

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. 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.
7 p. m. Y. P. S. C. E.
7:45 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.
10 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. Sunday, 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. Christain 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, Dec. 12, 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 11:30 a. m.
Services at Bennett Chapel at 3 p. m.
Epworth League 6:30 p. m.
Prayer meeting Thursday evening at 7:30.
W. R. F. Browne, pastor.
Residence 9505, 59th Ave., S. E.

Laurelwood M. E. Church

9:45 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 chorus choir and the Amphion Male Quartette.
8:00 p. m. Thursday evening, prayer service.
Dr. C. R. Carlos, pastor.

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DR. JOHN FAWCETT

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LODGE DIRECTORY

Magnolia Camp No. 4026, Royal Neighbors, meets regular Second and Fourth Wednesdays of each month at L. 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 loafes away his time in school, dreaming dreams.

The teacher reproves him. He seeks to attract attention from himself by sleeping for hours 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 Roderick Magworth hits, 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 stores 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.

Rupe Collins, a very tough boy, bullies Penrod and at once becomes a great hero to Penrod's crowd.

Penrod tries to be a tough boy himself. He arouses fear in the hearts of Sam Williams, Herman and Verman by describing Rupe's bullying tactics.

Rupe tries to intimidate Herman and Verman, and the two little colored boys speedily drive him off the place.

nearest the yard, where they stood dumbly watching the cataclysm.

The struggle increased in primitive simplicity. Time and again the howling Rupe got to his knees, only to go down again as the earnest brothers in their own way assisted him to a more recumbent position. Primal forces operated here, and the two blanched, slightly higher products of evolution, Sam and Penrod, no more thought of interfering than they would have thought of interfering with an earthquake.

At last out of the rack rose Verman, disfigured and maniacal. With a wild eye he looked about him for his trusty rake, but Penrod in horror had long since thrown the rake out into the yard. Naturally it had not seemed necessary to remove the lawn mower.

The frantic eye of Verman fell upon the lawn mower, and instantly he leaped to its handle. Shrieking a wordless warcry, he charged, propelling the whirling, deafening knives straight upon the prone legs of Rupe Collins. The lawn mower was sincerely intended to pass longitudinally over the body of Mr. Collins from heel to head, and it was the time for a death song. Black Valkyrie hovered in the shrieking air.

"Cut his gizzard out!" shrieked Herman, urging on the whirling knives.

They touched and lacerated the skin of Rupe, as, with the supreme agony of effort a creature in mortal perils puts forth before succumbing, he tore himself free of Herman and got upon his feet.

Herman was up as quickly. He leaped to the wall and seized the garden scythe that hung there.

"I'm go' cut you' gizzard out!" he announced definitely, "an' eat it!"

Rupe Collins had never run from anybody (except his father) in his life. He was not a coward, but the present situation was very, very unusual. He was already in a badly dismantled condition, and yet Herman and Verman seemed discontented with their work. Verman was swinging the grass cutter about for a new charge, apparently still wishing to mow him, and Herman had made a quite plausible statement about what he intended to do with the scythe.

Rupe paused but for an extremely condensed survey of the horrible advance of the brothers and then, uttering a blood curdled scream of fear, ran out of the stable and up the alley at a speed he had never before attained, so that even Dan had hard work to keep within barking distance. And a cross shoulder glance at the corner revealing Verman and Herman in pursuit, the latter waving his scythe overhead, Mr. Collins slackened not his gait, but rather, out of great anguish, increased it, the while a rapidly developing purpose became firm in his mind and ever after so remained not only to refrain from visiting that neighborhood again, but never by any chance to come within a mile of it.

From the alley door Penrod and Sam watched the flight and were without words. When the pursuit rounded the corner the two looked wanly at each other, but neither spoke until the return of the brothers from the chase.

Herman and Verman came back laughing and chuckling.

"Hi!" chuckled Herman to Verman as they came. "See 'at ole boy run!"

"Who-ee!" Verman shouted in ecstasy.

"Nev' did see boy run so fas'!" Herman continued, tossing the scythe into the wheelbarrow. "I bet he home in bed by dis time!"

