

At The Churches

Arieta Baptist Church

9:45 a. m. Bible School.
11 a. m. Preaching 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.
9:45 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. 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.

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, Mrs. Maud Keach, 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. 17, Bible School 9:45 a. m.
Morning worship, 11 a. m.
Elmo Heights Sunday School, 2:30 p. m.
B. Y. P. U., 6:30 p. m.
Evening worship, 7:30 p. m.
A cordial welcome to these services.
J. M. Nelson, Pastor.

Fifth Church of Christ

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

Lents M. E. Church

Sunday School 9:45 a. m.
Preaching 11:00 a. m.
Services at Bennett Chapel at 3 p. m.
Epworth League 8:30 p. m.
Preaching 7:30 p. m.
W. R. F. Browne, pastor.
Residence 9505, 59th Ave., S. E.
The subject at the morning preaching service will be, "Are Christians Narrow?" A special sermon to the young people in the evening, "The Secret of Success."
A cordial invitation extended to all.

Rather.
"I don't believe the woman who has the next apartment to ours ever touches her parlor carpet."
"My dear, that's a sweeping arraignment."—Baltimore American.

Try Walsh when in need of any sort of auto repairing, or oils or gas.

DR. JOHN FAWCETT

Diseases of Women and Children A Specialty
Pacific Tabor 3214 Local 2011

LODGE DIRECTORY

Magnolia Camp No. 4028 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

Copyright, 1914, by Doubleday, Page & Company

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.
The teacher sympathizes with Penrod's aunt because of her wayward husband, and it then develops that Penrod has been lying.
Penrod, Sam Williams and two colored boys, Herman and Verman, get up a big show to entertain the town.

Penrod began to feel that a lifetime spent with this fascinating family were all too short. The brothers, glowing with amiability, were as enraptured as he. For the first time in their lives they moved in the rich glamour of sensationalism. Herman was prodigal of gesture with his right hand, and Verman, chuckling with delight, talked fluently, though somewhat consciously. They cheerfully agreed to keep the raccoon—already beginning to be mentioned as "our coon" by Penrod—in Mr. Schofield's empty stable, and when the animal had been chained to the wall near the box of rats and supplied with a pan of fair water they assented to their new friend's suggestion (inspired by a fine sense of the artistic harmonies) that the heretofore nameless pet be christened Sherman, in honor of their deceased relative.

At this juncture was heard from the front yard the sound of that yodeling which is the peculiar accomplishment of those whose voices have not "changed." Penrod yodeled a response, and Samuel Williams appeared, a large bundle under his arm.
"Yay, Penrod!" was his greeting, casual enough from without; but, having entered, he stopped short and emitted a prodigious whistle. "Ya-a-ay!" he then shouted. "Look at the 'coon!"
"I guess you better say, 'Look at the 'coon!'" Penrod returned proudly.
"They's a good deal more'n him to look at too. Talk some, Verman." Verman complied.

Sam was warmly interested. "What'd you say his name was?" he asked.
"Verman."
"How'd you spell it?"
"V-e-r-m-a-n." replied Penrod, having previously received this information from Herman.
"Oh!" said Sam.
"Point to something, Herman," Penrod commanded, and Sam's excitement, when Herman pointed was sufficient to the occasion.

Penrod, the discoverer, continued his exploitation of the manifold wonders of the Sherman, Herman and Verman collection. With the air of a proprietor he escorted Sam into the alley for a good look at Queenie (who seemed not to care for her increasing celebrity) and proceeded to a dramatic climax—the recital of the episode of the pitchfork and its consequences.
The cumulative effect was enormous, and could have but one possible result. The normal boy is always at least one half Barnum.

"Let's get up a SHOW!"
Penrod and Sam both claimed to have said it first, a question left unsettled in the ecstasies of hurried preparation. The bundle under Sam's arm, brought with no definite purpose, proved to have been an inspiration. It consisted of broad sheets of light yellow wrapping paper, discarded by Sam's mother in her spring house-cleaning. There were half filled cans and buckets of paint in the storeroom adjoining the carriage house and presently the side wall of the stable flamed information upon the passerby from a great and spreading poster.

