Some Man's Wife.

"Pa, who started the saying that man's wife is his better half?"
"Some mans' wife, I reckon."—Houston Post.

PENROD

PROLOGUE.

Nowhere has Booth Tarkington done such finished, exquisite work as in this story of boyhood. The full flavor of his story is not only for the grown man or woman, but for any one who enjoys the comic muse. It is a picture of a boy's heart, full of those lovable, humorous, tragic things which are locked secrets to older folks unless one has the gift of understanding. Booth Tarkington has it eminently, and "Penrod" will stand as a classic interpretation of the omnipresent subtlety—BOY.

CHAPTER I.

A Boy and His Dog.

PENROD sat morosely upon the back fence and gazed with envy at Duke, his wistful dog.

A bitter soul dominated the various curved and angular surfaces known by a careless world as the face of Penrod Schofield. Except in solitude, that face was almost always cryptic and emotionless, for Penrod had come into his twelfth year wearing an expression carefully trained to be inscrutable. Since the world was sure to misunderstand everything, mere defensive instinct prompted him to give it as little as possible to lay hold upon. Nothing is more impenetrable than the face of a boy who has learned this, and Penrod's was habitually as fathomless as the depth of his hatred this morning for the literary activities of Mrs. Lora Rewbush, an almost universally respected fellow citizen, a lady of charitable and poetic inclinations and one of his own mother's most intimate friends.

Mrs. Lora Rewbush had written something which she called "The Children's Pageant of the Table Round," and it was to be performed in public that very afternoon at the Women's Arts and Guild hall for the benefit of the Colored Infants' Betterment society. And if any flavor of sweetness remained in the nature of Penrod Schofield after the dismal trials of the school week just past, that problematic, infinitesimal remnant was made pungent acid by the imminence of his destiny to form a prominent feature of the spectacle and to declaim the loathsome sentiments of a character named upon the program the Child Sir Lancelot.

After each rehearsal he had plotted escape, and only ten days earlier there had been a glimmer of light. Mrs. Lora Rewbush caught a very bad cold, and it was hoped it might develop into pneumonia, but she recovered so quickly that not even a rehearsal of the Children's Pageant was postponed. Darkness closed in. Penrod had rather vaguely debated plans for a self mutilation such as would make his appearance as the Child Sir Lancelot inexpedient on public grounds. It was a heroic and attractive thought, but the results of some extremely sketchy preliminary experiments caused him to abandon it.

There was no escape, and at last his hour was hard upon him. Therefore he brooded on the fence and gazed with envy at his wistful Duke.

The dog's name was undescriptive of his person, which was obviously the result of a singular series of mesalliances. He wore a grizzled mustache and indefinite whiskers. He was small and shabby and looked like an old postman. Penrod envied Duke because he was sure Duke would never be compelled to be a Child Sir Lancelot. He thought a dog free and unshackled to go or come as the wind listeth. Penrod forgot the life he led Duke.

There was a long soliloquy upon the fence, a plaintive monologue without words. The boy's thoughts were adjectives, but they were expressed by a running film of pictures in his mind's eye, morbidly prophetic of the hideosities before him. Finally he spoke aloud, with such spleen that Duke rose from his haunches and lifted one ear in keen anxiety.

"I hight Sir Lancelot du Lake, the child,
Gentul hearted, meek and mild.
What though I'm but a littul child,
Gentul hearted, meek and— Oof!"

All of this except "oof" was a quotation from the Child Sir Lancelot, as conceived by Mrs. Lora Rewbush. Choking upon it, Penrod slid down from the fence, and with slow and thoughtful steps entered a one storied wing of the stable, consisting of a single apartment, floored with cement and used as a storeroom for broken bric-a-brac, old paint buckets, decayed garden hose, wornout carpets, dead furniture and other condemned odds and ends not yet considered hopeless enough to be given away.

In one corner stood a large box, a part of the building itself; it was eight feet high and open at the top, and it had been constructed as a sawdust magazine from which was drawn material for the horse's bed in a stall on the other side of the partition. The big box, so high and towerlike, so commodious, so suggestive, had ceased to fulfill its legitimate function, though providentially it had been at least half full of sawdust when the horse died. Two years had gone by since that passing, an interregnum in transportation during which Penrod's father was "thinking" (he explained sometimes) of an automobile. Meanwhile, the gifted and generous sawdust box had served brilliantly in war and peace; it was Penrod's stronghold.

