By BOOTH TARKINGTON

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Arrived upon the populous and testive scene of the dog and pony show, he first turned his attention to the brightly decorated booths which surrounded the tent. The cries of the peanut venders, of the popcorn men, of the toy balloon sellers, the stirring music of the band, playing before the performance to attract a crowd; the shouting of excited children and the barking of the dogs within the tent, all sounded exhibitantingly in Penrod's ears and set his blood a-tingle. Nevertheless he did not squander his money or fling it to the winds in one grand splurge. Instead, he began cautiously with the purchase of an extraordinarily large pickle, which be obodd cent, too obvious a bargain to be missed. At an adjacent stand he bought a glass of raspberry lemonade (se alleged) and sipped it as he ate the pickle. He left nothing of either.

Next be entered a small restaurant tent and for a modest nickel was supplied with a fork and a box of sardines, previously opened, it is true, but more than half full. He consumed the sarfines atterly, but left the tin box and the fork, after which he indulged in an inexpensive half pint of lukewarm cider at one of the open booths. Mug in hand, a gentle glow radiating toward his surface from various centers of activity deep inside him, he paused for breath, and the cool, sweet cadences of the watermelon man fell delectably upon his ear:

"Ice cole watermelon; ice cole watermelon! The biggest slice of ice cole, ripe, red, ice cole, rich an' rare; the biggest slice of ice cole watermelon

ever cut by the hand of man! Buy our ice cole watermelon!"

Penrod, having drained the last drop of cider, complied with the watermelon man's luscious entreaty and received a round slice of the fruit, magnificent in circumference and something over an inch in thickness. Leaving only the really dangerous part of the rind behim, he wandered away from the vicinity of the watermelon man and of with a bag of pe nuts, which, with the expenditure of a dime for admission, left a quarter still warm in his pocket. However, he managed to "break" the coin at a stand inside the tent, where a large, oblong paper box of popcorn was handed him with 20 cents change. The box was too large to go into his pocket, but having seated himself among some wistful Polack children he placed it in his lap and devoured the contents at leisure during the performance. The popcorn was heavily larded with partially boiled molasses, and Penrod sandwiched mouthfuls of peanuts with gobs of this mass until the peanuts were all gone. After that he ate with ess avidity, a sense almost of satiety beginning to manifest itself to him. and it was not until the close of the performance that he disposed of the ast morsel.

He descended a little heavily to the outflowing crowd in the arena and bought a caterwauling toy balloon, but showed no great enthusiasm in manipulating it. Near the exit as he came out was a hot waffle stand which he had overlooked, and a sense of duty obliged him to consume the three waffles, thickly powdered with sugar, which the waffle man cooked for npon command.

npon command.

These left a hottish taste in his mouth; they had not been quite up to his anticipation, indeed, and it was with a sense of relief that he turned to the bokey-pokey cart which stood close at hand, laden with square slabs of Neapolitan ice cream wrapped in paper. He thought the ice cream would cooling, but somehow it fell short of the desired effect and left a peculiar savor in his throat

He walked away, too languid to blow his balloon, and passed a fresh taffy booth with strange indifference. A bare armed man was manipulating the taffy over a hook, pulling a great white mass to the desired stage of "candying." but Penrod did not pause to watch the operation. In fact, he averted his eyes (which were slightly glazed) in passing. He did not analyze his motives. Simply he was conscious that he preferred not to look at the mass of taffy.

For some reason he put a considera ble distance between himself and the taffy stand, but before long halted in the presence of a red faced man who flourished a long fork over a small cooking apparatus and shouted jovially: "Winnies! Here's your hot win-nies! Hot winny wurst! Food for the overworked brain, nourishing for the weak stummick, entertaining for the tired business man! Here's your hot winnies! Three for a nickel, a half a dime, the twentieth pot of a dollah!"

