

# O. HENRY AND AL. JENNINGS

(Continued from last week.)  
CHAPTER THIRTY-NINE.

They arrested Sally and took her to the Cincinnati jail. The man had sworn to a warrant charging with attempted blackmail. The days passed. The case was not called.

Every day was an agony for Sally. The thought of the dying baby was like a hot coal on the girl's mind. She went to the matron about it. The matron went out to see the baby. "When she returned she told Sally she had taken it to a hospital. It would be given every care.

The Salvation Army used to visit the jail and get the prisoners to sing hymns. Sally joined in the chorus. A male prisoner heard her. He went out the next day for the Ohio Pen to spend the rest of his life there. But he left a present for Sally with the desk sergeant. "Give these two tucks to the girl with the voice, will you?" he said. "Her singing did a lot for me."

Sally was finally called before the night court. The man did not appear. She was dismissed with a reprimand. As she passed the desk sergeant, strangely enough, he handed her the \$2. The gift finished the wreck of Sally's broken life.

### Prison Matron Tells of Child's Death.

She was in such a hurry to get out she ran down the halls, the matron rushing along at her side. "It's too bad, honey, they brought you in here. You didn't deserve it. I'm awful sorry for you." As Sally got to the door, she touched her elbow.

"Honey, I hate to tell you—the baby is dead!"

It was like a ruffian blow struck across the face of a little child. It stunned Sally—left her limp and quivering. The baby was dead—dead—dead—dead.

With a feeble, tormented sob, she put her hands over her head and began to run as though men and women were chasing her, pelting her with stones.

"Listen, honey," the matron caught up with her. "You can stay here. It won't do you no good to get out. The baby died three days ago. Stay here."

"Oh, God, no. Let me get out."

The door opened and the half-demented creature ran out, one thought uppermost. She would go down to the river. The blasting wind tore the clothes almost off her back. The chill went to the marrow.

Premature Plotter Hays a Pistol.

A light flared out from a shop window, the girl dalled a moment in its warmth. Old jewelry, emblems, silver plate glistened in the show case. In one corner were three revolvers. Sally looked at them fascinated. A cold-fury of revenge swept over her.

Up to that moment the anguish of loss ate at her—she had seen only the suffering baby face. Now she saw the man and the lashing contempt on his handsome features. She went in and bought one of the pistols.

As soon as she had it in her hands, it seemed pulling her down like a coffin weight. She dropped it in her blouse and went out, scolding down one street and up another so cold, so frenzied, so impatient for the morning to come

she did not even know that she was crying and calling out in her misery until a drunken old woman stopped her.

"Whassa malla, poor, poor lil' thing—come 'long, come 'long with me."

The bedraggled old creature took hold of her and Sally let herself be jostled along the dark, wretched hole where the woman lived. She lit a charcoal stove, and in its feeble glow Sally tried to warm herself. The old woman slumped into a corner, muttering and cursing and laughing all night long.

Sally Waits For Father of Babe.

The damp hole was alive with baleful shadows. Across the bare walls evil figures passed. Now it was a man as he stood rigid and beckoned to the police—now the hulking officer lurching forward, grabbing her by the shoulders. And again it was the mother and sisters, hunting the girl down with their scornful looks.

Only once did Sally see the baby. It seemed to be lying on the floor, its mouth writhing, its little hands, opening and closing. The father walked up to it and brought his boot down on the plaintive little face, crushing the scalp and mangling the tender flesh.

"God, God, save!" Sally called out as the nightmare passed. The fuddled old woman started and stumbled over to her. "Whassa malla, you wench?" she shook the girl, gave her a clumsy blow and staggered back to her corner. "Shut up, now," she mumbled. "Damn you, shut up!"

At last it was morning. Sally had to wait until noon. Not for one moment had her resolution faltered. She went straight to the bank and stood behind a column waiting for the man. It seemed that every one in the building rushed out at the stroke of 12—everyone but Philip Austin.

She Tells Father Of Child's Death.