"Publicity," primal requisite of all theatrical and amphitheatrical enterprise thus provided, subsequent arrangements proceeded with a fury of energy which transformed the empty hayloft. True, it is impossible to say just what the hayloft was transformed into, but history warrantably clings to the statement that it was transformed. Duke and Sherman were secured to the rear wall at a considerable distance from each other after an exhibition of reluctance on the part of Duke, during which he displayed a nervous energy and agility almost miraculous in so small and middle aged a dog. Benches were improvised for spectators; the rats were brought up; finally the rafters, cornerb and hay chute were ornamented with flags and strips of bunting from Sam Williams' attic. Sam returning from the excursion wearing a big silk hat and accompanied on account of a rope by a fine dachshund encountered on the highway. In the matter of personal decoration penrod was generously supplied

an interpretation of the spiral, inclining to whites and greens, becoming brilliantly effective upon the dark facial backgrounds of Herman and Verman, while the countenances of Sam and Penrod were each supplied with the black mustache and imperial, lacking which no professional showman can be esteemed conscientious.
It was regretfully decided in council that no attempt be made to add Queenie to the list of exhibits, her brothers warmly declining to act as ambassadors in that cause. They were certain Queenie would not like the idea, they said, and Herman picturesquely described her activity on occasions when she had been annoyed by too much attention to her appearance. However, Penrod's disappointment was alleviated by an inspiration which came to him in a moment of pondering upon the dachshund, and the entire party went forth to add an enriching line to the poster.

SCHOFIELD & WILLIAMS BIG SHOW

ADMISSION 1 CENT OR 20 PINS MUSEUM OF CURIOSITIES
Now Going on
SHERMAN HERMAN & VERMAN THEIR PATIERS IN JAIL STABED A MAN WITH A PITCHFORK
SHERMAN THE WILD ANIMAL CAPTURED IN AFRICA
HERMAN THE ONE FINGERED TATTOO WILD MAN VERMAN THE SAVAGE TATTOO WILD BOY TALKS ONLY IN HIS NATIVE LANGUAGES. DO NOT FAIL TO SEE DUKE THE INDIAN DOG ALSO THE MICHIGAN TRAINED RATS

A heated argument took place between Sam and Penrod, the point at issue being settled finally by the drawing of straws, whereupon Penrod, with pardonable self importance—in the presence of an audience now increased to nine—slowly painted the words inspired by the dachshund:
IMPORTANT DO NOT MISS THE SOUTH AMERICAN DOG PART ALLIGATOR.

CHAPTER IX. The New Star.

SAM, Penrod, Herman and Verman withdrew in considerable state from nonpaying view, and repairing to the hay loft, declared the exhibition open to the public. Oral proclamation was made by Sam, and then the loitering multitude was enticed by the seductive strains of a band, the two partners performing upon combs and paper, Herman and Verman upon tin pans with sticks.
The effect was immediate. Visitors appeared upon the stairway and sought admission. Herman and Verman took position among the exhibits, near the wall; Sam stood at the entrance officiating as barker and ticket seller, while Penrod, with debonaire suavity, acted as curator, master of ceremonies and lecturer. He greeted the first to enter with a courtly bow. They consisted of Miss Reensdale and her nursery governess, and they paid spot cash for their admission.

"Walk in, lay-deeze; walk right in. Pray do not obstruct the passageway," said Penrod in a remarkable voice. "Pray be seated. There is room for each and all."
Miss Reensdale and governess were followed by Mr. George Basset and baby sister (which proves the perfection of George's character) and six or seven other neighborhood children, a most satisfactory audience, although, subsequent to Miss Reensdale and governess, admission was wholly by plot.

"Gen-ti-mun and lay-deeze," shouted Penrod. "I will first call your attention to our genuine South American dog, part alligator!" He pointed to the dachshund, and added, in his ordinary tone, "That's him." Straightway re-assuming the character of showman, he bellowed: "Next, you see Duke, the genuine, full blooded Indian dog from the far western plains and Rocky mountains. Next, the trained Michigan rats, captured way up there and trained to jump and run all around the box at the—at the—at the slightest pre-text!" He paused, partly to take breath and partly to enjoy his own surprised discovery that this phrase was in his vocabulary.

