

At The Churches

Arleta 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. F. 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.
7 p. m. Y. P. S. C. E.
7:45 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. 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 69th St. and 46th Ave., S. E.
10 a. m. Bible School.
11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. preaching service.
6:30 p. m. Christian Endeavor.
7:30 p. m. Thursday, mid-week prayer meeting.
A cordial welcome to all.
Rev. G. K. Berry, Pastor.

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 7:15 p. m.
Sunday School 9:45 a. m., Albert Fankhauser, Superintendent.
Y. P. A. 6:15 p. m. Eva Anderson, President.
Prayer meeting Thursday 8 p. m.
A cordial welcome to all.
T. R. Hornschuch, Pastor.

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. F. 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, 59th 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.

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. 4026, Royal Neighbors, 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

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.

Verman makes a decided hit, but Rodrick Magaworth Bitts, Jr., says the show is a failure. Penrod asks him if he is a relation of Rena Magaworth, 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.

Penrod gets very musical and buys an accordion, with which he makes a great hit with beautiful Marjorie Jones.

At the dog and pony show Penrod eats so many different varieties of indigestible things that he is taken violently ill.

"Where'd you get that wart on your finger?" he demanded severely.

"Which finger?" asked the mystified Penrod, extending his hand.

"The middle one."

"Where?"

"There!" exclaimed Rupe Collins, setting and vigorously twisting the wartless finger naively offered for his inspection.

"Quit!" shouted Penrod in agony.

"Queer!"

"Say your prayers!" commanded Rupe, and continued to twist the luckless finger until Penrod writhed in his knees.

"Ow!" The victim, released, looked grievously upon the still painful finger. At this Rupe's scornful expression altered to one of contrition. "Well, I declare!" he exclaimed remorsefully. "I didn't s'pose it would hurt. Turn about's fair play; so now you do that to me."

He extended the middle finger of his left hand and Penrod promptly seized it, but did not twist it for he was instantly swung round with his back to his amiable new acquaintance. Rupe's right hand operated upon the back of Penrod's slender neck; Rupe's knee tortured the small of Penrod's back.

"Ow!" Penrod bent far forward involuntarily and went to his knees again.

"Lick dirt," commanded Rupe, forcing the captive's face to the sidewalk, and the suffering Penrod completed this ceremony.

Mr. Collins evinced satisfaction by means of his horse laugh. "You'd last just about one day up at the Third!" he said. "You'd come runnin' home, yellin' 'Mom-muh, mom-muh,' before recess was over."

"No, I wouldn't," Penrod protested rather weakly, dusting his knees.

"You would, too."

"No, I w—"

"Looky here," said the fat faced boy, darkly, "what you mean, cunderdick ing me?"

He advanced a step and Penrod hastily qualified his contradiction.

"I mean, I don't think I would, I—"

"You better look out!" Rupe moved closer, and unexpectedly grasped the back of Penrod's neck again. "Say, I would run home yellin' 'Mom-muh!'"

"Ow! I would run home yellin' 'Mom-muh!'"

"There!" said Rupe, giving the helpless nape a final squeeze. "That's the way we do up at the Third."

Penrod rubbed his neck and asked meekly:

"Can you do that to any boy up at the Third?"

"See here now," said Rupe in the tone of one goaded beyond all endurance, "you say if I can. You better say it quick or—"

"I knew you could," Penrod interposed hastily, with the pathetic semblance of a laugh. "I only said that in fun."

"In fun!" repeated Rupe stormily. "You better look out how you—"

"Well, I said I wasn't in earnest," Penrod retreated a few steps. "I knew you could all the time. I expect I could do it to some of the boys up at the Third myself. Couldn't I?"

"No; you couldn't."

"Well, there must be some boy up there that I could—"

"No; they s'nt. You better—"

"I expect not, then," said Penrod quickly.

"You better 'expect not.' Didn't I tell you once you'd never get back alive if you ever tried to come up around the Third? You want me to



"You understand that, 'bo?"

show you how we do up there, 'bo?"

He began a slow and deadly advance, whereupon Penrod timidly offered a diversion:

"Say, Rupe, I got a box of rats in our stable under a glass cover, so you can watch 'em jump around when you hammer on the box. Come on and look at 'em."

"All right," said the fat faced boy, slightly mollified. "We'll let Dan kill 'em."

"No, sir! I'm goin' to keep 'em all. They're kind of pets. I've had 'em all summer. I got names for 'em and"—

"Look here, 'bo. Did you hear me say we'll let Dan kill 'em?"

"Yes, but I won't—"

"What won't you?" Rupe became sinister immediately. "It seems to me you're gettin' pretty fresh around here."

"Well, I don't want—"

Mr. Collins once more brought into play the dreadful eye to eye scowl as practiced "up at the Third" and sometimes also by young leading men upon the stage.

