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FISHERMEN TO STRIKE

Boston, June 20.—Five thousand fishermen employed on vessels of this port and Gloucester will strike July 3, in accordance with a vote announced to-day by officials of the Fishermen's Union of the Atlantic. Chief among the demands of the men is the fixing of a minimum price for fresh fish. Their wages depend in a measure on the price which a cargo brings in the market.



PENROD

By BOOTH TARKINGTON

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CHAPTER VII.

Fidelity of a Little Dog. THE returning students that afternoon observed that Penrod's desk was vacant, and nothing could have been more impressive than that sinister mere emptiness. The accepted theory was that Penrod had been arrested. How breath taking then the sensation when at the beginning of the second hour he strolled in with indolent carelessness and, rubbing his eyes, somewhat noticeably in the manner of one who has snatched an hour of much needed sleep, took his place as if nothing in particular had happened. This at first supposed to be a superhuman exhibition of sheer audacity, became by the more dumfounding when Miss Spence, looking from her desk, greeted him with a pleasant little nod. Even after school Penrod gave numerous maddened investigators no relief. All he would consent to say was: "Oh, I just talked to her."

A mystification not entirely unconnected with the one thus produced was manifested at his own family dinner table the following evening. Aunt Clara had been out rather late and came to the table after the rest were seated. She wore a puzzled expression. "Do you ever see Mary Spence nowadays?" she inquired, as she unfolded her napkin, addressing Mrs. Schofield. Penrod abruptly set down his soup spoon and gazed at his aunt with flattering attention. "Yes, sometimes," said Mrs. Schofield. "She's Penrod's teacher."

"Is she?" said Mrs. Farry. "Do you?" She paused. "Do people think her a little queer these days?" "Why, no," returned her sister. "What makes you say that?" "She has acquired a very odd manner," said Mrs. Farry decidedly. "At least, she seemed odd to me. I met her at the corner just before I got to the house a few minutes ago, and after we'd said howdy do to each other she kept hold of my hand and looked as though she was going to cry. She seemed to be trying to say something and choking."

queerer and then put her handkerchief to her eyes and hurried away." Penrod laid down his spoon again and moved his chair slightly back from the table. A spirit of prophecy was upon him. He knew that some one was going to ask a question which he felt might better remain unspoken. "What was the other thing she said?" Mr. Schofield inquired, thus immediately fulfilling his son's premonition. "She said," returned Mrs. Farry slowly, looking about the table, "she said, 'I know that Penrod is a great, great comfort to you.'"

There was a general exclamation of surprise. It was a singular thing, and in no manner may it be considered complimentary to Penrod that this speech of Miss Spence's should have immediately confirmed Mrs. Farry's doubts about her in the minds of all his family. "Mr. Schofield shook his head pityingly. "I'm afraid she's a goner," he went so far as to say. "Of all the weird ideas!" cried Margaret. "I never heard anything like it in my life!" Mrs. Schofield exclaimed. "Was that all she said?" "Every word!" Penrod again returned attention to his soup. His mother looked at him curiously, and then, struck by a sud-



den thought, gathered the glances of the adults of the table by a significant movement of the head, and, by another, conveyed an admonition to drop the subject until later. Miss Spence was Penrod's teacher. It was better, for many reasons, not to discuss the subject of her queerness before him. This was Mrs. Schofield's thought at the time. Later she had another, and it kept her awake. The next afternoon Mr. Schofield, returning at 5 o'clock from the cares of the day, found the house deserted and sat down to read his evening paper in what appeared to be an uninhabited apartment known to his own world as the "drawing room." A sneeze, unexpected both to him and the owner, informed him of the presence of another person.

"Where are you, Penrod?" the parent asked, looking about. "Here," said Penrod meekly. "Here," said Mrs. Schofield discovered his son squatting under the piano, near an open window—his wistful Duke lying beside him. "What are you doing there?" "Me?" "Why under the piano?" "Well," the boy returned with grave sweetness, "I was just kind of sitting here thinking."

"All right," Mr. Schofield, rather touched, returned to the direction of a murder, his back once more to the piano, and Penrod silently drew from beneath his jacket (where he had slipped it simultaneously with the sneeze) a paper backed volume entitled, "Glimpses, the Sioux City Squealer; or, 'Not Guilty, Your Honor.'"

startlingly, stooping to look under the piano. A statement that he had suddenly remembered his son's presence would be lacking in accuracy, for the highly sensitized Penrod was, in fact, no longer present. No more was Duke, his faithful dog.

