

PENROD

By BOOTH TARKINGTON

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ed with moneyed words and pictured rewards. Duke's eyes looked backward; otherwise he moved not. Time elapsed. Penrod stooped to flattery, finally to insincere caresses; then, losing patience, spouted sudden threats.

"Penrod, come down from that box this instant!"

"Ma'am?"

"Are you up in that sawdust box again?" As Mrs. Schofield had just heard her son's voice issue from the box and also as she knew he was there anyhow, her question must have been put for oratorical purposes only. "Because if you are," she continued promptly, "I'm going to ask your papa not to let you play there any more."

Penrod's forehead, his eyes, the tops of his ears and most of his hair became visible to her at the top of the box. "I ain't 'playing'," he said indignantly.

"Well, what are you doing?"

"Just coming down," he replied in a pained tone.

"Then why don't you come?"

"I got Duke here. I got to get him down, haven't I? You don't suppose I want to leave a poor dog in here to starve, do you?"

"Well, hand him down over the side to me. Let me!"

"I'll get him down all right," said Penrod. "I got him up here and I guess I can get him down."

"Well then, do it!"

"I will if you'll let me alone. If you'll go on back to the house I promise to be there inside of two minutes. Honest."

After her departure Penrod expended some finalities of eloquence upon Duke, then disgustfully gathered him up in his arms, dumped him into the basket and, shouting sternly, "All in for the ground floor—step back there, madam—all ready, Jim!" lowered dog and basket to the floor of the storeroom. Duke sprang out in tumultuous relief and bestowed frantic affection upon his master as the latter slid down from the box.

CHAPTER II.

The Costume.

AFTER lunch his mother and his sister Margaret, a pretty girl of nineteen, dressed him for the occasion. They stood him near his mother's bedroom window and did what they would to him.

During the earlier anguish of the process he was mute, exceeding the paths of the suffering calf in the shambles, but a sudden of eyes might have perceived in his soul the premonitory symptoms of a sinister uprising. At a rehearsal (in citizens' clothes) attended by mothers and grown-up sisters, Mrs. Lora Rewbush had announced that she wished the costume to be "as medieval and artistic as possible." Otherwise, and as to details, she said, she would leave the costumes to the good taste of the children's parents. Mrs. Schofield and Margaret were no archaeologists, but they knew that their taste was as good as that of other mothers and sisters concerned, so with perfect con-



Then They Began by Shrouding His Legs in a Pair of Silk Stockings.

dence they had planned and executed a costume for Penrod, and the only misgiving they felt was connected with the tractability of the Child Sir Lancelot himself.

Stripped to his underwear, he had been made to wash himself vehemently; then they began by shrouding his legs in a pair of silk stockings, once blue, but now modestly whitish. Upon Penrod they visibly surpassed mere amplexes, but they were long, and it

required only a rather loose imagination to assume that they were tight.

The upper part of his body was next concealed from view by a garment so peculiar that its description becomes difficult. In 1886 Mrs. Schofield, then unmarried, had worn at her "coming out party" a dress of vivid salmon silk which had been remodeled after her marriage to accord with various epochs of fashion until a final unskillful campaign at a dye house had left it in a condition certain to attract much attention to the wearer. Mrs. Schofield had considered giving it to Della, the cook, but had decided not to do so, because you never could tell how Della was going to take things, and cooks were scarce.

It may have been the word "medieval" (in Mrs. Lora Rewbush's rich phrase) which had inspired the idea for a last and conspicuous usefulness. At all events the bodice of that once salmon dress, somewhat modified and moderated, now took a position for its farewell appearance in society upon the back, breast and arms of the Child Sir Lancelot.

The area thus costumed ceased at the waist, leaving a Jaeger-like and un-medieval gap thence to the tops of the stockings. The inventive genius of woman triumphantly bridged it, but in a manner which imposes upon history almost insuperable delicacies of narration. Penrod's father was an old-fashioned man. The twentieth century had failed to shake his faith in red flannel for cold weather, and it was while Mrs. Schofield was putting away her husband's winter underwear that she perceived how hopelessly one of the elder specimens had dwindled, and simultaneously she received the inspiration which resulted in a pair of trunks for the Child Sir Lancelot and added an earnest bit of color, as well as a genuine touch of the middle ages, to his costume. Reversed, fore to aft, with the greater part of the legs cut off and strips of silver braid covering the seams, this garment, she felt, was not traceable to its original source.

