

At The Churches

Arleta Baptist Church
9:45 a. m. Bible School.
11 a. m. Preaching service.
7:30 p. m. Evening service.
6:15 p. m. B. Y. P. U. meeting.
7:45 Prayer meeting.
Everybody welcome to any and all of these services.

Millard Avenue Presbyterian Church
10 a. m. Sabbath School.
11 a. m. Morning worship.
7 p. m. Y. P. S. C. E.
7:45 p. m. Evening worship.
7:30 p. m. Thursday, mid-week service.
8 p. m. Thursday, choir practice.
Rev. Wm. H. Amos, Pastor.

St. Peter's Catholic Church
Sundays:
8 a. m. Low Mass.
10:30 a. m. High Mass.
8:30 a. m. Sunday School.
12 M. Choir rehearsal.
Week days: Mass at 8 a. m.

Seventh Day Adventist Church
10 a. m. Saturday Sabbath School.
11 a. m. Saturday preaching.
7:30 p. m. Wednesday, Prayer meeting.
7:45 p. m. Sunday preaching.

Kern Park Christian Church
Corner 96th St. and 46th Ave. S. E.
10 a. m. Bible School.
11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. preaching service.
6:30 p. m. Christian Endeavor.
7:30 p. m. Thursday, mid-week prayer meeting.
A cordial welcome to all.
Rev. G. K. Berry, Pastor.

St. Paul's Episcopal Church
One block south of Woodmere station.
Holy Communion the first Sunday of each month at 8 p. m. No other services that day.
Every other Sunday the regular services will be as usual.
Evening Prayer and sermon at 4 p. m.
Sunday School meets at 3 p. m. B. Boatwright, Supt., L. Maffett, Sec.
Rev. O. W. Tavior, Rector.

Lents Evangelical Church
Sermon by the Pastor, 11 a. m. and 7:15 p. m.
Sunday School 9:45 a. m., Albert Fankhauser, Superintendent.
Y. P. A. 6:15 p. m. Eva Anderson, President.
Prayer meeting Thursday 8 p. m.
A cordial welcome to all.
T. R. Hornschuch, Pastor.

Lents friend's Church
9:45 a. m. Bible School, Mrs. Mand Kauch, Superintendent.
11:00 a. m. Preaching services.
6:25 p. m. Christian Endeavor.
7:30 p. m. Preaching Services.
8:00 p. m. Thursday, mid-week prayer meeting.
A cordial welcome to all these services.
John Riley, Pastor.

Lents Baptist Church
Lord's Day, Jan. 30, Bible School 9:45 a. m.
Morning worship, 11 a. m.
Elmo Heights Sunday School, 2:30 p. m.
B. Y. P. U., 6:30 p. m.
Evening worship, 7:30 p. m.
A cordial welcome to these services.
J. M. Nelson, Pastor.

Fifth Church of Christ
Fifth Church of Christ, Scientist of Portland, Ore. Myrtle Park Hall, Myrtle Park.
Services Sunday 11 a. m.
Sunday School 9:30 and 11 a. m.
Wednesday evening testimonial meeting 8 p. m.

Lents M. E. Church
Sunday School 9:45 a. m.
Preaching 11:00 a. m.
Services at Bennett Chapel at 3 p. m.
Epworth League 6:30 p. m.
Preaching 7:30 p. m.
Prayer meeting Thursday evening at 7:30.
W. R. F. Browne, pastor.
Residence 9605, 59th Ave., S. E.

Laurelwood M. E. Church
9:45 a. m. Sunday school.
11:00 a. m. preaching.
12:30 a. m. class meeting.
6:30 p. m. Epworth League.
7:30 p. m. preaching.
The pastor is assisted by a chorus choir and the Amphion Male Quartette.
8:00 p. m. Thursday evening, prayer service.
Dr. C. R. Carlos, pastor.

German Evangelical Reformed Church
Corner Woodstock Ave., and 87th St.
Rev. W. G. Lienkemper, pastor.
Sunday School 10 a. m.
Morning Worship, 11 a. m.
Y. P. S., at 7:30 p. m.
German School and Catechetical Class Saturday 10 a. m.