This above all nectar and ambrosia was the favorite dish of Penrod Schofield. Nothing inside him now craved it—on the contrary. But memory is the great hypnotist. His mind argued against his inwards that opportunity knocked at his door: "Finny wurst"

was rigidly forbidden by the hor thorities. Besides, there was a last tested against its survival; also the red faced mas had himself proclaimed his wares nourishing for the

Penred placed the nickel in the red

hand of the red faced man. He ate two of the three greasy, cigartike shapes cordially pressed upon him in return. The first bite convinced him that he had made a mistake. These winnies seemed of a very inferior flavor, almost unpleasant, in fact. But he felt obliged to conceal his poor opinion of them for fear of offending the red faced man. He ate without haste or eagerness, so slowly indeed that he began to think the red faced man might dislike him as a deterrent of trade. Perhaps Penrod'smind was not working well, for he failed to remember that no law compelled him to remain under the eye of the red faced man, but the virulent repulsion excited by his attempt to take a bite of the third sausage inspired him with at least an excuse for post-

"Mighty good," he murmured feebly, placing the sausage in the inside pocket of his jacket with a shaking hand. "Guess I'll save this one to eat at home after-after dinner."

He moved sluggishly away, wishin he had not thought of dinner. A side show, undiscovered until now, failed to arouse his interest, not even exciting wish that he had known of its existence when he had money. For a time he stared without comprehension at a huge cunvas poster depicting the chief attraction, the weather worn colors conveying no meaning to his torpid eye. Then, little by little, the poster became more vivid to his consciousness. There was a greenish tinted person in the tent, it seemed, who thrived upon a reptilian diet. Suddenly Penrod decided that it was time to go home.

CHAPTER XIII.

Brothers of Angels. NDEED, doctor," said Mrs. Schofield, with agitation and profound conviction, just after o'clock that evening, "I shall always believe in mustard plasters-mustard plasters and hot water bags. If it hadn't been for them I don't believe he'd have lived till you got here-I do

"Margaret," called Mr. Schofield from the open door of a bedroom, "Margaret, re did you put that aromatic ammonia? Where's Margaret?"

But he had to find the aromatic spirits of ammonia himself, for Margaret was not in the house. She stood in the shadow beneath a maple tree near the street corner, a guitar case in her hand. and she scanned with anxiety a briskly approaching figure. The arc light, swinging above, revealed this figure as that of him she awaited. He was passng toward the gate without seeing her, when she arrested him with a fateful

Mr. Robert Williams swung about hastily. "Why, Margaret!"
"Here, take your guitar," she whis-

pered hurriedly. "I was afraid if fa-ther happened to find it he'd break it all to nieces!" "What for?" asked the startled Rob-

"Because I'm sure he knows it's yours." "But what"-

"Oh, Bob," she moaned, "I was waitng here to tell you. I was so afraid you'd try to come in"-"Try!" exclaimed the unfortunate

young man, quite dumfounded. "Try to come"-

"Yes, before I warned you. I've been waiting here to tell you, Bob, you mustn't come near the house. If I were you I'd stay away from even this neighborhood-far away! For awhile I don't think it would be actually safe

"Margaret, will you please"-"It's all on account of that dollar you gave Penrod this morning," she wailed. "First he bought that horri-ble concerting that made paps so furi-

"But Penrod didn't tell that I"-"Oh, wait!" she cried lamentably. 'Listen! He didn't tell at lunch, but he got home about dinner time in the most-well, I've seen pale people before, but nothing like Penrod. Nobody could imagine it-not unless they'd seen him. And he looked so strange and kept making such unnatural faces and at first all he would say was that he'd eaten a little piece of apple and thought it must have had some microbes on it. But he got sicker and sicker, and we put him to bed, and then we all thought he was going to die, and, of course, no little piece of apple would have-well, and he kept getting worse, and then he said he'd had a dollar. He said be'd spent it for the concertina, and watermelon, and chocolate creams, and licorice sticks, and lemon drops, and peanuts, and jaw breakers, and sardines, and raspberry lemonade, and pickles, and popcorn, and ice cream, and cider, and sausage—there was a sausage in his pocket, and mamma says his jacket is ruined-and cinnamon drops, and waffles, and he ate four or five lobster croquettes at lunch—and papa said, Who gave you that dollar? Only he didn't say 'who'. He said something ble, Bob! And Penrod thought he was going to die, and he said you gave it to him, and, oh, it was just pitiful to bear the poor child, Bob, because he ight he was dying, you see, and he blamed you for the whole thing. He said if you'd only let him alone and not given it to him he'd have grown up to be a good man, and now he couldn't! I never heard anything so heartrending. He was so weak he

could hardly whisper, but he kept try-

was all your fault." In the darkness Mr. Williams' fecial expression could not be seen, but his voice sounded hopeful. "Is he is he still in a great deal of

