

## At The Churches

### Arleta Baptist Church

9:45 a. m. Bible School.  
11 a. m. Preaching service.  
7:30 p. m. Evening services.  
8:15 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. V. 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 Christian Church

Corner 60th 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. 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. Hornsach, Pastor.

### Lents Friend's Church

9:45 a. m. Bible School, Mrs. Maud Keach, Superintendent.  
11:30 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 6:30 p. m.  
Preaching 7:30 p. m.  
Prayer meeting Thursday evening at 7:30.  
W. R. F. Browne, pastor.  
Residence 9505, 69th Ave., S. E.

### Laurelwood M. E. Church

10:45 a. m. Sunday School.  
11:00 a. m. preaching.  
12:30 a. m. class meeting.  
6:30 p. m. Epworth League.  
7:30 p. m. preaching.  
The pastor is assisted by a choral choir and the Aeolian Male Chorus.  
8:00 p. m. Thursday evening, prayer service.  
Dr. C. R. Carlos, pastor.

### DR. JOHN FAWCETT

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

### LODGE DIRECTORY

Magnolia Camp No. 4026 meets regular, Second and Fourth Wednesdays of each month at I. O. O. F. Hall. Second Wednesday social meeting. Neighbors bring your families and friends. Fourth Wednesday, 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.

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 loafa 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 makes a decided hit, but Roderick Magworth Bitts, Jr., says the show is a failure. Penrod asks him if he is a relation of Rena Magworth, a murderer.

Roderick, seeking fame, says she is his aunt. Roderick's mother finds him posing as a nephew of the murderer and stops the circus.

Catastrophic noises resounded in the loft; volcraoes seemed to romp upon the stairway.

There ensued a period when only a shrill keening marked the passing of Roderick as he was borne to the tumbrel. Then all was silence.

Sunset striking through a western window roused the walls of the Schofield's library, where gathered a joint family council and court martial of four—Mrs. Schofield, Mr. Schofield and Mr. and Mrs. Williams, parents of Samuel of that ilk. Mr. Williams read aloud a conspicuous passage from the last edition of the evening paper:

"Prominent people here believed close relations of woman sentenced to hang. Angry denial by Mrs. R. Magworth Bitts. Relationship admitted by younger member of family. His statement confirmed by boy friends."

"Don't!" said Mrs. Williams, addressing her husband vehemently. "We've all read it a dozen times. We've got plenty of trouble on our hands without hearing that again!"

Singularly enough, Mrs. Williams did not look troubled; she looked as if she were trying to look troubled. Mrs. Schofield wore a similar expression. So did Mr. Schofield. So did Mr. Williams.

"What did she say when she called you up?" Mrs. Schofield inquired breathlessly of Mrs. Williams.

"She could hardly speak at first, and then when she did talk she talked so fast I couldn't understand most of it, and—"

"It was just the same when she tried to talk to me," said Mrs. Schofield, nodding.

"I never did hear any one in such a state before," continued Mrs. Williams. "So furious!"

"Quite justly, of course," said Mrs. Schofield.

"Of course. And she said Penrod and Sam had enticed Roderick away from home—usually he's not allowed to go outside the yard except with his tutor or a servant—and had told him to say that horrible creature was his aunt!"

"How in the world do you suppose Sam and Penrod ever thought of such a thing as that?" exclaimed Mrs. Schofield. "It must have been made up just for their 'show.' Della says there were just streams going in and out all day. Of course it wouldn't have happened, but this was the day Margaret and I spend every month in the country with Aunt Sarah, and I didn't dream—"

"She said one thing I thought rather tactless," interrupted Mrs. Williams. "Of course we must allow for her being dreadfully excited and wrought up, but I do think it wasn't quite delicate in her, and she's usually the very sort of delicacy. She said that Roderick had never been allowed to associate with—with common boys!"

"Meaning Sam and Penrod," said Mrs. Schofield. "Yes, she said that to me too."