"What's the matter?" "Nothing," he returned, striding to the open window and looking out. "Go on." "Oh!" she moaned. "It must be kept from Clara. And I'll never hold up my head again if John Farry ever hears of it!" "Hears of what?" "Well, I just couldn't stand it, I got so curious. And I thought, of course, if Miss Spence had become a little unbalanced it was my duty to know it as Penrod's mother and she his teacher. So I thought I would just call on her at her apartment after school and have a chat and see. And I did, and—oh—"

"Well?" "I've just come from there, and she told me—she told me! Oh, I've never known anything like that!" "What did she tell you?" Mrs. Schofield, making a great effort, managed to assume a temporary appearance of calm. "Henry," she said solemnly, "bear this in mind, whatever you do to Penrod it must be done in some place when Clara won't hear it. But the first thing to do is to find him."

Within view of the window from which Mr. Schofield was gazing was the closed door of the storeroom in the stable, and just outside this door Duke was performing a most engaging trick. His young master had taught Duke to "sit up and beg" when he wanted anything, and if that didn't get it to "speak." Duke was facing the closed door and sitting up and begging, and now he also spoke—in a loud, clear bark.

There was an open transom over the door, and from this descended—hurled by an unseen agency—a can half filled with old paint. It caught the small besieger of the door on his thoroughly surprised right ear, encouraged him to some remarkable acrobatics and turned large portions of him a dull blue. Allowing only a moment to perplexity and deciding after a single and evidently unappetizing experiment not to cleanse himself of paint, the loyal animal resumed his quaint, upright posture.

Mr. Schofield seated himself on the window sill, whence he could keep in view that pathetic picture of unrequited love. "Go on with your story, mamma," he said. "I think I can find Penrod when we want him." And a few minutes later he added, "And I think I know the place to do it in."

Again the faithful voice of Duke was heard pleading outside the bolted door. Penrod entered the schoolroom Monday morning picturesquely leaning upon a man's cane, shortened to support a cripple approaching the age of twelve. He arrived about twenty minutes late, limping deeply, his brave young mouth drawn with pain, and the sensation he created must have been a solace to him, the only possible criticism of this entrance being that it was just a shade too heroic. Perhaps for that reason it failed to stagger Miss Spence, a woman so saturated with suspicion that she penalized Penrod for tardiness as promptly and as coldly as if he had been a mere, ordinary, unimpaired boy. Nor would she entertain any discussion of the justice of her ruling. It seemed almost that she feared to argue with him.

However, the distinction of cane and limp remained to him, consolations which he protracted far into the week—until Thursday evening, in fact, when Mr. Schofield, observing from a window his son's pursuit of Duke round and round the back yard, confiscated the cane, with the promise that it should not remain idle if he saw Penrod limping again. Thus, succeeding a depressing Friday, another Saturday brought the necessity for new inventions.

It was a scented morning in apple blossom time. At about ten of the clock Penrod emerged hastily from the kitchen door. His pockets bulged abnormally, so did his cheeks, and he swallowed with difficulty. A threatening mop, wielded by a cooklike arm in a checkered sleeve, followed him through the doorway, and he was preceded by a small, hurried, wistful dog with a warm doughnut in his mouth. The kitchen door slammed petulantly, enclosing the sore voice of Della, whereupon Penrod and Duke seated themselves upon the pleasant sward and immediately consumed the spoils of their raid.

From the cross street which formed the side boundary of the Schofields' ample yard came a jingle of harness and the cadenced clatter of a pair of trotting horses, and Penrod, looking up, beheld the passing of a fat acquaintance, torpid amid the conservative splendors of a rather old-fashioned victoria. This was Roderick Magsworth Bitts, Jr., a fellow sufferer at the Friday afternoon dancing class, but otherwise not often a companion; a home sheltered lad, tutored privately and preserved against the coarsening influences of rude comradeship and unscrupulous information. Heavily overgrown in all physical dimensions, virtuous and placid, this cloistered nut was wholly uninteresting to Penrod Schofield. Nevertheless, Roderick Magsworth Bitts, Jr., was a personage on account of the importance of the Magsworth Bitts family, and it was Penrod's destiny to increase Roderick's celebrity far, far beyond its present aristocratic limitations. The Magsworth Bitts were tunce-