Frowning quite appallingly and thrusting forward his underlip, he placed his nose almost in contact with the nose of Penrod, whose eyes naturally became crossed.

"Dan kills the rats. See?" hissed the fat faced boy, maintaining the horrible juxtaposition.

"Well, all right," said Penrod, swallowing, "I don't want 'em much." And when the pose had been relaxed he stared at his new friend for a moment, almost with reverence. Then he brightened.

"Come on, Rupe!" he cried enthusiastically, as he climbed the fence. "We'll give our dogs a little live meat—'bo!"

At the dinner table that evening Penrod surprised his family by remarking in a voice they had never heard him attempt—a lawgiving voice of international gruffness:

"Any man that's makin' a hundred dollars a month is makin' good money."

"What?" asked Mr. Schofield, staring for the puerile conversation had concerned the illness of an infant relative in Council Bluffs.

"Any man that's makin' a hundred dollars a month is makin' good money."

"What is he talking about?" Margaret appealed to the invisible.

"Well," said Penrod, frowning, "that's what foremen at the ladder works get."

"How in the world do you know?" asked his mother.

"Well, I know it. A hundred dollars a month is good money, I tell you!"

"Well, what of it?" said the father, impatiently.

"Nothin'. I only said it was good money."

Mr. Schofield shook his head, dismissing the subject; and here he made a mistake; he should have followed up his son's singular contribution to the conversation.

That would have plainly revealed the fact that there was a certain Rupe Collins whose father was a foreman at the ladder works. All clues are important when a boy makes his first remark in a new key.

"Good money?" repeated Margaret curiously. "What is 'good' money?"

Penrod turned upon her a stern glance. "Say, wouldn't you be just as happy if you had some sense?"

"Penrod!" shouted his father. But Penrod's mother gazed with dismay at her son; he had never before spoken like that to his sister.

Mrs. Schofield might have been more dismayed than she was if she had realized that it was the beginning of an epoch. After dinner Penrod was slightly scolded in the back as a result of telling Della, the cook, that there was a wart on the middle finger of her right hand. Della thus proving poor material for his new manner to work upon, he approached Duke in the back yard, and bending double, seized the lowly animal by the forepaw.

"I let you know my name's Penrod Schofield," hissed the boy. He protruded his underlip ferociously, scowled and thrust forward his head until his nose touched the dog's. "And you better look out when Penrod Schofield's around, or you'll get in big trouble! You understand that, 'bo?"

The next day, and the next, the increasing change in Penrod puzzled and distressed his family, who had no idea

of its source. How might they guess that hero worship takes such forms? They were vaguely conscious that a rather shabby boy, not of the neighborhood, came to "play" with Penrod several times, but they failed to connect this circumstance with the peculiar behavior of the son of the house, whose ideals his father remarked seemed to have suddenly become identical with those of Gyp the Blood.

CHAPTER XV.

The Imitator.

MEANWHILE, for Penrod himself, "life had taken on new meaning, new richness." He had become a fighting man—in conversation at least. "Do you want to know how I do when they try to slip up on me from behind?" he asked Della. And he enacted for her unappreciative eye a scene of stilted maneuvers wherein he held an imaginary antagonist helpless in a net of stratagems.

Frequently, when he was alone, he would outwit and pummel this same enemy, and, after a cunning feint, land a dolorous stroke full upon a face of air. "There! I guess you'll know better next time. That's the way we do up at the Third!"

Sometimes in solitary pantomime he encountered more than one opponent at a time, for numbers were apt to come upon him treacherously, especially at a little after his rising hour, when he might be caught at a disadvantage—perhaps standing on one leg to incase the other in his knickerbockers. Like lightning he would burst the trapping garment from him, and, ducking and pivoting, deal great sweeping blows among the circle of sneaking devils. (That was how he broke the clock in his bedroom.) And while these battles were occupying his attention, it was a waste of voice to call him to breakfast, though if his mother, losing patience, came to his room, she would find him seated on the bed pulling at a stocking. "Well, ain't I coming as fast as I can?"

At the table and about the house generally he was bumptious, loud with fatuous misinformation and assumed a domineering tone, which neither satire nor reprof seemed able to reduce, but it was among his own intimates that his new superiority was most outrageous. He twisted the fingers and squeezed the necks of all the boys of the neighborhood, meeting their indignation with a hoarse and rasping laugh he had acquired after short practice in the stable, where he jeered and taunted the lawnmower, the garden scythe and the wheelbarrow quite out of countenance.

Likewise he bragged to the other boys by the hour, Rupe Collins being the chief subject of encomium—next to Penrod himself. "That's the way we do up at the Third," became staple explanation of violence, for Penrod, like Tartarin, was plastic in the hands of his own imagination, and at times convinced himself that he really was one of those dark and murderous spirits exclusively of whom "the Third" was composed—according to Rupe Collins.