Verman roared with delight, appearing to be wholly unconscious that the lids of his right eye were swollen shut and that his attire, not too finical before the struggle, now entitled him to unquestioned rank as a sansculotte. Herman was a similar ruin and gave as little heed to his condition.

Penrod looked dazedly from Herman to Verman and back again. So did Sam Williams.

"Herman," said Penrod in a weak voice, "you wouldn't honest of cut his gizzard out, would you?"

"Who? Me? I don't know. He mighty mean ole boy!" Herman shook his head gravely and then, observing that Verman was again convulsed with unctuous merriment, joined laughter with his brother. "Shol' I guess I us dess talkin' when I said 'at Reckon he thought I meant it f'm de way he tuck an' run. Hi! Reckon he thought ole Herman bad man. No, sub; I us dess talkin' 'cause I nev' would cut nobody. I ain' tryin' git in no jail—no, sub!"

Penrod looked at the scythe; he looked at Herman; he looked at the lawn mower, and he looked at Verman. Then he looked out in the yard at the rake. So did Sam Williams.

"Come on, Verman," said Herman. "We ain' got 'at stove wood f' supper yet."

Giggling reminiscently, the brothers disappeared, leaving silence behind them in the carriage house. Penrod and Sam retired slowly into the shadowy interior, each glancing, now and then, with a preoccupied air, at the open, empty doorway where the late afternoon sunshine was growing ruddier.

At intervals one or the other scraped the floor reflectively with the side of his shoe. Finally, still without either having made any effort at conversation, they went out into the yard and stood, continuing their silence.

"Well," said Sam at last, "I guess it's time I better be gettin' home. So long, Penrod."

"So long, Sam," said Penrod feebly. With solemn gaze he watched his friend out of sight. Then he went slowly into the house and after an interval occupied in a unique manner appeared in the library holding a pair of brilliantly gleaming shoes in his hand.

Mr. Schofield, reading the evening paper, glanced frowningly over it at his offspring.

"Look, papa," said Penrod; "I found your shoes where you'd taken 'em off in your room to put on your slippers, and they were all dusty. So I took 'em out on the back porch and gave 'em a good blacking. They shine up fine, don't they?"

"Well, I'll be a d-d-d-d-d-d-d-d-d-d!" said the startled Mr. Schofield. Penrod was zigzagging back to normal.

The midsummer sun was stinging hot outside the little barber shop next to the corner drug store, and Penrod, undergoing a toilet preliminary to his very slowly approaching twelfth birthday, was adhesive enough to retain upon his face much hair as it fell from the shears.

There is a mystery here. The tonorial processes are not unagreeable to manhood—in truth, they are soothing—but the hairs detached from a boy's head get into his eyes, his ears, his nose, his mouth and down his neck, and he does everywhere itch excruciatingly. Wherefore he blinks, winks, weeps, twitches, condenses his countenance and squirms, and perchance the barber's scissors clip more than intended—belike an outlying fringe of ear.

"Um-muh-ow!" said Penrod, this thing having happened.

"D' I touch y' up a little?" inquired the barber, smiling falsely.

"Ooh-uh!" The boy in the chair offered inarticulate protest, as the wound was rubbed with alum.

"That don't hurt," said the barber. "You will get it, though, if you don't sit stiller," he continued, nipping in the bud any attempt on the part of his patient to think that he already had "it."

"Puff!" said Penrod, meaning no disrespect, but endeavoring to dislodge a temporary mustache from his lip.

"You ought to see how still that little George Bassett sits," the barber went on reprovingly. "I hear everybody says he's the best boy in town."

"Puff! Phir!" There was a touch of intentional contempt in this.

"I haven't heard nobody around the neighborhood makin' no such remarks," added the barber, "about nobody of the name of Penrod Schofield."

"Well," said Penrod, clearing his month after a struggle, "who wants 'em to? Ouch!"

"I hear they call George Bassett the 'little gentleman,'" ventured the barber provocatively, meeting with instant success.

"They better not call me that," returned Penrod truculently. "I'd like to hear anybody try. Just once, that's all! I bet they'd never try it ag- Ouch!"