"They say the crisis is past," said Margaret, "but the doctor's still up



"I shall always believe in mustard plasters-mustard plasters and hot

there. He said it was the acutest case the whole course of his professional

with the dollar," said Robert. She did not reply. He began plaintively, "Margaret, you

"I've never seen papa and mamma o upset about anything," she said

"You mean they're upset about me?" "We are all very much upset." returned Margaret, more starch in her tone as she remembered not only Penrod's sufferings, but a duty she had vowed herself to perform.

"Margaret! You don't"-"Robert," she said firmly and, also, with a rhetorical complexity which breeds a suspicion of rehearsal; "Robert, for the present I can only look at in one way-when you gave that money to Penrod you put into the weapon which might be, and, indeed, was, the means of his undoing. are not respon"-

"But you saw me give him the dollar, and you didn't""Robert!" she checked him with in creasing severity. "I am only a wom-an and not accustomed to thinking everything out on the spur of the moment. But I cannot change my mind

-not now, at least." "And you think I'd better not come in tonight?" "Tonight!" she gasped. "Not for

weeks! Papa would""But Margaret," he urged plaintively, "how can you blame me for"-"I have not used the word 'blame." she interrupted. "But I must insist that for your carelessness to-to wreak such havoc-cannot fail to-to lessen my confidence in your powers of judgment. I cannot change my convictions in this matter-not tonight-and I cannot remain here another instant. The poor child may need me. Robert, good

With chill dignity she withdrew, entered the house and returned to the sick room, leaving the young man in outer darkness to brood upon his crime—and upon Penrod.

That sincere invalid became convalescent upon the third day, and a week elepsed, then, before he found an opportunity to leave the house unaccom panied-save by Duke. But at last he set forth and approached the Jones neighborhood in high spirits, pleasantly conscious of his pallor, hollow cheeks and other perquisites of illness provocative of interest.

One thought troubled him a little because it gave him a sense of inferiority to a rival. He believed, against his will, that Maurice Levy could have successfully eaten chocolate creams, licorice sticks, lemon drops, jaw breakers, peanuts, waffles, lobster croquettes, sardines, cinnamon drops, watermelon, pickles, popcorn, ice cream and sausage with raspberry lemonade and cider. Penrod had admitted to himself that Maurice could do it and afterward attend to business or pleasure without the slightest discomfort, and this was probably no more than a fair estimate of one of the great constitutions of all time. As a digester, Maurice Levy

would have disappointed a Borgia. Fortunately, Maurice was still at Atlantic City, and now the convalescent's heart leaped. In the distance he saw Marjorle coming—in pink again, with a ravishing little parasol over her bead. And alone! No Mitchy-Mitch was to mar this meeting.

Penrod increased the feebleness of his steps, now and then leaning upon the fence as if for support. "How do you do, Marjorie?" he said

in his best sickroom voice as she came To his pained amazement she pro ded on her way, her nose at a cele brated elevation-an icy nose.

He threw his invalid's airs to the

vinds and hastened after her. "Marjorie" he pleaded, "what's the matter? Are you mad? Honest, that day you said to come back next mornng and you'd be on the corner, I was Honest, I was awful sick, Mar-

jorie! I had to have the doctor"-"Doctor!" She whirled upon him, her lovely eyes blazing. "I guess we've had to have the doctor enough at our house, thanks to you, Mister Penrod Schofield. Papa says you haven't got near sense enough to come in out of the rain after what you did to poor little Mitchy-Mitch"-

"What?" "Yes, and he's sick in bed yet!" Marorie went on with unabated fury. And papa says if he ever catches you in this part of town"-"What'd I do to Mitchy-Mitch?"

asped Penrod. "You know well enough what you did to Mitchy-Mitch!" she cried. "You gave him that great, big, nasty two cent piece!"

