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FISHERMEN'S RUBBER BOOTS A SPECIALTY

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St. Andrews, N. B.

Adv. in the Beacon For Results

PENROD

By BOOTH TARKINGTON

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CHAPTER IX.

The New Star.

SAM, Penrod, Herman and Verman withdrew in considerable state from nonpaying view and, repairing to the hay loft, declared the exhibition open to the public. Oral proclamation was made by Sam, and then the loitering multitude was enticed by the seductive strains of a band, the two partners performing upon combs and paper, Herman and Verman upon tin pans with sticks.

The effect was immediate. Visitors appeared upon the stairway and sought admission. Herman and Verman took position among the exhibits, near the wall; Sam stood at the entrance officiating as barker and ticket seller, while Penrod, with debonair suavity, acted as curator, master of ceremonies and lecturer. He greeted the first to enter with a courtly bow. They consisted of Miss Rennsdale and her nursery governess, and they paid spot cash for their admission.

"Walk in, lay-deeze; walk right in. Pray do not obstruct the passageway," said Penrod in a remarkable voice. "Pray be seated. There is room for each and all."

Miss Rennsdale and governess were followed by Mr. Georgie Basset and baby sister (which proves the perfection of Georgie's character) and six or seven other neighborhood children, a most satisfactory audience, although, subsequent to Miss Rennsdale and governess, admission was wholly by pin.

"Gen-til-mun and lay-deeze," shouted Penrod, "I will first call your at-tain-shon to our genuine South American dog, part alligator!" He pointed to the dachshund, and added, in his ordinary tone, "That's him." Straightway reassuming the character of showman, he bellowed: "Next, you see Duke, the genuine, full blooded Indian dog from the far western plains and Rocky mountains. Next, the trained Michigan rats, captured way up there and trained to jump and run all around the box at the—at the—at the slightest pre-text!" He paused, partly to take breath and partly to enjoy his own surprised discovery that this phrase was in his vocabulary.

"At the slightest pre-text!" he repeated, and continued, suiting the action to the word: "I will now hammer upon the box, and each and all may see these genuine full blooded Michigan rats perform at the slightest pre-text! There! (There's all they do now, but I and Sam are goin' to train 'em lots more before this afternoon.) Gen-til-mun and lay-deeze, I will kindly now call your at-tain-shon to Sherman, the wild animal from Africa, costing the lives of the wild trapper and many of his companions. Next let me kindly interodoos Herman and Verman. Their father got mad and stuck his pitchfork right inside of another man, exactly as promised upon the advertisements outside the big tent, and got put in jail. Look at them well, gen-til-mun and lay-deeze. There is no extra charge, and re-mem-bur you are each and all now looking at two wild tattooed men which the father of is in jail. Point, Herman. Each and all will have a chance to see. Point to sumpthing else, Herman. This is the only genuine one fingered tattooed wild man. Last on the program, gen-til-mun and lay-deeze, we have Verman, the savage tattooed wild boy, that can't speak only his native foreign languages. Talk some, Verman."

Verman obliged and made an instantaneous hit. He was encored rapturously again and again, and, thrilling with the unique pleasure of being appreciated and misunderstood at the same time, would have talked all day but too gladly. Sam Williams, however, with a true showman's foresight, whispered to Penrod, who rang down on the monologue.

"Gen-til-mun and lay-deeze, this closes our pufformance. Pray pass out quietly and with as little jostling as possible. As soon as you are all out there's goin' to be a new pufformance, and each and all are welcome at the same and simple price of admission. Pray pass out quietly and with as little jostling as possible. Re-mem-bur the pripe is only 1 cent, the tenth part of a dime, or twenty pins, no bent ones taken. Pray pass out quietly and with as little jostling as possible. The Schofield & Williams military band will play before each pufformance, and each and all are welcome for the same and simple price of admission. Pray pass out quietly and with as little jostling as possible."

Forthwith the Schofield & Williams military band began a second overture, in which something vaguely like a tune was at times distinguishable, and all of the first audience returned, most of them having occupied the interval in hasty excursions for more pins, Miss Rennsdale and governess, however, again paying coin of the republic and receiving deference and the best seats accordingly. And when a third performance found all of the same inveterate patrons once more crowding the auditorium and seven recruits added the pleasurable excitement of the partners in their venture will be understood by any one who has seen a metropolitan manager strolling about the foyer of his theater some evening during the earlier stages of an assured "phenomenal run."