"Why? What'd you do to 'em?"

"It's all right what I'd do! I bet they wouldn't want to call me that again long as they lived!"

"What'd you do if it was a little girl? You wouldn't hit her, would you?"

"Well, I'd— Ouch!"

"You wouldn't hit a little girl, would you?" the barber persisted, gathering into his powerful fingers a mop of hair from the top of Penrod's head and pulling that suffering head into an unnatural position. "Doesn't the Bible say it ain't never right to hit the weak sex?"

"Ouch! Ouch! Ouch!"

"So you'd go and punch a pore, weak, little girl, would you?" said the barber

reprovingly. "Well, who said I'd hit her?" demanded the chivalrous Penrod. "I bet



"They better not call me that," returned Penrod truculently.

I'd fix her, though, all right. She'd see!"

"You wouldn't call her names, would you?"

"No, I wouldn't! What hurt is it to call anybody names?"

"Is that so?" exclaimed the barber. "Then you was intending what I heard you hollerin' at Fisher's grocery delivery wagon driver fer a favor the other day when I was goin' by your house, was you? I reckon I better tell him, because he says to me afterwards if he ever lays eyes on you when you ain't in your own yard he's goin' to do a whole lot o' things you ain't goin' to like! Yessir, that's what he says to me!"

"He better catch me first, I guess before he talks so much."

"Well," resumed the barber, "that ain't sayin' what you'd do if a young lady ever walked up and called you a little gentleman. I want to hear what you'd do to her. I guess I know though, come to think of it."

"What?" demanded Penrod.

"You'd sick that pore ole dog of yours on her cat if she had one, I expect," guessed the barber derisively.

"No, I would not!"

"Well, what would you do?"

"I'd do enough. Don't worry about that!"

"Well, suppose it was a boy, then. What'd you do if a boy come up to you and says, 'Hello, little gentleman?'"

"He'd be lucky," said Penrod, with a sinister frown "if he got home alive."

"Suppose it was a boy twice your size?"

"Just let him try," said Penrod ominously. "You just let him try. He'd never see daylight again; that's all!"

The barber dug ten active fingers into the helpless scalp before him and did his best to displace it, while the anguished Penrod, becoming instantly a seething crucible of emotion, misdirected his natural resentment into maddened brooding upon what he would do to a boy "twice his size" who should dare to call him "little gentleman."

The barber shook him as his father had never shaken him; the barber buffeted him, rocked him frantically to and fro; the barber seemed to be trying to wring his neck, and Penrod saw himself in staggering zigzag pictures, destroying large, screaming, fragmentary boys who had insulted him.

The torture stopped suddenly, and clinched, weeping eyes began to see again, while the barber applied cooling lotions which made Penrod smell like a colored housemaid's ideal.

"Now what," asked the barber, combing the reeking locks gently, "what would it make you so mad fer to have somebody call you a little gentleman? It's a kind of compliment, as it were, you might say. What would you want to hit anybody fer that fer?"

To the mind of Penrod this question was without meaning or reasonableness. It was within neither his power nor his desire to analyze the process by which the phrase had become offensive to him and was now rapidly assuming the proportions of an outrage. He knew only that his gorge rose at the thought of it.

"You just let 'em try it!" he said threateningly as he slid, down from the chair. And as he went out of the door, after further conversation on the same subject, he called back those warning words once more: "Just let 'em try it—just once! That's all I ask 'em to! They'll find out what they get!"

"The barber chuckled. Then a fly lit on the barber's nose, and he slapped at it, and the slap missed the fly, but it did not miss the nose. The barber was irritated. At this moment his birdlike eye gleamed a gleam as it fell upon customers approaching—the prettiest little girl in the world, leading by the hand her baby brother, Mitchy-Mitch, coming to have Mitchy-Mitch's hair clipped against the heat.

It was a hot day and idle, with Mitch to feed the mind, and the barber was a mischievous man with an irritated nose. He did his worst.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Tremont, Kern Park and Arleta

George Merry has been drawn on the jury in the Circuit Court for the December term.

Mrs. Greenleaf of Archer Place has been suffering from lagrippe the past week.