Well, what of it?" "Mitchy-Mitch swallowed it!"

"And papa says if he ever just lays yes on you once in this neighbor-

But Penrod had started for home. In his embittered heart there was increasing a critical disapproval of the Creator's methods. When he made pretty girls, thought Penrod, why ouldn't he have left out their brothers!

> CHAPTER XIV. Rupe Collins.

OR several days after this Penrod thought of growing up to be a monk and engaged in good works so far as to carry some kittens (that otherwise would have been drowned) and a pair of Margaret's outworn dancing slippers to a poor, ungrateful old man sojourning in a shed up the alley. And although Mr. of indigestion he had ever treated in Robert Williams after a very short interval began to leave his guitar on the front porch again, exactly as if he "Of-course I didn't know what he'd thought nothing had happened, Penrod, with his younger vision of a father's mood, remained coldly distant from the Jones neighborhood. With his own family his manner was gentle, proud and sad, but not for long enough to frighten them. The change came with mystifying abruptness at the end of the week.

> It was Duke who brought it about Duke could chase a much bigger dos out of the Schofields' yard and far down the street. This might be thought to indicate unusual valor on the part of Duke and cowardice on that of the bigger dogs whom he undoubtedly put to rout. On the contrary, all such flights were founded in mere supersti-tion, for dogs are even more superstitions than boys and colored people and the most firmly established of all dog superstitions is that any dog, be he the smallest and feeblest in the world, can whip any trespasser what-

A rat terrier believes that on his home grounds he can whip an ele-phant. It follows, of course, that a big dog, away from his own home, will run from a little dog in the little dog's neighborhood. Otherwise the big dog must face a charge of inconsistency, and dogs are as consistent as they are superstitious. A dog believes in war, but he is convinced that there are times when it is moral to run, and the thoughtful physiognomist, seeing a big dog fleeing out of a little dog's yard. must observe that the expression of the big dog's face is more conscientious than alarmed. It is the expression of a

person performing a duty to himself. Penrod understood these matters perfectly. He knew that the gaunt brown hound Duke chased up the alley had fled only out of deference to a custom, yet Penrod could not refrain from bragging of Duke to the hound's owner, a fat faced stranger of twelve or thirteen, who had wandered into the

neighborhood. "You better keep that ole yellow dog o' yours back," said Penred ominously as he climbed the fence. "You better catch him and hold him till I get is your name, then, I guess. I kind mine inside the yard again. Duke's of thought it was all the time." chewed up some pretty bad bulldogs around here."

fishy stare. "You'd oughts learn him name, then, I guess! Oh, you kind not to do that," he said. "It'll make him sick." "What will?"

The stranger laughed raspingly and his face within an inch of Penrod's. gazed up the alley, where the hound, "Yes. sonny, Rupe Collins is my name having come to a halt, now coolly sat and you better look out what you say down, and, with an expression of when nes around or you'll get in roguish benevolence, patronizingly big trouble: You understand that, watched the tempered fury of Duke, 'bo?' whose assaults and barkings were be Penrod was cowed, but fascinated. oming perfunctory.

demanded. "Eatin' dead buildogs people leave

around here." This was not improvisation but formula, adapted from other occasions to mother ain't got good sense," said Mr the present encounter. Nevertheless, it Collins promptly, this also being for was new to Penrod, and he was so mula. taken with it that resentment lost it-self in admiration. Hastily committing the gem to memory for use upon a dog owning friend, he inquired in a sociable tone:

"What's your dog's name?" "Dan. You better call your ole pup, cause Dan eats live dogs."

Dan's actions poorly supported his master's assertion, for upon Duke's ceasing to bark Dan rose and showed the most courteous interest in making the little old dog's acquaintance. Dan had a great deal of manner, and it he came plain that Duke was impressed favorably in spite of former prejudice, so that presently the two trotted amicably back to their masters and sat down with the harmonious but indifferent air of having known each other

they were received without com-

reflectively for a time It was Penrod knees. who spoke first.

