

An Invitation

is extended to all--men, women and children--to visit us at any hour in the day and try a delicious hot lunch.

We are serving chili con carne and tomatos.

Lynden Confectionery



Every pound a bargain, and a pound only 25c.

"99" COFFEE

ASK YOUR GRGER

CRESCENT MANUFACTURING CO. Seattle, Wash.

DR. B. V. MOUNTER
PHYSICIAN and SURGEON
Office Over Lynden State Bank
LYNDEN, WASHINGTON

LYNDEN BARBER SHOP
NEXT DOOR TO POST OFFICE.
First Class Barbering
Shears Ground Umbrellas Mended
Agency for Pacific Steam Laundry

F. L. WOOD, M. D.
Physician and Surgeon
ACCOUCHEUR
Obstetrics a Specialty
Lynden, Wash.

DR. C. H. McLEOD
DENTIST
Office Over Lynden State Bank
LYNDEN, WASHINGTON

HAWLEY'S OPERA HOUSE
Third St. between Grover and Liberty
Lynden, Washington
For rent for balls, concerts, and private and public entertainments at reasonable hall rental.
PHONE No. R702
WARREN E. HAWLEY, Mgr.

Fraley & Son
TINSMITHS
FURNACE WORK
PLUMBING
TINNING
Heating Stoves of All Kinds
Prompt Attention to Stove Repairing
If in Need of a New Heating Stove
Give Me a Call—I Can Please
You Both as to Quality and Price

RALPH B. LECOCQ
LAWYER
Special attention given to Probate matters.
LYNDEN, WASHINGTON

Van Zon & Powers
SANITARY BARBER SHOP
A clean hot towel for each customer
Opposite Farmers' Mercantile Co.

M. H. GERLACH
Architect
Fisher Building BELLINGHAM

PENROD

By **BOOTH TARKINGTON**

Copyright, 1914, by Doubleday, Page & Company

SYNOPSIS.

Penrod, fearing the ordeal of playing the part of the Child Sir Lancelot, seeks refuge in the composition of a dime novel.

He breaks up the whole party by putting on a pair of the janitor's overalls over his costume.

A visit to a moving picture show gives him an idea and he loafs away his time in school, dreaming dreams.

The teacher reproves him. He seeks to distract attention from himself by alleging loss of sleep because of a drunken uncle.

The teacher sympathizes with Penrod's taut because of her wayward husband, and it then develops that Penrod has been lying.

Penrod, Sam Williams and two colored boys, Herman and Verman, get up a big show to entertain the town.

Verman makes a decided hit, but Roderick Magaworth Bits, Jr., says the show is a failure. Penrod asks him if he is a relation of Rena Magaworth, a murderer.

Roderick, seeking fame, says she is his aunt. Roderick's mother finds him posing as a nephew of the murderer and keeps the circus.

Rupe Collins, a very tough boy, bullies Penrod and at once becomes a great hero in Penrod's eyes.

Penrod tries to be a tough boy himself. He arouses fear in the hearts of Sam Williams, Herman and Verman by describing Rupe's bullying tactics.

Rupe tries to intimidate Herman and Verman, and the two little colored boys speedily drive him off the place.

Mitchy-Mitch, Marjorie's little brother, infuriates Penrod by calling him "little gentleman," and a great tar fight starts.

Penrod is punished. The Rev. Mr. Kinoshing calls and unwisely refers to Penrod several times as "little gentleman."

(CONTINUED FROM LAST WEEK)

"No," said Mr. Kinoshing. "No tobacco for me. No cigar, no pipe, no cigarette, no cheroot. For me a book—a volume of poems, perhaps. Verses, rimes, lines metrical and cadenced—those are my dissipation. Tennyson by preference—'Maud' or 'Idylls of the King,' poetry of the sound Victorian days. There is none later. Or Long fellow will rest me in a tired hour. Yes, for me a book—a volume in the hand, held lightly between the fingers."

Mr. Kinoshing looked pleasantly at his fingers as he spoke, waving his hand in a curving gesture which brought it into the light of a window faintly illumined from the interior of the house. Then he passed those graceful fingers over his hair and turned toward Penrod, who was perched upon the railing in a dark corner.