There was a partially defaced sign upon the front wall of the box; the donjon deep had known mercantile impulses:

The O. K. RaBiT CO.
PENROD ScHoFiELD AND CO.
tNQuiRE FOR PRicEs.

This was a venture of the preceding vacation, and had netted at one time an accrued and owed profit of $1.38. Prospects had been brightest on the very eve of cataclysm. The storeroom was locked and guarded, but twenty-seven rabbits and Belgian hares, old and young, had perished here on a single night—through no human agency, but in a foray of cats, the besiegers treacherously tunnelling up through the sawdust from the small aperture which opened into the stall beyond the partition. Commerce has its martyrs.

Penrod climbed upon a barrel, stood on tiptoe, grasped the rim of the box; then, using a knothole as a stirrup, threw one leg over the top, drew himself up and dropped within. Standing upon the packed sawdust, he was just tall enough to see over the top.

Duke had not followed him into the storeroom, but remained near the open doorway in a concave and pessimistic attitude. Penrod felt in a dark corner of the box and laid hands upon a simple apparatus consisting of an old bushel basket with a few yards of clothesline tied to each of its handles. He passed the ends of the lines over a big spool, which revolved upon an axle of wire suspended from a beam overhead, and, with the aid of this improvised pulley, lowered the empty basket until it came to rest in an upright position upon the floor of the storeroom at the foot of the sawdust box.

"Eleva-ter!" shouted Penrod. "Ting-ting!"

"Eleva-ter!" shouted Penrod. "Ting-ting!"

Duke, old and intelligently apprehensive, approached slowly, in a semicircular manner, deprecatingly, but with courtesy. He pawed the basket delicately, then, as if that were all his master had expected of him, uttered one bright bark, sat down and looked up triumphantly. His hyprocrisy was shallow, many a horrible quarter of an hour had taught him his duty in this matter.

"El-e-vay-ter!" shouted Penrod sternly. "You want me to come down there to you?"

Duke looked suddenly haggard. He pawed the basket feebly again and, upon another outburst from on high, prostrated himself flat. Again threatened, he gave a superb impersonation of a worm.

"You get in that el-e-vay-ter!"

Reckless with despair, Duke jumped into the basket, landing in a disheveled posture, which he did not alter until he had been drawn up and poured out upon the floor of sawdust within the box. There, shuddering, he lay in doughnut shape and presently slumbered. It was dark in the box, a condition that might have been remedied by sliding back a small wooden panel on runners, which would have let in ample light from the alley, but Penrod Schofield had more interesting means of illumination. He knelt, and from a former soap box, in a corner, took a lantern without a chimney and a large oil can, the leak in the latter being so nearly imperceptible that its banishment from household use had seemed to Penrod as inexplicable as it was providential.

He shook the lantern near his ear; nothing splashed; there was no sign but a dry clinking. But there was plenty of kerosene in the can, and he filled the lantern, striking a match to illumine the operation. Then he lit the lantern and hung it upon a nail against the wall. The sawdust floor was slightly impregnated with oil, and the open flame quivered in suggestive proximity to the side of the box; however, some rather deep charrings of the plank against which the lantern hung offered evidence that the arrangement was by no means a new one and indicated at least a possibility of no fatality occurring this time.

Next Penrod turned up the surface of the sawdust in another corner of the floor and drew forth a cigar box in which were half a dozen cigarettes made of hayseed and thick brown wrapping paper, a lead pencil, an eraser and a small notebook labeled:

"English Grammar. Penrod Schofield. Room 6, Ward School Nomber Seventh."

The first page of this book was purely academic, but the study of English undefiled terminated with a slight jar at the top of the second: "Nor must an adverb be used to modif"—

Immediately followed:

"HARoLD RAMoREZ THE RoAD-AGENT OR WILD LIFE AMoNG THE ROCKY MTS."

And the subsequent entries in the book appeared to have little concern with Room 6, Ward School Nomber Seventh.

The author of "Harold Ramorez," etc., lit one of the hayseed cigarettes, seated himself comfortably, with his back against the wall and his right shoulder just under the lantern, elevated his knees to support the notebook, turned to a blank page and wrote, slowly and earnestly:

"CHAPITER THE SIXTH"

He took a knife from his pocket, and, broodingly, his eyes upon the inward embryos of vision, sharpened his pencil. After that he extended a foot and meditatively rubbed Duke's back with the side of his shoe. Creation, with Penrod, did not leap, full armed, from the brain; but finally he began to produce. He wrote very slowly at first, and then with increasing rapidity, faster and faster, gathering momentum and growing more and more fevered as he sped, till at last the true fire came, without which no lamp of real literature may be made to burn.