From the first there was no question which feature of the entertainment was the attraction extraordinary. Verman—Verman, the savage tattooed wild boy, speaking only his native foreign languages—Verman was a triumph! Beaming, wreathed in smiles, melodious, incredibly fluent, he had but to open his lips and a dead hush fell upon the audience. Breathless, they leaned forward, hanging upon his every semi-syllable, and, when Penrod checked the flow, burst into thunders of applause, which Verman received with happy laughter.

Alas, he delayed not o'er long to display all the egregiousness of a new star, but for a time there was no caprice of his too eccentric to be forgiven. During Penrod's lecture upon the other curios the tattooed wild boy continually stamped his foot, grinned and gesticulated, tapping his tiny chest and pointing to himself as it were to say, "Wait for me; I am the big show." So soon they learn; so soon they learn! And (again alas) this spoiled darling of public favor, like many another, was fated to know in good time the fickleness of that favor.

But during all the morning performances he was the idol of his audience and looked it. The climax of his popularity came during the fifth overture of the Schofield & Williams military band, when the music was quite drowned in the agitated clamors of Miss Rennsdale, who was endeavoring to ascend the stairs in spite of the physical dissuasion of her governess.

"I won't go home to lunch!" screamed Miss Rennsdale, her voice accompanied by a sound of ripping. "I will hear the tatooed wild boy talk some more! It's lovely—I will hear him talk! I will! I will! I want to listen to Verman—I want to—I want to"—

Wailing, she was borne away, of her sex not the first to be fascinated by obscurity nor the last to champion its eloquence.

Verman was almost unendurable after this, but, like many, many other managers, Schofield & Williams restrained their choler and even laughed fulsomely when their principal attraction essayed the role of a comedian in private and capered and squawked in sheer, fatuous vanity.

The first performance of the afternoon rivaled the successes of the morning, and, although Miss Rennsdale was detained at home, thus drying up the single source of cash income developed before lunch, Maurice Levy appeared, escorting Marjorie Jones, and paid coin for two admissions, dropping the money into Sam's hand with a careless—nay, a contemptuous—gesture. At sight of Marjorie, Penrod Schofield flushed under his new mustache (repainted since noon) and lectured as he had never lectured before. A new grace invested his every gesture, a new sonorousness rang in his voice, a simple and manly pomposity marked his very walk as he passed from curio to curio, and when he fearlessly handled the box of rats and hammered upon it with cool insouciance he beheld, for the first time in his life, a purl of admiration eddying in Marjorie's lovely eye, a certain softening of that eye. And then Verman spake—and Penrod was forgotten. Marjorie's eye rested upon him no more.

A heavily equipped chauffeur ascended the stairway, bearing the message that Mrs. Levy awaited her son and his lady. Thereupon, having devoured the last sound permitted (by the managers) to issue from Verman, Mr. Levy and Miss Jones departed to a real matinee at a real theater, the limpid eyes of Marjorie looking back softly over her shoulder—but only at the tattooed wild boy. Nearly always it is woman who puts the irony into life.

After this, perhaps because of sated curiosity, perhaps on account of a pin famine, the attendance began to languish. Only four responded to the next call of the band. The four dwindled to three; finally the entertainment was given for one blase auditor, and Schofield & Williams looked depressed. Then followed an interval when the band played in vain.

About 3 o'clock Schofield & Williams were gloomily discussing various unpromising devices for startling the public into a renewal of interest, when another patron unexpectedly appeared and paid a cent for his admission. News of the Big Show and Mr. Scum of Curiosities had at last penetrated the far, cold spaces of interstellar niceness, for this new patron consisted of no less than Roderick Magsworth Bitts, Jr., escaped in a white "sailor suit" from the manor during a period of severe maternal and tutorial preoccupation.

He seated himself without parley, and the pufformance was offered for his entertainment with admirable conscientiousness. True to the Lady Clara caste and training, Roderick's pale, fat face expressed nothing except an impervious superiority and, as he sat, cold and unimpressed upon the front bench, like a large, white lump, it must be said that he made a discouraging audience "to play to." He was not, however, unresponsive—far from it. He offered comment very chilling to the warm grandiloquence of the orator.