Baby's Skin Troubles
Pimples—Eruptions—Eczema quickly yield to the soothing and healing qualities of Dr. Hobson's Eczema Ointment. No matter where located, how bad or long standing, Dr. Hobson's Eczema Ointment will remove every trace of the ailment. It will restore the skin to its natural softness and purity. Don't let your child suffer—don't be embarrassed by having your child's face disfigured with blemishes or ugly scars. Use Dr. Hobson's Eczema Ointment. Its guaranteed. No cure, no pay. 50c. at your Druggist.

LODGE DIRECTORY
Magnolia Camp No. 4028, Royal Neighbors, meets regular Second and Fourth Wednesdays of each month at I. O. O. F. Hall. Second Wednesday social meeting. Neighbors bring your families and friends. Fourth Wednesday, business. All Neighbors requested to come. By order of the Camp.

TREMONT, KERN PARK, ARLETA

WANTED—to trade two good lots and a four room house in Walden Park, Lents, for a lot near Firland. Phone Taber 6497.

Special services have been resumed at the Laurelwood M. E. Church. Efforts are being made to create a widespread interest in them. The appeals of the pastor are earnest, sane, and powerful. Come, and hear, and reflect.

At the regular church service and at Sunday School Sunday morning the Laymen's Missionary Convention of Feb. 13, 14, 15 and 16 will be presented at the Millard Avenue Presbyterian Church. This is a Nation wide movement gripping our men over the land. Conventions are being held in 75 of our large cities. Men from the four corners of the earth will be at the Portland Convention on the above dates.

On Friday evening, Feb. 4, the Harmony Choral Club of about 40 voices, under the direction of Mrs. Ella Hoberg Tripp, will give a musical entertainment in the Millard Avenue Presbyterian Church for the benefit of the church choir. The program will consist of instrumental and vocal numbers, among which are selections by a ladies' trio, a sextette from Lucia and the Cantata entitled, The Curfew Bell by Lynes.

Wednesday afternoon at the Arleta School the following program was rendered at the meeting of the Parent-Teacher Association: Piano solo, Everett Ball; Reading, Jennie Norris; Song by the pupils of the second-A class, directed by Miss Chandler and Miss Bowie; Lecture on "Control" by Mr. A. J. Wesco, Supervisor of penmanship of the Portland Public Schools. This lecture should have been attended by every parent in the community, not only for the wise advice given by Mr. Wesco, but also to make themselves acquainted with the sound principles which he set forth as underlying all progress. Mr. Wesco is a firm believer in the theory that the mind must first comprehend, and then direct the execution of its own commands, insistently, and unflinchingly before the student can become an accomplished penman.

The graduating class of the Arleta school held its official party at the home of Mae Currie. The evening was spent in games and class fun. The pleasant affair was concluded with refreshments. Those present were: Olive De Jarnett, Elsie Schaub, Gladys Meyers, Ruth Constantine, Leola Rohwer, Leta Traxler, Belle Lemmons, Mae Currie, Francis Wood, Lyvia Holversen, Amanda Holversen, Sira Kalendar, Verna Luesing, Garnett Sauleer, Vie Grabill, Iva Clough, Alva Duffield, Izara Seibald, Irene Noel, Hazel Hansen, Florence Chapman, Flora Wilcox, Marjorie Halley, Clara Carney, Ralph Vorrillie, Vernon Roece, Loyde Helem, George Burlingham, Harry Day, Delbert Whitner, Walter Jacobs, Otto De Jarnett, Harold Ernhart, Mark Mayo, Billy Mison, Bennie Pollock, David Hawkins, Orris Purdin. The merry-makers were chaperoned by Mrs. Malcolm Currie, Mrs. Baker, Miss Nell Fawcett and Miss McLaughlin.