Sally began to tremble. She put her hand to her pocket. The pistol was there. Send him out quick, quick," she chattered in an insane prayer. "Send him out in a minute. Send him out in a minute. I lose courage."

Down the street came a policeman. Sally covered behind the stone pillar. The officer eyed her, walked a few paces, looked back and went on.

"Nobody here now, nobody here," Sally muttered to herself. "Send him out now."

A big form strode down the corridor and the next second Philip Austin swung through the door. Proud and magnificent, he walked like a prince. He walked as he did that joyous day when he swept his hat down in a lordly salute as Sally came down the cathedral steps. He had the same kindly smile on his lips.

Sally's nerve went loose as a taut string when one end is suddenly released. She ran up to him, pitiful, distracted, beside herself with misery.

"Phil—oh, Phil, the baby died! You put me in jail—and it died. It died because you wouldn't take care of it."

Bullet Answers Scornful Speech.

Not knowing what she was doing or saying in her beating grief, Sally flung herself into Austin's arms.

"The baby died—it's dead, dead, Oh, Phil, the baby is dead!"

With one swift, angry wrench the man caught her violently by the wrists.

"—you, you little hag—what do I care about your baby! Let it die. Now go—and don't hang around slopping tears at me. Let the brat die!"

Cold, scornful contempt scowling his features, Austin went to shove Sally from him. There was a little gasp, a tussle, a scream of hurt, sobbing agony, and the double action revolver was jammed against the man's stomach. "You don't care? Oh, God!" The trigger snapped.

"He looked me straight in the eye. He looked startled and frightened. He knew I did it. I saw it in his eye. He looked at me for just a moment and then went down in a slump as though his backbone had suddenly melted."

From everywhere men and women darted into the street. They looked over the prostrate form. And when they saw that the banker's son was dead, they turned on Sally with their fists and one giant tore her cheek open with a vicious blow.

Warden's Futile Plea for Pardon.

Darby said he would try for a pardon. It would have been granted on his recommendation, but the family of the dead man heard about it. They just about owned the state. They weren't satisfied with the mischief the blackguard son had already done. They went to work and vilified Sally until there wasn't a scrap of flesh left on her bones. The pardon was denied.

Every time I heard that voice with its cascade of golden notes ripping down from the convict women's loft in the chapel it sent daggers through me. This was a tale, it seemed to me, worthy of the genius of Bill Porter. I told it to him the next afternoon. He listened rather indifferently and when I was finished, he turned to Billy Raider. "I've brought you a box of cigars."

I was furious at his unmoved coldness. I turned my back on him in angry humiliation. I wanted Porter to write a story about Sally—to make the world

ing with indignation over the wrong that had been done. And the story did not seem to make the slightest impression on him. At that time my taste ran entirely to the melodrama. I could not understand Porter's saner discrimination.

He had distinct theories as to the purpose of the short story. We often discussed it. Now it seemed to me that he was deliberately refusing to carry out his ideas.

Porter's Purpose In Short Story.

"The short story," he used to say, "is a potent medium of education. It should combine humor and pathos. It should break down prejudice with understanding. I propose to send the down and outers into the drawing rooms of the 'get it all' and I intend to insure their welcome. All that the world needs is a little more sympathy. I'm going to make the American four hundred step into the shoes of the four million."

Porter said this long before any of the stories that make up the "Four Million" had been written. "Don't you think Sally's story has the real heart throb in it?"

"Colonel, the pulse beats too loud," Porter yawned. "It's very commonplace."

"And so is all life commonplace," I fired back. "That's just what genius is for—you're supposed to take the mean and the ordinary and tell it in a vital way—in a way that makes the old crab flesh of us glow with a new light."

I was also writing a story in those days and I had my own methods and theories. They usually dried out when I tried to run them into the ink well.

Coaxing Couldn't Change Porter.

There was no use in trying to coax Porter into conversation when he was not in the mood. If a thing didn't catch his interest at once, it never did. There were no trials over with him. The slightest detail would sometimes absorb him and seem to fill him with inspiration. And again, a dream would pass before him and he would let it go unmarked. I knew this. I had seen him coolly ignore Louisa and old man Carnot often enough. But I was just goaded into persistence.