When it had been placed upon Penrod the stockings were attached to it by a system of safety pins, not very perceptible at a distance. Next, after being severely warned against stooping, Penrod got his feet into the slippers he wore to dancing school—"patent leather pumps," now decorated with large pink rosettes.

"If I can't stoop," he began smolderingly, "I'd like to know how'm I goin' to kneel in the pag!"

"You must manage!" This, uttered through pins, was evidently thought to be sufficient.

They fastened some ruching about his slender neck, pinned ribbons at random all over him, and then Margaret thickly powdered his hair.

"Oh, yes; that's all right," she said, replying to a question put by her mother. "They always powdered their hair in colonial times."

"It doesn't seem right to me—exactly," objected Mrs. Schofield gently. "Sir Lancelot must have been ever so long before colonial times."

"That doesn't matter," Margaret reassured her. "Nobody'll know the difference, Mrs. Lora Rewbush least of all. I don't think she knows a thing about it, though, of course, she does write splendidly and the words of the pageant are just beautiful. Stand still, Penrod!" (The author of "Harold Ramores" had moved convulsively.)

"Besides, powdered hair's always becoming. Look at him. You'd hardly know it was Penrod!"

The pride and admiration with which she pronounced this undeniable truth might have been thought tactless, but Penrod, not analytical, found his spirits somewhat elevated. No mirror was in his range of vision, and, though he had submitted to cursory measurements of his person a week earlier, he had no previous acquaintance with the costume. He began to form a not unpleasant mental picture of his appearance, something somewhere between the portraits of George Washington and a vivid memory of Miss Julia Marlowe at a matinee of "Twelfth Night."

He was additionally cheered by a sword which had been borrowed from a neighbor who was a Knight of Pythias. Finally there was a mantle, an old golf cape of Margaret's. Fluffy polka dots of white cotton had been sewed to it generously; also it was ornamented with a large cross of red flannel, suggested by the picture of a crusader in a newspaper advertisement. The mantle was fastened to Penrod's shoulder—that is, to the shoulder of Mrs. Schofield's ex-bodice—by means of large safety pins and arranged to hang down behind him, touching his heels, but obscuring no-wise the glory of his facade. Then at last he was allowed to step before a mirror.

It was a full length glass and the worst immediately happened. It might have been a little less violent, perhaps, if Penrod's expectations had not been so richly and poetically idealized, but as things were the revolt was volcanic.

Victor Hugo's account of the fight with the devilfish, in "Toliers of the Sea," encourages a belief that, had Hugo lived and increased in power, he might have been equal to a proper recital of the half hour which followed Penrod's first sight of himself as the Child Sir Lancelot. But Mr. Wilson himself, dastard but eloquent foe of Harold Ramores, could not have expressed, with all the vile dashes at his command, the sentiments which animated Penrod's bosom when the instantaneous and unmitigated conviction descended upon him that he was intended by his loved ones to make public spectacle of himself in his sister's stockings and part of an old dress of his mother's.

To him these familiar things were not disguised at all. There seemed no possibility that the whole world would not know them at a glance. The stockings were worse than the bodice. He had been assured that these could not

be recognized, but, seeing them in the mirror, he was sure that no human eye could fall at first glance to detect the difference between himself and the former purposes of these stockings. Fold, wrinkle, and void shrieked their history with a hundred tongues, invoking earthquake, eclipse and blue ruin. The frantic youth's final submission was obtained only after a painful telephonic conversation between himself and his father, the latter having been called up and upon by the exhausted Mrs. Schofield, to subjugate his offspring by wire.

