At The Churches

Arleta Baptist Church

9:45 a. m. Bible School. 11 a. m. Freaching service. 7:30 p. m. Evening services. 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. 6:45 p. m. Y. P. S. C. E. 7:30 p. m. Evening worship. 7:30 p. m. Thursday, midweek 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. Chior 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.

German Evangelical Reformed Church 10 a. m. Sunday School,

10 a. m. Saturday, German school. 8 p. m. Wednesday, Y. P. S. 11 a. m. Sunday worship. Th. Schildknecht, Pastor.

Kern Park Christain Church Corner 89th St. and 46th Ave. S. E.

10 a. m. Bible School. 11 a. m. and 8 p. m. preaching service. 7 p. m. Christain Endeavor. 8 p. m. Thursday, mid-week prayer meeting.

8:45 p. m. Thursday, Bible Study Class. A cordial welcome to all who will at-

tend any services. R. Tibbs Maxey, Minister.

St. Pauls 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 and the sunday the regular services and the sunday the regular services.

vices will be as usual.

Evening Prayer and sermon at 4 p. m. Sunday School meete 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 7:45 p. m. Sunday School 9:45 a. m., C. S. Bradford, Superintendent. Y. P. A. 6:45 p. m. Eva Bischoff,

President. Prayer meeting Thursday 8 p. m. A cordial welcome to all. T. R. Hornschuch, Pastor.

MT. Scott Center of Truth.

Lents Friend's Church

9:45 a. m. Bible School, Clifford Barker 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 ser-John Riley, Pastor.

Lents Baptist Church

Lord's Day, Sept., 5, Bible School 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.

Lents M. E. Church

Preaching 11:00, 7:54 and p. m. Sunday School 9:45. Services at Bennett Chapel at 3 p. m. Praymeeting Thursday 8 p. m. Epworth League 7 p. m.

The subject of the morning service will be, "Lessons from Nature and Experience." Evangelistic service in the

Don't fail to hear this subject un-tolded. Bring your friends with you: W. Boyd Moore, 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.

The Herald \$1.00 Per Year

PROFESSIONAL CARDS

DR. JOHN FAWCETT Diseases of Women and Children a Specialty

Pacific Tabor 3214

LODGE DIRECTORY.

Magnolia Camp No. 4026 meets regular. Second and Fourth Thursdays of each month at I. O. O. F. Hall, Second Thursday social meeting. Neighbors bring your families and friends. Fourth Thursday, business. All Neighbors requested to come. By order of the Camp.

PENROD



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tion 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 sin-

gle 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

In one corner stood a large box, a

feet high and open at the top, and it

had been constructed as a sawdust

magazine from which was drawn ma-

terial for the horse's bed in a stall on

the other side of the partition. The

big box, so high and towerlike, so com-

modious, 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 pass-

ing, 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

There was a partially defaced sign

upon the front wall of the box; the

donjon deep had known mercantile im-

The O. K. RaBiT CO.

PENROD SCHOFIELD AND CO.

iNQuiRE FOR PRICES.

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 bares, old

and young, had perished here on a sin-

gle night-through no human agency,

but in a foray of cats, the besiegers

treacherously tunnelling up through

which opened into the stall beyond the

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 him-

self up and dropped within. Standing

upon the packed sawdust, he was just

Duke had not followed him into the

storeroom, but remained near the open

tall enough to see over the top.

partition. Commerce has its martyrs.

sawdust from the small aperture

This was a venture of the preceding

Penrod's stronghold.

enough to be given away.

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-

CHAPTER I. A Boy and His Dog.

ENROD sat morosely upon the back fence and gazed with envy at Duke, his wistful dog. A bitter soul dominated the vacurved 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 impene trable than the face of a boy who has learned this, and Penrod's was habitu-Meeting every Sunday evening at 8:00 ally as fathomiess as the depth of his p. m. Three doors east of 82d St., Grays Crossing, Portland, Ore. aimost universally respected fellow citizen, a lady of charitable and poetic inclinations and one of his own moth

> er'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' Better gaent society And if any flavor of sweetness remained in the nature of Penrod Schoffeld after the dismail trials of the school week just past that problematic, infinitesimal rem nant 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 mutt lation such as would make his appearance as the Child Sir Lancelot inexpedient on public grounds. It was a beroic 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 sollloquy 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 hideosi-ties before him. Finally he spoke aloud, with such spleen that Duke rose from his haunches and lifted one ear in keen anxiety.

