

# The Young Zoologists

Penrod and Sam Have a Three Weeks' Thriller  
With a Horse Hair Snake

By BOOTH TARKINGTON

(Copyright, 1917, Wheeler Syndicate, Inc.)

(Penrose Schofield and his friend, Sam Williams, have bottled a black hair from the tail of a horse, belonging to Jacob R. Krish, they now are waiting patiently for the hair to turn into a real wiggly snake. Both of the boys are watching their treasures closely and issuing bulletins as to the progress of the change. This story is continued from last week.)

Twenty-one slow days must pass before the rapturous event; twelve had gone when Sam reported that symptoms of the great change were appearing in his "snake," which he had taken to his home. (They had discarded the term hair on the second day.)

"Yes, sir," said Sam, "he's turned all round in the bottle from the way he was layin' yesterday; kind of looks like he was restless, to me. And there's sumpting like little bubbles on him up at the end where his head's goin' to be."

The hair in Penrod's bottle had no such accomplishment for its owner to vaunt; he looked coldly at Sam, and began to whistle.

"Yes, sir," Sam went on, with perhaps too muchunction, "that snake of mine looks to me like it was goin' to make a mighty fine snake!"

"Well, I don't know," Penrod said, slightly. "I like 'em kind of quieter."

Nor did the fact that his treasure exhibit no tokens of the transition disturb him in any way, except thus to rouse his championage. No slightest doubt ever shadowed his ardent confidence; never for one instant! Tadpoles became frogs; caterpillars make themselves into cocoons; and cocoons are really butterflies; he had owned cocoons that showed no change in appearance until the very hour of the butterflies' emergence. The hair in the bottle looked every day more and more like an attractive young snake, and by the time Penrod discovered that the thirty-second of July would really be the first of August, it seemed to him that it almost was a snake, already.

The final week of the three was one of internal excitement, heightening almost unbearably as the climax approached. Then, the first of August dawned fair and cool; no sweeter birthday could have been selected in all the year. Penrod woke with the joyous feeling that riches had come to him in his snake.

As his eyes opened and fell upon the bottle, bathed in morning sunshine on the chair by his bed, he stared with joy. The hair had altered its position in the water during the night; the miracle had begun to work, and 15 minutes of 11 would see it consummated.

He dressed slowly and tremulously, wondering what he would name it.

Then, instead of descending to breakfast, he sat upon his bed to gaze upon the marvel, and continued to sit—and sit—and sit. Meanwhile, urgent requests for his presence in the dining room went wholly unheeded, until finally Margaret, his pretty nineteen-year-old sister, appeared in the doorway.

"Penrod!"

Instinctively, he leaped between her and the sacred bottle, that she might not see it. He trusted no woman in any weighty affair—least of all a sister!

"Papa sent me up to see what you are doing?"

"Nothing."

"Then why in the world don't you come to breakfast?"

"Well, I am coming, ain't I?" His tone was that of a person unjustly attacked. "What you all dressed up for this morning?"

"I never did see such a boy!" Margaret exclaimed.

"You say that every day," Penrod retorted plaintively.

"Penrod! Are you coming?"

"Yes, I'm ready," he announced unexpectedly, having managed, with his hands behind him, to conceal the bottle beneath his pillow.

Speeding from the table at the first possible moment, he returned to his own room, and, in the doorway, was struck with an unnamed fear. Katie, the housemaid was putting the room in order; but she had not touched the bed. Once more able to breathe, he secured the bottle and departed, carrying it under his jacket, in front, without Katie's noticing anything unusual in his manner or bosom.

He started down the back stairs, but retreated, hearing his mother below, in conversation with the cook.

Proceeding to the top of the front stairs, he heard the voice of Margaret and Mr. Robert Williams, Sam's brother, a senior on vacation. A glance over the railing revealed the collegian, beautifully attired, confronting Margaret, who leaned against the newel post in a way very irritating to a brother who wished to get out to the stable without being stopped or questioned. When Margaret got her back to the newel post like that, Penrod knew she might stay there "hours and hours!"

