

Chapter 1 : O Henry - Biography and Works. Search Texts, Read Online. Discuss.

When the bank comes calling for its money, what is a broke entrepreneur to do? In ~'A Call Loan,~' O. Henry tells the Western tale of a business deal that moves too slowly and a loan that catches.

Henry In those days the cattlemen were the anointed. They were the grandees of the grass, kings of the kine, lords of the lea, barons of beef and bone. They might have ridden in golden chariots had their tastes so inclined. The cattleman was caught in a stampede of dollars. It seemed to him that he had more money than was decent. But when he had bought a watch with precious stones set in the case so large that they hurt his ribs, and a California saddle with silver nails and Angora skin suaderos, and ordered everybody up to the bar for whisky--what else was there for him to spend money for? Not so circumscribed in expedient for the reduction of surplus wealth were those lairds of the lariat who had womenfolk to their name. In the breast of the rib-sprung sex the genius of purse lightening may slumber through years of inopportunity, but never, my brothers, does it become extinct. So, out of the chaparral came Long Bill Longley from the Bar Circle Branch on the Frio--a wife-driven man--to taste the urban joys of success. Something like half a million dollars he had, with an income steadily increasing. Long Bill was a graduate of the camp and trail. Luck and thrift, a cool head, and a telescopic eye for mavericks had raised him from cowboy to be a cowman. Then came the boom in cattle, and Fortune, stepping gingerly among the cactus thorns, came and emptied her cornucopia at the doorstep of the ranch. In the little frontier city of Chaparosa, Longley built a costly residence. Here he became a captive, bound to the chariot of social existence. He was doomed to become a leading citizen. He struggled for a time like a mustang in his first corral, and then he hung up his quirt and spurs. Time hung heavily on his hands. He organised the First National Bank of Chaparosa, and was elected its president. Five minutes later the bank force was dancing at the beck and call of a national bank examiner. Edgar Todd, proved to be a thorough one. At the end of it all the examiner put on his hat, and called the president, Mr. Longley, into the private office. Longley," said Todd; "and I find your loans in very good shape--with one exception. You are carrying one very bad bit of paper--one that is so bad that I have been thinking that you surely do not realise the serious position it places you in. Not only is the amount in excess of the maximum sum the bank can loan any individual legally, but it is absolutely without endorsement or security. Thus you have doubly violated the national banking laws, and have laid yourself open to criminal prosecution by the Government. A report of the matter to the Comptroller of the Currency--which I am bound to make--would, I am sure, result in the matter being turned over to the Department of Justice for action. You see what a serious thing it is. His hands were clasped behind his head, and he turned a little to look the examiner in the face. The examiner was surprised to see a smile creep about the rugged mouth of the banker, and a kindly twinkle in his light-blue eyes. If he saw the seriousness of the affair, it did not show in his countenance. He looked at the chaparral banker through his double-magnifying glasses in amazement. Tom knew it and I knew it. It was, perhaps, his duty to step out to the telegraph office and wire the situation to the Comptroller. But he did not. He talked pointedly and effectively to Longley for three minutes. He succeeded in making the banker understand that he stood upon the border of a catastrophe. And then he offered a tiny loophole of escape. I will pass through Chaparosa on my way back. If this loan has been cleared out of the way by that time it will not be mentioned in my report. If not--I will have to do my duty. Merwin, a ranchman in brown duck, with a contemplative eye, sat with his feet upon a table, plaiting a rawhide quirt. It goes down on the narrow-gauge to-night. That leaves our cash quite short at present. It was near the edge of the little town, and few citizens were in the neighbourhood at that hour. Merwin wore two six-shooters in a belt, and a slouch hat. He moved swiftly down a lonely street, and then followed the sandy road that ran parallel to the narrow-gauge track until he reached the water- tank, two miles below the town. There Tom Merwin stopped, tied a black silk handkerchief about the lower part of his face, and pulled his hat down low. In ten minutes the night train for Rockdell pulled up at the tank, having come from Chaparosa. With a gun in each hand Merwin raised himself from behind a clump of chaparral and started for the engine. But before he had taken three steps, two long, strong arms clasped him from behind, and he was lifted from his feet and thrown, face downward upon the grass. There was a heavy knee pressing

against his back, and an iron hand grasping each of his wrists. He was held thus, like a child, until the engine had taken water, and until the train had moved, with accelerating speed, out of sight. Then he was released, and rose to his feet to face Bill Longley. Then I went down to your house to-night and saw you come out with your guns on, and I followed you. Maybe we can--Great Sam Houston! He kicked it open and fell over an old valise lying in the middle of the floor. A sunburned, firm-jawed youth, stained by travel, lay upon the bed puffing at a brown cigarette. Sold the bunch for fifteen, straight. Get started by clicking the "Add" button. Add A Call Loan to your own personal library.