"What number you go to?" (In an "oral lesson in English" Penrod had public schools you attend?")

"Me? What number do I go to?" said the stranger contemptuously. "I to me don't go to no number in vacation." "I mean when it ain't."

"Third." returned the fat faced boy. !! "I got 'em all scared in that school." rod, to whom "the third"-in a distant Rupe's right hand operated upon the

What of? I guess you'd soon see think what of if you ever was in that school "Tin" Penrod bent far forward in about one day. You'd be lucky if you voluntarily and went to his knees got out alive!" "Are the teachers mean?"

der me around, I can tell you. They're this ceremony mighty careful how they try to run Mr. Collins evinced satisfaction by over Rupe Collins."

"Who's Rupe Collins?" boy incredulously. "Say, ain't you got vellin 'Monimuh, mom-muh,' before

"What?" "Say, wouldn't you be just as happy if you had some sense?"

"Ye-es." Penrod's answer, like the look he lifted to the impressive stranger, was meek and placative. "Rupe Collins is the principal at your school, guess."

The other yelled with jeering laugh ter and mocked Penrod's manner and voice. "'Rupe Collins is the principal at your school, I guess!" He laughed harshly again, then suddenly showed truculence. "Say, 'bo, whyn't you learn enough to go in the house when it rains? What's the matter of you, any-

"Well," urged Penrod timidly.



"You understan' that, 'bo?'

hody ever told me who Rupe Collins is. I got a right to think he's the principal, haven't I?" The fat faced boy shook his head disgustedly. "Honest, you make me sick!"

Penrod's expression became one of despair. "Well, who is he?" he cried. "'Who is he?" mocked the other, with a scorn that withered. "'Who is

he?' Mel" "Oh!" Penrod was humiliated but relieved. He felt that he had proved himself criminally ignorant, yet a peril seemed to have passed. "Rupe Collins

The fat faced boy still appeared emround here."

bittered, buriesquing this speech in a
The fat faced boy gave Penrod a hateful falsetto. "'Rupe Collins is your of thought it was all the time, did you?" Suddenly concentrating his brow into a histrionic scowl he thrust

He felt that there was something dan-"What'll make Duke sick?" Penrod perous and dishing about this new

comer. "Yes," he said, feebly drawing back "My name's Penrod Schoffeld "Then I reckon your father

"Why?"

" Cause if they had they'd of give you a good name." And the agreeable youth instantly rewarded himself for the wit with another yell of rasping laughter, after which he pointed sud ehly at Penrod's right hand.

"Where'd you get that wart on your finger?" he demanded severely.
"Which finger?" asked the mystified enrod, extending his hand.

"The middle one." "Where?" "There!" exclaimed Rupe Collins, izing and vigorously twisting the vartless tinger naively offered for his

spection. "Quit!" shouted Penrod in agony.

"Say your prayers!" commanded Rupe, and continued to twist the luck-less finger until Penrod writhed to his

"Ow." The victim, released, looked grievously upon the still painful finger. At this Rupe's scornful expression been instructed to put this question in altered to one of contrition. "Well, I another form, "May I ask which of our declare!" he exclaimed remorsefully. "I didn't s'pose it would hurt. Turn about's fair play; so now you do that

He extended the middle linger of his left hand and Penrod promptly seized but did not twist it, for he was instantly swung round with his back "What of?" innocently asked Pen- to his amiable new acquaintance part of town-was undiscovered coun- hark of Penrod's slender neck; Rupe's knee tortured the small of Penrod's

again. "Lick dirt." commanded Rune force The other boy frowned with bitter ing the captive's face to the sidewalk, scorn, "Teachers! Teachers don't or- und the suffering l'enrod completed

means of his horse laugh. "You'd last jest about one day up at the Third!" "Who is he?" echoed the fat faced he said. "You'd come runnin' home,

"No. 1 wouldn't," Peurod protested rather weakly, dusting his knees. "Yon would, too."

"No. 1 w"-"Looky here," said the fat faced boy, darkly, "what you mean, counterdicking me?"