"Sally has a face like Diana," I said.

"When did you meet the goddess, colonel?" Porter jested, all at once absorbed in flicking a bit of dust from his sleeve. "Convict wool is shoddy enough, let alone a convict bundle of muslin."

A few years later I saw this same man go into the bow-tanks of New York and no woman was too low to win courtesy from Bill Porter. I have seen him treat the veriest old hag with the chivalry due a queen. He had a soul of sterling honor where women were concerned.

His indifference to Sally's plight was singular. If he had seen her and talked to her I know it would have gripped him to the heart.

Porter saw that I was bitterly

wounded and in the petting kind of a way he had come over to win me back.

"Colonel, don't be angry with me," he said. "You misunderstand me. I wasn't thinking much of Sally tonight. My mind was far away." He laughed. "It was down in Mexico, perhaps, where that indolent, luxurious valley of yours is and where we might have been happy."

Speech Discloses Secret Grief.

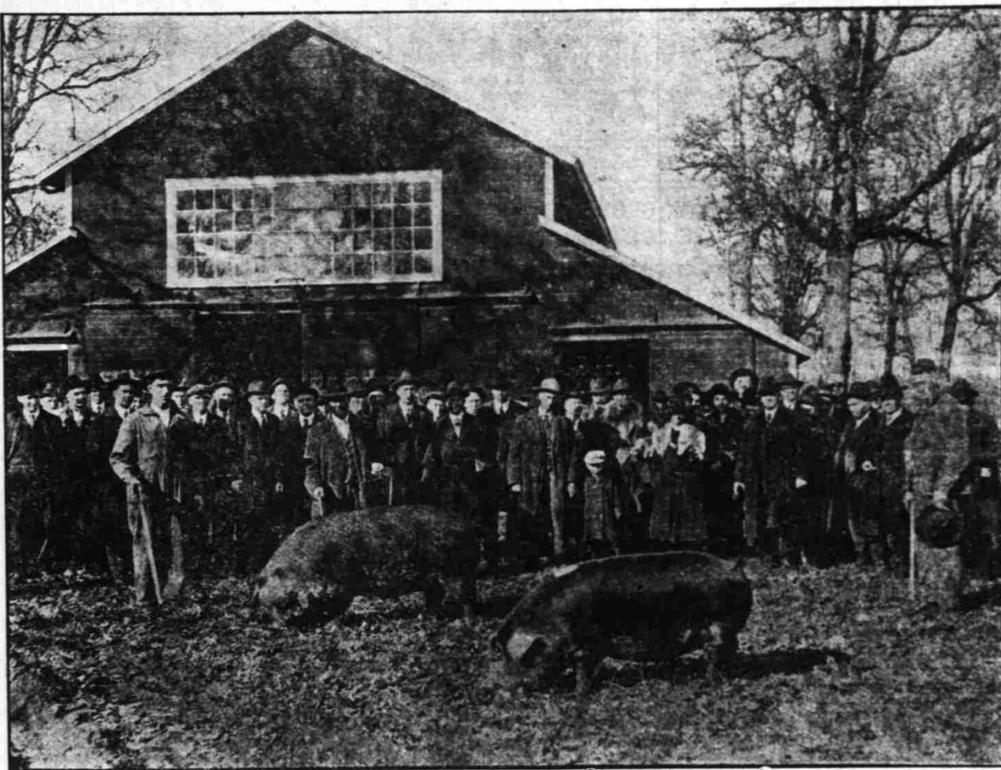
"Colonel," Porter's face lighted with humorous eagerness. "do you think we stand any chance to collect that \$7,000 you paid down on it? I'm a little in need of funds."

Not many could resist the winning magnetism of Bill Porter if he chose to make himself agreeable. As soon as he had spoken I knew that some secret grief was tugging at him. Porter had labored hard over some story—I think it was "A Chaparral Prince." Billy Raider had sent it out for him. It had come back. He jested about it.

"The average editor," he said, "never knows a firecracker until he hears the bang of its explosion. Those fellows can't tell a story until some one else takes the risk of setting it off."