"The evening is touched with a slight coolness," said Mr. Kinoshing. "Perhaps I may request the little gentleman—"

"Egg-r-ruff!" coughed Mr. Schofield. "You'd better change your mind about a cigar."

"No, I thank you. I was about to request the lit."

"Do try one," Margaret urged. "I'm sure papa's are nice ones. Do try!"

"No, I thank you. I remarked a slight coolness in the air, and my hat is in the hallway. I was about to request!"

"I'll get it for you," said Penrod suddenly.

"If you will be so good," said Mr. Kinoshing. "It is a black bowler hat, little gentleman, and placed upon a table in the hall."

"I know where it is," Penrod entered the door, and a feeling of relief, mutually experienced, carried from one to another of his three relatives their interchanged congratulations that he had recovered his sanity.

"The day is done and the darkness," began Mr. Kinoshing—and recited that poem entire. He followed it with "The Children's Hour," and, after a pause at the close, to allow his listeners time for a little reflection upon his rendition, he passed his hand again over his head and called in the direction of the doorway:

"I believe I will take my hat now, little gentleman."

"Here it is," said Penrod, unexpectedly climbing over the porch railing in the other direction. His mother and father and Margaret had supposed him to be standing in the hallway out of deference and because he thought it tactful not to interrupt the recitations. All of them remembered later that this supposed thoughtfulness on his part struck them as unnatural.

"Very good, little gentleman!" said Mr. Kinoshing, and being somewhat chilled, placed the hat firmly upon his head, pulling it down as far as it would go. It had a pleasant warmth which he noticed at once. The next instant he noticed something else, a peculiar sensation of the scalp—a sensation which he was quite unable to define. He lifted his hand to take the hat off and entered upon a strange experience—his hat seemed to have decided to remain where it was.

"Do you like Tennyson as much as Longfellow, Mr. Kinoshing?" inquired Margaret.

"I—ah—I cannot say," he returned absently. "I—ah—each has his own—ugh!—flavor and savor, each his—ah—ah!"

Struck by a strangeness in his tone, she peered at him curiously through the dusk. His outlines were indistinct, but she made out that his arms were uplifted in a singular gesture. He seemed to be wrenching at his head.

"Is—Is anything the matter?" she asked anxiously. "Mr. Kinoshing, are you ill?"

"Not at—ugh—all," he replied, in the same odd tone. "I—ah—I believe—ugh!"

He dropped his hands from his hat and rose. His manner was slightly agitated. "I fear I may have taken a trifling—ah—cold. I should—ah—perhaps be—ah—better at home. I will—ah—say good night."

At the steps he instinctively lifted his hand to remove his hat, but did not do so and, saying "Good night" again in a frigid tone, departed with visible stiffness from that house, to return no more.

"Well, of all—" cried Mrs. Schofield, astounded. "What was the matter? He just went—like that!" She made a hurried gesture. "In heaven's name, Margaret, what did you say to him?"

"I!" exclaimed Margaret indignantly. "Nothing! He just went!"

"Why, he didn't even take off his hat when he said good night!" said Mrs. Schofield.

Margaret, who had crossed to the doorway, caught the ghost of a whisper behind her, where stood Penrod.

"You bet he didn't!"

He knew not that he was overheard. A frightful suspicion flashed through Margaret's mind—suspicion that Kinoshing's hat would have to be either boiled off or shaved off. With growing horror she recalled Penrod's long absence when he went to bring the hat.

"Penrod," she cried, "let me see your hands."

She had tolled at those hands herself late that afternoon, nearly scalding her own, but at last achieving a lily purity. "Let me see your hands!"

She seized them. Again they were tarred!

CHAPTER XIX.

The Quiet Afternoon.

PENROD'S middle aged people might discern nature's real intentions in the matter of pain if they would examine a boy's punishments and sorrows, for he prolongs neither beyond their actual duration. With a boy, trouble must be of homeric dimensions to last overnight. To him, every next day is really a new day. Thus, Penrod woke, next morning, with neither the unspared rod, nor Mr. Kinoshing in his mind. Tar, itself, so far as his consideration of it went, might have been an undiscovered substance. His mood was cheerful and mercantile; some process having worked mysteriously within him, during the night, to the result that his first waking thought was of profits connected with the sale of old iron—or perhaps a ragman had passed the house, just before he woke.