Mr. Wilson reched for his gun but our hero had him covred and soon said Well I guess you don't come any of that on me my freind.

Well what makes you so sure about it sneered the other bitting his lip so savageley that the blood ran You are nothing but a comon Roadagent any way and I do not propose to be bafled by such, Ramorez laughed at this and kep Mr. Wilson covred by his ottomatick.

Soon the two men were struggling together in the deathroes but soon Mr. Wilson got him bound and gaged his mouth and went away for awhile leavin our hero, it was dark and he writhd at his bonds writhing on the floor wile the rats came out of their holes and bit him and vermin got all over him from the floor of that heilsh spot but soon he manged to push the gag out of his mouth with the end of his toungeu and got all his bonds off

Soon Mr Wilson came back to tant him with his helpless condition flowed by his gang of detectives and they said Oh look at Ramorez sneering at his plight and tanted him with his helpless condition because Ramorez had put the bonds back sos he would look the same but could throw them off him when he wanted to Just look at him now sneered they. To hear him talk you would thought he was hot stuff and they said Look at him now, him that was going to do so much, Oh I would not like to be in his fix

Soon Harold got mad at this and jumped up with blasing eyes throwin off his bonds like they were air Ha Ha sneered he I guess you better not talk so much next time. Soon there flowed another awful struggle and slezin his ottomatick back from Mr Wilson he shot two of the detectives through the heart Bing Bing went the ottomatick and two more went to meet their Maker only two detectives left now and so he stabbed one and the scondrel went to meet his Maker for now our hero was fighting for his very life. It was dark in there now for night had falen and a terrible view met the eye Blood was just all over everything and the rats were eatin the dead men.

Soon our hero manged to get his back to the wall for he was fighting for his very life now and shot Mr Wilson through the abodmen Oh said Mr Wilson

Mr Wilson stagerd back vile oaths soilin his lips for he was in pain. Why you pup you sneered he I will get you yet Harold Ramorez

The remainin scondrel had an ax which he came near our heros head with but missed him and remand stuck in the wall Our heros amumition was exhaused what was he to do, the remainin scondrel would soon get his ax lose so our hero sprung forward and bit him till his teeth met in the flech for how our hero was fighting for his very life At this the remainin scondrel also cursed and swore vile oaths Oh sneered he —— you Harold Ramorez what did you bite me for Yes sneered Mr Wilson also and he has shot me in the abodmen too

Soon they were both cursin and revilin him together Why, sneered they what did you want to injure us for Why, you Harold Ramorez you have not got any sence and you think you are so much but you are no better than anybody else

Soon our hero could stand this no longer If you could learn to act like gentlmen said he I would not do any more to you now and your low vile exppresions have not got any effect on me only to injure your own self when you go to meet your Maker Oh I guess you have had enogh for one day and I think you have learned a lesson and will not soon atemp to beard Harold Ramorez again so with a tanting laugh he cooly lit a cigarrete and takin the keys of the cell from Mr Wilson poket went on out

Soon Mr Wilson and the wonded detective manged to bind up their wonds and got up off the floor —— it I will have that dasstads life now sneered they if we have to swing for it he shall not escape us again.

Chapiter seventh

A mule train of heavily laden burros laden with gold from the mines was to be seen wondering among the highest clifts and gorgs of the Rocky Mts and a tall man with a long silken mustash and a cartidge belt could be heard cursin vile oaths because he well knew this was the lair of Harold Ramorez Why you mean old mules you sneered he because the poor mules were not able to go any quicker for him I will show you Why —— it sneered he his oaths growing viler and viler I will whip you sos you will not be able to walk for a week you mean old mules you

Scarcely had the vile words left his lips when—

"Penrod!"

It was his mother's voice calling from the back porch.

Simultaneously the noon whistles began to blow far and near, and the romancer in the sawdust box, summoned prosaically from steep mountain passes above the clouds, paused with stubby pencil halfway from lip to knee. His eyes were shining, there was a rapt sweetness in his gaze. As he wrote his burden had grown lighter, thoughts of Mrs. Lora Rewbush had almost left him, and in particular as he recounted (even by the chaste dash) the annoyed expressions of Mr. Wilson, the wounded detective, and the silken moustached mule driver, he had felt mysteriously relieved concerning the Child Sir Lancelot. Altogether he looked a better and a brighter boy.