"Margaret," said Mr. Williams, in a voice wholly inexplicable to Penrod, "I believe you care more for the bowl of gold fish, in yonder, than you do for me."

Penrod retired from the hallway into Margaret's room, and feeling satisfied that she would not come there for a long time, withdrew the treasure from beneath his coat, set it upon her dressing table, and seated himself beside it.

Gold fish!

With the prospect before him of what was going to happen at, or before, 16 minutes of 11, the lives of other people—who had no hope of owning pet snakes, hatched in the bottle—seemed pitifully vacant. He felt sorry for Robert Williams. He pitied the young man for having nothing better to do than to talk to an uninteresting girl about whether she liked him as well as she did some gold fish in a glass bowl!

A motor whizzed in the street, and, glancing out of the window at his elbow, Penrod found occasion to be sorry for another young man, evidently coming to interview the uninteresting girl; and from various overhearings of late, Penrod had little doubt that this one, too, would be discussing at the first opportunity, what Margaret liked.

He was a dainty, and exquisite young man, more than well-to-do, much encouraged by Mrs. Schofield; and it was he who had given Margaret the bowl of gold fish—which lends some flavor to Robert Williams' dismal comparison. Mr. Ethelbert Magsworth Bitts was generally believed to be a very happy and fortunate youth; he had a yacht somewhere; he had a motor car, then at the curb; he had money enough to buy all the candy in town if he chose; yet Penrod pitied him. Sixteen minutes of eleven that morning would find Mr. Bitts utterly snakeless. There are some things money cannot buy.

"What, time is it getting to be?" Penrose suddenly inquired aloud.

There was a little clock on Margaret's dressing table, but it had stopped. Upon an impulse, he jumped up and ran downstairs to the kitchen. There, the noisy old wall-clock reassured him soothingly. It marked fifteen minutes after ten.

"Yay, Penrod!"

This was a shout from the yard, and going to the door, Penrod beheld Sam Williams, radiant with excitement.

"Come on over to our stable," shouted Sam. "Come on! Come on and look at him!"

Penrod did not stop for his hat; a jealous fear, suddenly roused, added fear to his feet. And when they reached Sam's stable he was profoundly resolved to find Sam's "snake" no more advanced toward the great transformation than his own. He expressed the opinion, indeed, that this was much further along.

"Why, how could it be?" demanded Sam resentfully. "I've been sittin' here lookin' at mine ever since breakfast, and never took my eyes off him. Well, sir, I saw him breathe—he did it lots of times! You can't tell it just lookin' at him this way. You got to keep lookin' at him and lookin' at him; you bet I saw him do it, all right! And once he almost wiggled."

"Almost wiggled!! Mine did wiggle!" Penrod said—and thereafter believed it.

"Well, so'd mine," said Sam.

"Well, who said he didn't? I didn't say he didn't, did I?"

"Well, who said you did?"

"Come on!" interrupted Penrod. "Let's go back and look at mine."

"No, sir! I want to watch my own snake change, don't I? You better stay here and wait till he's all good and changed, then we'll go and see if yours—"

"No, sir!" shouted Penrod over his shoulder, as he started home on the trot. "I'm goin' back to watch a good snake!"

He passed through the kitchen of his own home at the same gait, disregarding a request by Katie, the housemaid, for a hearing.

"Mister Penrod," she began, "I'd like to know what fer you want—"

"Cat fur!" facetiously shouted Penrod, already ascending the back stairs. "Cat fur, to make kitten britches with!"

Next moment, a fearful howl issued from Margaret's room. Mrs. Schofield, hurrying thither from her own apartment, encountered her son in the passageway.

"Penrod, what's the matter?"

"Where's my snake?"

"Where's what?"

"My snake!" he bellowed. "I want my snake! Where's my sna-a-ke?"