"They're a damn bunch of ignoramuses!" Porter had read the story to Billy and me and we had sent it off with singing hearts. We were sure the world must acknowledge Porter, even as we did. "All I'm sorry for is the loss of the stamps. Billy was forced to steal from the State to mail it with. It may damage the reputation of the state board of the Ohio penitentiary."

But Porter really was deeply



Judging One of the Classes on "Duroc Day", Salem, Oregon, February, 1920.

"DUROC DAY" will be held at Salem, Oregon, Thursday, February 3, 1921. This event is an annual show and sale of bred sows and gilts and is under the auspices of the Oregon Duroc Jersey Breeders Association.

About twenty of the leading breeders are offering of their best for the occasion.

Many of the females are carrying litters by the great herd boars that are at the head of herds which have been producing the champions of the west.

The plan is for the Durocs to be judged in the various classes in the forenoon and then every one to be sold at auction in the afternoon.

While the price of market hogs has been declining, it is believed that there will be a much greater net profit in raising hogs in the future on account of the lowering price of feed; and this sale will furnish an ideal opportunity to buy foundation sows. The above picture was taken on Duroc Day last February at the Oregon State Fair grounds. It shows the junior and senior champions and a part of the crowd in attendance. The older sow was grand champion. She was exhibited by E. C. Naftzger and was later purchased at auction by Lloyd H. Ewalt for \$305. The junior champion sow was exhibited by Thrift Bros. and later sold for \$140 to L. T. Reynolds.

Many special entertaining features are planned for this year, among them being the formal opening of the Valley Packer Company's plant. This plant has been in operation for a short time, but has never been formally opened and dedicated to the use intended. And it will be most fitting for this to be done on Duroc Day.

An elaborate program is being planned and will be announced later.

Among the consignors to this year's show and sale are

- |                               |                                  |
|-------------------------------|----------------------------------|
| E. C. Naftzger, Gervais, Ore. | Jesse Richards, Virginia, Idaho. |
| M. Averhoff, Lebanon, Ore.    | W. F. Bartlett, Camas, Wash.     |
| W. L. Sheard, Dayton, Ore.    | Geo. DeBok, Oregon City, Ore.    |
| J. W. Pruitt, Brooks, Ore.    | W. F. McCall & Co., Salem, Ore.  |
| James Prater, Dayton, Ore.    | F. W. Weisner, Lebanon, Ore.     |
| J. E. Finnicum, Dayton, Ore.  | C. P. Adams, Hermiston, Ore.     |
| C. C. Bryant, Albany, Ore.    | Harold Lundquist, Sherwood.      |
| Romeo Gouley, Gervais, Ore.   | C. S. Magee & Son, McMinnville.  |
| H. C. Compton, Boring, Ore.   | Paul Newmeyer, Newberg, Ore.     |
| Elmer J. Roth, Salem, Ore.    |                                  |

The services of Col. Ben T. Sudtoll, Albany, Ore., have been secured as auctioneer.

E. A. Rhoten, Salem, Ore., is manager, and the managing committee representing the Oregon Duroc Jersey Breeders association is E. C. Naftzger, W. L. Sheard and M. Averhoff.

disappointed. The rejection of his manuscripts did not dull the edge of his self-confidence, but it filled him with forebodings as to his future.

### Can World Forgive Girl Like Me?

"I should not like to be a beggar, colonel," he often said, "and my pen is the only investment I can make. I am continually paying assessments on it. I would like to collect a few dividends."

"The Chaparral Prince" paid its dividends later. Porter revamped it here and there and it made a big hit for him.

"I'll tell you why I'm not interested in Sally," he swung back to the subject with a suddenness that startled me. "She's better off here than she ever could be outside. I know this place is doom—but what chance has a girl with Sally's past in the world? What are you thinking of, colonel, when you plan to send the girl out there to be trampled in the gutter?"

Sally said almost the same words to me when I tried to get her a pardon after I was freed. I went back to the pen to see her.

