

### At The Churches

#### Arieta Baptist Church

9:45 a. m. Bible School.  
11 a. m. Morning worship.  
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, 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.

#### 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 60th St. and 46th Ave. S. E.  
10 a. m. Bible School.  
11 a. m. and 8 p. m. preaching services.  
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 service.  
R. Tibbe 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, Oct. 3, 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.  
W. Boyd Moore, Pastor.

#### Culture.

Culture is a slow process. It comes from long and close contacts. It is the fruit of reflection, of travail of soul and of mind. Grappling with something until the very essence of it has been extracted is a first step. Thus the tastes of essences is learned, and once learned lesser distillations do not satisfy. Then follows a growing power to discriminate, to distinguish nice values, to judge of quality, to answer to beauty, to feel the need, that what you have, though it may be little, may still be the real thing. This is culture. It is not baggage, like diplomas and degrees. It is not things seen and heard, miles traveled or books read. These are the materials for culture. They contribute to it only when they are absorbed by the mind and as really lost in it as water and lime, phosphates and ammonia must be lost in the soil if they are to enrich it and enable it to increase its yield.—Ida M. Tarbell in *Woman's Home Companion*.

# 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.

The teacher reproves him. He seeks to distract attention from himself by alleging loss of sleep because of a drunken uncle.

### CHAPTER VI.

#### Uncle John.

MISS SPENCE gasped. So did the pupils. The whole room filled with a swelling, conglomerate "O-o-o-h!"

As for Penrod himself, the walls reeled with the shock. He sat with his mouth open, a mere lump of stupefaction. For the appalling words that he had hurled at the teacher were as inexplicable to him as to any other who heard them.

Nothing is more treacherous than the human mind; nothing else so loves to play the liar. Even when patiently bullied into a semblance of order and training it may prove but a base and shifty servant. And Penrod's mind was not his servant. It was a master, with the April wind's whims, and it had just played him a diabolical trick. The very jolt with which he came back to the schoolroom in the midst of his fancied flight jarred his day dream utterly out of him and he sat open mouthed in horror at what he had said.

The unanimous gasp of awe was protracted. Miss Spence, however, finally recovered her breath, and, returning deliberately to the platform, faced the school. "And then, for a little while," as pathetic stories sometimes recount, "everything was very still." It was so still, in fact, that Penrod's newborn notoriety could almost be heard growing. This grisly silence was at last broken by the teacher.

"Penrod Schofield, stand up!" The miserable child obeyed.

"What did you mean by speaking to me in that way?" He hung his head, raked the floor with the side of his shoe, swayed, swallowed, looked suddenly at his hands with the air of never having seen them before, then clasped them behind him. The school shivered in ecstatic horror, every fascinated eye upon him, yet there was not a soul in the room but was profoundly grateful to him for the sensation—including the offended teacher herself. Unhappily, all this gratitude was unconscious and altogether different from the kind which results in testimonials and loving cups. On the contrary!

"Penrod Schofield!" He gulped.

"Answer me at once! Why did you speak to me like that?" "I was"— He choked, unable to continue.

"Speak out!" "I was just—thinking," he managed to stammer.

"That will not do," she returned sharply. "I wish to know immediately why you spoke as you did."

The stricken Penrod answered helplessly: "Because I was just thinking." Upon the very rack he could have offered no ampler truthful explanation. It was all he knew about it.

"Thinking what?" "Just thinking."

Miss Spence's expression gave evidence that her power of self restraint was undergoing a remarkable test. However, after taking counsel with herself, she commanded: "Come here!"

He shuffled forward, and she placed a chair upon the platform near her own.

"Sit there!" Then (but not at all as if nothing had happened) she continued the lesson in arithmetic. Spiritually the children may have learned a lesson in very small fractions, indeed, as they gazed at the fragment of sin before them on the stool of penitence. They all stared at him attentively, with hard and passionately interested eyes in which there was never one trace of pity. It cannot be said with precision that he writhed. His movement was more a slow, continuous squirm, effected with a ghastly assumption of languid indifference, while his gaze, in the effort to escape the marble hearted glare of his schoolmates, averted itself with apparent permanence to the waistcoat button of James Russell Lowell just above the "u" in "Russell."

Classes came and classes went, grinding him with eyes. Newcomers received the story of the crime in darkling whispers, and the outcast sat

and squirmed and squirmed and squirmed. (He did one or two things with his spine which a professional contortionist would have observed with real interest.) And all this while of freezing suspense was but the criminal's detention awaiting trial. A known punishment may be anticipated with some measure of equanimity—at least, the prisoner may prepare himself to undergo it—but the unknown looms more monstrous for every attempt to guess it. Penrod's crime was unique. There were no rules to aid him in estimating the vengeance to fall upon him for it. What seemed most probable was that he would be expelled from the school in the presence of his family, the mayor and council and whipped afterward by his father upon the state house steps, with the entire city as audience by invitation of the authorities.