"Penrod, are you crazy?" she cried. "What on earth are you—"

"My snake! I left it on Margaret's bureau and it's gone! Who's took it? Who's been in there? Who's got my snake?"

Mrs. Schofield began to be alarmed in earnest, her son's manner and look were frantic, and his words, to her, incomprehensible.

"Penrod," she said nervously, "you must take some castor oil. There wasn't any snake in Margaret's room. I heard her come upstairs for something a minute ago, and go in there. If there'd been a snake there she'd have screamed, but she went downstairs again, and—"

So did Penrod go downstairs again. He plunged, three steps at a time, and exploded himself into the parlor, where Margaret sat (looking faintly embarrassed) with Mr. Ethelbert Magsworth Bitts (who had come to take her to drive and was frowning) and Mr. Robert Williams (who had come to take her for a walk, and was scowling), and the gold fish (who were swimming).

"Where's my snake?"

Margaret jumped. "Good gracious! What in the world—"

"I want my sna-a-ke! I left it in a bottle on your—"

"Oh!" Margaret laughed relieved. "There was a bottle on my dressing table, and noticed your name pasted on it; but I don't think there was anything inside except water."

Penrod jumped up and down. "What did you do with it?" he roared.

"I gave it to Katie, and told her to ask you if you wanted it, and if you didn't—"

Penrod left an overturned chair to blaze his trail. He burst into the kitchen, and Katie was there, bending over the sink.

"Where's my snake?"

"Oh, Lord!" wailed Katie, clutching at her heart.

"What'd you do with my sna-a-ke?"

"What did I what?"

"In a bottle!" he bellowed. "Margaret gave you my bottle with my sna-a-ke in it! I want my snake!"

"There wasn't any snake in it," said Katie. "There wasn't nothin' in it. Miss Marg'rut says the bottle had your name on it, and I should ask you did you want it, and I showed it to Della and she says she wants it to put some sirup in it, and I wouldn't let her have it till I asked you, and you come in, and I started to ask you what fer you wanted it, and you says 'Cat fur to make kitten britches with' and went on upstairs, and so—"

"Where is it?" shouted Penrod hoarsely; and even in his agony of suspense marked that the clock stood at 20 minutes of 11. "What did you do with my snake?"

"I never saw no snake. Do you think I'd 'a' touched it if there'd 'a' been any sn—"

"Where's my bottle?" demanded the frenzied boy.

"Here," said Katie, disengaging the empty bottle from the towel with which she was drying it. "You didn't seem to care enough about it to answer me, and I poured the water out, so Della could use it. There wasn't nothing in it at all—except a hair that must 'a' fell in it somehow, and went down the sink when I poured the water out."

Penrod ran amuck.

With a maniacal yell he struck the bottle from her hand and fled toward the front part of the house. In the library he encountered a young cat which had recently been adopted by his mother for "good luck," having followed her on the street. A really intelligent cat would have fled from Penrod's path at highest speed, but this one came running to him, hopefully. It proved to be the most important mistake of the young cat's life.

To one maddened with outrage and injustice, and suffering with the agony of having just had his heart's idol poured down the kitchen sink, the sight of another person's pet—safe, pampered, and wearing a pink ribbon—was merely crazing. With a glad

cry, Penrod plunged to meet the advance of the young cat, who turned too late, but precisely in time to leave his extended tail in the feverish clutch of the maddened boy.

Once, twice, thrice, Penrod swung that electrified cat in a great circle, with the radius of a full arm and half a tail. The cat swept the air, shrieking inconceivably with horror, and at the top of its third orbit went so high, and so heartily, it brought down a glass globe from the chandelier.

Startled exclamations came from the parlor, and, following them, the projectors thereof: Margaret, Mr. Ethelbert Magsworth Bitts and Mr. Robert Williams. They reached the library in time to see the young cat become aviator, and, released from a hurtling hand, mount upward and upward upon invisible currents till it disappeared through the upper section of a window, which was "down from the top."