Chapter 2 : A Call Loan by O Henry

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Chapter 3 : Short stories : A Call Loan by O. Henry | Prowl in virtual world

A Call Loan. In those days the cattlemen were the anointed. They were the grandees of the grass, kings of the kine, lords of the lea, barons of beef and bone.

This section needs additional citations for verification. Please help improve this article by adding citations to reliable sources. Unsourced material may be challenged and removed. He changed the spelling of his middle name to Sydney in His parents were Dr. When William was three, his mother died after birthing her third child, and he and his father moved into the home of his paternal grandmother. He then enrolled at the Lindsey Street High School. His aunt continued to tutor him until he was At the drugstore, he also showed his natural artistic talents by sketching the townsfolk. Hall to Texas in March , hoping that a change of air would help alleviate a persistent cough he had developed. While on the ranch, he learned bits of Spanish and German from the mix of immigrant ranch hands. He also spent time reading classic literature. Porter resided with the Harrells for three years. He went to work briefly for the Morley Brothers Drug Company as a pharmacist. He also began writing as a sideline and wrote many of his early stories in the Harrell house. As a young bachelor, Porter led an active social life in Austin. He was known for his wit, story-telling and musical talents. He played both the guitar and mandolin. He sang in the choir at St. Porter family in early sâ€™Athol, Margaret daughter , William Porter met and began courting Athol Estes, 17 years old and from a wealthy family. Her mother objected to the match because Athol was ill, suffering from tuberculosis. Smoot, pastor of the Central Presbyterian Church , where the Estes family attended church. The couple continued to participate in musical and theater groups, and Athol encouraged her husband to pursue his writing. Athol gave birth to a son in , who died hours after birth, and then daughter Margaret Worth Porter in September The salary was enough to support his family, but he continued his contributions to magazines and newspapers. The castle-like building he worked in was even woven into some of his tales such as "Bexar Scrip No. His job at the GLO was a political appointment by Hall. Hall ran for governor in the election of but lost. Porter resigned on January 21, , the day after the new governor, Jim Hogg , was sworn in. The bank was operated informally, and Porter was apparently careless in keeping his books and may have embezzled funds. In , he was accused by the bank of embezzlement and lost his job but was not indicted at the time. He then worked full-time on his humorous weekly called The Rolling Stone, which he started while working at the bank. Although eventually reaching a top circulation of 1., The Rolling Stone failed in April because the paper never provided an adequate income. However, his writing and drawings had caught the attention of the editor at the Houston Post. Porter and his family moved to Houston in , where he started writing for the Post. Porter gathered ideas for his column by loitering in hotel lobbies and observing and talking to people there. This was a technique he used throughout his writing career. While he was in Houston, federal auditors audited the First National Bank of Austin and found the embezzlement shortages that led to his firing. A federal indictment followed, and he was arrested on charges of embezzlement. He was due to stand trial on July 7, , but the day before, as he was changing trains to get to the courthouse, an impulse hit him. He fled, first to New Orleans and later to Honduras, with which the United States had no extradition treaty at that time. William lived in Honduras for only six months, until January There he became friends with Al Jennings , a notorious train robber, who later wrote a book about their friendship. Unfortunately, Athol became too ill to meet Porter in Honduras as he had planned. When he learned that his wife was dying, Porter returned to Austin in February and surrendered to the court, pending trial. Athol Estes Porter died from tuberculosis then known as consumption on July 25, He was sentenced to five years in prison and imprisoned on March 25, , at the Ohio Penitentiary in Columbus, Ohio. Porter was a licensed pharmacist and was able to work in the prison hospital as the night druggist. He was given his own room in the hospital wing, and there is no record that he actually spent time in the cell block of the prison. He had 14 stories published under various pseudonyms while he was in prison but was becoming best known as "O. A friend of his in New Orleans would forward his stories to publishers so that they had no idea that the writer was imprisoned. Porter was released on July 24, , for good behavior after serving three years. Margaret was never told that her father had been in prisonâ€™just that he had been away on business. While there, he

