

At The Churches

Arleta Baptist Church

9:45 a. m. Bible School.
11 a. m. Preaching service.
7:30 p. m. Evening worship.
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.
8:45 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. Choral 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 69th 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 attend 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 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. Taylor, 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.

Meeting every Sunday evening at 8:00 p. m. Three doors east of 82d St., Grays Crossing, Portland, Ore.

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 services.
John Riley, Pastor.

Lents Baptist Church

Lord's Day, Sept., 19, 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

Preaching 11:00 and 7:54 p. m.
Sunday School 9:45.
Services at Bennett Chapel at 3 p. m.
Prayer meeting Thursday 8 p. m.
Epworth League 7 p. m.
At 11 a. m. the pastor will preach his last sermon for this conference year and receive members.
This will close the book of another year. We earnestly desire that God may give us a glorious feast on the Sabbath. All the friends of the Church and strangers are invited.
W. Boyd Moore, Pastor.

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Magnolia Camp No. 696 meets regular. Second and Fourth Thursdays of each month at 1. 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

By BOOTH TARKINGTON

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SYNOPSIS.

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

Penrod's mother and sister dress him in his costume for the "Children's Pageant of the Round Table." Penrod is ashamed to wear it.

CHAPTER II—Continued

In these matters. A plain matter of fact washerwoman, employed by Mrs. Schofield, never left anything to the imagination of the passerby, and of all her calm display the scarlet flaunting of his father's winter wear had most abashed Penrod. One day Marjorie Jones, all gold and starch, had passed when the dreadful things were on the line; Penrod had hidden himself, shuddering. The whole town, he was convinced, knew these garments intimately and derisively.

And now, as he sat in the janitor's chair, the horrible and paralyzing recognition came. He had not an instant's doubt that every fellow actor, as well as every soul in the audience, would recognize what his mother and sister had put upon him. For as the awful truth became plain to himself it seemed blazoned to the world, and far, far louder than the stockings, the trunks did fairly bellow the grisly secret: those they were and what they were.

Most people have suffered in a dream the experience of finding themselves very inadequately clad in the midst of a crowd of well dressed people, and such dreamers' sensations are comparable to Penrod's, though faintly, because Penrod was awake and in much too full possession of the most active capacities for anguish.

A human male whose dress has been damaged, or reveals some vital lack, suffers from a hideous and shameful loneliness which makes every second absolutely unbearable until he is again as others of his sex and species, and there is no act or sin whatever too desperate for him in his struggle to attain that condition. Also, there is a womanly no embarrassment possible to a woman which is comparable to that of a man under corresponding circumstances, and in this a boy is a man. Gazing upon the ghastly trunks, the stricken Penrod felt that he was a degree worse than nude, and a great horror of himself filled his soul.

"Penrod Schofield!"
The door into the hallway opened, and a voice demanded him. He could not be seen from the hallway, but the hue and cry was up, and he knew he must be taken. It was only a question of seconds. He huddled in his chair.

"Penrod Schofield!" cried Mrs. Lora Rewbush angrily.
The distracted boy rose, and as he did so a long pin sank deep into his back. He extracted it frenziedly, which brought to his ears a protracted and sonorous ripping, too easily located by a final gesture of horror.

"Penrod Schofield!" Mrs. Lora Rewbush had come out into the hallway.
And now in this extremity, when all seemed lost indeed, particularly including honor, the dilating eye of the outlaw fell upon the blue overalls which the janitor had left hanging upon a peg.

Inspiration and action were almost simultaneous.

CHAPTER III.

The Pageant of the Table Round.
PENROD! Mrs. Lora Rewbush stood in the doorway, indignantly gazing upon a Child Sir Lancelot mantled to the heels.
"Do you know that you have kept an audience of 500 people waiting for ten minutes?" She also detained the 500 while she spoke further.
"Well," said Penrod contentedly, as he followed her toward the buzzing stage, "I was just sitting there thinking."

Two minutes later the curtain rose on a medieval castle hall richly done in the new stage craft made in Germany and consisting of pink and blue cheesecloth. The Child King Arthur and the Child Queen Guinevere were disclosed upon thrones, with the Child Elaine and many other celebrities in attendance, while about fifteen Child Knights were seated at a dining room Table Round, which was covered with

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a large oriental rug, and displayed (for the knights' refreshment) a banquet service of silver loving cups and trophies, borrowed from the Country club and some local automobile manufacturers.

In addition to this splendor, potted plants and palms have seldom been more lavishly used in any castle on the stage or off. The footlights were aided by a "spot-light" from the rear of the hall, and the children were revealed in a blaze of glory.

A hushed, multitudinous "O-oh" of admiration came from the decorous



"Do you know that you have kept an audience of 500 people waiting for ten minutes?"

and delighted audience. Then the children sang feebly:

"Children of the Table Round,
Lit-tle knights and ladies we,
Let our voy-ages all resound
With love and hope and charity!"

