

O. HENRY AND AL. JENNINGS

(Continued from last week)

CHAPTER SIXTY

A human prism he was — refracting the light in seven different colors. But different in this — he was not predictable. Reds and blues and yellows there were in his moods, but sometimes the gold would predominate and sometimes the indigo. Bill Porter's was a baffling spectrum of gay and somber hues.

These moods of his were inscrutable to me. At times he was so about I could scarcely get a word from him. I would go away with something with anger. And in an hour he would come over with the gentlest and subtlest persuasion to wheedle me into friendliness.

"Bill, you've got a feminine streak in you; you're so damned unreluctant." I meant it for a stinging rebuke.

Porter looked at me, putting on a foolish smile. "It makes me quite interesting and enigmatic, doesn't it, colonel?"

And then he became instantly serious. "Sometimes things look so black to me Al. I don't see much use in anything. I can't bet on myself. Sometimes I want to have nothing to do with any one and sometimes I envy the def-

ance that seems to win you so many friends."

Porter's at Jennings' Popularity.

Porter could have walked down Broadway and won the gaiting salute of every celebrity for a mile had he so wished. And yet he made that comment one day because a half dozen bartenders had called me by name.

He had been very busy getting out some stories. I had not seen him for four days. I improved the time by striking up acquaintance with the elite of the talkers. One evening I was talking across from the Flatiron Building. Both my listener and I were excitedly going through the perils of a holdup. I heard a hesitating cough. Porter was at my elbow.

"Did you find an old friend in the bartender?" he asked when we got outside.

"No, I just met him yesterday."

"Well, I stood there 10 minutes with a Sahara first on me before he turned to scratch it. You're evidently more rich than I am than my dime."

"I've been looking for you, colonel. I went into five different saloons. I asked if a diminutive

"You oughtn't to be so particular about the creature's origin. You've got your hat, haven't you?"

It was a night of gaiety. "We'll continue this in our next, colonel. Come over at noon." It was Porter's good night.

I was ready for the jaunt promptly at 12. "Mr. Porter is in his rooms—go right up," the clerk said. I reached the door, I could hear Bill stropping his razor. I knocked. He did not answer.

Mindful of the joyous buoyancy of the night before, I gave a vicious kick at the door. He did not come.

In a state of resentment and hurt pride, I rushed to my room a block away.

"He's sick and tired of me sliding in there night and day," I thought. "I grabbed my suitcase and started dumping my clothes into it. I planned to leave New York that afternoon. I was just jamming in the last few collars when

the door opened and Bill's ruddy, understanding face looked down at me.

"Forgive me, colonel, that I have not a sixth sense. I could not distinguish your knock from anyone else's." Porter slipped his hand into his pocket. "Take this, Al, and let yourself in any hour of the day or night. You'll never find Bill Porter's door or his time locked against the salt of the earth."

More eloquent than the gift of a dollar from a Shylock was this tribute from the reserved Bill Porter.

Philosophy Was Robust.

I was always under the impression that Porter's spirit, unshadowed by the walls of the Ohio penitentiary, could have been a buoyant, fantastic incarnation. He had a robust philosophy that withstood without the tarnish of cynicism the horrors of prison life.

Without these searing memories I think the debonaire grace of youth that was uppermost in his heart would have been the dominant force triumphant over the ordinary melancholy of life.

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"In what have I failed?"

"That terrible Mr. Jennings."

"You promised to bring your western friend—that terrible Mr. Jennings—to criticize the play."

"Well, I have introduced him. He waved his hand down toward me."

Miss Anglin looked me over with the trace of a smile in her eye.

"Pardon me," she said, "but I can't have associates, you know the lovely things they say of you. Did you like the play?"

I told her I didn't. I was unreal. No man of the west would shake dice for a lady in distress. The situation was unheard of and could only occur in the imagination of a fat-headed entertainer who had never set his feet beyond the Hudson.

Miss Anglin laughed merrily. "New York is wild over it. New York doesn't know any better."

Porter sat back, an expansive smile spreading light in his gray eyes. "I am inclined to agree with our friend," he offered. "The west is unacquainted with Manhattan civility." He said no more, but he kept prodding every one present with his genial quips.

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"Come in, Al." He had a picture in his hand. "That's Margaret, colonel. I want you to have the picture if anything should happen to me. I think I'd feel happy if you would look after her."

He seemed crushed and hopeless. He went over to the window and looked out.

"You know I kind of like this old dismal city of dying souls."

"What the hell has that got to do with your kicking off?"

"Nothing, but the jig is up. Colonel, have you the price let's have a little refreshment. They'll be up with a check some time, I hope."

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(Continued next week)

CHURCHES

METHODIST

Epworth—Corner State and Church streets. Miss E. K. Karpark, minister. Sunday school 9:45 a.m. Morning worship 11 o'clock. This Sunday will be observed as Williamite Sunday and a special invitation is issued to the student of the high school and the university. The pastor will preach a sermon on Christian education, using the subject, "The Untraveled Road." There will be special music under the direction of Prof. E. W. Hulston. Let us make this a day of great cooperation. At 6:20 o'clock the intermediate and senior Epworth leagues will unite in the celebration of the 32nd anniversary of the founding of the Epworth league by presenting the historical pageant, "You Are Laps of the World." This program will be of unusual interest to all young people. Evening worship at 8 o'clock. Sermon, "The Factor on the Subject," "Salvation by Substitution." The choir will furnish special music. All are cordially invited. The Epworth league will have the final meeting of the year at the church on Tuesday evening at 8:00 o'clock, with supper and social good time for all of the families of the circle. Church night on Thursday evening, 7:30 p.m.