wrote short stories. His wit, characterization, and plot twists were adored by his readers but often panned by critics. Porter married again in to childhood sweetheart Sarah Sallie Lindsey Coleman, whom he met again after revisiting his native state of North Carolina. Sarah Lindsey Coleman was herself a writer and wrote a romanticized and fictionalized version of their correspondence and courtship in her novella *Wind of Destiny*. In , Sarah left him, and he died on June 5, , of cirrhosis of the liver , complications of diabetes , and an enlarged heart. She married cartoonist Oscar Cesare of New York in ; they were divorced four years later. She died of tuberculosis in and is buried next to her father. Stories[edit] Portrait of Porter used as frontispiece in the posthumous collection of short stories *Waifs and Strays* O. In his day he was called the American answer to Guy de Maupassant. While both authors wrote plot twist endings, O. Many take place in New York City and deal for the most part with ordinary people: Henry had an inimitable hand for isolating some element of society and describing it with an incredible economy and grace of language. Some of his best and least-known work is contained in *Cabbages and Kings* , a series of stories each of which explores some individual aspect of life in a paralytically sleepy Central American town, while advancing some aspect of the larger plot and relating back one to another. *Cabbages and Kings* was his first collection of stories, followed by *The Four Million*. Henry, everyone in New York counted. He had an obvious affection for the city, which he called "Bagdad-on-the-Subway", [7] and many of his stories are set thereâ€”while others are set in small towns or in other cities. His final work was "Dream", a short story intended for the magazine *The Cosmopolitan* but left incomplete at the time of his death. The essential premise of this story has been copied, re-worked, parodied, and otherwise re-told countless times in the century since it was written. Despite efforts at petty theft, vandalism, disorderly conduct, and "flirting" with a young prostitute, Soapy fails to draw the attention of the police. Disconsolate, he pauses in front of a church, where an organ anthem inspires him to clean up his life; ironically, he is charged for loitering and sentenced to three months in prison. He goes to a town bank to case it before he robs it. They immediately fall in love and Valentine decides to give up his criminal career. He moves into the town, taking up the identity of Ralph Spencer, a shoemaker. Just as he is about to leave to deliver his specialized tools to an old associate, a lawman who recognizes him arrives at the bank. Knowing it will seal his fate, Valentine opens the safe to rescue the child. In later film and TV depictions, the Kid would be portrayed as a dashing adventurer, perhaps skirting the edges of the law, but primarily on the side of the angels. In the original short story, the only story by Porter to feature the character, the Kid is a murderous, ruthless border desperado, whose trail is dogged by a heroic Texas Ranger. The twist ending is, unusually for Porter, tragic. Pen name[edit] Porter used a number of pen names including "O. Henry" or "Olivier Henry" in the early part of his writing career; other names included S. Dowd, and Howard Clark. Henry" seemed to garner the most attention from editors and the public, and was used exclusively by Porter for his writing by about He gave various explanations for the origin of his pen name. It was during these New Orleans days that I adopted my pen name of O. I said to a friend: Help me pick out a good one. In the society columns we found the account of a fashionable ball. I want something short. None of your three-syllable names for me. I replied, "O stands for Olivier, the French for Oliver. Dispensary which Porter used working in the prison pharmacy. Henry Award is a prestigious annual prize named after Porter and given to outstanding short stories. A film was made in featuring five stories, called *O. Henry House* and *O. Henry Hall* , both in Austin, Texas, are named for him. Henry was convicted of embezzlement.

Chapter 4 : A Call Loan by O'Henry

I refer to a call loan of \$10, made to Thomas Merwin. Not only is the amount in excess of the maximum sum the bank can loan any individual legally, but it is absolutely without endorsement or security.

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Chapter 5 : The Call Loan () - IMDb

These assessments will quiz you on A Call Loan by O. Henry. For the quiz, you'll be covering key topics like the problem at the First National Bank of Chaparosa and a definition of a call loan.