On Friday evening, Jan. 21, the regular monthly business meeting of the Y. P. S. C. E. of the Millard Avenue Presbyterian Church was held at the home of Mr. and Mrs. R. A. Burch, 5609-83 St., S. E. A good attendance was had and much interest manifested in the work of the society. Definite plans were made for the experience social to be held at the home of Mr. and Mrs. O. H. Gilbert, 4928-71 St. on Friday evening February 11. At this social each member will tell how he has earned the money given to the society during the month of January, which has been observed as self denial month. This social will also have a St. Valentine feature which has not yet been made public by the social meeting. At a meeting of the prayer meeting committee the following named leaders will have charge of the evening services for the month of February. February 6, members of the society who took the expert endeavor course under the direction of the City Union, passed their examinations and are now expert endeavorers. Feb. 13, President, Allen Black; Feb. 20, Miss Mildred McIntosh; Feb. 27, Elton Shaw. A cordial invitation is extended to all to attend any of these services.

PLEASANT VALLEY

Isaac Shearer of Idaho is visiting for a few days at the home of T. P. Campbell.
I. F. Coffman of Lents was looking after his valley ranch one day recently.
H. E. Poppleton was in Portland on business last Saturday.
Mrs. W. G. Rogers was called to Forest Grove on a matter of business Monday.

A benefit play will be given at the Pleasant Valley grange hall next Saturday night, Jan. 29th. The proceeds of the affair, after the necessary expenses have been deducted will be turned over to a fund that is being raised to provide the school children with a play shed and necessary equipment that goes with it. This is a worthy object and it is to be hoped that all who can will turn out next Saturday night.

PENROD

By BOOTH TARKINGTON

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"About fifty years older," answered Mrs. Schofield, turning upon him a stare of perplexity. "Don't cut into the leather with your new knife, dear. The liverman might ask us to pay it—No, I wouldn't scrape the paint off either—nor whittle your shoe with it. Couldn't you put it up until we get home?"

"We goin' straight home?"
"No. We're going to stop at Mrs. Gelbraith's and ask a strange little girl to come to your party this afternoon."
"Who?"
"Her name is Fanchon. She's Mrs. Gelbraith's little niece."
"What makes her so queer?"
"I didn't say she's queer."
"You said—"

"No, I mean that she is a stranger. She lives in New York and has come to visit here."
"What's she live in New York for?"
"Because her parents live there. You must be very nice to her, Penrod. She has been very carefully brought up. Besides, she doesn't know the children here, and you must help to keep her from feeling lonely at your party."
"Yes'm."

When they reached Mrs. Gelbraith's Penrod sat patiently humped upon a gilt chair during the lengthy exchange of greetings between his mother and Mrs. Gelbraith. That is one of the things a boy must learn to bear. When his mother meets a compeer there is always a long and dreary wait for him, while the two appear to be using strange symbols of speech, talking for the greater part, it seems to him, simultaneously, and employing a wholly incomprehensible system of emphasis at other times not in vogue. Penrod twisted his legs, his cap and his nose.

"Here she is!" Mrs. Gelbraith cried unexpectedly, and a dark haired, demure person entered the room wearing a look of gracious social expectancy. In years she was eleven, in manner about sixty-five, and evidently had lived much at court. She performed a courtesy in acknowledgment of Mrs. Schofield's greeting and bestowed her hand upon Penrod, who had entertained no hope of such an honor, showed his surprise that it should come to him and was plainly unable to decide what to do about it.

"Fanchon, dear," said Mrs. Gelbraith, "take Penrod out in the yard for a while and play."
"Let go the little girl's hand, Penrod," Mrs. Schofield laughed as the children turned toward the door.

CHAPTER XXII

Fanchon.
PENROD hastily dropped the small hand and, exclaiming with simple honesty, "Why, I don't want it!" followed Fanchon out into the sunshiny yard, where they came to a halt and surveyed each other.

Penrod stared awkwardly at Fanchon, no other occupation suggesting itself to him, while Fanchon, with the most coolness, made a very thorough visual examination of Penrod, favoring him with an estimating scrutiny which lasted until he literally wiggled. Finally she spoke.