He advanced a step and Penrod hastily qualified his contradiction. I mean, I don't think I would. I"-"You better look out!" Rupe moved closer, and unexpectedly grasped the back of Penrod's neck again. "Say, 'I would run home yellin' "Mom

muh!" '" "Ow! I would run home yellin' 'Mom

"Thorel" said Rupe, giving the help less nape a final squeeze. "That's the way we do up at the Third."

Penrod rubbed his neck and asked meekly: "Can you do that to any boy up at the Third?"

"See here now," said Rupe in the tone of one goaded beyond all endurance, "you say if I can. You better say it quick or"-"I knew you could," Penrod inter-

posed hastily, with the pathetic sem-blance of a laugh. "I only said that in fun." "In 'fun!" repeated Rupe stormily. "You better look out how you"-

"Well, I said I wasn't in earnest." Penrod retreated a few steps. "1 knew you could all the time. I expect I could do it to some of the boys up at the Third myself. Couldn't 1?" "No; you couldn't."

"Well, there must be some boy up there that I could"-"No: they aint. You better"-"I expect not, then," said Penrod

quickly. "You better 'expect not.' Didn't I tell you once you'd never get back alive if you ever tried to come up around the Third? You want me to show you how we do up there. 'bo?" He began a slow and deadly ad-

vance, whereupon Penrod timidly offered a diversion: stable under a glass cover, so you can watch 'em jump around when you hanguer on the box t'ome on and

look at 'em." "All right," said the fat faced boy, slightly mollified "We'll let Dan kill

"No, sir! I'm goin' to keep 'em. They're kind of pets. I've had 'em all nummer. I got names for 'em and"-"Look here, 'bo. Did you hear me say we'll let Dan kill 'em?"

"Yes, but I won't"-"What won't you?" Rune became sinister immediately. "It seems to me you're gettin' pretty fresh around

"Well, I don't want"-Mr. Collins once more brought into play the dreadful eye to eye scowl as practiced "up at the Third" and sometimes also by young leading men upon he stage. Frowning quite appallingly and

placed his nose almost in contact with the nose of Penrod, whose eyes naturally became crossed. "Dan kills the rats. See?" hissed the fat faced boy, maintaining the horrible

thrusting forward his underlip, he

juxtaposition. "Well all right," said Penrod swallowing. "I don't want 'em much." And when the pose had been relaxed he stared at his new friend for a moment, almost with reverence. Then he bright-

"Come on, Rupe!" he cried enthusiastically, as he climbed the fence. "We'll give our dogs a little live meat-'bo!" At the dinner table that evening Penod surprised his family by remarking in, a voice they had never heard him attempt-a lawgiving voice of international gruffness; "Any man that's makin' a hunderd

dollars a month is makin' good money." "What?" asked Mr. Schotleld staring, for the previous conversation had concerned the illness of an infant relative in Council Bluffs.

"Any man that's makin' a hunderd iollars a month is makin' good money.' "What is he falking about!" Margaret appealed to the invisible.

"Well," said Penrod, frowning, "that's what foremen at the ladder works get." "How in the world do you know?" asked his mother.

"Well, I know it. A hunderd dollars month is good money, I tell you!" "Well, what of it?" said the father mpatiently. "Nothin". I only said it was go

Mr. Schofield shook his head, dismiss

mistake; he his son's si conversatio That wo the fact th Rupe Collin man at the important w remark in a " 'Good me curiously. Penrod lance. "Sa happy if you

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"Penrod!" Penrod's mo her son: be like that to Mrs. Scho dismayed th alized that slightly scal sult of tell there was a of her right poor materia work upon. I back yard, a the lowly an "I let you Schofield." truded his m ed and thrus

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the garden sc quite out of Likewise boys by the the chief su to Penrod b we do up at explanation like Tartarin of his own convinced hi one of thos spirits exclu Third" was Rupe Collins, Then, when himself reper of the prow great friend, other subject were his fath

tween babyh sons do not with boys, is the influence en is shamet let you," is ar won't let me tion and cam ruined among much of his must recogni at least the to all things cats and eve he must char dog, and, er against any both as rave lutely uncong

Mothers mi

Penrod, of by the code, lus. Duke as a cross be