Noon came. The rows of children fled out, every head turning for a last unpleasingly speculative look at the outlaw. Then Miss Spence closed the door into the cloakroom and that into the big hall and came and sat at her desk, near Penrod. The tramping of feet outside, the shrill calls and shouting of the older boys ceased to be heard—and there was silence. Penrod, still affecting to be occupied with Lowell, was conscious that Miss Spence looked at him intently.

"Penrod," she said gravely, "what excuse have you to offer before I report your case to the principal?"

The word "principal" struck him to the vitals. Grand inquisitor, grand khan, sultan, emperor, czar, Caesar Augustus—these are comparable. He stopped squirming instantly and sat rigid.

"I want an answer. Why did you shout those words at me?" "Well," he murmured, "I was just—thinking."

"Thinking what?" she asked sharply. "I don't know."

"That won't do!" He took his left ankle in his right hand and regarded it helplessly.

"That won't do, Penrod Schofield," she repeated severely. "If that is all the excuse you have to offer I shall report your case this instant!"

And she rose with fatal intent. But Penrod was one of those whom the precipice inspires. "Well, I have got an excuse."

"Well"—she paused impatiently—"what is it?"

He had not an idea, but he felt one coming and replied automatically in a plaintive tone:

"I guess anybody that had been through what I had to go through last night would think they had an excuse."

Miss Spence resumed her seat, though with the air of being ready to leap from it instantly.

"What has last night to do with your insolence to this morning?" "Well, I guess you'd see," he returned, emphasizing the plaintive note, "if you knew what I know."

"Now, Penrod," she said, in a kinder voice, "I have a high regard for your mother and father, and it would hurt me to distress them, but you must either tell me what was the matter with you or I'll have to take you to Mrs. Houston."

"Well, ain't I going to?" he cried, spurred by the dread name. "It's because I didn't sleep last night."

"Were you ill?" The question was put with some dryness.

He felt the dryness. "No'm; I wasn't."

"Then if some one in your family was so ill that even you were kept up all night, how does it happen they let you come to school this morning?"

"It wasn't illness," he returned, shaking his head mournfully. "It was lots worse'n anybody's being sick. It was—it was—well, it was just awful."

"What was?" He marked with anxiety the incredulity in her tone.

"It was about Aunt Clara," he said.

"Your Aunt Clara?" she repeated. "Do you mean your mother's sister, who married Mr. Farry of Dayton, Ill.?"

"Yes—Uncle John," returned Penrod sorrowfully. "The trouble was about him."

Miss Spence frowned a frown which he rightly interpreted as one of continued suspicion. "She and I were in school together," she said. "I used to know her very well, and I've always heard her married life was entirely happy. I don't!"

"Yes, it was," he interrupted, "until last year when Uncle John took to running with traveling men!"

"What?" "Yes'm." He nodded solemnly. "That was what started it. At first he was a good, kind husband, but these traveling men would coax him into a saloon on his way from work, and they got him to drinking beer and then ales, wines, liquors, and cigars!"

"Penrod!" "Ma'am!"

"I'm not inquiring into your Aunt Clara's private affairs. I'm asking you if you have anything to say which would palliate!"

"That's what I'm tryin' to tell you about, Miss Spence," he pleaded, "if you'd just only let me. When Aunt Clara and her little baby daughter got to our house last night!"

"You say Mrs. Farry is visiting your mother?"

"Yes'm—not just visiting—you see, she had to come. Well, of course, little baby Clara, she was so bruised up and mauled, where he'd been hittin' her with his cane!"

"You mean that your uncle had done such a thing as that?" exclaimed Miss Spence, suddenly disarmed by this scandal.

"Yes'm. And mamma and Margaret had to sit up all night nursin' little Clara. And Aunt Clara was in such a

state somebody had to keep talkin' to her, and there wasn't anybody but me to do it. So I—"

"But where was your father?" she cried.

"Ma'am?" "Where was your father while?"

"Oh, papa?" Penrod paused, reflected, then brightened. "Why, he was down at the train waitin' to see if Uncle John would try to follow 'em and make 'em come home so's he could persecute 'em some more. I wanted to do that, but they said if he did come I mightn't be strong enough to hold him, and"— The brave lad paused again modestly. Miss Spence's expression was encouraging. Her eyes were wide with astonishment, and there may have been in them also the mingled beginnings of admiration and self-reproach. Penrod, warming to his work, felt safer every moment.

"And so," he continued, "I had to sit up with Aunt Clara. She had some pretty big bruises, too, and I had to"—

"But why didn't they send for a doctor?" However, this question was only a flicker of dying incredulity.