The two ladies made all possible haste after this to deliver Penrod into the hands of Mrs. Lora Rewbush. Nevertheless, they found opportunity to exchange earnest congratulations upon his not having recognized the humble but serviceable patterned garment now brilliant about the Lancelotish middle. Altogether, they felt that the costume was a success. Penrod looked like nothing ever remotely imagined by Sir Thomas Malory or Alfred Tennyson—for that matter he looked like nothing ever before seen on earth—but as Mrs. Schofield and Margaret took their places in the audience at the Women's Arts and Guild hall, the anxiety they felt concerning Penrod's elocutionary and gesticular powers so soon to be put to public test was pleasantly tempered by their satisfaction that, owing to their efforts, his outward appearance would be a credit to the family.

The Child Sir Lancelot found himself in a large anteroom behind the stage—a room crowded with excited children, all about equally medieval and artistic. Penrod was less conspicuous than he thought himself, but he was so preoccupied with his own shame, steeling his nerves to meet the first inevitable taunting reference to his sister's stockings, that he failed to perceive there were others present in much of his own unmanned condition. Retiring to a corner immediately upon his entrance, he managed to unfasten the mantle at the shoulders and, drawing it round him, planned it again at his throat so that it concealed the rest of his costume. This permitted a temporary relief, but increased his horror of the moment when, in pursuance of the action of the "pageant," the sheltering garment must be cast aside.

Some of the other child knights were also keeping their mantles close about them. A few of the envied opulent swung brilliant fabrics from their shoulders, airily showing off hired splendors from a professional costumer's stock, while one or two were indulging examples of parental indulgence, particularly little Maurice Levy, the Child Sir Galahad. This shrinking person went clamorously about, making it known everywhere that the best tailor in town had been dazzled by a great sum into constructing his costume. It consisted of blue velvet knickerbockers, a white satin waistcoat and a beautifully cut little swallow tailed coat with pearl buttons.

The medieval and artistic triumph was completed by a mantle of yellow velvet and little white boots sporting gold tassels.

All this radiance paused in a brilliant career and addressed the Child Sir Lancelot, gathering an immediately formed semicircular audience of little girls. "Woman was ever the trailer of magnificence."

"What you got on?" inquired Mr. Levy after dispensing information.

"What you got on under that ole golf cape?"

Penrod looked upon him coldly. At other times his questioner would have approached him with deference, even with apprehension. But today the Child Sir Galahad was somewhat intoxicated with the power of his own beauty.

"What you got on?" he repeated.

"Oh, nothin'," said Penrod, with an indifference assumed at great cost to his nervous system.

The elate Maurice was inspired to set up as a wit. "Then you're nakid!" he shouted exultantly. "Penrod Schofield says he hasn't got nothin' on under that ole golf cape! He's nakid! He's nakid!"

The audience of little girls giggled irritably, and a javelin pierced the inwards of Elaine when he saw that the Child Elaine, amber curled and beautiful Marjorie Jones, lifted golden laughter to the horrid jest.

Other boys and girls came flocking to the uproar. "He's nakid, he's nakid!" shrieked the Child Sir Galahad. "Penrod Schofield's nakid! He's na-a-kid!"

"Hush, hush!" said Mrs. Lora Rewbush, pushing her way into the group. "Remember, we are all little knights and ladies today. Little knights and ladies of the Table Round would not make so much noise. Now, children, we must begin to take our places on the stage. In everybody here?"

Penrod made his escape under cover of this diversion. He slid behind Mrs. Lora Rewbush and, being near a door, opened it unnoted and went out quickly, closing it behind him. He found himself in a narrow and vacant hallway which led to a door marked "Janitor's Room."

Burning with outrage, heartsick at the sweet, cold blooded laughter of Marjorie Jones, Penrod rested his elbows upon a window sill and speculated upon the effects of a leap from the second story. One of the reasons he gave it up was his desire to live on Maurice Levy's account; already he was forming educational plans for the Child Sir Galahad.

A stout man in blue overalls passed through the hallway, muttering to himself petulantly. "I reckon they'll find that hall hot enough now!" he said, conveying to Penrod an impression that some too feminine women had sent him upon an unreasonable errand to the furnace. He went into the janitor's room and, emerging a moment later minus the overalls, passed Penrod again with a tam rattle—"Tern 'em!"