They were the grandees of the grass, kings of the kine, lords of the lea, barons of beef and bone. They might have ridden in golden chariots had their tastes so inclined. The cattleman was caught in a stampede of dollars. It seemed to him that he had more money than was decent. Not so circumscribed in expedient for the reduction of surplus wealth were those lairds of the lariat who had womenfolk to their name. In the breast of the rib-sprung sex the genius of purse lightening may slumber through years of inopportunities, but never, my brothers, does it become extinct. So, out of the chaparral came Long Bill Longley from the Bar Circle Branch on the Frio--a wife-driven man--to taste the urban joys of success. Something like half a million dollars he had, with an income steadily increasing. Long Bill was a graduate of the camp and trail. Luck and thrift, a cool head, and a telescopic eye for mavericks had raised him from cowboy to be a cowman. Then came the boom in cattle, and Fortune, stepping gingerly among the cactus thorns, came and emptied her cornucopia at the doorstep of the ranch. In the little frontier city of Chaparosa, Longley built a costly residence. Here he became a captive, bound to the chariot of social existence. He was doomed to become a leading citizen. He struggled for a time like a mustang in his first corral, and then he hung up his quirt and spurs. Time hung heavily on his hands. He organised the First National Bank of Chaparosa, and was elected its president. Five minutes later the bank force was dancing at the beck and call of a national bank examiner. Edgar Todd, proved to be a thorough one. At the end of it all the examiner put on his hat, and called the president, Mr. Longley, into the private office. Longley," said Todd; "and I find your loans in very good shape--with one exception. You are carrying one very bad bit of paper--one that is so bad that I have been thinking that you surely do not realise the serious position it places you in. Not only is the amount in excess of the maximum sum the bank can loan any individual legally, but it is absolutely without endorsement or security. Thus you have doubly violated the national banking laws, and have laid yourself open to criminal prosecution by the Government. A report of the matter to the Comptroller of the Currency--which I am bound to make--would, I am sure, result in the matter being turned over to the Department of Justice for action. You see what a serious thing it is. His hands were clasped behind his head, and he turned a little to look the examiner in the face. The examiner was surprised to see a smile creep about the rugged mouth of the banker, and a kindly twinkle in his light-blue eyes. If he saw the seriousness of the affair, it did not show in his countenance. He looked at the chaparral banker through his double-magnifying glasses in amazement. Tom knew it and I knew it. It was, perhaps, his duty to step out to the telegraph office and wire the situation to the Comptroller. But he did not. He talked pointedly and effectively to Longley for three minutes. He succeeded in making the banker understand that he stood upon the border of a catastrophe. And then he offered a tiny loophole of escape. I will pass through Chaparosa on my way back. If this loan has been cleared out of the way by that time it will not be mentioned in my report. If not--I will have to do my duty. Merwin, a ranchman in brown duck, with a contemplative eye, sat with his feet upon a table, plaiting a rawhide quirt. It goes down on the narrow-gauge to-night. That leaves our cash quite short at present. It was near the edge of the little town, and few citizens were in the neighbourhood at that hour. Merwin wore two six-shooters in a belt, and a slouch hat. He moved swiftly down a lonely street, and then followed the sandy road that ran parallel to the narrow-gauge track until he reached the water-tank, two miles below the town. There Tom Merwin stopped, tied a black silk handkerchief about the lower part of his face, and pulled his hat down low. In ten minutes the night train for Rockdell pulled up at the tank, having come from Chaparosa. With a gun in each hand Merwin raised himself from behind a clump of chaparral and started for the engine. But before he had taken three steps, two long, strong arms clasped him from behind, and he was lifted from his feet and thrown, face downward upon the grass. There was a heavy knee pressing against his back, and an iron hand grasping each of his wrists. He was held thus, like a child, until the engine had taken water, and until the train had moved, with accelerating speed, out of sight. Then he was released, and rose to his feet to face Bill Longley. Then I went down to your house to-night and saw you come out with

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Chapter 6 : A Call Loan by O. Henry | MyEnglishZBS

by O. HenÅ-ry. In those days the catÅ-tleÅ-men were the anointÅ-ed. They were the grandees of the grass, kings of the kine, lords of the lea, barons of beef and bone.