"That's my Uncle Ethelbert's dachshund," he remarked at the beginning of the lecture. "You better take him back if you don't want to get arrested." And when Penrod, rather uneasily ignoring the interruption, proceeded to the exploitation of the genuine, full blooded Indian dog, Duke, "Why don't you try to give that old dog away?" asked Roderick. "You couldn't sell him."

"My papa would buy me a lots better coon than that," was the information volunteered a little later, "only I wouldn't want the nasty old thing!"

Herman of the missing finger obtained no greater indulgence. "Pooh!" said Roderick. "We have two fox terriers in our stables that took prizes at the kennel show, and their tails were bit off. There's a man that always bites fox terriers' tails off."

"Oh, my gosh, what a lie!" exclaimed Sam Williams ignorantly. "Go on with the show, whether he likes it or not, Penrod. He's paid his money."

Verman, confident in his own singular powers, chuckled openly at the failure of the other attractions to charm the frosty visitor, and when his turn came poured forth a torrent of conversation which was straightway dammed.

"Rotten!" said Mr. Bitts languidly. "Anybody could talk like that. I could do it if I wanted to."

Verman paused suddenly.

"Yes, you could!" exclaimed Penrod, stung. "Let's hear you do it then."

"Yessir!" the other partner shouted. "Let's just hear you do it!"

"I said I could if I wanted to," responded Roderick. "I didn't say I would."

"Yay! Knows he can't!" sneered Sam.

"I can, too, if I try."

"Well, let's hear you try."

So challenged, the visitor did try, but in the absence of an impartial jury his effort was considered so pronounced a failure that he was howled down, derided and mocked with great clamors.

"Anyway," said Roderick when things had quieted down, "if I couldn't get up a better show than this I'd sell out and leave town."

Not having enough presence of mind to inquire what he would sell out, his adversaries replied with mere formless yells of scorn.

"I could get up a better show than this with my left hand," Roderick asserted.

"Well, what would you have in your ole show?" asked Penrod, condescending to language.

"That's all right what I'd have. I'd have enough."

"You couldn't get Herman and Verman in your ole show."

"No, and I wouldn't want 'em, either."

"Well, what would you have?" insisted Penrod derisively. "You'd have to have sumpthing. You couldn't be a show yourself."

"How do you know?" This was but meandering while waiting for ideas and evoked another yell.

"You think you could be a show all by yourself?" demanded Penrod.

"How do you know I couldn't?"

Two white boys and two black boys shrieked their scorn of the boaster.

"I could too!" Roderick raised his voice to a sudden howl, obtaining a hearing.

"Well, why don't you tell us how?"

"Well, I know how, all right," said Roderick. "If anybody asks you you can just tell him I know how, all right."

"Why, you can't do anything," Sam began argumentatively. "You talk about being a show all by yourself. What could you try to do? Show us sumpthing you can do."

"I didn't say I was going to do anything," returned the badgered one, still evading.

"Well, then, how'd you be a show?" Penrod demanded. "We got a show here, even if Herman didn't point or Verman didn't talk. Their father stabbed a man with a pitchfork, I guess, didn't he?"

"How do I know?"

"Well, I guess he's in jail, ain't he?"

"Well, what if their father is in jail? I didn't say he wasn't, did I?"

"Well, your father ain't in jail, is he?"

"Well, I never said he was, did I?"

"Well, then," continued Penrod, "how could you be a"— He stopped abruptly, staring at Roderick, the birth of an idea plainly visible in his altered expression. He had suddenly remembered his intention to ask Roderick Magsworth Bitts, Jr., about Rena Magsworth, and his recollection collided in his mind with the irritation produced by Roderick's claiming some mysterious attainment which would warrant his setting up as a show in his single person. Penrod's whole manner changed instantly.

"Roddy," he asked, almost overwhelmed by a prescience of something vast and magnificent, "Roddy, are you any relation of Rena Magsworth?"

Roderick had never heard of Rena Magsworth, although a concentration of the sentence yesterday pronounced upon her had burned, black and horrific, upon the face of every newspaper in the country. He was not allowed to read the journals of the day, and his family's indignation over the sacrilegious coincidence of the name had not been expressed in his presence. But he saw that it was an awesome name to Penrod Schofield and Samuel Williams. Even Herman and Verman, though lacking many educational advantages on account of a long residence in the country, were informed on the subject of Rena Magsworth through hearsay, and they joined in the portentous silence.

"Roddy," repeated Penrod, "honest, is Rena Magsworth some relation of yours?"

