

## At The Churches

### Arleta Baptist Church

9:45 a. m. Bible School.  
11 a. m. Morning service.  
7:30 p. m. Evening service.  
9:15 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.  
10 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 69th St. and 46th Ave. S. E.  
10 a. m. Bible School.  
11 a. m. and 8 p. m. preaching service.  
7 p. m. Christian 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. 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. Hornsuech, 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. 26, 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 a. m.  
Sunday School 9:45.  
Services at Bennett Chapel at 3 p. m.  
Praying meeting Thursday 8 p. m.  
Rev. McColm will preach at the morning service. There will be no service in the evening. Edwin Norene will hold services at Bennett Chapel at 3 p. m. Epworth League 7:30 p. m., continuing during the hour for preaching service.  
W. Boyd Moore, Pastor.

## PROFESSIONAL CARDS

**DR. JOHN FAWCETT**  
Diseases of Women and Children  
a Specialty

Pacific Tabor 3214 Local 2011

## LODGE DIRECTORY.

Magnolia Camp No. 4096 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

By **BOOTH TARKINGTON**

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## SYNOPSIS.

Penrod, fearing the ordeal of playing the part of the Child Sir Lancelot, seeks forgetfulness 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.  
He breaks up the whole pageant by putting on a pair of the janitor's overalls over his costume.  
A visit to a moving picture show gives him an idea and he loafs away his time in school, dreaming dreams.

## CHAPTER IV—Continued

drunkard's picturesque behavior at the portals of a madhouse.

So fascinated was Penrod that he postponed his departure until this film came round again, by which time he had finished his unnatural repast and almost, but not quite, decided against following the profession of a drunkard when he grew up.

Emerging, satiated, from the theater, a public timepiece before a jeweler's shop confronted him with an unexpected dial and imminent perplexities. How was he to explain at home these hours of dalliance? There was a steadfast rule that he return direct from Sunday school, and Sunday rules were important because on that day there was his father, always at home and at hand, perilously ready for action. One of the harshest conditions of boyhood is the almost continuous strain put upon the powers of invention by the constant and harassing necessity for explanations of every natural act.

Proceeding homeward through the deepening twilight as rapidly as possible at a gait half skip and half cauter, Penrod made up his mind in what manner he would account for his long delay and as he drew nearer rehearsed in words the opening passage of his defense.

"Now, see here," he determined to begin. "I do not wish to be blamed for things I couldn't help nor any other boy. I was going along the street by a cottage and a lady put her head out of the window and said her husband was drunk and whipping her and her little girl, and she asked me wouldn't I come in and help hold him. So I went in and tried to get hold of this drunken lady's husband where he was whipping their baby daughter, but he wouldn't pay any attention, and I told her I ought to be getting home, but she kep' on askin' me to stay."

At this point he reached the corner of his own yard, where a coincidence not only checked the rehearsal of his eloquence but happily obliterated all occasion for it. A cab from the station drew up in front of the gate, and there descended a troubled lady in black and a fragile little girl about three. Mrs. Schofield rushed from the house and enfolded both in hospitable arms. They were Penrod's Aunt Clara and cousin, also Clara, from Dayton, Ill., and in the flurry of their arrival everybody forgot to put Penrod to the question. It is doubtful, however, if he felt any relief; there may have been even a slight, unconscious disappointment, not altogether dissimilar to that of an actor deprived of a good part.

In the course of some really necessary preparations for dinner he stepped from the bathroom into the pink and white bedchamber of his sister and addressed her rather thickly through a towel.

"When'd mamma find out Aunt Clara and Cousin Clara were coming?"

"Not till she saw them from the window. She just happened to look out as they drove up. Aunt Clara telegraphed this morning, but it wasn't delivered."

## MOTHERS—

### WATCH IRRITABLE CHILDREN!

That fever, paleness, grinding of teeth while asleep, and coated tongue are indications that your child has worms in its system. Kickapoo Worm Killer quickly gets rid of these parasites. It is perfectly safe for even the most delicate children. It is pleasant to take, has three effective medicinal qualities:—acts as a laxative, expels the worms, and tones up the system. Begin treatment today and eliminate the cause of irritableness. 25c.