It seemed he said—and made a gloomy exit by the door at the upper end of the hallway.

The conglomerate and delicate rustle of a large, mannerly audience was heard as the janitor opened and closed the door, and stage fright seized the boy. The orchestra began an overture, and at that Penrod, trembling violently, tipped down the hall into the janitor's room. It was a cul-de-sac; there was no outlet save by the way he had come.

Despairingly he doffed his mantle and looked down upon himself for a last sickening assurance that the stockings were as obviously and disgracefully Margaret's as they had seemed in the mirror at home. For a moment he was encouraged; perhaps he was no worse than some of the other boys. Then he noticed that a safety pin had opened; one of those connecting the stockings with his trunks. He set down to fasten it, and his eye fell for the first time with particular attention upon the trunks. Until this instant he had been preoccupied with the stockings.

Slowly recognition dawned in his eyes.

The Schofields' house stood on a corner at the intersection of two main traveled streets, the fence was low and the publicity obtained by the washable portion of the family apparel on Mondays had often been painful to Penrod, for boys have a peculiar sensitiveness in these matters. A plain matter of fact washerwoman, employed by Mrs. Schofield, never left anything to the imagination of the passerby, and of all her calm display the scarlet flaunting of his father's winter wear had most abashed Penrod. One day Marjorie Jones, all gold and starch, had passed when the dreadful things were on the line; Penrod had hidden himself, shuddering. The whole town, he was convinced, knew these garments intimately and derisively.

And now, as he sat in the janitor's chair, the horrible and paralyzing recognition came. He had not an instant's doubt that every fellow actor, as well as every soul in the audience, would recognize what his mother and sister had put upon him. For as the awful truth became plain to himself it seemed blazoned to the world, and far, far louder than the stockings, the trunks did fairly bellow the grisly secret; those they were and what they were.

Most people have suffered in a dream the experience of finding themselves very inadequately clad in the midst of a crowd of well dressed people, and



"Do you know that you have kept an audience of 500 people waiting for ten minutes?"

Such dreamers' sensations are comparable to Penrod's, though faintly, because Penrod was awake and in much too full possession of the most active capacities for anguish.

A human male whose dress has been damaged, or reveals some vital lack, suffers from a hideous and shameful loneliness which makes every second absolutely unbearable until he is again as others of his sex and species, and there is no act or sin whatever too desperate for him in his struggle to attain that condition. Also, there is absolutely no embarrassment possible to a woman which is comparable to that of a man under corresponding circumstances, and in this a boy is a man. Gazing upon the ghastly trunks, the stricken Penrod felt that he was a degree worse than nude, and a great horror of himself filled his soul.

"Penrod Schofield!"

The door into the hallway opened, and a voice demanded him. He could not be seen from the hallway, but the hue and cry was up, and he knew he must be taken. It was only a question of seconds. He huddled in his chair.

"Penrod Schofield!" cried Mrs. Lora Rewbush angrily.

The distracted boy rose, and as he did so a long pin sank deep into his back. He extracted it frenziedly, which brought to his ears a protracted and sonorous ripping, too easily located by a final gesture of horror.

"Penrod Schofield!" Mrs. Lora Rewbush had come out into the hallway.

And now in this extremity, when all seemed lost indeed, particularly including honor, the dilating eye of the outlaw fell upon the blue overalls which the janitor had left hanging upon a peg.

Inspiration and action were almost simultaneous.

CHAPTER III.

The Pageant of the Table Round.

"PENROD!" Mrs. Lora Rewbush stood in the doorway, indignantly gazing upon a Child Sir Lancelot mantled to the heels.

"Do you know that you have kept an audience of 500 people waiting for ten minutes?" She also detained the 500 while she spoke further.

"Well," said Penrod contentedly, as he followed her toward the buzzing stage, "I was just sitting there thinking."