The Child King Arthur rose, extended his scepter with the decisive gesture of a semaphore and spoke:
"Each lit-tle knight and lady born
Has noble deeds to perform
In the child-world of adventure,
No matter how small his share may be
Let each advance and tell in turn
What claim has each to knight-hood earn."

The Child Sir Mordred, the villain of this piece, rose in his place at the Table Round and piped the only lines ever written by Mrs. Lora Rewbush which Penrod Schofield could have pronounced without loathing. George Bassett, a really angelic boy, had been selected for the role of Mordred. His perfect conduct had earned for him the sardonic sobriquet "The Little Gentleman" among his boy acquaintances. (Naturally he had no friends.) Hence the other boys supposed that he had been selected for the wicked Mordred as a reward of virtue. He declaimed serenely:

"I hight Sir Mordred the Child, and I teach
Lessons of selfshabst evil, and reach
Out into darkness. Thoughtless, unkind,
And ruthless is Mordred and unrelend."

The Child Mordred was properly rebuked and denied the accolade, though, like the others, he seemed to have assumed the title already. He made a plotter's exit, whereupon Maurice Levy rose, bowed, announced that he hight the Child Sir Galahad and continued with perfect sang froid:

"I am the purest of the pure,
I have but kindest thoughts each day,
I give my riches to the poor,
And follow in the Master's way."

This elicited tokens of approval from the Child King Arthur, and he bade Maurice "stand forth" and come near the throne, a command obeyed with the easy grace of conscious merit.

It was Penrod's turn. He stepped back from his chair, the table between him and the audience, and began in a high, breathless monotone:

"I hight Sir Lancelot du Lake, the Child,
Gentle-hearted, meek and mild,
What though I'm but a lit-tle child,
Gentle-hearted, meek and mild,
I do my share, though, but—though

but—
Penrod paused and gulped. The voice of Mrs. Lora Rewbush was heard from the wings, prompting irritably, and the Child Sir Lancelot repeated:
"I do my share, though, but—though but
I pray you knight Sir Lancelot!"

This also met the royal favor, and Penrod was bidden to join Sir Galahad at the throne. As he crossed the stage Mrs. Schofield whispered to Margaret:

"That boy! He's unpinned his mantle and fired it to cover his whole costume. After we worked so hard to make it becoming!"

"Never mind. He'll have to take the cape off in a minute," returned Margaret. She leaned forward suddenly, narrowing her eyes to see the better.
"What is that thing hanging about his left ankle?" she whispered uneasily.
"How queer! He must have got tangled in something."

"Where?" asked Mrs. Schofield in alarm.

"His left foot. It makes him stumble. Don't you see? It looks—it looks like an elephant's foot!"

The Child Sir Lancelot and the Child Sir Galahad clasped hands before their child king. Penrod was conscious of a great uplift; in a moment he would have to throw aside his mantle, but even so he was protected and sheltered in the human garment of a man. His stage fright had passed, for the audience was but an indistinguishable blur of darkness beyond the des-

king lights. His most repulsive speech (that in which he proclaimed himself a "foe") was over and done with, and now at last the small, moist hand of the Child Sir Galahad lay within his own. Carefully his brown fingers stole from Maurice's palm to the wrist. The two boys declaimed in concert:
"We are two children of the Table Round
Strewing kindness all around.
With love and good deeds striving ever
For the best."

May our lit-tle efforts e'er be blest,
Two lit-tle hearts we offer. See,
United in love, faith, hope and char—Ow!"
The conclusion of the duet was marred. The Child Sir Galahad suddenly stiffened and, uttering an irrepressible shriek of anguish, gave a brief exhibition of the contortionist's art. ("He's twistin' my wrist! Dern you, leggo!")

The voice of Mrs. Lora Rewbush was again heard from the wings. It sounded bloodthirsty. Penrod released his victim, and the Child King Arthur, somewhat disconcerted, extended his scepter and, with the assistance of the enraged prompter, said:
"Sweet child friends of the Table Round,
In brotherly love and kindness abound;
Sir Lancelot, you have spoken well,
Sir Galahad, too, as clear as bell.
So now pray doff your mantles gay,
You shall be knighted this very day."

And Penrod doffed his mantle.
Simultaneously a thick and vasty gasp came from the audience, as from 500 bathers in a wholly unexpected surf. This gasp was punctuated irregularly over the auditorium by imperfectly subdued screams both of dismay and incredulous joy and by two dismal shrieks. Altogether it was an extraordinary sound, a sound never to be forgotten by any one who heard it. It was almost as unforgettable as the sight which caused it, the word "sight" being here used in its vernacular sense, for Penrod, standing unmantled and revealed in all the medieval and artistic glory of the janitor's blue overalls, falls within its meaning.

