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Penrod departed to study in the back yard. There, after a cautious survey of the neighborhood, he managed to dislodge the iron cover of the cistern and dropped the asthmatic within. A fine splash rewarded his listening ear. Thus reassured that when he looked for that book again he also would find it for him, he replaced the cover and betook himself peacefully to the highway, discarding Duke from following by repeated rallies of stones, some imaginary and others all too real.

Arrived upon the populous and festive 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 peasant vendors, 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 backing of the dogs within the tent, all sounded exultantly 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 splash. Instead, he began cautiously with the purchase of an extraordinarily large pickle, which he obtained from an aged negro for his odd cent, too obvious a bargain to be refused. At an adjacent stand he bought a glass of raspberry lemonade (so alleged) and sipped it as he ate the pickle. He left nothing of either.

Next he 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 sardines daintily, 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. Ming in hand, a gentle glow radiating toward his surface from various centers of activity deep inside him, he passed for breath and the cool, sweet odors of the watermelon man fell delectably upon his ear.

The cool watermelon; too cool watermelon! The hottest slice of ice, cole, ripe, red, ice cole, rich and 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 behind him, he wandered away from the vicinity of the watermelon man and supplied himself with a bag of peanuts, 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, leaving a bare, 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 wretched children he placed it in his lap and devoured the contents at leisure during the performance. The popcorn was heavily larded with partially-buffed molasses, and Penrod sandwiched mouthfuls of peanuts with bits of this mass until the peanuts were all gone. After that he ate with less 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 last 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 him upon command.

They left a hotish 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 hokey-pokey cart which stood close at hand, laden with square slabs of Neapolitan ice cream wrapped in paper. He thought the ice cream would be 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 flare armed man was manipulating the taffy over a hook, pulling a great white mass to the desired stage of "candy-ness," 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 considerable distance between himself and the taffy stand, but before long halted in the presence of a red faced man who flourished a job, took over a small cooking apparatus and shouted jovially: "Winnies! Here's your hot winnies! Hot winny wurst! Food for the overworked brain, nourishing for the weak stomach, entertaining for the tired business man! Here's your hot



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had a dollar. He said he'd spent it for the concertina, and watermelon, and chocolate creams, and hoicice 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 horrible, Bob! And Penrod thought he was going to die, and he said you gave it to him, and, oh, it was just pitiful to hear the poor child, Bob, because he thought 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's a colic! I never heard anything so heartrending. He was so weak he could hardly whisper, but he kept trying to talk, telling us over and over it was all your fault."

In the darkness Mr. Williams' facial expression could not be seen, but his voice sounded hopeful.

"Is he—is he still in a great deal of pain?"

"They say the crisis is past," said Margaret, "but the doctor's still up there. He said it was the acutest case of indigestion he had ever treated in the whole course of his professional practice."

"Of course I didn't know what he'd do with the dollar," said Robert.

She did not reply.

He began plaintively, "Margaret, you don't know how I feel."

"I've never seen papa and mamma so upset about anything," she said rather primly.

"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 owed 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 it in one way—when you gave that money to Penrod you put into the hands of an unthinking little child a weapon which might be, and indeed was, the means of his undoing. Boys are not responsible!"

"But you saw me give him the dollar, and you didn't?"

"Robert!" she checked him with increasing severity. "I am only a woman 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—wreck such havoc—cannot fail 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 night."

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 elapsed, then, before he found an opportunity to leave the house unaccompanied—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, hoicice 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 Borzoi.

(To Be Continued.)

Commander H. I. Cone, of the torpedo flotilla tender Dixie, was assigned to the Panama canal as marine superintendent.

PARISIANS NOW SEEK GAY LIFE FAR FROM HOME

London Is Mecca of Many Pleasure Loving Residents of French Capital.

London, July 29.—One of the paradoxes of the war is the visiting of Parisians to London for a bit of excitement and gaiety. Paris is nothing like its old self, for its theatres are closed, motor buses at the front, most of its taxis laid up and a large number of its hotels closed. But London has sacrificed but little of its pleasures. Hotels are full, tea-rooms and restaurants are crowded as ever, theatres, especially the music halls and revues, well attended, and the Hyde Park and upper Thames have their usual crowds of holiday makers.

But this does not mean that London does not feel the war. The hotel guests are mainly purchasing agents for the allied powers, visiting attaches on official business and agents for American factories looking for supply contracts. Comparatively few of the younger men seen in the fashionable tea places and restaurants were civilian clothes. Khaki is also the prevailing color among the men at the revues. The "eccentrically knut" of the young men who met the fashion are called, has largely disappeared from his old haunts.

London's gaiety is in one sense largely a gayety of woe, a gayety of living the hard routine of duty at the training camps or a life of constant danger at the front seem to find a complete change and rest of mind in a frivolous show at the theatre. The first idea of a wounded man on getting out of the hospital is a round of restaurants and variety halls. Officers and enlisted men with arms in slings and on crutches are sights too common there to attract more than passing notice.

Curiously enough, the new dramas have been except few any plays, have had no support at all and were soon taken off. Yet a French company giving a series of short plays has had more success here because of its brilliant tales of concentrated horror. Comedies of the light society kind have failed to attract, while those with real humor and wit draw large audiences. A season of Russian and French opera came to an early and disastrous close, and the up to be a good man, and now he's a colic! I never heard anything so heartrending. He was so weak he could hardly whisper, but he kept trying to talk, telling us over and over it was all your fault."