Biography of O Henry O. And sixty cents of it was in pennies. Three times Della counted it. One dollar and eighty-seven cents. And the next day would be Christmas. The two brothers of William were Shirley Worth and David Weir who both died in early childhood. She wrote poetry and had a promising artistic temperament with a natural eye for drawing and painting, surely a talent which young Will inherited. She ran her household with a firm but loving hand. Tragically she died of tuberculosis at the age of thirty when Will was only three years old. His father Sidney was a gentle and good humoured man, gregarious, and generous to a fault. Absent-minded with a long flowing beard, he travelled Guilford county visiting his patients. As was the custom of the time, he never sent invoices to his patients; they were expected to settle once a year. Without his wife to stay on top of their accounts, finances dwindled and Sidney started to drink. Sidney became increasingly occupied with various inventions he was developing, poking about in his workshop with such contraptions as a perpetual motion water wheel. She became teacher, parent, and mentor to him. Will studied the basics there, writing and arithmetic, and he read classic literature and poetry. He was very clever with a pencil and loved to draw caricatures. The combined pharmacy, soda fountain, tobacco shop, and newsstand was the local gathering spot. Porter became immersed in the social scene, entertaining the customers with stories and drawing caricatures of them for which he became well known. He saw the humour in the everyday, and made notes of all the colourful characters he encountered, fodder for his future stories. He also obtained a pharmacist license in Small town life was not to hold him for long, however, and he had developed a persistent cough. Thinking that a change of climate would do him well, at the age of eighteen he moved to Texas, settling in Austin in He was already writing short stories while he held a number of jobs including pharmacist before working with the Texas Land Office. Around this time he met Athol Estes Roach. They married in and had a daughter, Margaret Worth d. With a steady income Porter was now able to focus on his writing. In he began work as a bank teller with the First National Bank. In Porter launched a humorous weekly magazine The Rolling Stone no relation to the current magazine, founded in It featured political and every day satirical articles and cartoons, all by Will himself, which he also published. After time spent in Honduras, during which Porter coined the term "banana republic", he had to return to Texas to face charges of embezzlement. His wife was also was suffering from tuberculosis and he rushed to see her. Athol died in July of They then moved to Pittsburg, Pennsylvania. Margaret never knew that her father had spent time in prison. She was always told he was away on business. In he began a five-year sentence in Columbus, Ohio federal prison. Around this time he changed his name to Sydney. Thereafter a number of his stories written in prison appeared in print, always under a pseudonym, his favourite being "O. The general public did not know of his prison term until after his death. After being released from prison in just three years, Porter moved on to the next chapter in his life: Porter crafted everyday tales of myriad characters, many recurring, based in New York City with humour, wit, and realism. Porter also wrote numerous stories set in Western and South and Central America. Troubled by ill-health and heavy drinking for many years, surely Porter was happy when he married his childhood sweetheart from Greensboro, Sara Sallie Lindsey Coleman, in But Porter was living an extravagant lifestyle amid increasing pressure to keep his commitments to publishers for more and more stories. This stress plus added financial problems led to Sara leaving in him in William Sidney Porter died of cirrhosis on 5 June, A funeral was held in New York City. His daughter was later buried beside him. Henry Museum in Austen, Texas, open to the public, serves to preserve artifacts and archival materials related to O. I have nothing to say on the question, sir; Nothing to say to you. And the sun went down and the moon came up, And he talked till the dawn of day; Though he said, "On this subject mentioned by you, I have nothing whatever to say. Henry Biography written by C. Merriman for Jalic Inc. Copyright Jalic Inc The above biography is copyrighted. Do not republish it without permission. All I can find out about her is that Margaret Worth Porter died in which made her 38, about 9 years younger than her father who died of health problems

caused or worsened by alcoholism. Did she have creative leanings? Did she have any accomplishment at all of her own? Did she ever marry? Short for Young Kids? I recently sponsored a Great Books Club for 4th through 6th graders and would love to have them read an O Henry short story that is appropriate for their age, especially one that features a child so they could better relate. Can someone who really knows their stuff suggest a good one? Thank you very much! She gives him a gift to match his blue eyes --they are still blue to her but are clouded now, maybe cataracts. He gives her a gift to match her hair color red I think but it has turned gray. I need the reference for a piece I am writing about couples that reconnect after many years, very grateful for help. It was within a collection of short stories I have, and just so happened to be the next story in the collection I came to right around Thanksgiving time. I have to say that thus far I really do like his work though I have only read two stories, I enjoyed both of them a great deal and find that he truly is a master and clever craftsman with his sto I have heard that he does write horror stories and things of that nature so I have been curious to read his works. I it was by chance that I came across one of his stories within one of my short story collections. I was surprised by how expertly written each story I have read so far was, as I did not really recognize any of the authors names included within the collection, until I came across O Henry. Now I am intrigued to look up the other authors included to see if they too are all known writers who are simply not known to me. Mammon and The Archer was qui Henry short story that involves a married couple. They go about their day either being helpful or nasty to people they encounter then switch roles the next day. Thanks in advance to anyone who can help me He wrote so naturally and without much difficulty as if it was but to breathe to him. What makes him great in my opinion can be listed as such: What would you say about that? Henry I am looking for a short stories written by O. Henry, but I only remember the plot of it. One is a handsome hunter in the mountain and the other is a pretty young peasant maid. They met in the foot of the Alps and fell in love with each other. But in fact both of them are from the upper class of their society. Because of tiring of the life of luxury and privilege of their class, they went to the Alps to live a rural live. But at last, their love story was put to an end, as they know the status of the other. Could anybody knew it tell me the title ASAP: Summary of the ransom of Red Cheif This story tells of a young boy held for ransom by two money hungry criminals, Bill Driscoll and Sam Howard. Do you guys also have problems with many phrases in O. Posted By yessjj in Henry, O 4 Replies the listener? Can anyone help me to find a story by O Henry which my mother read as a child she is now 80 - she believes it was called "The Listener" and would dearly love to read it again. I have been unable to find anything with this title and wondered whether anyone would recognise the tale of a person who hears the goings on of others. I would be so grateful if anyone could help. Posted By rkirk in Henry, O 2 Replies.