## Bulls and Bears.

The Stock Exchange use of the term "bear" is with reference to the animals pulling down. The bear pulls down prices; so in the other direction the bull tosses them up. Originally the expression was "a bearskin jobber," applied to a person who sold a bearskin before he had caught his bear. The bearskin jobber was a person who sold stocks which he did not own. Of course he was interested by the fact of his sale to have prices come down and schemed to pull them down. In that way he became called simply a bear without reference to the original proverb.—Philadelphia Press

"How long they goin' to stay?"

"I don't know."

Penrod ceased to rub his shining face and thoughtfully tossed the towel through the bathroom door. "Uncle John won't try to make 'em come back home, I guess, will he?" (Uncle John was Aunt Clara's husband, a successful manufacturer of stoves, and his lifelong regret was that he had not entered the Baptist ministry.) "He'll let 'em stay here quietly, won't he?"

"What are you talking about?" demanded Margaret, turning from her mirror. "Uncle John sent them here. Why shouldn't he let them stay?"

Penrod looked crestfallen. "Then he hasn't taken to drink?"

"Certainly not!" She emphasized the denial with a pretty peal of soprano laughter.

"Then why," asked her brother gloomily, "why did Aunt Clara look so worried when she got here?"

"Good gracious! Don't people worry about anything except somebody's drinking? Where did you get such an idea?"

"Well," he persisted, "you don't know it ain't that."

She laughed again, whole heartedly. "Poor Uncle John! He won't even allow grape juice or ginger ale in his house. They came because they were afraid little Clara might catch the measles. She's very delicate, and there's such an epidemic of measles among the children over in Dayton the schools had to be closed. Uncle John got so worried that last night he dreamed about it, and this morning he couldn't stand it any longer and packed them off over here, though he thinks it's wicked to travel on Sunday. And Aunt Clara was worried when she got here because they'd forgotten to check her trunk, and it will have to be sent by express. Now, what in the name of common sense put it into your head that Uncle John had taken to?"

"Oh, nothing!" He turned lifelessly away and went downstairs, a newborn hope dying in his bosom. Life seems so needlessly dull sometimes.

## CHAPTER V.

### School.

NEXT morning, when he had once more resumed the dreadful burden of education, it seemed infinitely duller.

yet what pleasanter sight is there than a schoolroom well filled with children of those sprouting years just before the teens? The casual visitor, gazing from the teacher's platform upon these busy little heads, needs only a blunted memory to experience the most agreeable and exhilarating sensations. Still, for the greater part the children are unconscious of the happiness of their condition, for nothing is more pathetically true than that we "never know when we are well off."

The boys in a public school are less aware of their happy state than are the girls, and of all the boys in his room probably Penrod himself had the least appreciation of his felicity.

He sat staring at an open page of a textbook, but not studying, not even reading, not even thinking. Nor was he lost in a reverie. His mind's eye was shut, as his physical eye might well have been, for the optic nerve, flaccid with ennui, conveyed nothing whatever of the printed page upon which the orb of vision was partially focused. Penrod was doing something very unusual and rare, something almost never accomplished except by colored people or by a boy in school on a spring day—he was doing really nothing at all. He was merely a state of being.

From the street a sound stole in through the open window, and abhorring nature began to fill the vacuum called Penrod Schofield, for the sound was the spring song of a mouth organ coming down the sidewalk. The windows were intentionally above the level of the eyes of the seated pupils, but the picture of the musician was plain to Penrod, painted for him by a quality in the runs and trills partaking of the oboe, of the calloso and of cats in anguish—an excruciating sweetness obtained only by the wallowing, wallowing yellow-pink palm of a hand whose back was Kongo black and shiny. The music came down the street and passed beneath the window, accompanied by the care free shuffling of a pair of old shoes scuffing synopsions on the cement sidewalk. It passed into the distance; became faint and blurred; was gone. Emotion stirred in Penrod a great and poignant desire, but (perhaps fortunately) no fairy godmother made her appearance. Otherwise Penrod would have gone down the street in a black skin, playing the mouth organ, and an unprepared colored youth would have found himself enjoying educational advantages for which he had no ambition whatever.

Roused from perfect apathy, the boy cast about the schoolroom an eye weary to nausea by the perpetual vision of the neat teacher upon the platform, the backs of the heads of the pupils in front of him and the monotonous stretches of blackboard threateningly defaced by arithmetical formula and other insignia of torture. Above the blackboard the walls of the high room were of white plaster—white with the qualified whiteness of old snow in a soft coal town. This dismal expanse was broken by four lithographic portraits, votive offerings of a thoughtful publisher. The portraits were of good and great men, kind men, men who loved children. Their faces were noble and benevolent. But the lithographs offered the only rest for the eyes of children fastidious by the everlasting sameness of the schoolroom. Long day after long day, interminable week in and interminable week out, vast month on vast month, the pupils sat with those four portraits beaming kindness down upon them.