"Where do you buy your ties?" she asked.
"What?"

"Where do you buy your neckties? Papa gets his at Skoonie's. You ought to get yours there. I'm sure the one you're wearing isn't from Skoonie's."
"Skoonie's?" Penrod repeated.
"Skoonie's?"

"On Fifth avenue," said Fanchon. "It's a very smart shop, the men say."
"Men?" echoed Penrod in a hazy whisper.
"Men?"

"Where do your people go in summer?" inquired the lady. "We go to Long Shore, but so many middle class people have begun coming there mamma thinks of leaving. The middle classes are simply awful, don't you think?"

"What?"
"They're so boorjaw. You speak French, of course?"
"Me?"

"We ran over to Paris last year. It's lovely, don't you think? Don't you love the Rue de la Paix?"

Penrod wandered in a labyrinth. This girl seemed to be talking, but her words were dumfounding, and of course there was no way for him to know that he was really listening to her mother. It was his first meeting with one of those grownup little girls, wonderful product of the winter apartment and summer hotel, and Fanchon, an only child, was a star of the brand. He began to feel resentful.

"I suppose," she went on, "I'll find everything here fearfully western. Some nice people called yesterday, though. Do you know the Magsworth Bittses? Auntie says they're charming. Will Roddy be at your party?"

"I guess he will," returned Penrod, finding this intelligible. "The mutt!"

"Really?" Fanchon exclaimed airily. "Argn't you great pals with him?"

"What's pals?"
"Good heavens! Don't you know what it means to say you're 'great pals' with any one? You are an odd child!"

It was too much.
"Oh, bugs!" said Penrod. This bit of ruffianism had a curious effect. Fanchon looked upon him with sudden favor.

"I like you, Penrod," she said in an odd way, and whatever else there may have been in her manner there certainly was no shyness.

"Oh, bugs!" This repetition may have lacked gallantry, but it was uttered in no very decided tone. Penrod was shaken.

"Yes, I do!" She stepped closer to him, smiling. "Your hair is ever so pretty."

Sailors' parrots swear like mariners, they say, and gay mothers ought to realize that all children are imitative, for as the precocious Fanchon leaned toward Penrod in the manner in which she looked into his eyes might have made a thoughtful observer wonder where she had learned her pretty ways.

Penrod was even more confused than he had been by her previous mysteries, but his confusion was of a distinctly pleasant and alluring nature. He wanted more of it. Looking intentionally into another person's eyes is an act unknown to childhood, and Penrod's discovery that it could be done was sensational. He had never thought of looking into the eyes of Marjorie Jones.

Despite all anguish, contumely, tar and Maurice Levy, he still secretly thought of Marjorie, with pathetic constancy, as his "beau," though that is not how he would have spelled it. Marjorie was beautiful; her curls were long and the color of amber; her nose was straight, and her freckles were honest; she was much prettier than this accomplished visitor. But beauty is not all.

"I do!" breathed Fanchon softly. She seemed to him a fairy creature from some rosier world than this. So humble is the human heart it glories and makes glamorous almost any poor thing that says to it, "I like you!"

Penrod was enslaved. He swallowed, coughed, scratched the back of his neck and said disjointedly:

"Well—I don't care—if you want to, I just as soon."
"We'll dance together," said Fanchon, "at your party."
"I guess so. I just as soon."
"Don't you want to, Penrod?"
"Well, I'm willing to."
"No. Say you want to!"
"Well—"

He used his toe as a gimlet, boring into the ground, his wide open eyes staring with intense vacancy at a button on his sleeve. His mother appeared upon the porch in departure, calling farewell over her shoulder to Mrs. Gelbraith, who stood in the doorway.

"Say it!" whispered Fanchon.
"Well, I just as soon."
She seemed satisfied.

A dancing floor had been laid upon a platform in the yard when Mrs. Schofield and her son arrived at their own abode, and a white and scarlet striped canopy was in process of erection overhead to shelter the dancers from the sun. Workmen were busy everywhere under the direction of Margaret, and the smitten heart of Penrod began to beat rapidly. All this was for him. He was twelve!