Chapter 7 : English Literature: Themes, Styles & Techniques of www.nxgvision.com

Irony is a verbal or situational context involving outcomes that are either unexpected, unanticipated, or actually the opposite of what they should be.

Like many other writers, O. Henry's first creative expressions came while working in the pharmacy where he would sketch the townspeople that frequented the store. The customers reacted warmly to his drawings and he was admired for his artistry and drawing skills. Henry moved to Texas in March of 1891, hoping to get rid of a persistent cough that he had developed. While there, he took up residence on a sheep ranch, learned shepherding, cooking, babysitting, and bits of Spanish and German from the many migrant farmhands. He had an active social life in Austin and was a fine musician, skilled with the guitar and mandolin. Over the next several years, Porter -- as he was still known -- took a number of different jobs, from pharmacy to drafting, journalism, and banking. Banking, in particular, was not to be O. Henry's. His father-in-law posted bail for him, but he fled the day before the trial in 1892, first to New Orleans, then to Honduras, where there was no extradition treaty. He befriended a notorious train robber there, Al Jennings, who later wrote a book about their friendship. Henry sent his wife and daughter back to Texas, after which he holed up in a hotel to write his first collection of short stories, *Cabbages and Kings*, published in 1896. He learned his wife was dying of tuberculosis and could not join him in Honduras, so he returned to Austin and turned himself in to the court. His father-in-law again posted his bail so he could remain with his wife until her death in 1897. He was sentenced and served in Federal prison in Ohio for five years from 1897 to 1902. During his jail time, he returned to practicing pharmacy and had a room in the hospital, never having to live in a cell. Henry was always a lover of classic literature, and while pursuing his many ventures, O. Henry had begun writing as a hobby. Henry collected ideas for his column by loitering in hotel lobbies and observing and talking to people there. He relied on this technique to gain creative inspiration throughout his writing career; which is a fun fact to keep in mind while reading an imaginative masterpiece of a story like *Transients in Arcadia*. The stories were set in a midwestern American town in which sub-plots and larger plots are interwoven in an engaging manner. His second collection of stories, *The Four Million*, was released in 1903. The stories are set in New York City, and the title is based on the population of the city at that time. The collection contained several short story masterpieces, including *The Gift of the Magi*, *The Cop and the Anthem*, and many others. Henry had an obvious affection for New York City and its diversity of people and places, a reverence that rises up through many of his stories. His most famous short story, *The Gift of the Magi*, epitomizes his style. That problem -- their lack of funds -- finds a famously endearing and ironic resolution. *The Cop and the Anthem* is about a New York City hobo with a creative solution for dealing with the cold city streets during winter. Another story, *A Retrieved Reformation*, is about a safecracker, Jimmy Valentine, fresh from prison, whose life takes an unexpected turn while trying to come clean or is he casing his next crime scene? *The Ransom of Red Chief*, a story about two hapless kidnappers who snatch a heinous boy whose menacing ways turn the tables on them. By 1907, his health had deteriorated and his writing dropped off accordingly. He died in 1910 of cirrhosis of the liver, complications of diabetes, and an enlarged heart. The funeral was held in New York City, but he was buried in North Carolina, the state where he was born. He was a gifted short story writer and left us a rich legacy of great stories to enjoy. Enjoy some illustrated Short Stories from O. Henry; click to read.

Chapter 8 : What is the theme of "A Retrieved Reformation"? | eNotes

Please help? In "A Call Loan" by O. Henry, a bank examiner visits the small frontier town where Long Bill Longley runs a bank. How does the presence of the bank examiner help make the story an example of Regionalism?