The faces became permanent in the consciousness of the children; they became an obsession. In and out of school the children were never free of them. The four faces haunted the minds of children falling asleep. They hung upon the minds of children waking at night; they rose forebodingly in the minds of children waking in the morning; they became monstrously alive in the minds of children lying sick of fever. Never while the children of that schoolroom lived would they be able to forget one detail of the four lithographs. The hand of Longfellow was fixed for them forever in his beard. Guided by a simple and unconscious association of ideas Penrod Schofield was accumulating an antipathy for the gentle Longfellow, and for James Russell Lowell, and for Oliver Wendell Holmes, and for John Greenleaf Whittier which would never permit him to peruse a work of one of those great New Englanders without a feeling of personal resentment.

His eyes fell slowly and inimically from the brow of Whittier to the braid of reddish hair belonging to Victorine Riordan, the little octoroon girl who sat directly in front of him. Victorine's back was as familiar to Penrod as the necktie of Oliver Wendell Holmes. So was her gayly colored plaid waist. He hated the waist as he hated Victorine herself without knowing why. Enforced companionship in large quantities and on an equal basis between the sexes appears to sterilize the affections, and schoolroom romances are few.

Victorine's hair was thick and the brickish glints in it were beautiful, but Penrod was very tired of it. A tiny knot of green ribbon finished off the braid and kept it from unraveling, and beneath the ribbon there was a final wisp of hair which was just long enough to repose upon Penrod's desk when Victorine leaned back in her seat. It was there now. Thoughtfully he took the braid between thumb and forefinger and, without disturbing Victorine, dipped the end of it and the green ribbon into the inkwell of his desk. He brought hair and ribbon forth dripping purple ink and partially dried them on a blotter, though, a moment later, when Victorine leaned forward, they were still able to add a few picturesque touches to the plaid waist.

Rudolph Krauss, across the aisle from Penrod, watched the operation with protuberant eyes, fascinated. Inspired to imitation, he took a piece of chalk from his pocket and wrote "Rats" across the shoulder blades of the boy in front of him, then looked across appealingly to Penrod for tokens of congratulation. Penrod yawned.

Half the members of the class passed out to a recitation room, the em-purpured Victorine among them, and Miss Spence started the remaining half through the ordeal of trial by mathematics. Several boys and girls were sent to the blackboard, and Penrod, spared for the moment, followed their operations a little while with his eyes, but not with his mind; then, sinking deeper in his seat, limply abandoned the effort. His eyes remained open, but saw nothing. The routine of the arithmetic lesson reached his ears in familiar, meaningless sounds, but he heard nothing, and yet, this time, he was profoundly occupied. He had drifted away from the painful land of facts, and floated now in a new sea of fancy which he had just discovered.

Maturity forgets the marvelous realism of a boy's day dreams, how colorful they glow, rosy and living, and how opaque the curtain closing down between the dreamer and the actual world. That curtain is almost sound proof, too, and causes more throat trouble among parents than is suspected.

The nervous monotony of the schoolroom inspires a sometimes unbearable longing for something astonishing to happen, and as every boy's fundamental desire is to do something astonishing himself, so to be the center of all human interest and awe, it was natural that Penrod should discover in fancy the delightful secret of self levitation. He found, in this curious series of imaginings, during the lesson in arithmetic, that the atmosphere may be navigated as by a swimmer under water, but with infinitely greater ease and with perfect comfort in breathing. In his mind he extended his arms gracefully, at a level with his shoulders, and delicately paddled the air with his hands, which at once caused him to be drawn up out of his seat and elevated gently to a position about midway between the floor and the ceiling.

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Professor Bartet singled him out for admonition in matters of feet and decorum. And but yesterday she had chided him for his slavish lack of memory in daring to offer her greeting on the way to Sunday school. "Well, I expect you must forget I told you never to speak to me again! If I was a boy I'd be too proud to come hanging around people that don't speak to me, even if I was the worst boy in town!" So she flouted him. But now as he floated in through the window of her classroom and swam gently along the ceiling like an escaped toy balloon she fell upon her knees beside her little desk and, lifting up her arms toward him, cried with love and admiration:

"Oh, Penrod!"