"Pen-rod!"

The rapt look faded slowly. He sighed, but moved not.

"Penrod! We're having lunch early just on your account, so you'll have plenty of time to be dressed for the pageant. Hurry!"

There was silence in Penrod's aerie.

"Pen-rod!"

Mrs. Schofield's voice sounded nearer, indicating a threatened approach. Penrod bestirred himself. He blew out the lantern and shouted plaintively:

"Well, ain't I coming fast's I can?"

"Do hurry," returned the voice, withdrawing, and the kitchen door could be heard to close.

Replacing his manuscript and pencil in the cigar box, he carefully buried the box in the sawdust, put the lantern and oil can back in the soap box, adjusted the elevator for the reception of Duke, and in no uncertain tone invited the devoted animal to enter.

Duke stretched himself amiably, affecting not to hear and when this pretense became so obvious that even a dog could keep it up no longer sat down in a corner, facing it, his back to his master and his head perpendicular, nose upward, supported by the convergence of the two walls. This from a dog is the last word, the comble of the immutable. Penrod commanded, stormed, tried gentleness, persuaded with honeyed 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"—

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 grieved but patient 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 disgustedly 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.

(To be Continued.)

STATEMENT OF THE CONDITION

of The Farmers State Bank, of Kranzburg, S. D., at the close of business on 23rd day of June.

Resources.

Loans and Discounts		$51,851.76
Overdrafts		85.96
Int. and Dis.		1,573.91
Expense		917.05
Banking House and Fixtures		3,200.00
Due from banks	$19,937.20	
Currency	$1,403.00	
Gold	5.00	
Silver	393.80	
Minor Coin	28.56	1,830.36
Cash Items	13.17	
Total Cash Assets	$12,780.73	12,780.73
Total		$70,408.81

Liabilities.

Capital Stock		$10,000.00
Surplus Fund		500.00
Undivided Profits		2,278.12
Bills Payable		5,000.00
Deposits Subject to Check	$10,561.61	
Cashier's Checks	693.13	
Time Certificates	40,655.95	
Total	$51,930.69	51,980.69
Total		$70,408.81

State of South Dakota, County of Codington, ss.

I, F. H. Kluckman, cashier of the above named bank, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief.

F. H. Kluckman,
Cashier.

Correct Attest:
John Stricherz,
Edward Lamm.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 6th day of July, 1915.

H. M. Hanten,
Notary Public.

My commission expires July 14, 1917

STATEMENT OF THE CONDITION

of the State Bank of Grover, Grover, S. D., at the close of business on June 23rd, 1915.

Resources.

Loans and Discounts		$31,682.32
Overdrafts		101.01
Expense		1,245.35
Banking Fixtures		1,075.75
Due from Banks	$13,043.31	
Checks and Drafts for Clearing	92.78	
Currency	$786.00	
Gold	115.00	
Silver	465.00	
Minor Coin	33.43	1,399.43
Total Cash Assets		14,538.52
Total		$48,639.95

Liabilities.

Capital Stock		$10,000.00
Surplus Fund		300.00
Undivided Profits		846.22
Bills Payable		2,000.00
Deposits Subject to Check	$14,826.07	
Savings Deposits	1,030.46	
Cashier's Checks	186.00	
Time Certificates	19,451.20	
Total		35,493.73
Total		$48,639.95

State of South Dakota, County of Codington, ss.

I, H. A. Fromke, cashier of the above named bank, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief.

H. A. Fromke,
Cashier.

Correct, Attest:
Geo. K. Burt
O. G. Frink.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 3rd day of July, 1915.

John D. Burt,
Notary Public.

My commission expires April 14, 1918

SUMMONS.

State of South Dakota, County of Codington, ss.
In Circuit Court, Third Judicial Circuit.
Perry F. Loucks, Plaintiff, vs. Alphonse Paradis, George B. Kemp, H. B. Laird, W. A. Granger, and Farm Land Security Company, a Corporation, and all persons unknown who claim to have any estate or interest in or lien or incumbrance upon the premises described in the Complaint, Defendants.
The State of South Dakota to the above named Defendants, Greetings:

You are hereby summoned and required to answer the Complaint of the Plaintiff, which was filed in the office of the Clerk of this Court at Watertown, Codington County, South Dakota, on the 22nd day of June, A. D. 1915, and which prays for a judgment quieting the title to and the determination of all adverse claims against the premises described in the Complaint, situated in said County, to-wit: Lots Seventeen, Eighteen, Nineteen and Twenty (17, 18, 19 and 20), Block Two (2) Gesley's Second Addition to the City of Watertown; Lots Thirty-seven and Thirty-eight (37 and 38), Block Two (2) and Lot Twenty-Seven (27) of Block Ten (10) in Kemp Bros. Addition to the City of Watertown, and Lot Twenty (20) Block Two (2); Lake View Addition to the City of Watertown, County of Codington, State of South Dakota, as platted and recorded in said County and State, and to serve a copy of your answer to said Complaint on the undersigned, at their offices in the Stokes Building in the City of Watertown, Codington County, S. D., within thirty days after the completed service of this Summons upon you, exclusive of the day of such service, and that if you fail to appear and answer the said complaint within that time, the plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the Complaint.

Dated at Watertown, S. D., this 22d day of June, 1915.

Perry F. Loucks, and
Carston Eggen,
Atorneys for Plaintiff.

(First pub. Jul. 1; last pub. Aug. 12)

SUMMONS.

State of South Dakota, County of Codington, ss.
In Circuit Court, Third Judicial Circuit.
Daniel S. Hall, Plaintiff, vs. Ora May B. Hall, Defendant.
State of South Dakota to the above named defendant:

You are hereby summoned and required to answer the Complaint of the above named Plaintiff, which is on file in the office of the Clerk of the Circuit Court, Codington County, South Dakota, and to serve a copy of your answer on the subscribers at their office in the City of Watertown, Codington County, South Dakota, within thirty days from the date of service hereof upon you, exclusive of the day of such service, and that if you fail to so appear and answer as aforesaid, the said Plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief prayed for in the Complaint.

Dated at Watertown, S. D., this 10th day of June, A. D. 1915.

Perry F. Loucks,
Arthur H. Hasche,
Attorneys for Plaintiff.

(First pub. June 24; last pub. July 29)

NOTICE OF MORTGAGE FORECLOSURE SALE.

Notice is hereby given that default has accrued in the conditions of the mortgage hereinafter described in that the mortgagors have failed to pay the principal and the interest when due or at all; that the mortgage referred to was executed and delivered by Andrew C. Gayman and Carrie O. Gayman, his wife, to H. D. Walrath of Watertown, South Dakota, who is the present owner and holder thereof, which mortgage is dated January 22nd, 1902, is for the sum of $1,200.00, and has been due since January 22nd, 1904; that there is now due and owing upon said mortgage, principal and interest, the sum of One Thousand Three Hundred Sixteen Dollars Sixty-five Cents ($1,316.65); that the property described in said mortgage is Lot Twelve (12) in Block Thirty-five (35) in the Second Railway Addition to Watertown, South Dakota; that said mortgage was filed for record in the office of the Register of Deeds of Codington County, South Dakota, on January 23rd, 1902, at 10:15 o'clock a. m., and recorded in book 64 of Mortgages at page 478; that no action or other proceeding at law or equity has been commenced to collect said debt or foreclose said mortgage.

That said mortgage will be foreclosed and the property above described will be sold to satisfy the said debt and costs at the front door of the court house in the city of Watertown, South Dakota, on the 24th day of July, 1915, at two o'clock p. m., to the highest bidder for cash.

H. D. Walrath,
Mortgagee.

(First pub. June 17; last pub July 22)

SUMMONS.

State of South Dakota, County of Codington.
In Circuit Court, Third Judicial Circuit.
S. H. Ohtness, Plaintiff, vs. Hans O. Holm, Catherine P. Stedman, R. T. Young, and Samuel J. Brickell, Defendants.
The State of South Dakota to the above named defendants:

You, and each of you, are hereby summoned, and required to answer the complaint of the plaintiff, which was filed in the office of the Clerk of this Court, at Watertown, in Codington County, South Dakota, on the 27th day of May, 1915, and which prays for a judgment quieting the title to, and the determination of all adverse claims against the premises described in the complaint, situated in said county, to-wit: lots 13 and 14, in block 17, of the original town of Watertown, and to serve a copy of your answer to said complaint, on the undersigned at their office in the city of Watertown, within thirty days after the completed service of this summons upon you, exclusive of the day of such service, and if you fail to answer said complaint within that time, the plaintiff will apply to the court for the relief demanded in the complaint.

Sherin & Sherin,
Attorneys for Plaintiff.

(First pub. May 27; last pub. July 1)