Two minutes later the curtain rose on a medieval castle hall richly done in the new stage craft made in Germany and consisting of pink and blue chesecloth. The Child King Arthur and the Child Queen Guinevere were disclosed upon thrones, with the Child Elaine and many other celebrities in attendance, while about fifteen Child Knights were seated at a dining room Table Round, which was covered with a large oriental rug, and displayed (for the knights' refreshment) a banquet service of silver loving cups and trophies, borrowed from the Country club and some local automobile manufacturers.

In addition to this splendor, potted plants and palms have seldom been more lavishly used in any castle on the stage or off. The footlights were aided by a "spot-light" from the rear of the hall, and the children were revealed in a blaze of glory.

A hushed, multitudinous "O-oh" of admiration came from the decorous and delighted audience. Then the children sang feebly:

"Children of the Table Round,
Lat-tal knights and ladies we,
Let our voices all resound
Faith and hope and charity!"

The Child King Arthur rose, extended his scepter with the decisive gesture of a semaphore and spoke:

"Each little knight and lady born
Has noble deeds to perform
In this child-world of shillivurs,
No matter how small his share may be.
Let each advance and tell in turn
What claim he has each to knight-hood earn."

The Child Sir Mordred, the villain of this piece, rose in his place at the Table Round and piped the only lines ever written by Mrs. Lora Rewbush which Penrod Schofield could have pronounced without loathing. George Bassett, a really angelic boy, had been selected for the role of Mordred. His perfect conduct had earned for him the sardonic sobriquet "The Little Gentleman" among his boy acquaintances. (Naturally he had no friends.) Hence the other boys supposed that he had been selected for the wicked Mordred as a reward of virtue. He declaimed serenely:

"I fight Sir Mordred the Child, and I teach
Lessons of selfless evil, and reach
Cut into darkness, thoughtless, unkind,
And ruthless is Mordred and unfeared."

The Child Mordred was properly rebuked and denied the accolade, though like the others, he seemed to have assumed the title already. He made a plotter's exit, whereupon Maurice Levy rose, bowed, announced that he lighted the Child Sir Galahad and continued with perfect sang froid:

"I am the purest of the pure,
I have but kindest thoughts each day,
I give my riches to the poor
And follow in the Master's way."

This elicited tokens of approval from the Child King Arthur, and he bade Maurice "stand forth" and come near the throne, a command obeyed with the easy grace of conscious merit.

It was Penrod's turn. He stepped back from his chair, the table between him and the audience, and began in a high, breathless monotone:

"I fight Sir Lancelot du Lake, the Child,
Gentle-hearted, meek and mild,
What though I'm but a littul child,
Gentle-hearted, meek and mild,
I do my share, though, but—though but!"

Penrod paused and gulped. The voice of Mrs. Lora Rewbush was heard from the wings, prompting irritably, and the Child Sir Lancelot repeated:

"I do my share, though, but—though but a tot.
I pray you knight Sir Lancelot!"

This also met the royal favor, and Penrod was bidden to join Sir Galahad at the throne. As he crossed the stage Mrs. Schofield whispered to Margaret:

"That boy! He's unspined his mantle and fixed it to cover his whole costume. After we worked so hard to make it becoming!"

"Never mind. He'll have to take the cape off in a minute," returned Margaret. She leaned forward suddenly, narrowing her eyes to see the better.

"What is that thing hanging about his left ankle?" she whispered wearily.

"How queer! He must have got tangled in something."

"Where?" asked Mrs. Schofield in alarm.

"His left foot. It makes him stumble. Don't you see? It looks—it looks like an elephant's foot!"

The Child Sir Lancelot and the Child Sir Galahad clasped hands before their child king. Penrod was conscious of a great uplift; in a moment he would have to throw aside his mantle, but even so he was protected and sheltered in the human garment of a man. His stage fright had passed, for the audience was but an indistinguishable blur of darkness beyond the dazzling lights. His most repulsive speech (that in which he proclaimed himself a "tot") was over and done with, and now at last the small, moist hand of the Child Sir Galahad lay within his own. Craftily his brown fingers stole from Maurice's palm to the wrist. The two boys declaimed in concert:

"We are two children of the Table Round
Striving kindness all around
With love and good deeds striving ever
For the best."