He negligently kicked a globe from the high chandelier and, smiling roddily, floated out through the hall to the front steps of the school, while Marjorie followed, imploring him to grant her one kind look.

In the street an enormous crowd had gathered, headed by Miss Spence and a brass band, and a cheer from a hundred thousand throats shook the very ground as Penrod swam overhead. Marjorie knelt upon the steps and watched adoringly while Penrod took the drum major's baton and, performing sinuous evolutions above the crowd, led the band. Then he threw the baton so high that it disappeared from sight. But he went swiftly after it, a double delight, for he had not only the delicious sensation of rocketing safely up and up into the blue sky, but also that of standing in the crowd below, watching and admiring himself as he dwindled to a speck, disappeared and then, emerging from a cloud, came speeding down, with the baton in his hand, to the level of the treetops, where he beat time for the band and the vast throng and Marjorie Jones, who all united in the "Star Spangled Banner" in honor of his aerial achievements. It was a great moment.

It was a great moment, but something seemed to threaten it. The face of Miss Spence looking up from the crowd grew too vivid—unpleasantly vivid. She was beckoning him and shouting: "Come down, Penrod Schofield! Penrod Schofield, come down here!" He could hear her above the band and the singing of the multitude. She seemed intent on spoiling everything. Marjorie Jones was weeping to show how sorry she was that she had formerly slighted him and throwing kisses to prove that she loved him, but Miss Spence kept jumping between him and Marjorie, incessantly calling his name.

He grew more and more irritated with her. He was the most important person in the world and was engaged in proving it to Marjorie Jones and the whole city, and yet Miss Spence seemed to feel she still had the right to order him about as she did in the old days when he was an ordinary schoolboy. He was furious. He was sure

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## TREMONT, KERN PARK, ARLETA

Emil Gunser, Tremont barber, is taking in the fair at Frisco this week.

Wendell Spriggs, son of Rev. Spriggs, is seriously ill with tonsillitis.

Bert Wilberg returned Thursday from a business visit to Boise, Idaho.

Geo. P. Lent has sold the point of the Wedge of Wedgewood Addition.

J. H. Zimmerman of 56th street and Millard avenue will build a five room bungalow.

L. C. Shearer of 62d street and Powell Valley is preparing to build a new residence.

The Kern Park Feed and Fuel Co., are repairing their buildings at 68th street.

Miss Knox of East Portland has the substitute position in the Arleta library, left by Stella Wilson.

Miss Annabell Wagstaff of Woodmere is wearing a pair of crutches this week as a result of a sprained ankle.

Mrs. F. E. Foote and son Harold have gone to eastern Oregon for a two week's vacation.

Norman Holiday and J. P. Johnson went into eastern Clackamas for an outing last Saturday. No deer, but a good time.

The first meeting of the Creston Parent-Teacher association was held Tuesday afternoon at 2:30 o'clock. Dr. Anna Strong spoke on the juvenile exhibit to be held next month.

The city authorities have a set of engineers at work checking up for a sidewalk on the east side of 72d street from Tremont south. About 1450 linear feet of new sidewalk will be put in.

The Whitman store at Firland and the Sieger store at Creston were entered Wednesday last, in the evening, and pillaged. Cigars and tobacco were taken. Boys did the job and they were caught the next day.

Mrs. Sanders of 82d street entertained the G. C. C. Club recently with a one o'clock luncheon. The afternoon was spent with fancy work and music.

Mr. Harry Tucker and family have moved from the George house on 40th avenue to their own place just off 62d avenue. Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Grove have taken the George house for the winter.

Tremont is due to hear the best news for some time. There is some reason to believe the city officials are figuring on putting in a playground and perhaps a park near Tremont. It is probable that several blocks will be leased for the purpose and bought later. Indications are that the long hoped for local park will be realized within the next year.

Harry Clapp, Clem Smith and his brother Hugh and cousin, Frank Smith, of Portland, returned last week from one of the biggest outings reported this season. They report lots of fun but no big game,—just fish. They went to Eugene, up the Mackenzie, across to The Sisters, to Madras, Tygh Valley, Dufur, The Dalles, and down the Columbia Highway home. They say some of the roads were in horrible condition and that a fellow had better try some of it with an aeroplane rather than a machine.

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(TO BE CONTINUED)