"Oh, Mr. Jennings," her face had grown thin and its transparent whiteness made her seem a thing of unearthly spirituality. "Don't bother about me, I'm lost. You know it. Do you think they would ever let me crawl back? You know I'm a bad woman."

"I had a baby that I didn't have any right to—do you think the world ever forgives such a crime as that? Leave me alone here. I'm finished. There's no pardon on earth for me."

(Continued next week)

**WANTED!**

2,000 of the prettiest girls in SALEM to attend the opening of "THE CHARM SCHOOL" at the Oregon Theatre Next Sunday

WALLACE REID, Sept.

**Kill That Cold With**

**HILL'S CASCARA QUININE**

FOR Colds, Coughs AND La Grippe

Neglected Colds are Dangerous

Take no chances. Keep this standard remedy handy for the first sneeze. Breaks up a cold in 24 hours—Relieves Grippe in 3 days—Excellent for Headache

Quinine in this form does not affect the head—Cascara is best Tonic Laxative—No Opiate in Hill's.

**ALL DRUGGISTS SELL IT**

**LILLY'S** Established 1853

**LOWER Seed Prices for 1921**

Our resources as FIRST HAND GROWERS enables us to again offer our choice strains of Vegetable Seeds at Pre-War Prices. All the popular Lilly quality seeds—are listed in our 1921 Seed Annual at

**5¢**

BEET CABBAGE CARROT CELERY CUCUMBER LETTUCE MELON Onion RADISH SPINACH SQUASH TOMATO TURNIP RUTABAGA Peas

**SPECIALS FOR 1921**

Our Vegetable Seed Novelties are a distinct advance in their respective classes—THE ACME OF PERFECTION. See our catalog for full description of these grand selections.

WRITE for your copy of Lilly's 1921 Seed Annual No. 36, also TODAY free booklet "Gardens of Delight." A postcard will do.

**LILLY'S** Established 1853

**THE CHAS. H. LILLY CO.** SEATTLE—PORTLAND Your Dealer Carries Lilly's Seeds.

**Light Your Farm Buildings with the Fairbanks Morse 40 LIGHT 'F' PLANT**

**Lot L. Pearce & Son**

236 North Commercial Street

**"Try It Out Yourself" says the Good Judge**

And you will find how much more satisfaction a little of this Real Tobacco gives you than you ever got from a big chew of the ordinary kind.

The good, rich, real tobacco taste lasts so long you don't need a fresh chew nearly as often. So it costs you less.

Any man who uses the Real Tobacco Chew will tell you that.

Put up in two styles

**W-B CUT** is a long fine-cut tobacco  
**RIGHT CUT** is a short-cut tobacco

Wm. W. Brown, Con. Bldg., 1077 Broadway, New York City

**Now!**

**MAE MURRAY** and **DAVID POWELL** in **'Idols of Clay'**

A FITZMAURICE PRODUCTION. Filled with the thrill of "ON WITH THE DANCE," the lure of "THE RIGHT TO LOVE"—and more.

Special Music arranged by Lillian McElroy Hunt, on our new **Hope-Jones Organ**

**A Sunshine Comedy Too**

STARTING SUNDAY—"WHILE NEW YORK SLEEPS."

**Grand Theatre**

**MAE MURRAY** LASKY-PARAMOUNT STAR

**Now!**

**MAE MURRAY** and **DAVID POWELL** in **'Idols of Clay'**

A FITZMAURICE PRODUCTION. Filled with the thrill of "ON WITH THE DANCE," the lure of "THE RIGHT TO LOVE"—and more.

Special Music arranged by Lillian McElroy Hunt, on our new **Hope-Jones Organ**

**A Sunshine Comedy Too**

STARTING SUNDAY—"WHILE NEW YORK SLEEPS."

**Grand Theatre**

**\$1.00 DOWN AND \$1.00 A WEEK**

will provide you a good building lot, well located.

On any other terms you may name; 5 per cent discount for cash

Prices, \$100 to \$400

Better get your building lot while you may have it on your own terms. They will all be gone soon

**Becke & Hendricks**

205 U. S. Bank Building Phone 161