"She said that the most awful thing about it," Mrs. Williams went on, "was that, though she's going to prosecute the newspapers, many people would always believe the story, and—"

"Yes, I imagine they will," said Mrs. Schofield musingly. "Of course you and I and everybody who really knows the Bitts and Magworth families understand the perfect absurdity of it. But I suppose there are ever so many who'll believe it, no matter what the Bittses and Magworths say."

"Hundreds and hundreds!" said Mrs. Williams. "I'm afraid it will be a great come-down for them."

"I'm afraid so," said Mrs. Schofield gently. "A very great one—yes, a very, very great one."

"Well," observed Mrs. Williams after a thoughtful pause, "there's only one thing to be done, and I suppose it had better be done right away."

She glanced toward the two gentlemen.

"Certainly," Mr. Schofield agreed. "But where are they?"

"Have you looked in the stable?" asked his wife.

"I searched it. They've probably started for the far west."

"Did you look in the sawdust box?" "No, I didn't."

"Then that's where they are."

Thus in the early twilight the now historic stable was approached by two fathers charged to do the only thing to be done. They entered the storeroom.

"Penrod!" said Mr. Schofield. "Sam!" said Mr. Williams.

Nothing disturbed the twilight hush. But by means of a ladder brought from the carriage house Mr. Schofield mounted to the top of the sawdust box. He looked within and discerned the dim outlines of three quiet figures, the third being that of a small dog.

The two boys rose upon command, descended the ladder after Mr. Schofield, bringing Duke with them, and stood before the authors of their being, who bent upon them sinister and threatening brows. With hanging heads and despondent countenances, each still ornamented with a mustache and an imperial, Penrod and Sam awaited sentence.

This is a boy's lot; Anything he does, anything whatever, may afterward turn out to have been a crime—he never knows.

And punishment and clemency are alike inapplicable.

Mr. Williams took his son by the ear.

"Penrod!"

"Penrod!"

"Penrod!"

"Penrod!"

"Penrod!"

"Penrod!"

"Penrod!"

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"Penrod!"

"Penrod!"

"Penrod!"

bugs. He's been having a dreadful singing fit lately—raining away to picture shows and vaudeville, I suppose."

Mr. Robert Williams looked upon her yearningly. He touched a thrilling chord on his guitar and leaned nearer.

"But you said you have missed me," he began. "I—"

The voice of Penrod drowned all other sounds.

"So-o-o rem-mem-ber, whi-llist you're young."

"That the da-a-y to you will come. When you're o-o-ld and only in the way. Do not scoff at them bee-cause—"

"Penrod!" Miss Schofield stamped again.

"You did say you'd missed me," said Mr. Robert Williams, seizing hurriedly upon the silence. "Didn't you say?"—A livelier tune rose upward.

"Oh, you talk about your fascinating beauties. Of your dem-o-zella, your belles, But the little dame I met, while in the city. She's par-excellence the queen of all the swells. She's sweeter far—"

Margaret rose and jumped up and down repeatedly in a well calculated area, whereupon the voice of Penrod cried chokedly, "Quit that!" and there were subterranean coughings and sneezings.

"You want to choke a person to death?" he inquired severely, appearing at the end of the porch, a cobweb upon his brow. And, continuing, he put into practice a newly acquired phrase, "You better learn to be more considerate of other people's comfort."

Slowly and grievously he withdrew, passed to the sunny side of the house, reclined in the warm grass beside his wistful Duke and presently sang again.

"She's sweeter far than the flower I named her after. And the memory of her smile it haunts me yet."

When in after years the moon is sofly beaming? And at eve I smell the smell of nignonette. I will re-CALL that—"

"Pen-rod!"

Mr. Schofield appeared at an open window upstairs, a book in his hand. "Stop it!" he commanded. "Can't I stay home with a headache one morning from the office without having to listen to—I never did hear such squawking!" He retired from the window, having too impulsively called upon his maker. Penrod, shocked and injured, entered the house, but presently his voice was again audible as far as the front porch. He was holding converse with his mother, somewhere in the interior.

"Well, what of it? Sam Williams told me his mother said if Bob ever did think of getting married to Margaret, his mother said she'd like to know what in the name of goodness they expect to—"

"Bang! Margaret thought it better to close the front door."