By 10 o'clock he had formed a partnership with the indeed amiable Sam, and the firm of Schofield & Williams plunged headlong into commerce. Heavy dealings in rags, paper, old iron and lead gave the firm a balance of 22 cents on the evening of the third day, but a venture in glassware, following, proved disappointing on account of the skepticism of all the druggists in that part of town, even after seven laborious hours had been spent in cleansing a wheelbarrow load of old medicine bottles with hydrant water and ashes. Likewise, the partners were disheartened by their failure to dispose of a crop of "greens," although they had uprooted specimens of that decorative and unappreciated flower, the dandelion, with such persistence and energy that the Schofields' and Williams' lawns looked curiously haggard for the rest of that summer.

The fit passed, business languished, became extinct. The dog days had set in.

One August afternoon was so hot that even boys sought indoor shade. In the dimness of the vacant carriage house of the stable lounged Masters Penrod Schofield, Samuel Williams, Maurice Levy, George Bassett and

Herman. They sat still and talked. It is a hot day, in rare truth, when boys devote themselves principally to conversation, and this day was that hot.

Their elders should beware such days. Peril hovers near when the fierceness of weather forces inaction and boys in groups are quiet. The more closely volcanoes, western rivers, nitroglycerin and boys are pent, the deadlier is their action at the point of outbreak. Thus, parents and guardians should look for outrages of the most singular violence and of the most peculiar nature during the confining weather of February and August.

The thing which befell upon this broiling afternoon began to brew and stew peacefully enough. All was innocence and languor; no one could have foretold the eruption.

They were upon their great theme: "When I get to be a man!" Being human, though boys, they considered their present estate too commonplace to be dwelt upon. So, when the old men gather, they say: "When I was a boy," it really is the land of nowadays that we never discover.

"When I'm a man," said Sam Williams, "I'm goin' to hire me a couple of colored waiters to swing me in a hammock and keep pourin' ice water on me all day out o' those waterin' cans they sprinkle flowers from. I'll hire you for one o' 'em, Herman."

"No; you ain' goin' to," said Herman promptly. "You ain' no flowin'. But nev' min' nat, anyway. Ain' nobody goin' to hire me when I'm a man. Goin' to be my own boss. I'm go' to be a railroad man!"

"You mean like a superintendent, or something like that, and sell tickets?" asked Penrod.

"Sup'n—n'v' min' nat! Sell ticket? No suh! Go' to be a po'tuh! My uncle a po'tuh right now. Solid gule buttons—oh, oh!"

"Generals get a lot more buttons than porters," said Penrod. "Generals—"

"Po'tuhs make the bes' livin'," Herman interrupted. "My uncle spen' mo' money 'n any white man n's town."

"Well, I rather be a general," said Penrod, "or a senator, or something like that."

"Senators live in Washington," Maurice Levy contributed the information. "I been there. Washington ain't no such town. Nagra falls is a hundred times as good as Washington. So's Titanic City. I was there too. I been everywhere there is. I—"

"Well, anyway," said Sam Williams, raising his voice in order to obtain the floor, "anyway, I'm goin' to lay in a hammock all day and have ice water sprinkled on top o' me, and I'm goin' to lay there all night, too, and the next day, I'm goin' to lay there a couple o' years maybe."

"I bet you don't!" exclaimed Maurice. "What'd you do in winter?"

"What you goin' to do when it's winter, out in a hammock with water sprinkled on top o' you all day? I bet you!"

"I'd stay right there," Sam declared, with strong conviction, blinking as he looked out through the open doors at the dazzling lawn and trees, trembling in the heat. "They couldn't sprinkle too much for me!"

"It'd make icicles all over you, and—"

"I wish it would," said Sam. "I'd eat 'em up."

"And it'd snow on you!"

"Yay! I'd swallow it as fast as it'd come down. I wish I had a barrel o' snow right now. I wish this whole barn was full of it. I wish they wasn't anything in the whole world except just good ole snow."

Penrod and Herman rose and went out to the hydrant, where they drank long and ardently. Sam was still talking about snow when they returned.