tant because they were impressive. There was no other reason. And they were impressive because they believed themselves important. The adults of the family were impressively formal. They dressed with reticent elegance and wore the same nose and the same expression—an expression which indicated that they knew something exquisite and sacred which other people could never know. Other people in their presence were apt to feel mysteriously ignoble and to become secretly uneasy about ancestors, gloves and pronunciation. The Magsworth Bitts manner was withholding and reserved though sometimes gracious granting small smiles as great favors and giving off a chilling kind of preciousness. Naturally when any citizen of the community did anything unconventional or improper or made a mistake or had a relative who went wrong that citizen's first and worst fear was that the Magsworth Bitts would hear of it. In fact, this painful family had for years terrorized the community, though the community had never realized that it was terrorized and invariably spoke of the family as the "most charming circle in town." By common consent Mrs. Roderick Magsworth Bitts officiated as the supreme model as well as critic in chief of morals and deportment for all the unucky people prosperous enough to be elevated to her acquaintance.

Magsworth was the important part of the name. Mrs. Roderick Magsworth Bitts was a Magsworth born herself, and the Magsworth crest decorated not only Mrs. Magsworth Bitts' note paper, but was on the china, on the table linen, on the chimney pieces, on the opaque glass of the front door, on the victoria and on the harness, though omitted from the garden hose and the lawn mower. Naturally no sensible person dreamed of connecting that illustrious crest with the unfortunate and notorious Rena Magsworth, whose name had grown week by week into larger and larger type upon the front pages of newspapers owing to the gradually increasing public and official belief that she had poisoned a family of eight. However, the statement that no sensible person could have connected the Magsworth Bitts family with the aristocratic Rena takes no account of Penrod Schofield.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE TWO FAMILIES. PENROD never missed a murder, a hanging or an electrocution in the newspapers. He knew almost as much about Rena Magsworth as her juryman did, though they sat in a courtroom 200 miles away, and he had it in mind—so frank he was—to ask Roderick Magsworth Bitts, Jr., if the murderess happened to be a relative.

The present encounter, being merely one of apathetic greeting, did not afford the opportunity, Penrod took off his cap, and Roderick, seated between his mother and one of his grownup sisters, nodded sluggishly, but neither Mrs. Magsworth Bitts nor her daughter acknowledged the salutation of the boy in the yard. They disapproved of him as a person of little consequence, and that little bad. Snubbed, Penrod thoughtfully restored his cap to his head as a man, and this one was chilled to a low temperature. He wondered if they despised him because they had seen a last fragment of doughnut in his hand; then he thought that perhaps it was Duke who had disgraced him. Duke was certainly no fashionable looking dog.

The resilient spirits of youth, however, presently revived, and, discovering a spider upon one knee and a beetle simultaneously upon the other, Penrod forgot Mrs. Roderick Magsworth Bitts in the course of some experiments infringing upon the domain of Dr. Carrel. Penrod's efforts, with the aid of a pin, to effect a transference of living organism were unsuccessful, but he convinced himself forever that a spider cannot walk with a beetle's legs. Della then enhanced zoological interest by depositing upon the back porch a large rat from the cellar, the prison of four live rats awaiting execution.

Penrod at once took possession, retiring to the empty stable, where he installed the rats in a small wooden box with a sheet of broken window glass, held down by a brick, over the top. Thus the symptoms of their agitation when the box was shaken or hammered upon could be studied at leisure. Altogether this Saturday was starting splendidly.

After a time the student's attention was withdrawn from his specimens by a peculiar smell, which, being followed up by a system of selective sniffing, proved to be an emanation leaking into the stable from the alley. He opened the back door.

Across the alley was a cottage which a thrifty neighbor had built on the rear line of his lot and rented to negroes, and the fact that a negro family was now in process of "moving in" was manifested by the presence of a thin mule and a ramshackle wagon, the latter laden with the semblance of a stove and a few other unpretentious household articles. A very small dark boy stood near the mule. In his hand was a rusty chain, and at the end of the chain the delighted Penrod perceived the source of the peculiar smell he was tracing—a large raccoon. Duke, who had shown not the slightest interest in the rats, set up a frantic barking and stimulated a ravaging assault upon the strange animal. It was only a bit of acting, however, for Duke was an old dog, had suffered much and desired no unnecessary sorrow, wherefore he confined his demonstrations to alarms and excursions and presently sat down

at a distance and expressed himself by intermittent threatenings in a quavering falsetto. "What's that coon's name?" asked Penrod, intending no discourtesy. "Aim gomme mama," said the small darky.