"Oh, they didn't want any doctor!" exclaimed the inspired realist promptly. "They don't want anybody to hear about it, because Uncle John might reform—and then where'd he be if everybody knew he'd been a drunkard and whipped his wife and baby daughter?"

"Oh!" said Miss Spence. "You see, he used to be upright as anybody," he went on explanatively. "It all begun"—

"Began, Penrod?" "Yes'm. It all commenced from the first day he let those traveling men coax him into the saloon." Penrod narrated the downfall of his Uncle John at length. In detail he was nothing short of plethoric, and incident followed incident, sketched with such vivaciousness, such abundance of color and such verisimilitude to a drunkard's life as Miss Spence possessed the rather chilling attributes of William J. Burns himself the last trace of skepticism must have vanished from her mind. Besides, there are two things that will be believed of any man whatsoever, and one of them is that he has taken to drink. And in every sense it was a moving picture which, with simple but eloquent words, the virtuous Penrod set before his teacher.

His eloquence increased with what it fed on, and as with the eloquence so with self-reproach in the gentle bosom of the teacher. She cleared her throat with difficulty once or twice during his description of his ministering night with Aunt Clara. "And I said to her, 'Why, Aunt Clara, what's the use of takin' on so about it?' And I said, 'Now, Aunt Clara, all the cryin' in the world can't make things any better.' And then she'd just keep catchin' hold of me and sob and kind of holler, and I'd say: 'Don't cry, Aunt Clara. Please don't cry!'"

Then, under the influence of some fragmentary survivals of the respectable portion of his Sunday adventures, his theme became more exalted, and, only partially misquoting a phrase from a psalm, he related how he had made it of comfort to Aunt Clara and how he had besought her to seek higher guidance in her trouble.

The surprising thing about a structure such as Penrod was erecting is that the taller it becomes the more ornamentation it will stand. Gifted boys have this faculty of building magnificence upon cobwebs—and Penrod was gifted. Under the spell of his really great performance, Miss Spence gazed more and more sweetly upon the prodigy of spiritual beauty and goodness before her, until at last, when Penrod came to the explanation of his "just thinking," she was forced to turn her head away.

"You mean, dear," she said gently, "that you were all worn out and hardly knew what you were saying?" "Yes'm."

"And you were thinking about all those dreadful things so hard that you forgot where you were?" "I was thinking," he said simply, "how to save Uncle John."

And the end of it for this mighty boy was that the teacher kissed him!

### CHAPTER VII.

#### Fidelity of a Little Dog.

THE returning students that afternoon observed that Penrod's desk was vacant, and nothing could have been more impressive than that sinister mere emptiness. The accepted theory was that Penrod had been arrested. How breath taking then the sensation when at the beginning of the second hour he stroiled in with immitable carelessness and, rubbing his eyes, somewhat potickably in the manner of one who has snatched an hour of much needed sleep, took his place as if nothing in particular had happened. This at first supposed to be a superhuman exhibition of sheer audacity, became but the more dumfounding when Miss Spence, looking from her desk, greeted him with a pleasant little nod. Even after school Penrod gave numerous maddened investigators no relief. All he would consent to say was:

"Oh, I just talked to her."

A mystification not entirely unconnected with the one thus produced was manifested at his own family dinner table the following evening. Aunt Clara had been out rather late and came to the table after the rest were seated. She wore a puzzled expression.

"Do you ever see Mary Spence nowadays?" she inquired, as she unfolded her napkin, addressing Mrs. Schofield. Penrod abruptly set down his soup spoon and gazed at his aunt with flustering attention.

"Yes, sometimes," said Mrs. Schofield. "She's Penrod's teacher."

"Is she?" said Mrs. Farry. "Do you?" She paused. "Do people think

her a little—queer these days?"

"Why, no?" returned her sister. "What makes you say that?"

"She has acquired a very odd manner," said Mrs. Farry decidedly. "At least, she seemed odd to me. I met her at the corner just before I got to the house a few minutes ago, and after we'd said howdy do to each other she kept hold of my hand and looked as though she was going to cry. She seemed to be trying to say something and choking!"

"But I don't think that's so very queer, Clara. She knew you in school, didn't she?"

"Yes, but—" "And she hadn't seen you for so many years I think it's perfectly natural she"—

"Wait! She stood there squeezing my hand and struggling to get her voice, and I got really embarrassed, and then finally she said in a kind of tearful whisper: 'Be of good cheer. This trial will pass.'"

"How queer!" exclaimed Margaret. Penrod sighed and returned somewhat absently to his soup.