"No, I wouldn't just roll in it. I'd stick it all round inside my clo'es and fill my hat. No, I'd freeze a big pile of it all hard, and I'd roll her out flat and then I'd carry her down to some ole tailor's and have him make me a suit out of her, and—"

"Can't you keep still about your ole snow?" demanded Maurice petulantly. "Makes me so thirsty I can't keep still, and I've drunk so much now I bet I bust. That ole hydrant water's mighty near hot, anyway."

"I'm goin' to have a big store when I grow up," volunteered Maurice.

"Candy store?" asked Penrod.

"No, sir. I'll have candy in it, but not to eat, so much. It's goin' to be a department store—ladies' clothes, gentlemen's clothes, neckties, china goods, leather goods, nice lines in woolings and lace goods."

"Yay! I wouldn't give a five for a cent marble for your whole store," said Sam. "Would you, Penrod?"

"Not for ten of 'em, not for a million of 'em. I'm goin' to have—"

"Wait!" clamored Maurice. "You'd be foolish, because they'd be a toy department in my store where they'd be a hundred marbles. So how much would you think your five for a cent marble counts for? And when I'm keepin' my store I'm goin' to get married."

"Yay!" shrieked Sam derisively. "Married! Listen! Penrod and Herman joined in the howl of contempt.

"Certainly I'll get married," asserted Maurice stoutly. "I'll get married to Marjorie Jones. She likes me awful good, and I'm her beau."

"What makes you think so?" inquired Penrod in a cryptic voice.

"Because she's my beau, too," came the prompt answer. "I'm her beau because she's my beau. I guess that's plenty reason. I'll get married to her as soon as I get my store running nice."

(To be continued next week)

Tribune Want Ads Get Results.

LYNDEN LUMBER CO.

MANUFACTURERS OF

Rough Timber and Dimension Lumber of all sizes

Moulding
Finishing Lumber
Interior Trim
Sash and Doors
Porch Columns
Store Counters and Fixtures
Egg Crates and Fruit Boxes
of all kinds.

WE CAN FURNISH ALL MATERIAL FOR A BUILDING COMPLETE—LET US FIGURE WITH YOU.

Office and Mill East part of Town

American Boy and The Tribune—Regular price \$2.50. Our special price, \$2.20. McClure's and The Tribune—Regular price, \$3.00. Our special price \$2.60.



WHEN you're tramping all over creation after game, you don't want a big bunch of ordinary tobacco sweating in your hip pocket. There is tobacco satisfaction for two, and plenty of it, in the sweat-proof sanitary pouch of Real Tobacco Chew.

A little chew of pure, rich, mellow tobacco—seasoned and sweetened just enough—cuts out so much of the grinding and spitting.

ASK YOUR DEALER FOR W-B CUT CHEWING TOBACCO. IT IS THE NEW REAL TOBACCO CHEW—CUT LONG SHRED.

Take less than one-quarter the old size chew. It will be more satisfying than a mouthful of ordinary tobacco. Just take a nibble of it until you find the strength chew that suits you, then see how easily and evenly the real tobacco taste comes, how it satisfies, how much less you have to spit, how few chews you take to be tobacco satisfied. That's why it is The Real Tobacco Chew. That's why it costs less in the end.

The taste of pure, rich tobacco does not need to be covered up. An excess of licorice and sweetening makes you spit too much.

One small chew takes the place of two big chews of the old kind.

(Notice how the salt brings out the rich tobacco taste.)
WEYMAN-BRUTON COMPANY, 50 Union Square, New York City

BLOEDEL DONOVAN LUMBER MILLS

Rough and Dressed Lumber Lath and Shingles

Spruce and Cedar Siding, Floor and Ceiling

Doors, Windows, Knock Down Frames, Sanded Soft Yellow Fir Inside Trim, Moulding and Mill Work of Every Description.

Get Our Prices Before You Buy.

C. K. SMITH, Local Manager

DO YOUR BANKING THROUGH THIS BANK

Which offers to depositors Safety for their funds, the benefit of modern banking facilities, courteous treatment, and aid in every legitimate business enterprise.

Everyone having money transactions needs a Checking Account.

YOU are cordially invited to have yours with this bank.

FIRST NATIONAL BANK

Bellingham, Washington

Capital and Surplus \$300,000.00



another of his three relatives their interchanged congratulations that he had