Fashionable life has merely transformed its activities. Instead of private affairs, society gives benefits, ranging from gala theatrical performances with royalty present to garden fetes. It is quite cosmopolitan for its object is the raising of funds not only for British charities but for Belgian, French, Russian, Serbian and Italian relief funds.

While London has lost its German and Austrian colony, it is so filled with Belgians that Flemish and French signs can be seen in shop windows all over the city. Many French families have come over also. There was a long season of French-Belgian comedies, played by a company from Brussels with the best talent of the country. Mme. Rejane, a Parisian company had a successful run in repertory and other French plays now have a theatre.

The tea-rooms of the fashionable hotels were never better attended, largely by officers of duty. But the Londoner takes his pleasures more cheaply. The band stand in Hyde Park has lost none of its popularity of evenings, but the character of the crowd has changed. Before the war the band enclosed a Belgian soldier, the Germans, Austrians, French and Italian young men are otherwise employed, but there is a certain gaiety now here at the theatre.

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Bits of Byplay

By Luke McLuke
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Muhl
Both jokes and humans have one thing in common: we are sure, and we spend much time wondering why most of them are poor.

Paw Knows Everything.
Willie—Paw, is a bigamist a man who has one wife too many?
Paw—Not necessarily, my son. Lots of men who have one wife too many are not bigamists.
Maw—Willie, if you don't quit asking your father questions you will be as big a fool as he is.

Advice.
Don't think that fame will seek your door. Get out, my son, and hustle some. Go after things and you'll get more. Than he who waits for them to come.

Sure Thing.
"Johnny," said the Sunday school teacher, "do you know that when your father has to whip you it hurts him more than it does you?"
"Yessim," replied Johnny. "I know it. My father has rheumatism in both arms."

The Deadly Twins.
To lynch them we are goaded. These twins that we all know: "I didn't know 'was loaded," and "I was driving very slow."
—W. S. H.

The Wise Fool.
"Love is blind," observed the sage. "Yes," agreed the fool. "When a girl has a million dollars and a million freckles the freckles are invisible to the average man."

Sure!
Our fellow men we would exalt. We'd bring them happy days. If we would all quit finding fault And start in finding praise.

The Names Is Names Quartet.
For special solo work with the By-play Minstrels, Luke McLuke's celebrated organization, we recommend Miss Hazel Kinkler of the Rockville (Conn.) Methodist Episcopal church. If Luke can find a suitable solo a mixed quartet might be organized with Percy Bray of Emory college, Georgia, and Percy Yowler of Norwood, O., as the bass and tenor respectively.—Arkansas Democrat.

Small Change.
Dear Luke—Do you know that John Nichols and U. Dimes live here?—Lancaster, O.

Oh, Joy!
Dear Luke—In Cincinnati lives Miss I. Kiss, and her first name is Ima.—Reader.

In Which Rome Runs Second.
Be it remembered that Rome was not built in a day. Luke Carey had its beginning and now a commercial center. The social and moral support in civic and business relations has placed Carey in line with the commercial interests of the world, rarely excelled. Are you in doubt?
JOSEPH F. WONDER, Mayor, Village of Carey, O.

Names Is Names.
Mr. I. M. Wright is a preacher in San Francisco.

Things to Worry About.
A cubic mile of water weighs 4,200,000,000 tons.

Some of the Luke brides who are now living in castles in the air will soon be living in furnished rooms up near the attic.

There was a time when a copy of "The Pilgrim's Progress" was considered an appropriate birthday gift for a boy. But the modern boy doesn't know whether "The Pilgrim's Progress" is a new game or a new story on the jittery automobiles.

The man who minds his own business doesn't have to carry a rabbit foot and a four leaf clover.

Men haven't any sense. A girl will carefully paste a piece of black court plaster on her face and call it a beauty spot. But you can't get a man to believe that there isn't a pimple hidden under the black patch.

Why does a man always drag a woman down with him when he starts to go to the devil?

The old fashioned faker who used to scratch up a living by selling Indian dope with a medicine show now has a son who spends \$500.00 a year advertising Eucio salve and who is worth a million dollars.

It takes a wise man to realize that he doesn't know anything about women.

The lad who carries a big "Safety First" sign on his automobile often goes home and forgets to frisk his coat for long blond hairs before he enters the house.

The old fashioned man who would just as soon see his wife dead as divorced from him now has a son who has to have a fresh wife every second year.

Somehow or other the doctor never has to advise mother to take plenty of exercise. This advice is always reserved for daughter.

A princess who is wearing a tin plate hanging from each ear will turn her nose up at the other princesses who are merely wearing glass saucers as ear pendants.

Tobacco valued at \$200,000 has been sold in Louisville, Ky., to agents of the Allies within the last month.

King Constantine of Greece has now almost completely recovered from his recent illness.

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A passenger train, bound for New York from Maine points, ran into a string of freight cars at Worcester, Mass. It was stated that an attempt had been made to wreck the train by sending it on the siding into the freight.

A well dressed man who shot and killed himself in Bronx Park, was identified as Edward B. Fox, of New York. He was despondent because of losses caused to his optical business by the war.

Buried for eight hours and given up as dead, Thomas Marouski and Michael Lavarage, walked out of the Knickerbocker coal mine at Pottsville, Pa., while rescuers were trying to reach them.

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