After lunch he underwent an elaborate toilet and murmured not. For the first time in his life he knew the wish to be sandpapered, waxed, and polished to the highest possible degree. And when the operation was over he stood before the mirror in new bloom, feeling encouraged to hope that his resemblance to his father was not as strong as Aunt Sarah seemed to think.

The white gloves upon his hands had a pleasant smell, he found, and as he came down the stairs he had great content in the twinkling of his new dancing slippers. He stepped twice on each step the better to enjoy their effect, and at the same time he deeply inhaled the odor of the gloves. In spite of everything Penrod had his social capacities. Already it is to be perceived that there were in him the makings of a cotillion leader.

Then came from the yard a sound of tuning instruments, squeak of fiddle, croon of cello, a falling triangle ringing and tinkling to the floor, and he turned pale.

Chosen guests began to arrive, while Penrod, suffering from stage fright and perspiration, stood beside his mother, in the "drawing room," to receive them. He greeted unfamiliar acquaintances and intimate fellow criminals with the same frigidity, murmuring "M glad to see y'" to all alike, largely increasing the embarrassment which always prevails at the beginning of children's festivities. His unnatural pomp and circumstance had so thoroughly upset him, in truth, that Marjorie Jones received a distinct shock, now to be related. Dr. Thorpe, the very kind old clergyman who had baptized Penrod, came in for a moment to congratulate the boy and had just moved away when it was Marjorie's turn, in the line of children, to speak to Penrod. She gave him what she considered a forgiving look and, because of the occasion, addressed him in a perfectly courteous manner.

"I wish you many happy returns of the day, Penrod."
"Thank you, sir!" he returned, following Dr. Thorpe with a glassy stare in which there was absolutely no recognition of Marjorie. Then he greeted Maurice Levy, who was next to Marjorie, "M glad to see y'!"

Dumfounded, Marjorie turned aside and stood near, observing Penrod with gravity. It was the first great surprise of her life. Customarily she had seemed to place his character somewhere

between that of the professional rioter and that of the orang outang. Nevertheless her manner at times just bitted a consciousness that this Callban was her property, therefore she stared at him incredulously as his head bobbed up and down in the dancing school bow, greeting his guests. Then she heard an adult voice near her exclaim: "What an exquisite child!"

Marjorie glanced up—a little consciously, though she was used to it—naturally curious to ascertain who was speaking of her. It was Sam Williams' mother addressing Mrs. Bassett, both being present to help Mrs. Schofield make the festivities festive.

"Exquisite!"
Here was a second heavy surprise for Marjorie. They were not looking at her. They were looking with beaming approval at a girl she had never seen, a dark and modish stranger of singularly composed and yet modest aspect. Her downcast eyes, becoming in one thus entering a crowded room, were all that produced the effect of modesty, counteracting something about her which might have seemed too assured. She was very slender, very dainty, and her apparel was dis-

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The White Gloves Upon His Hands Had a Pleasant Smell.

heartening to the other girls. It was of a knowing picturesqueness wholly unfamiliar to them. There was a delicate trace of powder upon the lobe of Fanchon's left ear, and the outlines of her eyelids, if very closely scrutinized, would have revealed successful experimentation with a burned match.

Marjorie's lovely eyes dilated. She learned the meaning of hatred at first sight. Observing the stranger with instinctive suspicion, all at once she seemed, to herself, awkward. Poor Marjorie, who had so often been complimented by healthy little girls and big girls undergo at one time or another—from heels to head she felt herself, somehow, too thick.

Fanchon leaned close to Penrod and whispered in his ear: "Don't you forget!" Penrod blushed.

Marjorie saw the blush. Her lovely eyes opened even wider, and in them there began to grow a light. It was the light of indignation—at least people whose eyes glow with that light always call it indignation.

Roderick Magworth Bitts, Jr., approached Fanchon when she had made her courtesy to Mrs. Schofield. Fanchon whispered in Roderick's ear also.

