

O. HENRY AND AL JENNINGS

(Continued from last week)
CHAPTER 38.
 As the girl's rough calico whiskered around the corner the matron shook her head.
 "I made a mistake. I shouldn't have brought her down. I didn't think it would affect her so. Now she'll be melancholy for a week. Can't she do something for her?"
 "Was she guilty?"
 "It's pretty hard to say. A man about killed Sally's baby. The man was the baby's father. Sally turned around and shot him through the heart. She's glad



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about it. I mean she's glad about the killing.
 "It was shameful the way her mother and her sisters went back on her. She sat in court all alone and not a soul was with her when she was condemned. They took her off to the pen as though she were a gutter snipe."
 "And Sally had supported that mother and sisters. It was her singing that kept them from starvation."
 "War Took Wealth But Left Pride."
 Sally Cattleton was sent up from Hamilton county (Cincinnati) for life. The war had robbed her people of their wealth, but not of their pride. It was more in keeping with their type of dignity to stare than to send their daughters to work.
 Sally had a gift in her voice. She sang in the choir of a Cincinnati cathedral. The family managed to exist on what she earned.
 The son of a banker in Cincinnati began to attend the services. It was his old tale. He saw Sally. They were both young. The girl was attractive far beyond the measure of average loveliness. They loved.
 There were picnics in the suburbs. The banker's son came down to be with Sally. There were rides in a four-in-hand. Old women would run to the windows to catch a glimpse of the handsome banker and the town's beauty. It would be a fine match and an honor to the community.

After a while the banker's son came less and less to Hamilton county. And one night Sally ran away and didn't return.

Belle Takes Job In City Laundry.

She went to Cincinnati and got a job in a laundry. She saved up every penny. She never asked aid of anyone.

The matron told me half the story. Sally finished it one day a week later when I met her in the matron's office.

"Why didn't I go to him? Oh—I knew," Sally clasped her hands. They were delicate as white flowers. "I knew," she went on after a wistful pause, "he wouldn't want to hear him tell me so to say."

"You see, well, as long as I didn't absolutely know what he would say, I could comfort myself imagining that he was thinking of me and wondering what had become of me. I used to lie awake at nights. I was too tired to sleep. And I would make up all kinds of conversations."

"I would see him rushing about the city looking for me. Then he would find me and tell me not to worry—it would be all right. It was my job to console myself."

"But I knew I was fooling myself. I knew he would have turned his back on me. He just changed all at once when he knew. He looked at me with a glance of such disgust and hatred I felt as if a cold frost spread over me. He grabbed up his hat and ran down the walk. Then he turned and came back, and tried to be kind."

Promise to Girl Kept Her Waiting

"Sally, I'll look out for you, I'll come again next Sunday," he said. I loved him and I waited and waited. I made up excuses for him. But at last I knew that he was never going to come. I couldn't stand the way my mother and sister looked at me. One night I hid up a few things in a bundle and sneaked out the kitchen door after they were all in bed.

Sally had saved up enough for her expenses. When the baby was a few weeks old she went back to work in the laundry. The old woman who she roomed looked after the little thing. But when it was six or six months old it got picked Sally had to quit and take care of it.

It was all right as long as the money lasted. Sally's funds were very small. She gave up eating and spent the money for medicine for the baby. It didn't get any better. She couldn't afford a doctor. She was beside herself with misery.

"It is a shame how it looked!" Sally passed her hands together, her beautiful eyes filled with tears. "It had such a dear little white face and the biggest blue eyes. It would turn its head and its little mouth would struggle as if it wanted to cry, but was too late. It broke my heart to watch it."

Baby's Suffering Makes Girl Frantic

"I just got frantic. I used to hold it in my arms, its face pressed against my throat and sometimes I could scarcely feel its breath. I would run up and down the room. I was afraid to look at it for fear it was dying on me."

"Oh, God, you don't know how terrible it is to see the only thing you have in the world just getting weaker and weaker and nothing done to help it. I never slept—I got so I just prayed and prayed to keep it with me."