Arnett 1 His father, Algernon Sidney Porter, was a physician. When William was three, his mother died, and he was raised by his grandmother. William was a good reader, but at fifteen he left school, and worked in a drug store and on a Texas ranch. He moved to Houston, where he had many jobs, including that of bank clerk. He joined the Houston Post as a columnist. He was convicted of embezzling money, but there has been much debate over whether he was guilty or not. In he entered a penitentiary at Columbus, Ohio. During his time in prison O. Henry started to write short stories to earn money to support his daughter Margaret. After doing three years of the five years sentence being released on good behavior, Porter emerged from the prison in and changed his name to O. Some common themes of O. Henry are deception, mistaken identity, the effects of coincidence, the unchangeable nature of the fate and the resolution of seemingly unsolvable difficulties separating two lovers. Twentieth Century Literary Criticism Vol. The Duel relates to the theme of the city as an imagination. The Duel has the city glowing with lights seen at midnight from a hotel window: He uses this in a large amount of his stories. Many adults who read O. They lead you on it the beginning with a thought that everything is going according to plan. He has something waiting for us at the end of the book. Something that would seem like it came out of no where. Where a husband sells his watch to buy his wife some combs she worshiped, and the wife cut and sold her hair to buy her husband a chain for his watch. This was such a surprise because you never expected this in the beginning. The reader never expected the wife to cut her hair when her husband was buying her combs, and the husband to sell his watch when the wife bought him a chain for it. Henry had an idea that life is a surprise that the unexpected continually happens. They hate conformity they loathe following the rules. They prefer to make there own rules, and they are also in touch with nature. They love the outdoors. Rollins is saying that O. Henry is a romanticist because of his idea that life is a surprise. His idea about how life happens unexpectedly. A surprise at the end of the story can bring joy to readers. The key to a surprise is that it has to be believable. In other words, you can accept the endings of the stories as the mark of a good writer and know that O. Henry tricked you once again. The one with the most stories is New York with stories based in New York. Henry moved to New York City in after he was released from prison. He lived there for the rest of his life, setting many of his stories there. William loved New York City. He was fascinated by the shops, and the nightlife. He also loved the glamour. At the height of his popularity, Porter could eat in the nicest restaurants and buy tickets for the most popular shows. Yet he never forgot about the thousands of working-class New Yorkers who lived very differently. Even when his life was very successful, he kept an eye on the "common folk" and wrote about the "four million" New Yorkers that other writers tended to ignore. Henry was good at using. He used many different techniques and different styles in his writing one of the techniques his like using was local color. Henry, He came directly from a southern background being born in North Carolina. The cultural tradition he inherited brought out a deep influence on his literary career. About thirty of his stories were placed in the old south setting or had to do with activities and attitudes of southern characters. When he writes he puts out a realistic dialogue from his childhood, his own history, and first hand observations of the various classes of people he knew and lived with. Henry was born in the south so most of his stories talk about the lifestyles of the people in the south. His characters models are people who were around O. His narrative methods came from him dealing with Texas outlaws also from his childhood in the south. That is because he was there and witnessed it first hand. So he takes them and puts them into his story so that they can become major characters based on the way they were around him. Henry moved from the south to Texas and was later in jail all of these things had an impact on the way his stories were written. Henry published fourteen of his best stories. They each played a significant part in his life and in his stories. Henry either wrote like a humorist like A. Hooper or he wrote with local color. Both ways you can tell that the characters had southern attitudes, manners, and speech. An example of O. The story starts off first person narrative and follows a detailed description. At each turn of the story the irony gets

further complicating. Henry, This is just one example of how O. Henry uses many different literary devices. A writer said that in the many allusions to Shakespeare found in O. Henry, A different Technique is the way he can put together his words so that the common people were able to understand him. There is no doubt that the presence of slang makes O. Henry more favorable to the general public, because the public is drawn to a writer who turns down academic facts of speech. Henry is a master of felicitous expressions and strange verbal flavors. Henry, The light touch of O. Henry writes, he has a touch that is unbelievable, the way he makes everything fall together. Each line is unique in a way because he writes like he talks, but in some cases he is able to use academic terms in his writings. He just builds up a picture for us. The genial and winning fancy seems to carry the most fantastic situations. Henry used to sketch so his words are based on some pictures. These two ideas are reoccurring themes in techniques in O. Henry had a very humorous style. Henry as a stylist is humor. Henry had a good sense of humor and liked to show ironic situations. Some of his stories, such as "The Ransom of Red Chief," are very funny throughout. Others deal with serious subjects and only have a little bit of humor. A Majority of the humor that O. Henry writes takes the form of irony. When an author uses a word to mean the exact opposite of its real meaning that is "irony. The author sets up a scene one way, and then the opposite of what you expect actually happens. An example is when Plumer, the homeless man in "A Madison Square Arabian Night," realizes that he must teach some manners to a wealthy and well-respected man. Coincidence also plays a key role in most of O. The odd coincidences that the characters experience add another element of humor to the story. For example, in "After Twenty Years," two old friends have plans to meet. But one has just learned something different about the other, and this leads to an unexpected event. Henry enjoyed using in his work along with the surprise endings. He loved it because both of these tools together kept the readers attention and kept the suspense up for the entire story. While other said it is fair to compare him with anybody. The combination of technical excellence with whimsical,sparkling wit, abundant humor and fertile invention is so rae that the reader is content without comparisons. Henry the way in which he wrote so many stories was amazing. Towards the end of his life things started to fall out. He married Sara Lindsay Coleman in , but the marriage was not happy, and they separated a year later. Henry died of cirrhosis of the liver on June 5, , in New York.