The janitor was a heavy man, and his overalls upon Penrod were merely oceanic. The boy was at once swaddled and lost within their blue gulfs and vast saggings, and the left leg, too hastily rolled up, had descended with a distinctively elephantine effect, as Margaret had observed. Certainly the Child Sir Lancelot was at least a sight.

It is probable that a great many in that hall must have had even then a consciousness that they were looking on at history in the making. A supreme act is recognizable at sight; it bears the birthmark of immortality. But Penrod, that marvelous boy, had not to declaim, even with the gesture of flinging off his mantle for the accolade:

"I first, the Child Sir Lancelot du Lake,
Will volunteer to knight-hood take,
And kneeling here before your throne
I vow to—"

He finished his speech unheard. The audience had recovered breath, but had lost self control, and there ensued something later described by a participant as a sort of cultured riot.
The actors in the "pageant" were not so dumfounded by Penrod's costume as might have been expected. A few precocious geniuses perceived that the overalls were the Child Lancelot's own comment on maternal intentions, and these were profoundly impressed. They regarded him with the grisly admiration of young and ambitious criminals for a jail mate about to be distinguished by hanging. But most of the children simply took it to be the case (a little strange, but startling) that Penrod's mother had dressed him like that—which is pathetic. They tried to go on with the "pageant."

They made a brief, manful effort. But the irrepressible outbursts from the audience bewildered them. Every time Sir Lancelot du Lake the Child opened his mouth the great, shadowy house fell into an uproar and the children into confusion. Strong women and brave girls in the audience went out into the lobby, shrieking and clinging to one another. Others remained, rocking in their seats, helpless and spent. The neighborhood of Mrs. Schofield and Margaret became tactfully a desert. Friends of the author went behind the scenes and encountered a hitherto unknown phase of Mrs. Lora Rewbush. They said afterward that she hardly seemed to know what she was doing. She begged to be left alone somewhere with Penrod Schofield, for just a little while.

They led her away.

CHAPTER IV.

Evening.
THE sun was setting behind the back fence (though at a considerable distance) as Penrod Schofield approached that fence and looked thoughtfully up at the top of it, apparently having in mind some purpose to climb up and sit there. Debat- ing this, he passed his fingers gently up and down the backs of his legs, and then something seemed to decide him not to sit anywhere. He leaned against the fence, sighed profoundly and gazed at Duke, his wistful dog.

The sigh was reminiscent. Episodes of simple paths were passing before his inward eye. About the most painful was the vision of lovely Marjorie Jones, weeping with rage as the Child Sir Lancelot was dragged, insatiate, from the prostrate and howling Child Sir Galahad, after an onslaught delivered the precise instant the curtain began to fall upon the demoralized "pageant." And then—oh, pang! oh, woman!—she slapped at the ruffian's cheek, as he was led past her by a resentful janitor, and turning, flung her arms round the Child Sir Galahad's neck.

"Penrod Schofield, don't you dare ever speak to me again as long as you live!" Maurice's little white boots and gold tassels had done their work.
At home the late Child Sir Lancelot was consigned to a locked clothes closet pending the arrival of his father. Mr. Schofield came, and shortly after

there was put into practice an old patriarchal custom. It is a custom of inconceivable antiquity—probably primordial, certainly prehistoric, but still in vogue in some remaining citadels of the ancient simplicities of the republic.

And now, therefore, in the dusk, Penrod leaned against the fence and sighed.

His case is comparable to that of an adult who could have survived a similar experience. Looking back to the sawdust box, fancy pictures this comparable adult a serious and inventive writer engaged in congenial literary activities in a private retreat. We see this period marked by the creation of some of the most virile passages of a work dealing exclusively in red corpses and huge primal impulses. We see this thoughtful man dragged from his calm seclusion to a horrifying publicity; forced to adopt the stage and, himself a writer, compelled to exploit the repulsive sentiments of an author not only personally distasteful to him, but whose whole method and school in belles-lettres he despises.

We see him reduced by desperation and modesty to stealing a pair of overalls, then, his own reputation and to have utterly disgraced his family; next, to have engaged in the duello and to have been spurned by his ladylove, thus lost to him (according to her own declaration) forever. Finally, we must behold imprisonment by the authorities, the third degree and flagellation.

We conceive our man deciding that his career had been perhaps too eventful. Yet Penrod had condensed all of it into eight hours.
It appears that he had at least some shadowy perception of a recent fullness of life, for, as he leaned against the fence gazing upon his wistful Duke, he sighed again and murmured aloud:
"Well, hasn't this been a day?"