"At the slightest pre-text!" he repeated, and continued, suiting the action to the word: "I will now hammer upon the box, and each and all may see these genuine full blooded Michigan rats perform at the slightest pre-text! There! (There's all they do now, but I and Sam are goin' to train 'em lots more before this afternoon.) Gen-ti-mun and lay-deeze, I will kindly now call your attention to Sherman, the wild animal from Africa, costing the lives of the wild trapper and many of his companions. Next let me kindly interroduce Herman and Verman. Their father got mad and stuck his pitchfork right inside of another man, exactly as promised upon the advertisements outside the big tent, and got put in jail. Look at them well, gen-ti-mun and lay-deeze. There is no extra charge, and re-mem-ber you are each and all now looking at two wild tattooed men which the father of is in jail. Point, Herman. Each and all will have a chance to see. Point to something else, Herman. This is the only genuine one fingered tattooed wild man. Last on the program, gen-ti-mun and lay-deeze, we have Verman, the savage tattooed wild boy, that can't speak only his native foreign languages. Talk some, Verman."

Verman obliged and made an instantaneous bit. He was encored rapturously again and again, and thrilling with the unique pleasure of being appreciated and misunderstood at the same time, would have talked all day but too gladly, Sam Williams, however, with a true showman's foresight, whispered to Penrod, who rang down on the monologue.
"Gen-ti-mun and lay-deeze, this closes our performance. Pray pass out quietly and with as little jostling as possible. As soon as you are all out there's goin' to be a new performance, and each and all are welcome at the same and simple price of admission. Pray pass out quietly and with as little jostling as possible. Remem-ber the price is only 1 cent, the tenth part of a dime, or twenty pins, no bent ones taken. Pray pass out quietly and with as little jostling as possible. The Schofield & Williams military band will play before each performance, and each and all are welcome for the same and simple price of admission. Pray pass out quietly and with as little jostling as possible."
Forthwith the Schofield & Williams military band began a second overture, in which something vaguely like a tune was at times distinguishable, and all of the first audience returned, most of them having occupied the interval in hasty excursions for more pins. Miss Reensdale and governess, however, again paying coin of the republic and receiving deference and the best seats accordingly. And when a third performance found all of the same inveterate patrons once more crowding the auditorium and seven recruits added the pleasurable excitement of the partners in their venture will be understood by any one who has seen a metropolitan manager strolling about the foyer of his theater some evening during the earlier stages of an assured "phenomenal run."
From the first there was no question which feature of the entertainment was the attraction extraordinary. Ver-

man—Verman, the savage tattooed wild boy, speaking only his native foreign languages—Verman was a triumph! Beaming, wreathed in smiles, melodiously, incredibly fluent, he had but to open his lips and a dead bush fell upon the audience. Breathless, they leaned forward, hanging upon his every semi-syllable, and when Penrod checked the flow, burst into thunders of applause, which Verman received with happy laughter.
Alas, he delayed not o'er long to display all the egregiousness of a new star, but for a time there was no caprice of his too eccentric to be forgiven. During Penrod's lecture upon the other curios the tattooed wild boy continually stamped his foot, grinned and gesticulated, tapping his tiny chest and pointing to himself as it were to say, "Wait for me; I am the big show." So soon they learn; so soon they learn! And (again alas) this spoiled darling of public favor, like many another, was fated to know in good time the fickleness of that favor.
But during all the morning performances he was the idol of his audience and looked it. The climax of his popularity came during the fifth overture of the Schofield & Williams military band, when the music was quite drowned in the agitated clamors of Miss Reensdale, who was endeavoring to ascend the stairs in spite of the physical dissuasion of her governess.
"I won't go home to lunch!" screamed Miss Reensdale, her voice accompanied by a sound of ripping. "I will hear the tattooed wild boy talk some more! It's lovely—I will hear him talk! I will! I will! I want to listen to Verman—I want to—I want to!"
Walling, she was borne away, of her sex not the first to be fascinated by obscurity nor the last to champion its eloquence.
Verman was almost unendurable after this, but, like many, many other managers, Schofield & Williams restrained their cholera and even laughed foolishly when their principal attraction essayed the role of a comedian in private and capered and squawked in sheer, fatuous vanity.
The first performance of the afternoon rivaled the successes of the morning, and, although Miss Reensdale was detained at home, thus drying up the single source of cash income developed before lunch, Maurice Levy appeared, escorting Marjorie Jones, and paid coin for two admissions, dropping the money into Sam's hand with a careless—nay, a contemptuous—gesture. At sight of Marjorie, Penrod Schofield snatched under his new mustache (re-



