## O. HENRY AND A

(Continued from last week) CHAPTER FIFTY

en days more to serve. Even Billy grew quiet. When Porter "Gee, Bill, I ain't a g came to the postoffice, we would am I? Feel my pulse." The last leaf on the calendar wait on him, yielding him the on-

### PERFORMANCE COUNTS

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once Billy grabbed up a pillow bolt of fine wool cloth. from his cot and stuffed it under Porter's head. Porter stretched his ample body and turned on Bil-

ly a cherubic smile.

'Gee, Bill, I ain't a gonna die, It was like that-funny-but under the burlesque was the disturbing sadness of farewell. We were full of idiotic consideration for Porter as people are when measured him. they feel that a friend is leaving

them forever. We were packing a suitcase of Outgoing Clothes. memories for him to carry along into the open world, hoping he might turn to it now and again with a thought for the two cons

left in the prison postoffice. Goodbyes are almost always ne-sided, as though fate offered a toast-and the one who goes drinks off the wine and hands the glass with the dregs to the one who stays behind.

Porter Pleads

For Old Clothes. A twinge of regret Porter left in the parting, perhaps, but it sent only a tremendous quiver through buoyant swell of his joy in the thought of freedom. He was excited and full of a nervous gaiety. His whispering ,hesitant voice took on a chirp and his serene face was jaunty with happi-

"Colonel. I want you to do me a favor. I don't mind an obligation to you. I'll never pay it back and you won't hold it against me. You see, l, I'm worried, I don't want to get arrested for running around unclad. And that's what might happen if you don't lend

your valuable aid. "It's this way. The stuff they make the going-away suits with goes away too quickly. It melts in the sun and if it should rain it dissolves. A man has no protection newhow.

"Now, when I came to this institution I brought a fine tweed suit with me. I'd like it back as a sort of dowry. Will you look it up for me, please? I do not admire prison gray. I'm afraid it is not a fashionable color this summer."

The large, humorous mouth the one feature that was a bit weak-grinned. Porter buttoned his coat and surveyed himself sideways with the artist's dandy. A sheepish light stole into his eye.

Rich Brown Suit Asked at Parting.

"I feel like a bride getting a rousseau. I'm so particular about the sendoff this paternal roof is going to give me. Porter's old suit had been given

"Use your influence, colonel, and get me a good-looking business suit. I'll leave it to your judgment, but pick out a rich

away to some other out going con-

The superintendents of all the shops knew the secretary of the steward's office. They were all fond of the nimble-tongued, amiable dignity that was Bill Porter's. Beau Brummel. Everyone wanted to make him a present as he was leaving.

moon? Sure pick out the best nine months in prison, but even we've got. Harry Ogle was the to attract attention anywhere. outside superintendent of the state | There was about him now an attishop. He led me over to the store- tude of confidence, of self-suffi-

The regulation convict suit was tured business man than like an made of some cotton mixture. The ex-convict, government paid the state \$25 to clothe its outgoing prisoners. The er office. The warden stepped outraiment was worth about \$4.50

"Here's the finest piece of charge papers. As soon as we were Brown English worsted in the alone the intense strain became state of Ohio." We decided on that and Porter came over for a everything into those last mofitting. The men laughed as they

Porter Tries His

"Want the seams runnin' crostwise just to be otherwise," they twitted. "If you had the pockets turned upside down, they'd never get wise to where this handsome suit come from. And you ain't got nuthin' to put in the pockets. anyways and you'd be sure not to come back as a sneak thief."

ferent manner.

story. He took the \$5.

That was all. He went towards

"I'll meet you in New York,

brakes there before me. I'll be on

Porter's voice lapsed into a low

"No leaves on the calendar, Al."

Billy Raidler scratched off the

over at me through a gloom of

"Another day gone into night."

(Continued next week.)

Adele Garrison's New Phase Of

REVELATIONS OF A WIFE

CHAPTER 10

VISIT THE STOCKBRIDGES

I do not know that ever in my

have given otherwise.

of choosing a gown."