There is no obsession more dangerous to its victims than a conviction—especially an inherited one—of superiority; this world is so full of Missourians. And from his earliest years Roderick Magsworth Bitts, Jr., had been trained to believe in the importance of the Magsworth family. At every meal he absorbed a sense of Magsworth greatness, and yet in his infrequent meetings with persons of his own age and sex he was treated as negligible. Now dimly he perceived that there was a Magsworth claim of some sort which was impressive, even to the boys. Magsworth blood was the essential of all true distinction in the world, he knew. Consequently, having been driven into a cul-de-sac as a result of flagrant and unfounded boasting, he was ready to take advantage of what appeared to be a triumphal way out.

"Roddy," said Penrod again, with solemnity, "is Rena Magsworth some relation of yours?"

"Is she, Roddy?" asked Sam, almost hoarsely.

"She's my aunt!" shouted Roddy.

CHAPTER X.

Retiring From the Show Business.

SILENCE followed. Sam and Penrod, spellbound, gazed upon Roderick Magsworth Bitts, Jr. So did Herman and Verman. Roddy's staggering lie had changed the face of things utterly. No one questioned it; no one realized that it was much too good to be true.

"Roddy," said Penrod in a voice tremulous with hope, "Roddy, will you join our show?"

Roddy joined.

Even he could see that the offer implied his being starred as the paramount attraction of a new order of things. It was obvious that he had swelled out suddenly, in the estimation of the other boys, to that importance which he had been taught to believe his native gift and natural right. The sensation was pleasant. He had often been treated with effusion by grownup callers and by acquaintances of his mother and sisters. He had heard ladies speak of him as "charming" and "that delightful child," and little girls had sometimes shown him deference, but until this moment no boy had ever allowed him for one moment to presume even to equality. Now, in a trice he was not only admitted to comradeship, but patently valued as something rare and sacred, to be acclaimed and pedestaled. In fact, the very first thing that Schofield & Williams did was to find a box for him to stand upon.

The misgivings roused in Roderick's bosom by the subsequent activities of the firm were not bothersome enough to make him forego his prominence as Exhibit A. He was not a "quick minded" boy, and it was long and much happened before he thoroughly comprehended the causes of his new celebrity. He had a shadowy feeling that if the affair came to be heard of at home it might not be liked, but, intoxicated by the glamour and bustle which surround a public character, he made no protest. On the contrary, he entered whole heartedly into the preparations for the new show. Assuming, with Sam's assistance, a blue mustache and "sideburns," he helped in the painting of a new poster, which, supplanting the old one on the wall of the stable facing the cross street, screamed bloody murder at the passers in that rather populous thoroughfare:

SCHoFIELD & WILLIAMS
NEW BIG SHoW
RoDERICK MAGSWoRTH BITTS JR
ONLY LIVING NEPHEW
oF
RENA MAGSWORTH
THE FAMOS
MUDERESS GoING To BE HUNG
NEXT JULY KILED EIGHT PEOPLE
PUT ARSINECK IN THIER MILK
ALSO
SHERMAN HERMAN AND VERMAN
THE MICHIGAN RATS DOG PART
ALLIGATOR DUKE THE GENUINE
InDIAN DoG ADMISSioN 1 CENT oR
20 PINS SAME AS BEFORE Do NoT
MISS THIS CHANSE TO SEE RoDERICK
ONLY LIVING NEPHEW oF RENA
MAGSWORTH THE GREAT FAMOS
MUDERESS
GoING To BE
HUNG

Megaphones were constructed out of heavy wrapping paper, and Penrod, Sam and Herman set out in different directions, delivering vocally the inflammatory proclamation of the poster to a large section of the residential quarter and leaving Roderick Magsworth Bitts, Jr., with Verman in the loft, shielded from all deadhead eyes. Upon the return of the heralds the Schofield & Williams military band played deafeningly, and an awakened public once more thronged to fill the coffers of the firm.

Prosperity smiled again. The very first audience after the acquisition of Roderick was larger than the largest of the morning. Master Bitts, the only exhibit placed upon a box, was a supercurio. All eyes fastened upon him and remained, hungrily feasting, throughout Penrod's luminous oration.