Crimson, infuriated, Penrod turned upon his dumbfounded sister.

"You ruined my snake!" he bleated. "You watch what I do to your old gold fish!"

He darted out of her detaining fingers, and though she pursued, and Robert Williams pursued, and Ethelbert Magsworth Bitts pursued, he had seized upon the bowl of gold fish and was out in the hall with it before the hand of man—or girl—could be laid upon him.

On the hall table reposed two straw hats; one was Robert's; the other, which bore the mark of a London maker, was the hat of Ethelbert Magsworth Bitts.

Margaret, rushing through the doorway, uttered a lamentable outcry. But Penrod discriminated nothing between these hats. With a mighty effort he heaved the bowl of gold fish upside down and poured water and fish as equally as he could into the two hats.

Then he threw the empty bowl boldly into the stomach of Ethelbert Magsworth Bitts, his nearest pursuer, and with a great and demented roaring, dashed out of the open door and cometed away into space.

"Ugh!" said Mr. Bitts, and remained where he was, two hands upon the area of contact. But Robert Williams ran swiftly out upon the front porch where a colored boy, with a bucket of soapy water in one hand, and a scrubbing brush in the other, stood gazing in the direction of Penrod's evanishment. Robert seized upon the bucket and was back in the hall, and had the gold-fish in the soapy water almost instantly, flopping rather feebly, but alive.

"Quick!" he said to Margaret. "Get a pail of clear water. I don't know if they can live in these suds more than a minute. Don't stand there! Hurry!"

And when she returned with the pail he whispered to her: "I'll bring you another glass bowl for them this afternoon. Don't fret!"

"My hat!" said Mr. Bitts. "I believe that little brute has ruined it. I declare it's too bad."

That was why Margaret went walking, a little later, instead of driving. And yet Ethelbert had given her the gold-fish, in the first place!

A week later, this young man came forth melancholic from an interview with Miss Schofield. He had received the information from her—in a general way—there were times in a girl's life when the man who appeals to her must be of the general type of a senior in college; and that—generally speaking—if a girl feels that way, the best thing she can do may be—in general—to "wait" for that senior. Generally speaking, she added, she believed so.

As Mr. Bitts walked gloomily down the street he passed a grocer's wagon which bore the title, "Jacob R. Krish & Co." Attached to the wagon was an elderly bay horse, and attached to the elderly bay horse was a black tail. And on the other side of the horse, concealed from the view of Mr. Bitts, stood two boys, staring morbidly at the black tail.

"Yes, sir," said Sam Williams, "a nigger told me that the reason mine never turned to a snake was because you have to keep it three weeks without ever lookin' at it. If you look at it even once, just to see how it's gettin' along, it's spoiled. Well, we kept lookin' at 'em—a hundred times a day, I bet—and that's what was the matter with 'em! That's why they didn't turn."

"Mine woulda!" insisted Penrod later. "There wasn't anything wrong with mine. Mine woulda turned, any way!"

Mr. Ethelbert Magsworth Bitts did not overhear this conversation. And if he had, he could not have understood it. Much less could he have traced any connection between a hair from the tail of Jacob R. Krish's elderly horse and the fact that Ethelbert Magsworth Bitts was destined to remain unwillingly a bachelor.

## Classified Ads

### FOR SALE

FOR SALE—USED SEWING MACHINES taken in trade on our new Singer. We guarantee every used machine. See our new electric Singer, \$35.00. Open Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday evenings. Patterson Bros., 1522 Sherman-av., Evanston. We do repairing on all machines. 8-123tfc

FOR SALE—USED TALKING MACHINES. Different makes taken in trade on our new machines. We carry the new Sonora, Victrola and Graphonola. Try them all before buying. See which you like best. We give free service. Patterson Bros., 1522 Sherman-av., Evanston. 8-123tfc