Madge "Turns About."

I leaned back in my chair, put-

Dicky coolly, I spoke drawlingly. "Don't trouble yourself about

my costume. As there is no pos-

sible chance of my going to the

party there will be no necessity

"What do you mean?" he asked

I sprang to my feet, turned up-

sharply. "Of course you're go-

on him with as good an imitation

of his manner on receiving the

Stockbridge invitation as I could

I was watching him carefully as

of such unexpected moods that I

had no idea whether my crude

imitation of his own speech

would arouse anger or laughter,

within him. I wasn't long left in

doubt, however. At my first

words he stared at me in blank

amazement. Then the red flush

n his cheeks faded, and as I fin-

ished I was looking into a face

"I suppose this is your idea of

brilliant come-back at me for

balking at that backwoods tea

party you were so keen on." he

said icily. "But you can take it

Why, I'll wager a fiver that there

are dozens of women with just |

those afforded by the Stockbridg-

es"-his tone relegated the prin-

cipal, his wife and me to the hin-

terland of social exile-"who

would give their eye teeth to be

invited to this stunt of Rita

I set my teeth with the deter-

mination not to let him see me

cry, and waited until I could con-

trol my voice before answering.

indifferently at last, "but I will

'No doubt you're right," I said

wager that

"I Didn't Mean-"

from me it's blasted poor taste.

devoid of color, livid with anger.

Dicky reddened angrily.

the door and then he came back

the old drollery in his eye.

the watch. Goodby, Al."

-was gone forever.

Meet in New York,

Porter's Goodby.

locomotor ataxia.'

colonel.

silence.

It would have hurt Porter's got.' pride at another time, but he was so concerned with the multitude of small preparations he laughed and bandied back the crude jests of the prison tailors. In return they fashioned a suit that was handed him the discharge and his without fault, even to Porter's fastidious taste.

On the night of July 23-the next morning he was to leave-Porter smuggled over his outfit. "Gentlemen, whenever a great drama is to be staged, it is customary to give a dress rehearsal.

Let the curtain up."

Bill tried on the suit. He had a black Katy hat like the derby worn today and a pair of shoes made by a life termer. Prison shoes squeak. They can be heard a mile off. The cons used to say it was done on purpose to prevent a silent getaway. Porter's were no exception.

Porter Predicts Noise in World.

"I'll make quite a noise in the world, colonel. I'm bringing my own brass band along." "Your bound to make a

there, Bill." "Here, try some of this hair tonic on them." Billy got down Porter's remedy. "It can take the kick out of anything."

Flippant, meaningless banter we sent the precious hours flipping it back and forth. It was like the empty foam tossed from great waves against an impregnable rock. The waves themselves come with a mighty rush, but at the base of the crag they ebb as though their force were suddenly

Thoughts and a hundred anxious questions were pushing upward in a surge of emotions, but at the tongue they failed and we dashed out this froth. We talked of everything but our thoughts. Even the warden was nervous when Porter came into the office for his discharge.

"I worked them all night, colo nel," Porter pointed to the shoes, "Their eloquence is irrepressible." "If you looked any better, Bill, the ladies would kidnap you for a HOW MADGE WON DICKY

tivity again on any charge." "Porter's goin' on his honey- He looked older for his thirtyso, his was a head and a bearing

footstool under his feet. And room and pulled down bolt after ciency, of diguity. He looked ALIENS VICTIMIZED more like a well educated, cul-BY FAKE PASSPORTS



Harry H. Schlaet, former pro minent banker of New York, who is directing the investigation into fraudulent passports with which You might beat the hundreds of immigrants have arrived at Ellis Island, Mr. Schlact declared that Ellis Island has been crowded with whisper at the end. He went to from Dantzig, who carry forged the door, and, without looking passports. According to his investigations, most of the frauduback, went out. I felt as though lent passports are being sold to something young and bonnyimmigrants in Dantzig by Amersomething lovable and magnetic icans, who represent themselves as officials of the state department. The immigration officials are powerless to aid the unfortulast number, shook his head and nate foreigners and their only tore off the page. He looked course is to send them back.