"I hight Bir 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 on

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 up-right position upon the floor of the

ting!"

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

storeroom at the foot of the sawdust

"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

"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 part of the building itself; it was eight 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

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.

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 speered the other bitting his lip so savageley that the blood ran You are nothng but a comon Roadagent any way and I do not propose to be baffed by such, Ramorez laughed at this and kep Mr. Wilson covred by his ottomatick.

Soon the two men were struggling to-gether 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 rate came out of their holes and bit him and vermin got all over him from the floor of that helish spot but soon he manged to push the gag out of his mouth with the end of his toungeu and got all his bonds

on Mr Wilson came back to tant han 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 jump-

ed 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 next time. Soon there flowed another awful struggle and siezin his ottomatick back from Mr Wilson he shot two of the detectives through the heart Bing Bing 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.

Boon 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 oathe sellm his lips for he was in pain Way you (TO BE CONTINUED)

CHERRYVILLE

Fire on the mountains! Men and supplies are going forward daily to fight the fires around Mt. Hood. At this writing over 200 men are

baitling with the fires east of Mt. Hood along the headwaters of the Clackamas. Salmon, and White Rivers and consists of a battle line over twenty miles in length. We are fighting to save and not to Jestroy.

Cherryville started the first of the week with a fire to be in style. The store and hotel caught fire about 10 o'clock a. m. Monday and although the entire building was consumed the contents were largely saved. The fire, it is supposed, started from the flue as a hot fire was going in the stove when Mrs. Freil was called out for a short time and upon her return the fire had gained too much headway to be checked. The loss was partially covered by insurance.

Mrs. R. C. Murray has gone to Wasco, is being graded and walks are going in. County to see the country and have a visit with her husband, who has been employed on a big ranch there this dence at Whitwood Court.

August Beidenstein is hauling lumber for a new house on his ranch north of

Magazines and papers are now full of articles on military preparedness in an endeavor to get the nation to embark on a career of manufacturing war material on a big scale, in order that contractors may get enormously rich and Congressmen paid big fees to help the scheme along. Who are we going to fight? Europe will certainly be in no condition to fight anybody for fifty years. Mexico is prostrate and we can't get much of a fight out of Haiti. Henry Ford, the best all around citizen in this country and the most successful, says: firmly believe that if we had had an army equal in size to those of the great in California. European militaristic nations we would long ago have flown to a bloody battlefield. If our navy had been able to cope with any and all the nations, we would have been constantly at war. It has always been this competitive arming, this deadly invitation to a test of strength, that has spelled death and sorrow to millions. We have had none of it. We should have none of it."

The road builders complain that their men leave them after they have been taken out to view the job and given a meal or two and lodging. Probably they realize that there is nothing in it on account of idle time waiting on material and paying board. Cheer up. Men may be so hungry that they will work for four-bits a day and live on hazel-brush soup.

Instead of expending several millions on deadly weapons to kill our fellow men, suppose we use some of these milplayful children. Let us help our farm- hold our details for that time. ing class who are now in bad under our ridiculous system of over legislating in favor of the banks and big corporations. Walt Mason says, "the farmer is busy now in filling barns with good and fragrant clover hay while the soldier is busy too in killing strangers for 13 cents a day."

All the re-actionaries are in favor of a pigger army and navy-in fact all capilalists are. They will come in handy in shooting down starving miners and shooting up working men's camps and murdering women and children like they did at Ludlow, Col.