"Your hair is pretty, Roddy! Don't forget what you said yesterday!" Roderick likewise blushed.

Maurice Levy, captivated by the newcomer's appearance, pressed close to Roderick.

"Give us an Intuition, Roddy!" Roddy being either reluctant or unable to perform the rite, Fanchon took matters into her own hands and was presently favorably impressed with Maurice, receiving the information that his father had been brought to him by his papa from Skoonie's, whereupon she privately informed him that she liked wavy hair and arranged to dance with him.

Fanchon also thought that sandy hair was attractive, Sam Williams discovered a few minutes later, and so catholic was her taste that a ring of boys quite encircled her before the musicians in the yard struck up their thrilling march, and Mrs. Schofield brought Penrod to escort the lady from out of town to the dancing pavilion.

Headed by this pair, the children sought partners and paraded solemnly out of the front door and round a corner of the house. There they found the gay marquee, the small orchestra seated on the lawn at one side of it and a punch bowl of lemonade inviting attention under a tree. Decorously the small couples stepped upon the platform, one after another, and began to dance.

"It's not much like a children's party in our day," Mrs. Williams said to Penrod's mother. "We'd have been playing Quaker meeting, clap in, clap out or going to Jerusalem, I suppose."

"Yes, or postoffice and drop the handkerchief," said Mrs. Schofield. "Things change so quickly. Imagine asking little Fanchon Gelbraith to play London bridge! Penrod seems to be having a difficult time with her, poor boy. He wasn't a shining light in the dancing

class."

However, Penrod's difficulty was not precisely of the kind his mother supposed.

Fanchon was soon showing him a new step, which she taught her next partner in turn, continuing instructions during the dancing. The children crowded the floor, and in the kaleidoscopic jumble of bobbing heads and intermingling figures her extremely different style of motion was unobserved by the older people, who looked on, nodding time benevolently.

Fanchon fascinated girls as well as boys. Many of the former eagerly sought her acquaintance and thronged about her between the dances, when, accepting the deference due a cosmopolitan and an oracle of the mode, she gave demonstrations of the new step to succeeding groups, professing astonishment to find it unknown. It had been "all the go," she explained, at the Long Shore Casino for fully two seasons.

She pronounced very "slow" a "fancy dance" executed during an intermission by Baby Rennsdale and Georgie Bassett, giving it as her opinion that Miss Rennsdale and Mr. Bassett were "dead ones," and she expressed surprise that the punch bowl contained lemonade and not champagne.

The dancing continued, the new step gaining instantly in popularity, fresh couples adventuring with every number. The word "step" is somewhat misleading, nothing done with the feet being vital to the evolutions introduced by Fanchon. Fanchon's dance came from the orient by a roundabout way.

Pausing in old Spain, taking on a Gallic frankness in gallantry at the Bal Bullier in Paris, combining with a relative from the south seas encountered in San Francisco, favoring itself with a care free negro abandon in New Orleans and accumulating, too, something inexpressible from Mexico and South America, it kept throughout its travels to the underworld or to circles where nature is extremely frank and rank, until at last it reached the dives of New York, when it immediately broke out in what is called civilized society.

Thereafter it soon spread in variously modified forms—some of them disinfected—to watering places and thence, carried by hundreds of older male and female Fanchons over the country, being eagerly adopted everywhere and made wholly pure and respectable by the supreme moral axiom that anything is all right if enough people do it.

Everybody was doing it. Not quite everybody. It was perhaps some test of this dance that earth could furnish no more grotesque sight than that of children doing it.

Earth, assisted by Fanchon, was furnishing this sight at Penrod's party. By the time ice cream and cake arrived about half the guests had either been initiated into the mysteries by Fanchon or were learning by imitation, and the education of the other half was resumed with the dancing when the attendant ladies, unconscious of what was happening, withdrew into the house for tea and a bit of gossip.

"That orchestra's a dead one," Fanchon remarked to Penrod. "We ought to liven them up a little."

She approached the musicians.

"Don't you know," she asked the leader, "the 'Sl