"Well, I don't know," said Mrs. Schofield thoughtfully. "Of course she's heard about the outbreak of measles in Dayton, since they had to close the schools, and she knows you live there"—

"But doesn't it seem a very exaggerated way," suggested Margaret, "to talk about measles?"

"Wait!" begged Aunt Clara. "After she said that she said something even queerer and then put her handkerchief to her eyes and hurried away."

Penrod laid down his spoon again and moved his chair slightly back from the table. A spirit of prophecy was upon him. He knew that some one was going to ask a question which he felt might better remain unspoken.

"What was the other thing she said?" Mr. Schofield inquired, thus immediately fulfilling his son's premonition.

"She said," returned Mrs. Farry slowly, looking about the table; "she said, 'I know that Penrod is a great, great comfort to you.'"

There was a general exclamation of surprise. It was a singular thing, and in no manner may it be considered complimentary to Penrod that this speech of Miss Spence's should have immediately confirmed Mrs. Farry's doubts about her in the minds of all his family.

Mr. Schofield shook his head pityingly.

"I'm afraid she's a goner," he went so far as to say.

"Of all the weird ideas!" cried Margaret.

"I never heard anything like it in my life!" Mrs. Schofield exclaimed. "Was that all she said?"

"Every word!" Penrod again resumed attention to his soup. His mother looked at him curiously, and then, struck by a sud-



"Wait! She stood there squeezing my hand and struggling to get her voice."

den thought, gathered the glances of the adults of the table by a significant movement of the head, and, by another, conveyed an admonition to drop the subject until later. Miss Spence was Penrod's teacher. It was better, for many reasons, not to discuss the subject of her queerness before him. This was Mrs. Schofield's thought at the time. Later she had another, and it kept her awake.

The next afternoon Mr. Schofield, returning at 5 o'clock from the cares of the day, found the house deserted and sat down to read his evening paper in what appeared to be an uninhabited apartment known to its own world as the "drawing room." A sneeze, unexpected both to him and the owner, informed him of the presence of another person.

"Where are you, Penrod?" the parent asked, looking about.

"Here," said Penrod meekly. "Stooping. Mr. Schofield discovered his son squatting under the piano, near an open window—his wistful Duke lying beside him."

"What are you doing there?" "Me?"

"Why under the piano?" "Well," the boy returned with grave solemnity, "I was just kind of sitting here—thinkin'."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

### TREMONT, KERN PARK, ARLETA

O. I. Babcock of Brentwood is putting the finishing touches to his residence.

E. T. Dodson of 5031 62d avenue is improving his house.

G. A. Morrison is attending the State Fair and exhibiting a new silo handled by his company.

John Forester and family have moved from 72d street and 51st avenue. He has a blacksmith shop at Estacada and they will live up there.

John Forester is enjoying a visit from his daughter-in-law, from Alaska.

Geo. Dustin is enjoying a visit from his daughter who makes her home in Alaska.

Miss Lucie Whitman entertained a number of young people at her home at 4961 74th street. Games, music and refreshments united to make the evening a happy one.

Palatine Lodge, A. F. A. M. meets the first and third Wednesday evenings of each month in the Woodmen Hall, Arleta. Visiting members are welcome.

Joe Besnell of 64th street and 42nd avenue shot himself last Wednesday, the charge passing through his big toe. He was hunting over in Washington. He was taken suddenly very ill with blood poison and died Friday. The funeral was delayed until Thursday, waiting for the arrival of relatives, to be conducted at the Catholic church near Creston. He leaves a wife to bear the misfortune.

Anyone having a good bicycle to train might do well to see Cap. Canuto of the Kern Park Fire Department. He either breaks them in or busts their running gears. None of them get away.

On Sunday afternoon Oct. 3, at 3:30 there will be held in the Millard Avenue Presbyterian Church a Christian Endeavor Conference. The local society will be assisted by members of the City Union. There will be a light luncheon served and a special service continuing throughout the time of the evening church service. The evening service will be in the nature of a rally with which to begin the more active work of the coming winter. Members of all Young People's Societies throughout the district are cordially invited to attend the services both afternoon and evening as well as the social hour between services.

Not satisfied with cutting city prices on stoves, Alvord Furniture Co., is giving a substantial discount in addition. His stove business of the past month may not yield him the largest percent of profit but his gross sales ensure him a satisfactory business.

Fred D. Haynes, the expressman, who lives at 4335 79th street, has been unable to attend to his express business recently on account of a badly bruised arm. In attempting to start his auto truck Mr. Haynes was struck by the crank of the engine, which was thrown backward with force enough to almost fracture the bones of his arm.

Something Like It. "I hear your husband is crazy about his new auto." "I should say so! He's a perfect autocrat."—Baltimore American.

Fortune cannot take away what she did not give.—Seneca.

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