Then, when Penrod had exhausted himself repeating to nunsense accounts of the prowess of himself and his great friend, he would turn to two other subjects for vainglory. These were his father and Duke.

Mothers must accept the fact that between babyhood and manhood their sons do not boast of them. The boy with boys, is a Choctaw, and either the influence or the protection of women is shameful. "Your mother won't let you," is an insult. But, "My father won't let me," is a dignified explanation and cannot be hooted. A boy is ruined among his fellows if he talks much of his mother or sisters, and he must recognize it as his duty to offer at least the appearance of persecution to all things ranked as female, such as cats and every species of fowl. But he must champion his father and his dog, and, ever ready to pit either against any challenger, must picture both as ravaging for battle and absolutely unconquerable.

Penrod, of course, had always talked by the code, but, under the new stimulus, Duke was represented virtually as a cross between Bob, Son of Battle, and South American vampire, and this in spite of the fact that Duke himself often sat close by, a living lie, with the hope of peace in his heart. As for Penrod's father, that gladiator was painted as of sentiments and dimensions suitable to a superdemon composed of equal parts of Gollath, Jack Johnson and the Emperor Nero.

Eren Penrod's walk was affected. He adopted a gait which was a kind of taunting swagger, and when he passed other children on the street he practiced the habit of feinting a blow; then as the victim dodged he rasped out the triumphant horse laugh which he gradually mastered to horrible perfection. He did this to Marjorie Jones. Aye, this was their next meeting, and such is Eren, young. What was even worse, in Marjorie's opinion, he went on his way without explanation and left her standing on the corner talking about it long after he was out of hearing.

Within five days from his first encounter with Rupe Collins, Penrod had become unbearable. He even almost alienated Sam Williams, who for a time submitted to finger twisting and neck squeezing and the new style of conversation, but finally declared that Penrod made him "sick." He made the statement with fervor one sultry afternoon in Mr. Schofield's stable in the presence of Herman and Verman.

"You better look out, 'bo," said Penrod threateningly. "I'll show you a little how we do up at the Third."

"Up at the Third?" Sam repeated, with scorn. "You haven't ever been up there."

"I haven't," exclaimed Penrod. "I haven't!"

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Tremont, Kern Park and Arleta

Mr. and Mrs. Potts have taken the house at 5725-72d street.

Mr. Mann and family have rented the house at 5608-71st street.

Every day is bargain day at Teeny & Teeny's dry goods store, 6602, Foster Road.

Mrs. Marie Clough of 4928-66th street is recovering from an illness consequent from an attack of poison oak.

William Foster Willings, of 4830-66th street, is recovering from an attack of indigestion.

Teeny & Teeny's Busy Dry-Goods and Notion store is located at 6602 Foster Road. (Kern Park Station.)

The basket ball game between the Arleta girls and the Creston high school girls resulted in favor of the Crestoners.

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Allen of 7530-55th avenue are parents of a new daughter born Monday.

Our values in Mens Shirts, Hosiery, and underwear will interest you. Teeny & Teeny 6602 Foster Road.

Mr. and Mrs. Jas. O. Douglass of 6714, 46th Ave. are parents of a daughter born Nov. 17.

Chas. Haywood of 48th avenue and 72nd street, employed by the American Trip Foundry, has an extended business trip in Idaho in view.

If your tires show wear try Walsh He will repair them. Expert workmen handle the job. 9319 Foster Road.

Mrs. Lillie Perry of 4924-66th street, returned Tuesday last from a week-end visit spent with her friend, Mrs. J. Williams, of St. Helens.

Master Morrison Handsaker entertained eight young gentlemen friends on his eighth birthday, last Saturday and they report a delightful time.

Dr. Carlos of the Laurelwood M. E. Church spoke at the Arleta school Wednesday afternoon at three o'clock, relative to topics of the season.

People who have the benefit of Herald publicity will show their appreciation by remembering it when in need of any kind of printing.

Chester Alvord has been released from scarlet fever quarantine for several days and is thoroughly a live boy again.

A union Thanksgiving service will be held at Annabel Thursday morning by Rev. C. S. Johnson of the Laurelwood Congregational Church.

Fire in a flue at 4538-61st street caused a little flurry one morning within the past week but it was kept within control.

Mrs. H. Rawlings, of Tacoma, Wash., who has been visiting Mr. and Mrs. Albright of 71st Ave. S. E. returned to her home Sunday.

Miss Pearl Johnson of Cayce, Kentucky, is spending the winter months with her sister, Mrs. Luby Hargrove, of 7280 Foster road.