USED PIANO OVERHAULED, GUARANTEED, \$70.00; Lyon & Healy, \$50.00; Yeoman & Son, \$60.00; Wellington, \$95.00; Kimball make, \$95.00. Other bargains. Patterson Bros., 1522 Sherman-av., Evanston. 8-123tfc

4EN'S READY-MADE SUITS FOR SALE. We also buy and sell second-hand clothes. Tel. 1128. 603 Dempster; 4274, 1321 Emerson, Evanston. 31-12-52tc

FOR SALE OR EXCHANGE—1917 Chalmers six cylinder, 5 passenger auto; used less than one year; run only 5000 miles, with seat covers and A-1 tire equipment; bargain for someone desiring good family car, or might trade for equity in small Winnetka house. Address Weekly Talk A-490. T44-1tc

FOR SALE—TWO FULL SIZE ENAMEL beds with springs; one single enamel bed; price reasonable. Phone Winnetka 1510. T44-1tc

FOR SALE—BRASS BED, MAHOOGANY library table, blue silk and panne velvet dress, size 36. 429 Linden street, Winnetka. T44-1tc

### FOR RENT

FOR RENT—HOT WATER HEATED rooms. Phone Winnetka 513-W. T38-tfc

FOR RENT—STEAM HEATED FLAT; 4 rooms and bath, water free, at 520 Linden street. P. W. Bradstreet, owner. T44-1tc

### SITUATIONS WANTED

LET MISS CARLSTEN DO YOUR dressmaking and alterations. Phone Winnetka 911 before 8 a. m. T29-tfc

PRACTICAL NURSE DESIRES POSITION by week or day. Best references. Reasonable. Tel. Winnetka 513-W. T38-12tc

WANTED—LAUNDRY WORK AT home. 992 Ash-st., Winnetka. T41-4tp

WANTED—FURNACES TO LOOK after, west of the tracks. Tel. Winn. 183. T44-1tc

### MISCELLANEOUS

RAZOR BLADES—ALL KINDS OF razor blades sharpened while you wait. Satisfaction guaranteed. Chandlers, 630 Davis-st., Evanston. .6-123-tfc

LOST—RACCOON MUFF JANUARY eighth, on Ridge or Linden avenues; reward paid for return. Telephone Winnetka 729. T44-1tc

(Continued from page 1)

terminated it would be best to pool the supplies for all the municipalities that come under the jurisdiction of Administrator Bartlett. Final action on this plan will be taken tonight when the committee meets with Mr. Bartlett.

The merchants last night decided to place a limit of one ton for each delivery to those in need, and one half a ton wherever it is possible to carry the people through for a few days. In delivering in this manner, the dealers said they would have enough coal to last for seven days. The apartment buildings were placed as an exception to this order and a limit on deliveries was placed at five tons.

The local fuel administrator will have enough coal under the control of his Evanston office to supply dealers of the towns in case they are unable to obtain coal to supply their customers.

The coal order issued last week will be enforced in Winnetka in the following manner:

Stores—Will remain open during the five-day period beginning tomorrow, but on Mondays declared legal holidays will be closed except that for the purpose of selling food only they may maintain heat until noon, and for the sale of drugs may remain open through the day and evening.

Office buildings—On the prohibited Mondays only enough fuel must be used to prevent damage from freezing, with the exception of those occupied by the banks or physicians and dentists.

Amusements—Moving picture houses, private and public dance halls must close on Mondays.

Schools and churches—Not affected by the order.

Street car and train service—The train service on Mondays must not be in excess of that of the preceding Sundays.

Newspapers—Not required to suspend publication. Not affected by the five-day holiday order except next Monday. The Winnetka Weekly Talk will not be affected by this order. The job printing department of the Lake Shore Publishing Company will be closed on Friday, Saturday, Sunday, Monday and Tuesday, January 18, 19, 20, 21 and 22, inclusive, and every Monday thereafter up to and including March 25. The offices of the company will be closed on Mondays.