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painted since noon) and lectured as he had never lectured before. A new grace invested his every gesture, a new sonority rang in his voice, a simple and manly composure marked his very walk as he passed from curio to curio, and when he fearlessly handled the box of rats and hammered upon it with cool insouciance he beheld, for the first time in his life, a puri of admiration eddying in Marjorie's lovely eye, a certain softening of that eye. And then Verman spoke—and Penrod was forgotten. Marjorie's eye roved upon him no more.
A heavily equipped chauffeur ascended the stairway, bearing the message that Mrs. Levy awaited her son and his lady. Thereupon, having devoured the last sound permitted (by the managers) to issue from Verman, Mr. Levy and Miss Jones departed to a real matinee at a real theater, the limpid eyes of Marjorie looking back softly over her shoulder—but only at the tattooed wild boy. Nearly always it is woman who puts the irony into life.
After this, perhaps because of sated curiosity, perhaps on account of a pin famine, the attendance began to languish. Only four responded to the next call of the band. The four dwindled to three; finally the entertainment was given for one blasé auditor, and Schofield & Williams looked depressed. Then followed an interval when the band played in vain.
About 3 o'clock Schofield & Williams were gloomily discussing various unpromising devices for startling the public into a renewal of interest, when another patron unexpectedly appeared and paid a cent for his admission. News of the Big Show and Museum of Curiosities had at last penetrated the far, cold spaces of interstellar niceness, for this new patron consisted of no less than Roderick Magworth Bitts, Jr., escaped in a white "sailor suit" from the manor during a period of severe maternal and tutorial preoccupation.
He seated himself without parley, and the performance was offered for his entertainment with admirable conscientiousness. True to the Lady Clara caste and training, Roderick's pale, fat face expressed nothing except an impervious superiority and, as he sat, cold and unimpressed upon the front bench, like a large, white lump, it must be said that he made a discouraging audience "to play to." He was not, however, unresponsive—far from it. He offered comment very chilling to the warm grandiloquence of the orator.
"That's my Uncle Ethelbert's dachshund," he remarked at the beginning of the lecture. "You better take him back if you don't want to get arrested." And when Penrod, rather uneasily ignoring the interruption, proceeded to the exploitation of the genuine, full blooded Indian dog, Duke, "Why don't you try to give that old dog away?" asked Roderick. "You couldn't sell him."
"My papa would buy me a lots better coon than that," was the information volunteered a little later, "only I wouldn't want the nasty old thing!"
Herman of the missing finger obtained no greater indulgence. "Pooh!" said Roderick. "We have two fox terriers in our stables that took prizes at the kennel show, and their tails were bit off. There's a man that always bites fox terriers' tails off."
"Oh, my gosh, what a lie!" exclaimed Sam Williams ignorantly. "Go on with the show, whether he likes it or not, Penrod. He's paid his money."
Verman, confident in his own singular powers, chuckled openly at the failure of the other attractions to charm the frosty visitor, and when his turn came poured forth a torrent of conversation which was straightway damned.
"Rotten!" said Mr. Bitts languidly. "Anybody could talk like that. I could do it if I wanted to."
Verman paused suddenly.
"Yes, you could!" exclaimed Penrod, stung. "Let's hear you do it then."
"Yessir!" the other partner shouted. "Let's just hear you do it!"
"I said I could if I wanted to," responded Roderick. "I didn't say I would."
"Yay! Knows he can't!" sneered Sam.
"I can, too, if I try."
"Well, let's hear you try."
So challenged, the visitor did try, but in the absence of an impartial jury his effort was considered so pronounced a failure that he was howled down, derided and mocked with great clamors.
"Anyway," said Roderick when things had quieted down, "if I couldn't get up a better show than this I'd sell out and leave town."
Not having enough presence of mind to inquire what he would sell out, his adversaries replied with mere formless yells of scorn.
"I could get up a better show than this with my left hand," Roderick asserted.
"Well, what would you have in your ole show?" asked Penrod, condescending to language.
"That's all right what I'd have. I'd have enough."
"You couldn't get Herman and Verman in your ole show."
"No, and I wouldn't want 'em, either."
"Well, what would you have?" insisted Penrod derisively. "You'd have to have something. You couldn't be a show yourself."
"How do you know?" This was but meandering while waiting for ideas and evoked another yell.
"You think you could be a show all by yourself?" demanded Penrod.
"How do you know I couldn't?"
Two white boys and two black boys shrieked their scorn of the boaster.
"I could too!" Roderick raised his voice to a sudden howl, obtaining a hoarse—