"And one day it took a spasm. I thought it was gone. I didn't care what I did. I would have crawled in the dust to save it."

"I went to the bank. I waited outside for him. He came down the steps. I followed. I waited until no one was near. Then I edged quietly up to him. 'Phil,' I said, 'He stiffened up as though an electric shock had gone through him. I saw him clamp his teeth. 'Hell, damnation,' he turned to me in angry contempt. 'What in hell are you dogging me for?'"

"It was all I could do to keep from crying. He hurried off and I went stumbling after him. I caught him by the sleeve."
 "Phil, the baby is dying. I haven't a cent. Oh, I wouldn't let you do anything for it if I could only keep it alive myself. I haven't eaten anything but tea and bread for weeks. And now my last nickel is gone. Phil, will you pay for a doctor for it? It's your's, Phil, your very own. It's the image of you. It has your eyes."

Beat It, Says Baby's Father

"For a minute it seemed to me that a look of exultation went across his face. But maybe I imagined it, for he caught my fingers and knocked them off his arm as though I were a leper."
 "It does, does it? Well, if it's dying, let it die. I can't keep it alive. Is it my fault if it wants to die?"
 "No, no, it's not your fault. But will you help? Will you pay for the doctor—will you help me to take care of it?—can't earn enough alone?"
 "Say, beat it and be damn quick about it," he answered. I couldn't believe it. I kept on talking and walking at his side. I don't know what I said. We passed a policeman. He stopped. "Officer," he said, "arrest this rascal, will you?"

(Continued next week.)

"COAL OIL JOHNNY" DEAD

John W. Steele Spent Fortune That He Might See Others Happy

OMAHA, Neb., Jan. 1. — John W. Steele, known widely in the east half a century ago as "Coal Oil Johnny," reputed then to have spent a fortune of more than \$500,000 when oil was discovered on his Pennsylvania land, died of pneumonia yesterday at Fort Crook, Neb., where he was station agent for the Burlington railroad.

Steele, who was born in Shakelville, Pa., in 1843, when a young man is said to have attracted considerable attention in New York by throwing away money to boys and men on the street apparently because he liked to see them scramble for it. He came west 45 years ago and had been in the Burlington's employ for 37 years.

Eight years ago Steele worked as a truckman at Fort Crook, but later became agent for the railroad.

His wife says that after the discovery of oil on his Pennsylvania land years ago, the money flowed in as a royalty. They were married at the time.

The publicity which the newspapers gave him newly acquired wealth and the manner in which he enjoyed spending it made him an object of interest wherever he went.

When he came west the days of royalties were over, he flatly refused to tell of his experiences and regarded that part of his career as a closed book.

The stories about "Coal Oil Johnny" never represented him as gambling or making a profligate use of his wealth, but rather as enjoying the sight of others getting what was so difficult to obtain.

Attending a theater in Pittsburg one day, the story is that he stepped out of his box when a black faced comedian finished a song and handed the man a \$1000 bill and asked him to sing it again.

The family lived in the station-house in four tiny rooms.

DE VALERA HAS NOT ARRIVED

(Continued from page 1)

tion of Arthur Griffith, founder of the Sinn Fein organization, and Professor John MacNeill, president of the Sinn Fein volunteers, is the desire of the government to ascertain the responsibility for the alleged employment of republican funds on ambulances and other operations involving the loss of lives of troops, and it is said this desire might include De Valera as the alleged source of funds.

The expectation is that if De Valera is in Dublin, he first will consult his intimates and then make known his presence and await arrest.

Eamonn De Valera is in Ireland, where "he enjoyed his share of the Christmas goose," it was declared today at a meeting of the Irish vigilance society, by Tim McNulty, who presided.

STANFORD WINS FROM B. C.

VANCOUVER, B. C., Jan. 1. — Stanford University won today's rugby game from Vancouver, 3 to 0, on a muddy field.

TODAY TOMORROW TUESDAY

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