

O. HENRY AND AL. JENNINGS

(Continued from last week)
CHAPTER FORTY-ONE.

Sally was right. There was no place for her in the outside world. The ex-convict is thrown against a social and economic boycott that no courage or persistence can effectively break.

We talked about it often—Bill Porter and I. It was the topic of eternal interest just as the discussion of dress is with women. And yet, for Porter, this talk about the future was an unalloyed torment. It agitated and distressed him. He would come into the postoffice of an evening and we would gossip with fluent merri-ment. Without prelude, one of us would mention a con who had been sent back on another jolt. All the whimsical light that usually played about his large, handsome face would give place to a shadow of heavy gloom. The quick, facile tongue would halt its whispering banter.

Bill Porter, the wag, became Bill Porter, the cynic. Fear of the future was like a poisonous serpent that had coiled into his heart and lodged there, its fangs striking into the core of his happiness.

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"The prison label is worse than the brand of Cain," he said many a time. "If the world once sees it you are doomed. It shall not see it on me. I will not become an outcast."

"The man who tries to hurt himself against the tide of humanity is sure to be sucked down in the undertow. I am going to swim with the current."

Porter had less than a year more to serve. He was already planning on his re-entrance to the free world. For me the question did not then exist. My sentence was life. But I felt that Porter's position was false. I knew that it would mean an unshredded sword perpetually hanging over his head. The fear of exposure saddened and almost tragically hounded his life.

"When I get out, I will bury name of Bill Porter in the depths of oblivion. No one shall know that the Ohio penitentiary ever furnished me with board and bread."

"I will not and I could not endure the stinging, doubtful scrutiny of ignorant human dogs!"

Porter was an enigma to me in those days. There was no account for his moods. He was the kindest and most tolerant of men and yet he would sometimes launch into invective against humanity that seemed to come from a heart charged with contemptuous anger for his fellows. I learned to understand him better. He liked men; he loathed their shams.

The freemasonry of honest worth was the only carte blanche to his friendship. Porter would pick his companions from the slums as readily as from the drawing rooms. He was an aristocrat in his culture and his temperament, but it was an aristocracy that paid no tribute to the material credentials of society.

Money, fine clothes, pose—they could not hoodwink him. He could not abide snobbery or insincerity. He wanted to meet men and to make friends with them—not with their clothes and

their bank accounts. He knew an equal even when it was hidden in rags—and he could scent an inferior underneath a wealth of purple and fine linen.

Porter dealt with the fundamentals in his human relations. He went down under the skin. And so he scoffed at conventional standards of appraising men and women. He belittled the pithy claims whereon the shallow minded based their prestige.

"Colonel," he would mock, "I have a proud ancestry. It runs back thousands and thousands of years. Do you know I can trace it clear back to Adam!"

"The man I would like to meet is the one whose family tree does not take its root in the Garden of Eden. What an oddity he would have been—a sort of spontaneous creation."

"And, colonel, if the first families only looked far enough back they would find their poor, miserable progenitors wallowing about in the slime of the sea!"

That any of these descendants of slime should dare to look down upon him even in thought was intolerable. He knew himself to be the equal of all men. His fierce, honest independence would brook patronage from none.

"I won't be under an obligation to any one. When I get out from here I strike free and bold. No one shall rule the club of ex-convict over me."

"Other men have said the same," I felt that Porter's attitude lacked courage, "and there is always some one to hunt them down. You can get away with it."

Porter Support
Facts Support
Porter's Stand.

"You can't beat the game if any one ever finds out you once were a number," Porter flung back, "I'm tired and indignant that he was forced to defend himself. 'The only way to win is to conceal.' Every day incidents happened to bear out Porter's argument. Men would be sent out in a few months they were sent back. The past was their scourge. They could not escape its lash. And just a few weeks after we had talked about the thing—a few weeks after I had told him of Sally—Foley the Goat and the sinister trader that followed him threw us all into a hot fury of resentment and rage."

Foley's misfortune made a tremendous impression on Porter. The incident was directly responsible for the breakup of the Reclus club.

After Porter was transferred to the warden's office, three weeks passed and he had not come to one of our Sunday dinners. His absence was as depressing as the cold rain on a May Day fete. The club was lifeless without him. Even Billy Radler's bubbling railery sizzled down.

Old man Carnot grew more querulous when his napkin was carelessly folded and Louisa could not argue the beginning and the end of creation. When he started in to divide his weekly feast there was no one to oppose him.

I took Bill's absence as a personal insult. I felt that a friend had forgotten me. It was the unpardonable oversight.

Clubmen Unable
To Bring Bacon.