The next minute Penrod opened it. "I suppose you want the whole family to get a sunstroke," he said reprovingly. "Keepin' every breath of air out o' the house on a day like this!"

And he sat down impudently in the doorway.

The serious poetry of all languages has omitted the little brother, and yet he is one of the great trials of love—the immemorial burden of courtship. Tragedy should have found place for him, but he has been left to the hap-hazard vignettist of Grub street. He is the grave and real measure of lovers. His head is sacred and terrible, his power limitless. There is one way—only one—to deal with him, but Robert Williams, having a brother of Penrod's age, understood that way.

Robert had \$1 in the world. He gave it to Penrod immediately.

Enslaved forever, the new Rockefeller rose and went forth upon the highway, an overflowing heart bursting the floodgates of song:

"In her eyes the light of love was sofly gleaming. So sweetly, So sweetly. On the banks the moon's soft light was brightly streamin'. Words of love I then spoke to her. She was purest of the peer-er. Little sweetheart, do not sigh. Do not weep and do not cry. I will build a little cottage just for yew-ew and I."

In fairness it must be called to mind that boys older than Penrod have these wellings of pent melody. A wife can never tell when she is to undergo a musical morning, and even the golden wedding brings her no security; a man of ninety is liable to bust loose in song any time.

Invalids murmured pitifully as Penrod came within hearing, and people trying to think cursed the day that they were born when he went strutting by. His hands in his pockets, his shining face uplifted to the sky of June, he passed down the street, singing his way into the heart's deepest hatred of all who heard him.

"One evening I was strow-ling Midst the city of the Dead. I viewed where all a-round me Their peace-ful graves was spread. But that which touched me mostlay—"

He had reached his journey's end, a junk dealer's shop, wherein lay the long desired treasure of his soul—an accordion which might have possessed a high quality of interest for an antiquarian, being unquestionably a ruin, beautiful in decay and quite beyond the sacrilegious reach of the restorer. But it was still able to disgorge sounds, which could be heard for a remarkable distance in all directions, and it had one rich caldike tone that had gone to Penrod's heart. He obtained the instrument for 22 cents, a price long since agreed upon with the junk dealer, who falsely claimed a loss of profit. Shylock that he was! He had found the wreck in an alley.

With this purchase suspended from his shoulder by a faded green cord, Penrod set out in a somewhat homeward direction, but not by the route he had just traveled, though his motive for the change was not humanitarian.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

# Announcement

Geo. T. Howard

Has bought out the

## Dunlap Bros. Grocery

6040 Foster Road  
Stewarts Station

Adding a well selected line of fresh and seasonable

STAPLE AND FANCY GROCERIES  
FRUITS AND CONFECTIONERY  
TOBACCO AND CIGARS

and a line of

Hardware and Kitchen Utensils

A share of your patronage will be appreciated

## Tremont, Kern Park and Arleta

Miss Edna Bleything is recovering from a lengthy illness.

The Cubik house on 83 street was burned early Monday morning.

Mrs. O. M. Holman, of Estacada, is visiting friends at Gray's Crossing.

Mr. Gray, of 82 St. and 52 Ave. is building a new house.

Mrs. Hillman moved from 82 St. and 59 Ave. to Laurelhurst.

Dr. Currie and Clyde Grabel are victims of bicycle thieves this week.

Billy Heald is building a garage for Dr. Tidball.

Eldor Nilsen, of 67th St. and 38th Ave. is building a seven room bungalow.

Ed. and Elmer Woods and Geo. Oaks have gone to Clatskanie on a bear hunt.

Jas. Rathburn, of Ridgefield, spent Sunday with his sister, Mrs. A. E. Shankland, of Firland.

The Grays Crossing Land Co. has sold its interests to F. D. Williams, who will combine the business with his own.

Fritz Hinrichs of 83rd street and 57 Ave. was the recipient of a surprise party Monday evening the occasion being his birthday.

T. M. Walsh is prepared to furnish oil and gas at his shop on Foster Road and 93d street.

Dr. T. H. Bright has moved his residence from Tremont to 4138, 63rd St., S. E.