But in a little while a star came out, freshly lighted, from the highest part of the sky, and Penrod, looking up, noticed it casually and a little drowsily. He yawned. Then he sighed once more, but not reminiscently. Evening had come; the day was over.
It was a sigh of pure ennui.

Next day Penrod acquired a dime by a simple and antique process which was without doubt sometimes practiced by the boys of Babylon. When the teacher of his class in Sunday school requested the weekly contribution Penrod, fumbling honestly (at first) in the wrong pockets, managed to look so embarrassed that the gentle lady told him not to mind and said she was often forgetful herself. She was so sweet about it that, looking into the future, Penrod began to feel confident of a small but regular income.

At the close of the afternoon services he did not go home, but proceeded to squander the funds just withheld from China upon an orgy of the most pungently forbidden description. In a drug emporium near the church he purchased a five cent sack of candy consisting for the most part of the heavily flavored hoofs of horned cattle, but undeniably substantial, and so generously capable of resisting solution that the purchaser must needs be avaricious beyond reason who did not realize his money's worth.

Equipped with this collation Penrod contributed his remaining nickel to a picture show, countenanced upon the seventh day by the legal but not the moral authorities. Here, in cozy darkness, he placidly insulted his liver with jawbreaker upon jawbreaker from the paper sack and in a surfeit of content watched the silent actors on the screen.

One film made a lasting impression upon him. It depicted with relentless pathos the drunkard's progress, beginning with his conversion to beer in the company of loose traveling men, pursuing him through an inexplicable lapse into evening clothes and the society of some remarkably painful ladies. Next, exhibiting the effects of alcohol on the victim's domestic disposition, the unfortunate man was seen in the act of striking his wife and, subsequently, his pleading baby daughter with an abnormally heavy walking stick. Their flight through the snow to seek the protection of a

relative was shown and, finally, the

(TO BE CONTINUED)

TREMONT, KERN PARK, ARLETA

Mrs. Wm. Scott has been very ill the past two weeks but is improving.

A new Pentecostal Mission is being opened at 6190 Foster road.

Charlie Arthur of Brentwood got badly cut on a woodsaw one day this week.

Miss Alvina Howard left Monday for Forest Grove where she will attend the University.

Lewellyn Spriggs left Tuesday for Corvallis with the intention of entering the Agricultural College.

Mr. and Mrs. Shipley and son left for McMinnville Friday. Mr. Shipley has the contract for plastering a new school house in that city.

The Morrison Lumber Company captured the order for the material for one of the big new stores being erected at Scappoose.

Miss Rose Rupp of Cheney, Wash., who will make her home with Mrs. Betz for the school year, has registered for freshmen work in Reed College.

A strong movement is on foot at Grays Crossing to secure a drinking fountain and watering place. A petition has been circulated and the Commissioners have been interviewed.

District Superintendent, Dr. J. W. McDougall, will preach in the Laurelwood M. E. Church next Sunday morning, Sept. 19, at 11 o'clock. This service is important as being on the last Sunday of the conference year.

Mrs. Sybilla Betz and her daughter, Miss Mary, have returned to their home after their summer vacation. Miss Betz has resumed her work as instructor of Mathematics in the Franklin High School.

The Aeoleon Male Chorus, directed by J. Archie Hollingworth, sings every Sunday evening at the Laurelwood M. E. Church. This chorus meets regularly on Monday evenings for practice. Its music is second to none in this vicinity.

There are four or five men in every community who cannot be convinced that they have all the advantages of a first class market right at their doors. Grays Crossing is no exception though the Grays Crossing Market is offering some fine bargains every day.

The regular monthly meeting of the Laurelwood M. E. Ladies Aid Tea was held Wednesday afternoon in the basement parlors of the church. This meeting marked the first date of the permanent change from Thursday afternoon to Wednesday. Ladies interested in the Ladies Aid Work will please notice the change of day.

At the last Sunday evening service a number of the Endeavorers who have been away for a part of the summer were in attendance. Splendid reports were made by the young people who attended the C. E. Institute which was held under the direction of the City Union at Orenco last week. They report much spiritual uplift received and a great enthusiasm manifested for the coming winter work, as well as a royal time socially, made possible by the thoughtfulness and hospitality of the people of Orenco, who entertained the delegates to the institute.

Miss Nora Jaehneke of 7011 57th Ave., was married at 6:30 Wednesday evening at the home of her sister, Mrs. L. F. Quam, on 71st street, to Mr. W. F. Dunlap of Spokane, Wash., Rev. Amos officiating. Miss Lydia Jaehneke was bridesmaid and Mr. Walter Davis was groomsmen. Only immediate relatives were present. The bride was dressed in blue silk, carrying a bouquet of pink and white carnations. The decorations were white and green. A dinner was served after the ceremony. The young couple will live in Portland. Best wishes of local friends attend them on their way.

Read "Penrod" this issue

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