We were sitting at the table on the fourth Sunday. We had a wretched meal. No one had been able to bring in the bacon. I usually procured the roast. I would take over about \$2 in stamps to the guard at the commissary and this state official would open the door and allow me to take all the meat I could carry.

A new guard had come in. I was afraid to try the old tactics on him. Louisa had been equally unfortunate. We had nothing but some left-over potatoes, some canned string beans and stale doughnuts for the weekly feast.

"Where is Mr. Bill?" old Carnot complained. "Has the man's promotion inflated his self-esteem? By Jove, does he not realize that the name Carnot is one of the proudest in New Orleans?" He was sputtering and fuming. None of us was very fond of him.

"Mr. Carnot, a name may be your pass key to the domains of the elite," I tried to taunt him. "But Bill Porter has an inner circle of his own. He doesn't care what your credentials are!"

I went over to the window and looked across the prison campus, hoping that Bill might be coming along. I was about to give up when I saw his portly figure swinging with calm dignity down the alley.

Prodigal Returns
With Fatted Calf.

"Fellow comrades—the prodigal returns and he brings the fatted calf with him," Porter's full gray eyes gleamed, and he began to empty his pockets. A small tray could not have carried much more. There were French sardines, deviled hams, green peas, canned chicken, jellies and all manner of delicacies. We looked on as Lazarus might.

SALE OF ONE MILLION POUNDS PRUNES MADE

Prices Low Due to Declining Prices in East Says R. C. Paulus

OTHER SALES PENDING

Buyers Order All Sizes of Fruit; Good Sign Says Manager

A sale of 1,000,000 pounds of prunes in the east is announced by R. C. Paulus, sales manager of the Oregon Growers' Co-operative association and the Washington Growers' Packing corporation. Announcement is also made by Mr. Paulus that other deals are pending.

For the first time in about three months, sales were made on a f o b basis. Formerly sales were made from stocks in storage in the east.

Prices were low compared to opening prices of the association. Mr. Paulus says, due largely to the fact that there has been a declining market in the east. This slow market was caused by the fact that certain packers have been offering extremely low prices and no efforts were made to sustain the market. And with this cutting of the market, buyers naturally refused to buy, believing the bottom had been reached.

Although prices were low, it was deemed advisable by both associations to sell a large amount at present, rather than to miss the large consuming period of the next three months.

Under ordinary circumstances, under ordinary circumstances, 25,000 tons of prunes for shipment from the coast to New York and for this reason, sales were made in order that the shipments might reach the east for the late winter consuming period.

One of the good signs in the prune market is that while formerly inquiries were almost all for large sizes, of late there has been a demand for all sizes.

have when an extra fat crumb fell from Dives' table.

It was a joyous reunion. It was the last meeting of the Reclus club. A bitter feud grew up between its members. The case of Foley the Goat and Porter's indignant sympathy brought to its end the one pleasant feature of our prison life.

(Continued next week.)

IT'S GOOD FOR CHILDREN.

Mrs. C. E. Schwab, 1067 14th St., Canton, Ohio, writes: "We use Foley's Honey and Tar for coughs and find it one of the best remedies on the market, especially good for children's coughs as it does not contain any drug that is harmful." Serious sickness often follows lingering colds. Hard coughing racks a child's body and disturbs strength giving sleep, and the poisons weaken the system so that disease cannot be warded off. Take Foley's in time. Sold everywhere.

REGULAR ARMY TO BE LIMITED

War Recruiting To Be Stopped Until Regulars Number 175,000

WASHINGTON, Jan. 17.—Congress voted today to limit the regular army to 175,000 enlisted men.

The senate 41 to 33, set aside its decision to reduce the army to 150,000 and then without a recorded vote adopted the original joint resolution of Senator New, Republican, Indiana, directing the secretary of war to stop recruiting until the army is cut to 175,000.

The house later adopted 285 to 4 a joint resolution sponsored by Chairman Kahn of its military affairs committee, also directing the secretary of war to cease enlistments until there are not more than 175,000 enlisted men.

The two resolutions are almost identical, each providing that the 175,000 limit shall not prevent the re-enlistment of men who have served one or more enlistments. The language, however, differed somewhat and either the senate or the house will send its resolution to conference for re-arrangement.

Today's action was taken against the recommendation of war department heads General Pershing.

Secretary Baker before the senate military committee advised against an army of less than 250,000 after the "present necessity of economy had been relieved." General Pershing declared an army of 200,000 men constituted a safety margin.

Several senators who, last week went on record as favoring an army of 150,000 changed about, placing their support behind the 175,000 figure. Some senators said privately that they believed President Wilson would sign a resolution placing the army at 175,000 but would not approve a smaller number.

