the tears had streamed down his cheeks.

"Goodby, little Dora," he said as he left. He stood at the door as though he were about to say something further and then he looked at her with a queer, sad light on his face and went down the steps.

They thought he was a harmless, unbalanced old oddity. Where can I find him? Where shall I look for him! Why didn't some one tell me." the girl was torn with grief. "Hurry, let us look now.'

Outside it was snowing. There had been a wind storm for a week. Maralatt's daughter and the warden searched in every street and alley for the old man. He was nowhere to be found.

Maralatt Returns;

One night there was a knock at the guard room door and a faint voice called out, "Let me come in The captain of the guard opened the door. Ira Maralatt, his thin prison suit drenched and hanging in a limp rag about him.

bring a laugh out of all proportion an unfailing excuse. Hilly's am- of arsenic. Antidotes failed, Porto their funniness. In self-defense her hair was falling out. He ter was called in. He saved the the condict becomes hardened to hounded Porter to bring him a life of Coffin. This incident hanthe brugal suffering of the life remedy.

"No, no, go away, your'e parabout him. If anyone had heard Billy Raidler, Bill Porter and I, as we captain answered, closing the talked and guffawed in the prison "Let the old man in, it's freezpostoffice, he would have rated us as an unthinking trio of irresponsible scamps.

We never aired our melancholy. but we would wrangle and jest by the hour over the probable course of fly batting itself against the postoffice window might take if we let it out-over the origin of the black race and the finish of the Caucasian family.

Or we would imagine that the prison was suddenly crushed to damn fools." Darby swore at them. "Don't you know we've pieces in apeearthquake, and we would begin to speculate on the menace of our presence to a terror-stricken society. No subject was too ridiculous to beguile an hour away.

Beyond the walls, flinging him-Porter Particular self along, the warden went on the search. He came back 15 About Brison Rules,

minutes later, the half-frozen Porter was not supposed to vis-Maralatt limping at his side. He it the postoffice while he was on found him down in the snow near duty at the hospital. As he nevthe river. Ira was burning up er violated any of the prison rules, with fever. His face was already

TRAINED CANARIES

"They Sing the Roller Song" THE IDEAL CHRISTMAS PRESENT.

TAKE ME HOME I will spread Christmas Cheer All thryugh the year.



skulked like unhappy ghosts through the cell corridors of the Ohio penitencary. The memory B. From the very best of stock, Trained by a genuine imported St. Andreasburg roller - every bird GUARANTEED to be young, healthy and a male, Bred by E.

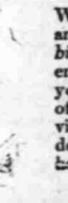
WM. GAHLSDORF Store of House Wares
135 X. Liberty
BIRD SUPPLIES "THE CYCLE MAN"

get the arsenic out of that rock- ter always maintained that the ribbed old Coffin why can't you

The rest of us sought an out-let in gayety—in a hundred triv-come on business. Billy Raidler Warden Coffin, by some mis-ial little incidents that would was a semi-invalid, and offered take, had been given an overdose pened before my arrival at the "Look here, Bill," the ex-train "pen," but Raidler never gave robber would say, "of you could Porter any peace about it. Por-



That Christmas morning smile



Will break forth in all its radiance if you give your boy a bicycle. And all the while you enjoy his happiness with him you have the quiet satisfaction of knowing that you have provided a means of healthful outdoor exercise that will keep him bealthy as well as happy.

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with hair. A large shipment of these dolls were lost in transit and arrived vesterday. So as not to keep these till next year, we sacrifice these \$3.50 valued dolls for

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