The Arleta school was closed all day Tuesday, Oct. 26, for fumigation for scarlet fever infection.

A one and a half story frame at 5518, 46 Ave. owned by Mr. Sargeant, was burned nearly down on Monday night at 11 o'clock. It was insured for \$400.

Dr. E. D. Hitchcock, of Tremont, has turned his office and practice over to Dr. E. C. Margason. Dr. Hitchcock has gone to North Yakima to continue practicing.

Miss Gertrude Chambers, principal of the Stone school, spent the week end with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. S. E. Chambers of 6916 57th Ave.

A. J. Goggans and family of east 59th Ave. have moved to Bend, Wash., where according to reports, business is thriving; even houses for rent being scarce.

The W. U. T. U. tea for the Arleta school teachers, which was to have been held last Tuesday afternoon at the Arleta clubhouse, has been postponed till Nov. 9 on account of the fumigation.

The Whitman store at Firland has been sold to A. W. Schlador of Portland. It is Mr. Schlador's intention to occupy more space and increase his stock, and other wise enlarge his business. Mrs. Schlador has recently been added to the firm's resources, having formerly lived in Washington, D. C., but she is enthusiastic over the prospect of assisting in her husband's new business.

A school of music will be opened at 5140, 68th street Friday, Oct. 28, with Carl Francis Sutton teacher of organ and piano, and J. Archie Hollingworth vocal instructor.

The Ben Hurs gave a big social on Wednesday evening. The hall was crowded. Five hundred, a banquet, and dancing were the pleasures of the evening. Mrs. Fred Dunford took first ladies' prize and F. A. Alvord was winner of the first gent's prize.

Alvord's Furniture Store, 4529, 67th St. S. E. is dividing the profits. Every person that buys one of his stoves gets a good reduction on city prices and some discount in addition. By so doing Alvord divides the profits with his customer and still comes out ahead by the increased number of sales. See Alvord.

On Friday evening, Oct. 29, the Kern Park Endeavorers will give their annual Halloween social at the home of Parma P. Ball, 4903, 74th street. They will try to make this one better than ever, and everyone is invited to come and help drive the spooks away.

Mr. Theodore Whaley and Miss Carrie Bailey were married on Sunday at two o'clock at the home of the groom's brother, Frank Whaley on Millard Ave., Rev. Edward B. Smith officiating. The home of the couple will be at Goble hereafter. Quite a number of friends and relatives were present. The ceremony was followed by a wedding dinner.

B. F. Dewey, of 6424, 63 St., aged 78 years, died the 16th of Oct. after a brief illness. Mr. Dewey was a veteran of the Civil war, from Ill. The funeral was held at Breeze's Undertaking parlors Wednesday afternoon, after which he was taken to Middleton, Oregon, for burial. He leaves a widow, two daughters, six sons and several step children. He was held in high esteem by relatives and friends and his memory will be cherished by all. He was a member of Brentwood, M. E. church.

The Parcel Post social given by the Ladies' Aid Society of the Laurelwood M. E. church in the basement parlor, Wednesday evening, Oct. 20, was permeated by the spirit of Halloween. The lights were shrouded to dimness and the decorations were spiced with uncanny things. Parcels were sold, the contents of which were discovered after purchase. For instance, Dr. Lockwood found his to contain a package of cod fish. The Parcel Post salesmen were fearfully arrayed in goblin gear. Refreshments were served by Halloween figures which, defying recognition, had moved among the guests earlier in the evening. The proceeds of the social will go to the church budget.

Last Friday evening the choir of the Kern Park Christian church under the direction of Mrs. Almeta Short gave a most unique Colonial party. The rooms in the basement of the church were fitted out like the rooms of a southern Colonial mansion, and Col. and Mrs. Worthington presided over them with true southern hospitality. Especially worthy of note were the decorations, which gave the coziness of a real home. After a short southern program the guests were treated to biscuits, jelly and punch. The pleasant business of getting acquainted was next the order of the evening, while Maria, the negro cook, entertained all who came near with stories in regular mammy style. The guests went home declaring it to be one of the best times they had had for some time.