There was no party division in the senate and the final vote followed by a clash between Senator Phelan, Democrat, California, and Williams, Democrat, Mississippi, over Japanese aggression. Senator Phelan urged stronger garrisoning of Pacific posts and Senator Williams declared that Japan had "neither power nor desire to fight this country over

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what may be done in California" regarding Japanese questions.

Referring to a suggestion by Senator Phelan that disposition of the island of Yap with its cable communications was a delicate problem remaining for adjustment, Senator Williams declared it was not a question which would involve America in war.

Three-fourths of the senators don't know where Yap is," he said. "Yet we are going to Yap for a big army and Yap against the Japanese and Yap against an army of 150,000."

Called up unexpectedly, the senate resolution in the house provoked partisan debate in which Republicans charged Secretary Baker has violated the will of congress in running the army strength above the figure for which appropriations were made. There was little opposition to the resolution, however, when put to a vote.

CONSERVATION DAY PROPOSED

National Conference on Parks Plan Universal Observance

DES MOINES, Ia., Jan. 11.—Establishment of a "National Conservation Day" was placed before the National Conference on Parks here today. Advocates of the proposal declare such a holiday would receive general endorsement because it was needed to help stop a waste of resources that cannot be replaced and would stimulate love of country.

Mrs. Charles L. Hutchinson, of Chicago, on behalf of the Garden Club of America, presented a resolution urging the establishment of national conservation day. Dr. Henry C. Cowles of the University of Chicago, president of the Wild Flower Preservation society of America, spoke in support of it. The first Saturday in May was suggested.

"The Garden Club of America already has endorsed this idea, which first was suggested by Mrs. Francis C. Farwell of Chicago," Mrs. Hutchinson said. "We have numerous holidays properly devoted to reverence of historic events in our life as a nation, but none devoted to teaching what America is today."

"National Conservation Day should be celebrated by schools and civic organizations with outdoor exercises which would impress on our people the need for taking care of the abundant resources with which we are blessed, but which are being depleted by unwise use."

The resolution, which was referred to a committee for report to the final session of the conference, reads as follows:

"Whereas, our unparalleled natural resources are in danger of being destroyed, robbing future generations of these commercial assets and also of the outdoor

REFUGEES DIE BY THOUSANDS

Tragic Exodus Bids to Become Historic Horror of Civilized World

NEW YORK, Jan. 6.—Six thousand Greek refugees, at Batum Trans-Caucasia, their clothing worn to shreds, are "living like wild animals in dens" and dying at the rate of from 35 to 50 a day, writes Dr. W. E. Rambo, a Near East relief worker, of West Philadelphia, Pa. in a report from the Black Sea port received here.

In what he calls a "tragic exodus that bids to become historic," Dr. Rambo says the Greek government already has repatriated 20,000 who emigrated from the near east to colonize Thrace and that from 10,000 to 12,000 remain to be transported from Batum back to their homeland. Most of these, he says, are physically strong but 6000 refugees from other regions who flocked to Batum in the expectation of relief have been in that city five months waiting in vain for help, their condition daily becoming more desperate on account of the rigors of the Georgian winter.

The Greek government, Dr. Rambo explains, disclaiming responsibility for the plight of the people, has undertaken through humane considerations only to feed and doctor the refugees but, so far, has declined to transport them to Greece on the ground that there is insufficient housing there to shelter them.

"Meanwhile," the letter says, "the 6,000 are overcrowded in barracks unfit for human habitation. The families have no privacy. Some are lying in bed day and night because they have no clothing to protect them from the cold or cover their nakedness. Unless speedy relief comes to these people most of them will die during the winter. Already the remnants of the original refugees are in despair. One of them said to me: 'We are no longer waiting for ships; we are waiting for death.' Of 5,767 in this party in the beginning only about 2,400 remain—3,267 are dead. Another party of 6,800 has 2,800 survivors—4,000 are dead. Of the survivors 700 are ill."

beauty spots which have contributed to our health and strength as a nation, and

"Whereas, conservation of waterways and forests and plant and animal life is in no way incompatible without continued industrial development, but on the contrary essential to it, and

"Whereas, a national holiday dedicated to the purposes of conservation would emphasize the need for conserving these resources and not abusing them, and would promote love of country, therefore be it

"Resolved that congress hereby is requested to set aside the first Saturday in May as a National Conservation day and other governmental agencies are urged to further this idea by assisting in its celebration."

IZIAH, PERHAPS

Lord Drogheda, who worked as a volunteer laborer at Paddington station during the recent British railway strike, is a past master in the gentle art of persiflage.

Once, while he was in the act of descending the steps of his club, a stranger addressed him thus:

"I beg your pardon, sir, but is there a gentleman in this club with one eye of the name of Blank—"

"Stop a moment!" cut in Lord Drogheda. "What is the name of your other eye?"

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