But the glory of one light must ever be the dimming of another. We dwell in a vale of seesaws, and cobwebs spin fastest upon laurel. Verman, the tattooed wild boy, speaking only in his native foreign languages, Verman the gay, Verman the caperer, capered no more, he chuckled no more, he beckoned no more nor tapped his chest nor wreathed his idolatrous face in smiles. Gone, all gone, were his little artifices for attracting the general attention to himself. Gone was every engaging mannerism which had endeared him to the mercurial public. He squatted against the wall and glowered at the new sensation. It was the old story—the old, old story—of too much temperament. Verman was suffering from artistic jealousy.

The second audience contained a cash paying adult, a spectacled young man whose poignant attention was very flattering. He remained after the lecture and put a few questions to Roddy, which were answered rather confusedly upon promptings from Penrod. The young man went away without having stated the object of his interrogations, but it became quite plain later in the day. This same object caused the spectacled young man to make several brief but stimulating calls directly after leaving the Schofield & Williams Big Show, and the consequences thereof loitered not by the wayside.

The Big Show was at high tide. Not only was the auditorium filled and throbbing; there was an immense line, by no means wholly juvenile, waiting for admission to the next pufformance. A group stood in the street examining the poster earnestly as it glowed in the long, slanting rays of the westward sun, and people in automobiles and other vehicles had halted wheel in the street to read the message so piquantly given to the world. These were the conditions when a crested victoria arrived at a gallop, and a large, chastely magnificent and highly flushed woman descended and progressed across the yard with an air of violence.

At sight of her the adults of the waiting line hastily disappeared, and most of the pausing vehicles moved instantly on their way. She was followed by a stricken man in livery.

The stairs to the auditorium were narrow and steep. Mrs. Roderick Magsworth Bitts was of a stout favor, and the voice of Penrod was audible during the ascent.

"Re-mem-bur, gentilmun and lay-deeze, each and all are now gazing upon Roderick Magsworth Bitts, Jr., the only living nephew of the great Rena Magsworth. She stuck ars'nic in the milk of eight separate and distinck people to put in their coffee, and each and all of 'em died. The great ars'nic murderess, Rena Magsworth, gentilmun and lay-deeze, and Roddy's her only living nephew. She's a relation of all the Bitts family, but he's her one and only living nephew. Re-mem-bur, next July she's goin' to be hung, and each and all you now see before you"—

Penrod paused abruptly, seeing something before himself—the august and awful presence which filled the entryway. And his words (it should be related) froze upon his lips.

Before herself Mrs. Roderick Magsworth Bitts saw her son—her scion—wearing a moustache and sideburns of blue, and perched upon a box flanked by Sherman and Verman, the Michigan rats, the Indian dog Duke, Herman, and the dog part alligator.

Roddy also saw something before himself. It needed no prophet to read the countenance of the dread apparition in the entryway. His mouth opened—remained open—then filled to capacity with a calamitous sound of grief not unmingled with apprehension.

Penrod's reason staggered under the crisis. For a horrible moment he saw Mrs. Roderick Magsworth Bitts approaching like some fatal mountain in avalanche. She seemed to grow larger and redder; lightnings played about her head. He had a vague consciousness of the audience spraying out in flight, of the squealings, tramplings and dispersals of a stricken field. The mountain was close upon him—

He stood by the open mouth of the hay chute which went through the floor to the manger below. Penrod also went through the floor. He propelled himself into the chute and shot down, but not quite to the manger, for Mr. Samuel Williams had thoughtfully stepped into the chute a moment in advance of his partner. Penrod lit upon Sam.

Catastrophic noises resounded in the loft; volcanoes seemed to romp upon the stairway.

There ensued a period when only a shrill keening marked the passing of Roderick as he was borne to the tumbril. Then all was silence.

Sunset striking through a western window rouged the walls of the Schofields' library, where gathered a joint family council and court martial of four—Mrs. Schofield, Mr. Schofield and Mr. and Mrs. Williams, parents of Samuel of that ilk. Mr. Williams read aloud a conspicuous passage from the last edition of the evening paper:

"Prominent people here believed close relations of woman sentenced to hang. Angry denial by Mrs. R. Magsworth Bitts. Relationship admitted by younger member of family. His statement confirmed by boy friends"—

"Don't!" said Mrs. Williams, addressing her husband vehemently. "We've all read it a dozen times. We've got plenty of trouble on our hands without hearing that again!"

Singularly enough, Mrs. Williams did not look troubled; she looked as if she were trying to look troubled. Mrs. Schofield wore a similar expression. So did Mr. Schofield. So did Mr. Williams.