"What?" "Aim gomme mama." "What?" The small darky looked annoyed. "Aim gomme mama, I tell you," he said impatiently. Penrod conceived that insult was intended. "What's the matter of you?" he demanded, advancing. "You get fresh with me and I'll—"

"Huh, white boy!" A colored youth of Penrod's own age appeared in the doorway of the cottage. "You let 'at brotuh mine alone. He ain' do nothin' to you." "Well, why can't he answer?" "He can't. He can't talk no better'n what he was talkin'. He tongue tie."

"Oh!" said Penrod, mollified; then, obeying an impulse so universally aroused in the human breast under like circumstances that it has become a quip, he turned to the afflicted one. "Talk some more," he begged eagerly. "I see you act some, aim gomme mama," was the prompt response, in which a slight ostentation was manifest. Unmistakable tokens of vanity had appeared upon the small, swift countenance. "What's he mean?" asked Penrod, enchanted. "He say he tole you 'at coon ain' got no name."

"What's your name?" "I'm name Herman." "What's his name?" Penrod pointed to the tongue tied boy. "Verman. Was three us boys in ow family. Ol'est one name Sherman. 'N 'en come me; I'm Herman. 'N 'en come him; he Verman. Sherman dead. Verman, he do littles' one." "You goin' to live here?" "Umhuh. Done move in f'm way outen on a fahm."

He pointed to the north with his right hand, and Penrod's eyes opened wide as they followed the gesture. Herman had no forefinger on that hand. "Look there!" exclaimed Penrod. "You haven't got any finger!" "I mum map," said Verman, with egregious pride. "He done 'at," interpreted Herman, chuckling. "Yessuh, done chop 'er spang off long 'go. He's a playin' wif a ax, an' I lay my finguh on de do' sill, an' I say, 'Verman, chop 'er off.' So Verman he chop 'er right spang off to de roots! Yessuh."

"What for?" "Jes' fo' nothin'." "He hoe me hoo," remarked Verman. "Yessuh, I tole him to," said Herman, "an' he chop 'er off, an' ey ain't aky oth' one evuh gwon where de ole one use to grow. Noah!" "But what'd you tell him to do it for?" "Nothin'. I jes' said it 'at way—an' he jes' chop 'er off!"

Both brothers looked pleased and proud. Penrod's profound interest was flatteringly visible, a tribute to their unusualness. "Hem bow goy," suggested Verman eagerly. "Aw ri'," said Herman. "Ow sistuh Queenie, she a growed up woman; she got a gofuh."

"Got a what?" "Goituh, Swellin' on her neck—great big swellin'. She heppin' mammy move in now. You look in de front room winduh wheres she sweepin'; you kin see it on her." Penrod looked in the window and was rewarded by a fine view of Queenie's goiter. He had never before seen one, and only the lure of further conversation on the part of Verman brought him from the window. "Verman say tell you 'bout pappy," explained Herman. "Mammy an' Queenie move in town an' go git de house all fix up befo' pappy git out."

"Out of where?" "Jail. Pappy cut a man, an' de police done kep' him in jail evuh sense Chris-mus time, but dey goin' tuh him loose ag'in nex' week." "What'd he cut the other man with?" "With a pitchfork." Penrod began to feel that a lifetime spent with this fascinating family were all too short. The brothers, glowing with amiability, were as enraptured as he. For the first time in their lives they moved in the rich glances of sensationalism. Herman was prodigal of gestures with his right hand, and Verman, chuckling with delight, talked fluently, though somewhat conclusively. They cheerfully agreed to keep the raccoon—already beginning to be mentioned as "our coon" by Penrod—in Mr. Schofield's empty stable, and when the animal had been chained to the wall near the box of rats and supplied with a pan of fair water they assented to their new friend's suggestion (inspired by a fine sense of the artistic harmonies) that the heretofore nameless pet be christened Sherman, in honor of their deceased relative.