Scandinavian Methodist—Fifteenth and Mill streets. Rev. A. D. Hazel, pastor. Preach at 11 o'clock a.m. Sunday school at 12. Don't fail to be with us if you understand our language.

St. Paul's—Chowder and Church streets. Services for Trinity Sunday. One of the five great festivals of the church year. The Epworth League will have the holy communion, 9:45 a.m. church school, 11 a.m. High school, 11:30 a.m. Epworth League, 7:30 p.m. Rev. C. H. Powell, rector.

State Institutions. Services are scheduled by the Ministerial Association as follows: state hospital, 9 a.m.; Oregon State Penitentiary, 9 a.m.; Rev. R. L. Putnam, deaf school, 2:15 p.m.; Rev. W. T. Milliken, vesting farm, 2:30 p.m.; Rev. C. W. Corby, industrial school, 3 p.m.; Rev. C. H. Powell, tuberculosis hospital, 3:15 p.m.; Epworth League, 7:30 p.m.; Power, secretary.

CHRISTIAN. First Christian—North and High streets. J. J. Evans, minister. In the absence of the pastor, Dr. Loughbridge will preach at 9:45 a.m. and 7:30 p.m. The prayer meeting will be held on Friday evening at 7:30, instead of on Thursday and will be led by the pastor.

CHURCH OF GOD. 1316 North Church street. J. J. Gilligan, pastor. Sunday school 10 a.m. available classes for all grades of pupils, with good spiritual teachers. Preaching service 11 a.m. and 7:30 p.m. Epworth League at 7:30 p.m. and preaching service following at 7:30.

UNITARIAN. First Unitarian Church—Cheneketa street. Services in the evening only at 7:30 o'clock, with preaching by the acting pastor, Rev. Frank Eddy. The sermon topic for Sunday evening is "The Why of Unitarianism." A brief but comprehensive statement of the history and doctrinal development of Unitarianism will be given. Those who feel that they have arrived at a point in their spiritual life when they need a broad statement of the essentials of universal religion which welcomes all the truth which philosophy and science can give are especially invited to attend this service. The soloist will be Miss Frances Ward.

BAPTIST. First Baptist—William T. Milliken, pastor. Bible school at 9:45, 11 E. Hewitt, superintendent. Morning worship at 11, evening worship at 8. Morning service 11:15 a.m. Subject, "Salvation." Evening subject, "Sanctification by the Word." Senior B.Y.P.U. meets at Hayesville this evening at 6:15. Miss Ruth Ross, leader. Second division B.Y.P.U. meets at 6:50. Orville Pierce, leader. Topic, "My Favorite Saying of Christ, say Why." Intermediate B.Y.P.U. at 6:50. On Monday evening normal class meeting at 7:30 and B.Y.P.U. class at 8:00. Only four more meetings in the classes after Monday night. Full attendance requested.

EVANGELICAL LUTHERAN. East State and Eighteenth streets—Sunday school at 9 a.m. Divine service (German) at 10:30 a.m. Evening service (English) at 7:30 p.m. Subject, "There is a Trinity." Visitors are welcome. George Koehler, pastor.

WANTED

Wanted: Jennings to Run for Mayor.

"You ought to come here and run for mayor. You'd be elected sure. And then you could appoint me your secretary. We'd be in clover."

Many hours later we wheeled around again near the Flatiron building. My hat was carried away in the tornado and then hustled down the street.

I started to run after it. Porter's firm, strong hand was on my arm. "Don't colonel, some one will bring it to you. The north wind is considerable. It pays indignities on the damage wrought. It will send a porter to return your headpiece to you."

"Like hell it will!"

A likely chance it seemed at 2 o'clock in the morning. I shook off his arm, determined to recover my property, when dashing up from nowhere came an old man.

"Pardon me, sir, is this yours?"

"For the second time in my life I heard Bill Porter send up that hubbubbing, convulsive laugh of his."

"Where in thunder did that old fellow come from, anyway?"

"You oughtn't to be so particular about the creature's origin. You've got your hat, haven't you?"

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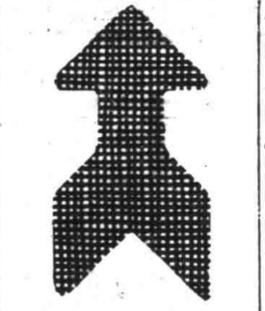
(Continued next week)



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<p>—AND LIE ON YOUR BACK UNDERNEATH—AND OIL DRIPS INTO YOUR EAR</p>	<p>—AND YOU GIVE UP, AND HAVE TO BE TOWED TO A GARAGE—AND YOU WONDER WHY IN BLAZES YOU EVER BOUGHT A CAR</p>
<p>—AND NEXT DAY A FRIEND TELLS YOU ABOUT DOUBLE SEALS—AND YOU GIVE THEM A TRY</p>	<p>—AND THE OLD BOAT PICKS UP JUST LIKE SHE DID THE DAY SHE WAS MARKED F.O.B. DETROIT—OH BOY!—THAT'S MOTORING!</p>

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