The Industrial Commission appointed by congress has handed in a bitter complaint against existing conditions which may be briefly summarized as follows: "They have resorted to questionable

organizing. 'That they have attempted to defeat democracy by more or less successfully

methods to prevent their workers from

controlling courts and legislatures. "That they have exploited women and

children and unorganized workers. "That they have resorted to all sorts

of methods to prevent the enactment of remedial legislation. "That they have employed gunmen

in strikes who were disreputable characters and who assaulted innocent people and committed other crimes most reprehensible in character. "That they have paid lower wages

than competitive conditions warranted. "That they have worked their people long hours and under insanitary and dangerous conditions.

"That they have been contract breaking with labor. 'That they have attempted, through

the authorities, to suppress free speech and the right of peaceful assembly.

"That they have deliberately, and for selfish ends, bribed representatives of labor."

Of course the American people will not stand much longer this sort of a condition. We put down slavery of the blacks and by the Eternal God we will surely wipe out slavery for the whites.

GILBERT

Miss Mary Bluhm left Saturday evening for her nome in Seattle after a five month's stay with triends.

Mrs. L. Lamear and children left Monday for North Yamhill.

S. E. Johnson and wife are perents of

TREMONT, KERN PARK, ARLETA

Sam Glover has gone to Seaside for an indefinite vacation.

Charlie McGill went to Roseburg Tuesday for a ten days vacation.

Mr. and Mrs. Payne and family have returned from the beach.

Harry Clapp and a number of friends are hunting on the McKenzie.

Miss Lucile Holton of Seattle is the guest of Miss Maud Alvord.

Matt Stepp has accepted a job with the E. E. Lee garage at The Dalles.

Fiftieth avenue from 74th to 82 street

Jack Jones has the contract for a resi-

Dave Malloy of 57th avenue has sold his property and will live at Gladstone.

The Volts store at Woodmere is being remodeled and some nice living rooms are being added.

The Morrison Lumber Company reports an unusual run of orders and inquiries the past two weeks.

Mrs. N. E. Chambles has made a trip to Victoria, returning last Thursday.

M. L. Bernall and wife of Rayburn avenue left Tuesday for a month's stay

Miss Esther McGuire of 6929 45th avenue has returned from a visit in

Miss Hutchinson has resumed her work at the Arleta library after a month at NeahKahnie.

T. C. Lord, wife and daughter of Forest Grove spent Sunday with W. S.

Parents obey the children better than they used to, although there is some complaint. But if they buy their Sunday Roast at the Grays Crossing Market their will be no room for complaint.

Miss Fern Allen of 6419, 59th avenue, and Mr. Albert King of Hillsboro, were lions now piled up on our shores in fos- married at one o'clock today at the tering the arts of peace. In building bride's home, Rev. Moore officiating. happy homes for lovely women, useful As the Herald is promised a full write mothers, happy wives and laughing up of the event for next week we will

G. A. Steffee and wife of Grays Cross ing have two sons and two son-in-laws in the German army, and they are among the missing He has not heard from them for several months and then the younger son was wounded. Mr. Steffe is inclined to think the Russian retreat is a well planned feint and that in the end the German army will be trapped in the snow bound plains of Russian winter.

Our machine oils are the best and as cheap as the cheapest good oils. See us when you want a supply. Walsh, 9319 Foster Road.

MAKE OUR STORE YOUR STORE; Moderate prices, honest methods, high grade goods, courteous treatment, promptness, unflagging interest in your needs-these are the features of our store which make it the store that will be satisfactory to YOU. Always something new, up to date, of good quality, and low price. Teeny & Teeny, 6602 Foster Road, Kern Park Station.

Buy Your

at Alvord Furniture Store 35c, 39c, 45c yard 4529 67th St. S. E. Tabor 2352

a daughter born Saturday afternoon. Mr. Leitheiser lost three fingers by being amputated in a woodsaw one day

this week. A farewell social was given by the Epworth League of Bennett Chapel Friday evening in honor of Miss Mary Bluhm. A short devotional service was held after which the evening was spent in playing games. Light refreshments of lemonade and cake were served. The young people report a very pleasant

Telling Time In West Africa. Because of the scarcity of clocks in West Africa events are timed by the regular daily occurrences. For example, a native wrote that she had received news of her sister's illness "a little while before the guines fowl talk"—that is, about 5 o'clock in the