Sam was warmly interested. "What'd you say his name was?" he asked. "Verman."

"How'd you spell it?" "V-e-r-m-a-n," replied Penrod, having previously received this information from Herman. "Oh!" said Sam. "Point to sumpting, Herman." Penrod commanded, and Sam's excitement, when Herman pointed was sufficient to the occasion. Penrod, the discoverer, continued his exploitation of the manifold wonders of the Sherman, Herman and Verman collection. With the air of a proprietor he escorted Sam into the alley for a good look at Queenie (who seemed not to care for her increasing celebrity) and proceeded to a dramatic climactic recital of the episode of the pitchfork and its consequences.

The cumulative effect was enormous, and could have but one possible result. The normal boy is always, at least one half Barnum. "Let's get up a SHOW!" Penrod and Sam both claimed to have said it first, a question left unsettled in the ecstasies of hurried preparation. The bundle under Sam's arm, brought with no definite purpose, proved to have been an inspiration. It consisted of broad sheets of light yellow wrapping paper, discarded by Sam's mother in her spring house cleaning. There were half filled cans and buckets of paint in the storeroom adjoining the carriage house and presently the side wall of the stable flamed information upon the passersby from a great and spreading poster.

"Publicity," primal requisite of all theatrical and amphitheatrical enterprise thus provided, subsequent arrangements proceeded with a fury of energy which transformed the empty hayloft. True, it is impossible to say just what the hayloft was transformed into, but history warrantably clings to the statement that it was transformed. Duke and Sherman were secured to the rear wall at a considerable distance from each other after an exhibition of reluctance on the part of Duke, during which he displayed a nervous energy and agility almost miraculous in so small and middle aged a dog. Benches were improvised for spectators; the rats were brought up; finally the rafters, corncob and hay chute were ornamented with flags and strips of bunting from Sam Williams' attic, Sam returning from the excursion wearing an old silk hat and accompanied (on account of a rope) by a fine dachshund encountered on the highway. In the matter of personal decoration paint was generously used; an interpretation of the spiral, inclining to whites and greens, becoming brilliantly effective upon the dark facial backgrounds of Herman and Verman, while the countenances of Sam and Penrod were each supplied with the black mustache and imperial, lacking which no professional showman can be esteemed conscientious.

It was regretfully decided in council that no attempt be made to add Queenie to the list of exhibits, her brothers warmly declining to act as ambassadors in that cause. They were certain Queenie would not like the idea, they said, and Herman picturesquely described her activity on occasions when she had been annoyed by too much attention to her appearance. However, Penrod's disappointment was alleviated by an inspiration which came to him in a moment of pondering upon the dachshund, and the entire party went forth to add an enriching line to the poster.

They found a group of seven, including two adults, already gathered in the street to read and admire this work. SCHOFIELD & WILLIAMS BIG SHOW ADMISSION 1 CENT OR 20 PINS MUSEUM OF CURIOSITIES Now GOING ON SHERMAN HERMAN & VERMAN THEIR FATHERS IN JAIL STABLED A MAN WITH A PITHEFORK SHERMAN THE WILD ANIMAL CAPTURED IN AFRICA HERMAN THE ONE FINGERED TATTOO WILD MAN VERMAN THE SAVAGE TATTOO WILD BOY DUKE THE INDIAN DOG ALSO THE MICHIGAN TRAINED RATS

A heated argument took place between Sam and Penrod, the point at issue being settled finally by the drawing of straws, whereupon Penrod, with pardonable self importance—in the presence of an audience now increased to nine—slowly painted the words inspired by the dachshund: IMPORTENT DO NOT MISS THE SOUTH AMERICAN DOG PART ALI LIGATOR.

To Be Continued

Thrift Stamps are "quaters" Buy all the Thrift Stamps you can and then some, they mean dollars to you.

OCEAN FLYERS KNIGHTED

London, June 20.—Captain John Alcock and Lieutenant Arthur W. Brown, the aviators who made the first non-stop flight from North America to Ireland, were entertained at luncheon at the Hotel Savoy to-day by the Daily Mail at which the transatlantic prize of £10,000, offered by the newspaper, was presented to the aviators. Those attending the dinner included members of the British Cabinet and authors. It was announced later that King George had conferred the Order of Knight of the British Empire on both Captain Alcock and Lieutenant Brown.