May our Hital efforts o'er be blest
Two Hital hearts we offer. Be.
United in love, faith, hope and char—Ow!"

The conclusion of the duet was marked. The Child Sir Galahad suddenly stiffened and, uttering an irrepressible shriek of anguish, gave a brief exhibition of the contraction's art. ("He's

twistin' my wrist! Don't you, leggo!")

The voice of Mrs. Lora Rewbush was again heard from the wings. It sounded bloodthirsty. Penrod released his victim, and the Child King Arthur, somewhat disconcerted, extended his scepter and, with the assistance of the enraged prompter, said:

"Sweet child friends of the Table Round,
In brotherly love and kindness abound,
Sir Lancelot, you have spoken well,
Sir Galahad, too, as clear as bell.
So now pray doff your mantles gay,
You shall be knighted this very day."

And Penrod doffed his mantle.

Simultaneously a thick and vast gasp came from the audience, as from 500 bathers in a wholly unexpected surf. This gasp was punctuated irregularly over the auditorium by imperceptibly subdued screams both of dismay and incredulous joy and by two dismal shrieks. Altogether it was an extraordinary sound, a sound never to be forgotten by any one who heard it.

It was almost as unforgettable as the sight which caused it, the word "sight" being here used in its vernacular sense, for Penrod, standing unmantled and revealed in all the medieval and artistic glory of the janitor's blue overalls, falls within its meaning.

The janitor was a heavy man, and his overalls upon Penrod were merely oceanic. The boy was at once swaddled and lost within their blue gulfs and vast saggings, and the left leg, too hastily rolled up, had descended with a distinctively elephantine effect, as Margaret had observed. Certainly the Child Sir Lancelot was at least a sight.

It is probable that a great many in that hall must have had even then a consciousness that they were looking on at history in the making. A supreme act is recognizable at sight; it bears the birthmark of immortality. But Penrod, that marvelous boy, had begun to declaim, even with the gesture of flinging off his mantle for the accolade:

"I fight Sir Lancelot du Lake,
Will volunteer to knight-hood take,
And kneeling here before your throne
I vow to you."

He finished his speech unheard. The audience had recovered breath, but had lost self control, and there ensued something later described by a participant as a sort of cultured riot.

The actors in the "pageant" were not so dumfounded by Penrod's costume as might have been expected. A few precocious geniuses perceived that the overalls were the Child Lancelot's own comment on maternal intentions, and these were profoundly impressed.

They regarded him with the grisly admiration of young and ambitious criminals for a jail mate about to be distinguished by hanging. But most of the children simply took it to be the case (a little strange, but startling) that Penrod's mother had dressed him like that—which is pathetic. They tried to go on with the "pageant."

They made a brief, manful effort. But the irrepressible outbursts from the audience bewildered them. Every time Sir Lancelot du Lake the Child opened his mouth the great, shadowy houses fell into an uproar and the children into confusion. Strong women and brave girls in the audience went out into the lobby, shrieking and clinging to one another. Others remained, rocking in their seats, helpless and spent. The neighborhood of Mrs. Schofield and Margaret became tactfully a desert. Friends of the author went behind the scenes and encountered a hitherto unknown phase of Mrs. Lora Rewbush. They said afterward that she hardly seemed to know what she was doing. She begged to be left alone somewhere with Penrod Schofield, for just a little while.

They led her away.

CHAPTER IV.

Evening.

THE sun was setting behind the back fence (though at a considerable distance) as Penrod Schofield approached that fence and looked thoughtfully up at the top of it, apparently having in mind some purpose to climb up and sit there. Debat- ing this, he passed his fingers gently up and down the backs of his legs, and then something seemed to decide him not to sit anywhere. He leaned against the fence, sighed profoundly and gazed at Duke, his wistful dog.

The sigh was reminiscent. Episodes of simple pathos were passing before his inward eye. About the most painful was the vision of lovely Marjorie Jones, weeping with rage as the Child Sir Lancelot was dragged, inanimate, from the prostrate and howling Child Sir Galahad, after an onslaught delivered the precise instant the curtain began to fall upon the demoralized "pageant." And then—oh, pangs! oh, woman!—she slapped at the ruffian's cheek, as he was led past her by a resentful janitor, and turning, sang her arms round the Child Sir Galahad's neck.