Chapter 9 : What is the irony in a call loan by o'henry

Famous Short Stories "A Call Loan" by O. Henry.

Title Listing In those days the cattlemen were the anointed. They were the grandees of the grass, kings of the kine, lords of the lea, barons of beef and bone. They might have ridden in golden chariots had their tastes so inclined. The cattleman was caught in a stampede of dollars. It seemed to him that he had more money than was decent. But when he had bought a watch with precious stones set in the case so large that they hurt his ribs, and a California saddle with silver nails and Angora skin suaderos, and ordered everybody up to the bar for whisky--what else was there for him to spend money for? Not so circumscribed in expedient for the reduction of surplus wealth were those lairds of the lariat who had womenfolk to their name. In the breast of the rib-sprung sex the genius of purse lightening may slumber through years of inopportunities, but never, my brothers, does it become extinct. So, out of the chaparral came Long Bill Longley from the Bar Circle Branch on the Frio--a wife-driven man--to taste the urban joys of success. Something like half a million dollars he had, with an income steadily increasing. Long Bill was a graduate of the camp and trail. Luck and thrift, a cool head, and a telescopic eye for mavericks had raised him from cowboy to be a cowman. Then came the boom in cattle, and Fortune, stepping gingerly among the cactus thorns, came and emptied her cornucopia at the doorstep of the ranch. In the little frontier city of Chaparosa, Longley built a costly residence. Here he became a captive, bound to the chariot of social existence. He was doomed to become a leading citizen. He struggled for a time like a mustang in his first corral, and then he hung up his quirt and spurs. Time hung heavily on his hands. He organised the First National Bank of Chaparosa, and was elected its president. Five minutes later the bank force was dancing at the beck and call of a national bank examiner. Edgar Todd, proved to be a thorough one. At the end of it all the examiner put on his hat, and called the president, Mr. Longley, into the private office. Longley," said Todd; "and I find your loans in very good shape--with one exception. You are carrying one very bad bit of paper--one that is so bad that I have been thinking that you surely do not realise the serious position it places you in. Not only is the amount in excess of the maximum sum the bank can loan any individual legally, but it is absolutely without endorsement or security. Thus you have doubly violated the national banking laws, and have laid yourself open to criminal prosecution by the Government. A report of the matter to the Comptroller of the Currency--which I am bound to make--would, I am sure, result in the matter being turned over to the Department of Justice for action. You see what a serious thing it is. His hands were clasped behind his head, and he turned a little to look the examiner in the face. The examiner was surprised to see a smile creep about the rugged mouth of the banker, and a kindly twinkle in his light-blue eyes. If he saw the seriousness of the affair, it did not show in his countenance. He looked at the chaparral banker through his double-magnifying glasses in amazement. Tom knew it and I knew it. It was, perhaps, his duty to step out to the telegraph office and wire the situation to the Comptroller. But he did not. He talked pointedly and effectively to Longley for three minutes. He succeeded in making the banker understand that he stood upon the border of a catastrophe. And then he offered a tiny loophole of escape. I will pass through Chaparosa on my way back. If this loan has been cleared out of the way by that time it will not be mentioned in my report. If not--I will have to do my duty. Merwin, a ranchman in brown duck, with a contemplative eye, sat with his feet upon a table, plaiting a rawhide quirt. It goes down on the narrow-gauge to-night. That leaves our cash quite short at present. It was near the edge of the little town, and few citizens were in the neighbourhood at that hour. Merwin wore two six-shooters in a belt, and a slouch hat. He moved swiftly down a lonely street, and then followed the sandy road that ran parallel to the narrow-gauge track until he reached the water- tank, two miles below the town. There Tom Merwin stopped, tied a black silk handkerchief about the lower part of his face, and pulled his hat down low. In ten minutes the night train for Rockdell pulled up at the tank, having come from Chaparosa. With a gun in each hand Merwin raised himself from behind a clump of chaparral and started for the engine. But before he had taken three steps, two long, strong arms clasped him from behind, and he was lifted from his feet and thrown, face downward upon the grass. There was a heavy knee pressing against his back, and an iron hand grasping each of his wrists. He was held thus, like a child, until the engine

had taken water, and until the train had moved, with accelerating speed, out of sight. Then he was released, and rose to his feet to face Bill Longley. Then I went down to your house to-night and saw you come out with your guns on, and I followed you. Maybe we can--Great Sam Houston! He kicked it open and fell over an old valise lying in the middle of the floor. A sunburned, firm-jawed youth, stained by travel, lay upon the bed puffing at a brown cigarette. Sold the bunch for fifteen, straight.