(TO BE CONTINUED)

TREMONT, KERN PARK, ARLETA

Sam Chamberstook a holiday Wednesday and went to the tall timber.

Gasoline for 13 1/2 cents at Walsh's Filling Station, 9319, Foster road.

If some of our Arleta correspondents will send in their copy a little earlier it will be appreciated.—Ed.

Miss Knox of the Arleta Library has been transferred to Albina and Miss Kindorf of Sellwood will take her place.

J. W. Dunlap will take a trip through South-eastern Oregon, and while on the trip will inspect some land he owns in Harney County.

The Arleta Library Story Hour has been set for Wednesday afternoons at 4 o'clock. Miss Hutchinson and Miss Fisher of Lents have arranged to exchange services alternate months.

Geo. T. Howard has bought the Dunlap Bros., store at 6040 Foster road. He will enlarge the stock of groceries and household hardware. The store is being repainted.

Arleta night school is now in full sway. Its sessions are held on Monday, Wednesday and Friday evenings, free to all. Sewing, millinery, cooking, manual training, German, Spanish, and common school studies are being taught.

The regular meeting of the Arleta W. C. T. U. was held at the home of the president, Mrs. Mary Fishburn. The yearly calendar was made the subject of report and discussion, and the work of appointing local superintendents continued. New plans for the year's work were suggested and discussed.

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.

On Friday evening, Oct. 22, Mr. F. B. Rutherford's class of young men of the Millard Avenue Presbyterian Church School will give an entertainment in the church. Mr. Rutherford has been a worker among the boys for a number of years and has been a student of child life. He has taken many pictures illustrating the various phases of such work and has made stereoscopic slides from them. These, the boys will throw upon the screen, along with comic ones. Music, vocal and instrumental, will add to the entertainment of the evening. A very enjoyable time is anticipated.

The Jr. Philathea class of the Arleta Baptist Sunday School had their annual business meeting Friday evening at the home of Mrs. G. T. Howard, the new teacher. The officers are as follows: President, Miss Olive Powell; Vice-president, Miss Mae Currie; Secretary, Miss Lillie Johnson; Treasurer, Miss Winnifred McCarter; Editor, Miss Genevieve Sprigley; Sergeant at Arms, Miss Helen Lee; Floral and visiting committee, Miss Ruth Jennings, Stella Newell, Vie Grabel, Leola Rover, Alice Duffield, Sara Wood and Mary Raines. It was decided that they would hold class meetings every two weeks. The past year they cut quilt blocks for the Indians, dressed a dozen dolls for Christmas presents for poor girls and sent several bouquets to the sick. They are hoping to do more the coming year. After business was concluded they had a social time. Games were planned by Moreita Howard. Refreshments were served.

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ALL ITCHING BORDERS ON ECZEMA

Do you regard that itching as a serious thing. It is! Unless you begin to fight it with Dr. Hobson's Eczema Ointment, the disease is likely to cling on for months and years. Scores of grateful users say: "Why did we waste those months and years in agony when so tested a remedy was on the market." This ointment is no experiment; it is absolutely healing in its power. Do not allow it to become serious. Buy a box today to fight the beginnings of eczema. 50c. a box.