husbands, not of their own free

I left the room as I finished speaking, with the best appearance of hauty deliberation I could manage, atthough I longed to rush wildly away. But I was determined not to let Dicky guess the humiliated fury that was consuming me, even though the exoath which echoed plosive through the room as I left it told me that my husband was not so successful in concealing his feet-

It seemed miles to the shelter of my own room, and when at last I reached it I gave way for a little time to the tears which had threatened me below stairs. I tried to make myself believe that my anger and grief were caused wholly by Dicky's reception of my imitation of him, but was too honest wholly to con ceal from myself that my deepest humiliation lay in my consciousness of having forgotten the ife I have had so gratifying a primary rules of good breeding in sensation of purely malicious glee the parting insinuation I had as came to me with the realiza- thrown at Dicky.

tion of the opportunity which the There was a stabbing hurt, too, invitation to Rita Brown's cosin the knowledge that these tume party had given me. For words were the first bitterly anthe moment the unexpectedness gry words Dicky and I had had of the thing dazed me, then I since his home-coming. The difmarshalled my scattered faculties, ference we had had over my planned my response to Dicky's school work had been a dignified tentative query, the while I sort of a thing, one adjusted withsternly repressed a desire to out temper. But this fish-wife, cave-man row humiliated me with Luckily we were alone in the its futility and cheapness, toribrary, my father having gone to tured me with the his room to read in bed-a habit that our new life together of years-while my mother-in- which had seemed so rosy with law had gone to bed early with promise would be marred as of

a headache. So there were no old with ugly flashes of strife. witnesses to my carefully staged A low embasiassed laugh scene-which, indeed, I couldn't sounded behind me. As I tried to rise, with the sudden consciousness that I had forgotten to ting my hands behind my head. lock my door when I entered the and crossed my feet, carefully room, my husband's arms went creating an impression of indolent around me, and I felt my face

ndifference. Then, looking at lifted to his, "You win, hands down, old girl!" he said with an amused chuckle, and a sublime indifference to his anger of a few minutes before. "I got you all right, if it did take me a minute or two to get over the grouch. And I'll go to dear old Bayview with my hair in a braid and my ears pinned back if you'll call it

quits. "I didn't mean a thing I said Dicky," I murmured happily to the tip of his left ear.

(To be continued)

"What!" I exclaimed. "Go to the house of a woman I never met and strut around like some peroxided actorine spieling to a peroxided actorine, spieling to a lot of smirking, short-haired Greenwich villagers? Noth-ingdo-ing. You're crazy, Dicky! Better go and have your head ex-

spoke, for my husband is a man 109th Anniversary of Author's Birthday Is Observed

> LONDON, March 12-A wreath presented by the All-Round Dickens club of Boston, " was among the dozen floral pieces laid on the tomb of Charles Dickens in Westminster Abbey last month when exercises were held in commemoration of the 109th anniversary of the author's birth.

The exercises were conducted by Edwin Drew, a Dickens devotee and there was a sprinkling of Amas brilliant social opportunities as ericans among the score of persons gathered in the poet's corner of the Abbey during the ceremony

The presentation of the wreath by the Boston club was a resumption of its custom followed for many years before the world war. Following the services at the tomb, there was pilgrimage of those interested to the "Cheshire Cheese" and to the Cock Tavern in Fleet street, spots once fequent

ed by Dickens. The Dickens anniversary was celebrated by several other gatherings in various parts of the city.

the majority of the married wo-men who attend that party will directory the place to get your do so at the compulsion of their auto repaired?

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elapsed time—a new record. Beat "The Lark," fastest express train between San Francisco and Los Angeles, by 3 hours 47 minutes 30 seconds—a new record.

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