"Penrod Schofield, don't you dare ever speak to me again as long as you live!" Maurice's little white boots and gold tassels had done their work.

At home the late Child Sir Lancelot was assigned to a locked clothes closet pending the arrival of his father. Mr. Schofield came, and shortly after there was put into practice an old patriarchal custom. It is a custom, of inconceivable antiquity—probably primordial, certainly prehistoric, but still in vogue in some remaining citadels of the ancient simplicities of the repub- lic.

And now, therefore, in the dusk, Penrod leaned against the fence and sighed.

His case is comparable to that of an adult who could have survived a similar experience. Looking back to the sawdust box, fancy pictures this comparable adult a serious and inventive writer engaged in congenial literary activities in a private retreat. We see this period marked by the creation of some of the most virtuous passages of a work dealing exclusively in red cor- puscles and huge, primal impulses. We see this thoughtless man dragged from

his calm seclusion to a horrifying publicity; forced to adopt the stage and, himself a writer, compelled to exploit the repulsive sentiments of an author not only personally distasteful to him, but whose whole method and school in belles-lettres he despises.

We see him reduced by desperation and modesty to stealing a pair of overalls. We conceive him to have ruined, then, his own reputation and to have been spurned by his ladylove, thus lost to him (according to her own declaration) forever. Finally, we must behold imprisonment by the authorities, the third degree and flagellation.

We conceive our man deciding that his career had been perhaps too eventful. Yet Penrod had condensed all of it into eight hours.

It appears that he had at least some shadowy perception of a recent fullness of life, for, as he leaned against the fence gazing upon his wistful Duke, he sighed again and murmured aloud:

"Well, hasn't this been a day?"

But in a little while a star came out, freshly lighted, from the highest part of the sky, and Penrod, looking up, noticed it casually and a little drowsily. He yawned. Then he sighed once more, but not reminiscently. Evening had come; the day was over.

It was a sign of pure ennui.

Next day Penrod acquired a dime by a simple and antique process which was without doubt sometimes practiced by the boys of Babylon. When the teacher of his class in Sunday school requested the weekly contribution Penrod, fumbling honestly (at first) in the wrong pockets, managed to look so embarrassed that the gentle lady told him not to mind and said she was often forgetful herself. She was so sweet about it that, looking into the future, Penrod began to feel confident of a small but regular income.

At the close of the afternoon services he did not go home, but proceeded to squander the funds just withheld from China upon an orgy of the most pungently forbidden description. In a drug emporium near the church he purchased a five cent sack of candy consisting for the most part of the heavily flavored hoofs of horned cattle, but undeniably substantial, and so generously capable of resisting solution that the purchaser must needs be voracious beyond reason who did not realize his money's worth.

Equipped with this collation Penrod contributed his remaining nickel to a picture show, contented upon the seventh day by the legal but not the moral authorities. Here, in cosy darkness, he placidly insulted his liver with jawbreaker upon jawbreaker from the paper sack and in a surfeit of content watched the silent actors on the screen.

One film made a lasting impression upon him. It depicted with relentless pathos the drunkard's progress, beginning with his conversion to beer in the company of loose traveling men, pursuing him through an inexplicable lapse into evening clothes and the society of some remarkably painful ladies. Next, exhibiting the effects of alcohol on the victim's domestic disposition, the unfortunate man was seen in the act of striking his wife and, subsequently, his pleading baby daughter with an abnormally heavy walking stick. Their fight through the snow to seek the protection of

relative was shown and, finally, the drunkard's picturesque behavior at the portals of a madhouse.

So fascinated was Penrod that he postponed his departure until this film came round again, by which time he had finished his unnatural repast and almost, but not quite, decided against following the profession of a drunkard when he grew up.

(To Be Continued.)

DEMAND FULL CREW BILL.

SPRINGFIELD, Ill., May 1.—The legislative committee on railway legislation set April 21 as the date for hearing the arguments of the pending full crew bill.