"What did she say when she called you up?" Mrs. Schofield inquired breathlessly of Mrs. Williams.

"She could hardly speak at first, and then when she did talk she talked so fast I couldn't understand most of it, and"—

"It was just the same when she tried to talk to me," said Mrs. Schofield, nodding.

"I never did hear any one in such a state before," continued Mrs. Williams. "So furious"—

"Quite justly, of course," said Mrs. Schofield.

"Of course. And she said Penrod and Sam had entired Roderick away from home—usually he's not allowed to go outside the yard except with his tutor or a servant—and had told him to say that horrible creature was his aunt"—

"How in the world do you suppose Sam and Penrod ever thought of such a thing as that?" exclaimed Mrs. Schofield. "It must have been made up just for their 'show.' Della says there were just streams going in and out all day. Of course it wouldn't have happened, but this was the day Margaret and I spend every month in the country with Aunt Sarah, and I didn't dream"—

"She said one thing I thought rather tactless," interrupted Mrs. Williams. "Of course we must allow for her being dreadfully excited and wrought up, but I do think it wasn't quite delicate in her, and she's usually the very soul of delicacy. She said that Roderick had never been allowed to associate with—with common boys"—

"Meaning Sam and Penrod," said Mrs. Schofield. "Yes, she said that to me too."

"She said that the most awful thing about it," Mrs. Williams went on, "was that, though she's going to prosecute the newspapers, many people would always believe the story, and"—

"Yes, I imagine they will," said Mrs. Schofield musingly. "Of course you and I and everybody who really knows the Bitts and Magsworth families understand the perfect absurdity of it. But I suppose there are ever so many who'll believe it, no matter what the Bittses and Magsworths say."

"Hundreds and hundreds!" said Mrs. Williams. "I'm afraid it will be a great comedown for them."

"I'm afraid so," said Mrs. Schofield gently. "A very great one—yes, a very, very great one."

"Well," observed Mrs. Williams after a thoughtful pause, "there's only one thing to be done, and I suppose it had better be done right away."

She glanced toward the two gentlemen.

"Certainly," Mr. Schofield agreed. "But where are they?"

"Have you looked in the stable?" asked his wife.

"I searched it. They've probably started for the far west."

"Did you look in the sawdust box?"

"No, I didn't."

"Then that's where they are."

Thus in the early twilight the new historic stable was approached by two fathers charged to do the only thing to be done. They entered the storeroom.

"Penrod!" said Mr. Schofield.

"Sam!" said Mr. Williams.

Nothing disturbed the twilight hush.

But by means of a ladder brought from the carriage house Mr. Schofield mounted to the top of the sawdust box. He looked within and discerned the dim outlines of three quiet figures, the third being that of a small dog.

The two boys rose upon command, descended the ladder after Mr. Schofield, bringing Duke with them, and stood before the authors of their being, who bent upon them sinister and threatening brows. With hanging heads and despondent countenances, each still ornamented with a mustache and an imperial, Penrod and Sam awaited sentence.

This is a boy's lot: Anything he does, anything whatever, may afterward turn out to have been a crime—he never knows.

And punishment and clemency are alike inexplicable.

Mr. Williams took his son by the ear.

"You march home!" he commanded.

Sam marched, not looking back, and his father followed the small figure implacably.

"You goin' to whip me?" quavered Penrod, alone with justice.

"Wash your face at that hydrant," said his father sternly.

About fifteen minutes later Penrod, hurriedly entering the corner drug store, two blocks distant, was astonished to perceive a familiar form at the soda counter.

"Yay, Penrod," said Sam Williams, "want some sody? Come on. He didn't lick me. He didn't do anything to me at all. He gave me a quarter."

"So'd mine," said Penrod.

CHAPTER XI.

Music.

BOYHOOD is the longest time in life—for a boy. The last term of the school year is made of decades, not of weeks, and living through them is like waiting for the millennium. But they do pass somehow, and at last there came a day when Penrod was one of a group that capered out from the graveled yard of ward school No. 7, carroling a leavetaking of the institution, of their instructress and not even forgetting Mr. Capps, the janitor.

"Good-bye, teacher! Good-bye, school!
Good-bye, Cappsie, dern old fool!"

Penrod sang the loudest. For every boy there is an age when he "finds his voice." Penrod's had not "changed," but he had found it. Inevitably that thing had come upon his family and the neighbors, and his father, a source

(Continued on page 6)