New Thought Sunday school, every Sunday at 9 a. m., at the home of Mrs. Rowe, 83rd street and 48 Ave. S. E.

You will be surprised at the vast assortment of merchandises and how much you can save by buying at Teeny & Teeny's Dry goods store, 6602 Foster Road. (Kern Park station.)

The house at 6723-72d street, formerly occupied by Moses Salinger of Robert's Bros., is now tenanted by the family of Harry Skipworth.

About twenty of the young people of the Lincoln M. E. Church were entertained by the Epworth League of the Laurelwood M. E. Church, Tuesday evening, Nov. 10, in the basement parlors of the church. The evening was spent in jolly games and concluded with refreshments.

The Ladies' Aid Society of the Laurelwood M. E. Church served a turkey dinner Wednesday evening, Nov. 17, in the basement dining room of the church. The tables were decorated by Mrs. Lotie Bright, the scheme being festoons of deep yellow crepe-paper supplemented by table bouquets of vari-colored flowers. The ladies served from about five to eight o'clock. A number of people were turned away because of shortage of supplies, and to some who had bought tickets their money was refunded. The ladies are delighted with the success of their enterprise.

J. J. Handsaker, connected with the Washington Anti-Saloon League, is visiting his family during the Thanksgiving season, much to their satisfaction.

The lady at 3816-68th street came near having a serious fire one day this week while using some benzine in an open pan in some cleaning work. It caught fire but there was no serious damage done.

George R. Williams of 7029-54 avenue died Tuesday. He had been a resident of Oregon for the past two years, coming here from Camas, Wash. His remains were shipped from Kenworthy's on Wednesday morning to Camas, for burial.

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.

Letting Ones Self Alone

An article in a recent number of the Mothers Magazine appealed to me and I believe it will to others. It is as follows: "One of the important things to know in life, especially if you are a woman, is how to let yourself alone. The ability to relax, the art of being judiciously lazy, the tact to let herself alone, has saved many a woman from a nervous breakdown. We all know the housewife who nags herself into such a state of consciousness that she cannot rest. If she lies down, she is continually worrying herself with thoughts of the work that she is neglecting.

"Much of the blame for this state of affairs lies at the doors of the mothers. The mistake is in their training of their children, especially their daughters. They are taught from earliest infancy to be kind to others, to bear with them, to forgive them, to help them; but from birth to death, no one ever tells them to be kind also, to themselves.

"The woman who nags herself can make herself more miserable than any one else possibly could. She can make her life more of a nightmare than any misfortune could possibly make it. If such women could learn to be kinder to themselves, there is no doubt that their own lives would be lengthened; and not only that, but the lives of those with whom they come in close contact would be made far more pleasant."—B. F. C.

The Herald \$1 per Year

Help Your Liver—It Pays

When your liver gets torpid and your stomach acts queer, take Dr. King's New Life Pills and you will find yourself feeling better. They purify the blood, give you freedom from constipation, biliousness, dizziness and indigestion. You feel fine—just like you want to feel. Clear the complexion too. 25c. at Druggists.

State of Ohio, City of Toledo, Lucas County.

Frank J. Cheney makes oath that he is senior partner of the firm of F. J. Cheney & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, Ohio and State of Ohio, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATHARTIC CURE.

FRANK J. CHENEY

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1888.

A. W. GLEASON, Notary Public.

Hall's Cathartic Cure is taken internally and acts directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Sent for testimonials free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by all Druggists, etc.

Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

Many Children Have Worms

Worms are a common childhood ailment. They make children irritable, nervous and restless, besides robbing the body and mind of proper nourishment. Watch your child. Examine the stools and at first signs of worms give your child a treatment of Kickaroo Worm Killer. They kill the worms, act as a laxative and expel the worms and poisonous waste. Tone the system and help restore your child's health and happy disposition. Only 25c. at your Druggist.

I WILL GIVE \$1000

IF I FAIL TO CURE ANY CANCER or TUMOR I treat before it POISONS deep glands or attaches to BONE Without Knife or Pain No PAY Until CURED WRITER GUARANTEE No X-Ray or other swindle. An Island plant makes the cure ANY TUMOR, LUMP or SORE on the lip, face or body long is CANCER. It never pains until last stage 120-PAGE BOOK sent FREE. 15,000 testimonials. Write to me

Any LUMP in WOMAN'S BREAST is CANCER and always poisons deep arm. One woman in every five has cancer—U.S. report We refuse many who wait too long & must die Poor cured at half price if cancer is yet small

Dr. & Mrs. Dr. CHAMLEY & CO. BOOK SENT FREE

Specialty Hospital, Grantwood Cancer Specialist Bldg. 4342 & 4366 Valencia St., San Francisco, Cal.

KINDLY MAIL THIS IN CONNECTION WITH CANCER.