Mr. and Mrs. Chas. L. Wood of 3909 65th street are receiving congratulations due to the arrival of a son at their home Nov. 25.

Mr. and Mrs. Earl Jenkins of 5916 40th avenue are happy over the birth of a daughter on Nov. 23.

Mrs. Etta Hill, of 1327-E. 7th N. was calling on friends at Nashville Station last Tuesday afternoon.

J. P. Johnson of 6506 Foster Road, Jeweler and Optician, is making a special cut price on all his stock of holi day goods.

Arleta Women of Woodcraft gave a minstrel show at the Princess Theatre Tuesday evening to a crowded house, all home talent, that was very entertaining.

Mrs. Wm. Wagner, Mrs. Jennie Cox, Miss Marion Lester and Mr. S. P. Lester were entertained at lunch last Wednesday by Mrs. W. J. Hollingworth of 5627-72d St., S. E.

The Laurelwood Woman's Home Missionary Society met at the home of Mrs. Works Wednesday evening, Dec. 8, for a one-o'clock luncheon, followed by the business session and program. Mrs. Lillie Perry, president, presided.

J. H. Zehring of 48th avenue is confined to his home on account of illness. Mrs. S. M. Zehring, who has just returned from an extended visit in the east is confined to her bed at the home of her son, J. H. Zehring. Mrs. Zehring's condition is quite critical at this writing.

On Sunday evening Dec. 12, Mrs. Neal, a Missionary from Africa, will assist the Missionary Committee in conducting the Y. P. S. E. meeting at the Millard Avenue Presbyterian Church and will make the address of the evening at the regular church service. The Beaver Male Quartet will furnish special music for the service. Every one welcome.

The Loyal Berean Class of the Kern Park Christian Church held a very successful basket social in the church basement. The proceeds of the evening are to be used in providing Christmas cheer in the shape of groceries and a few sweets to those to whom the comforts of this life are few. Last year they followed this custom and about 15 families were helped and cheered by the kindness and thoughtfulness of these young people.

Sunday evening at the Laurelwood M. E. Church, Mr. Chester Lyons told the story of his farm for boys who haven't had a fair chance. This last summer he and his wife cared for and taught thirty boys, whom they have now put in good christian homes for the winter. Next year they expect to have forty boys in their camp. The boys have individual, seven-by-nine sleeping tents and eat with Mr. and Mrs. Lyons at the farm house. Each boy has his special chores to do and all learn helpful lessons from the care of the plants and animals entrusted to them. The boys reach the farm ill-nourished and unhealthy but after a few weeks of good food and mountain hikes they are made over new. One little fellow was so enervated when he got there that he actually didn't care whether he lived or died. But he soon became as interested in the work and play of the farm as the rest. Mr. Lyons receives boys who just need a home and care and wise guidance. He believes that given these conditions the normal boy will grow up into the right kind of man.

With a large attendance a very interesting meeting of the Workers Conference of the Millard Avenue Presbyterian Church School was held on Monday evening, Dec. 6, at the home of Mr. and Mrs. B. A. O'Mealy, 7419-56 Ave., S. E. Following the devotional service the invitation of Rev. W. H. Amos for the Conference to meet at the Manse on Jan. 3, 1916, was accepted. Among committee reports were those of the Special Committee on Christmas observance, showing everything in readiness for the services which will be held on Thursday evening, Dec. 23. There will be a Christmas tree, Santa Claus, a treat for the members of the Sunday School, an offering by the several classes for the needy of the community and the birth of the Saviour illustrated by the stereopticon, accompanied by Christmas music. It was voted to send the birthday offerings of the school, to the amount of \$10 to the Mission Station of Elat, in Africa; any sum, to the amount of \$5, in excess of the amount pledged to Foreign Missions to go to the Multnomah Co. S. S. Association. The plan of the State S. S. Association for raising \$1,000 in 30 days was presented, promptly adopted and the amount requested of the school paid at once by voluntary contributions. At a late hour the hostess served a nice luncheon.

A "Bean Banquet" was given the boys of the evening gymnasium classes of the Arleta School Friday evening, Dec. 3, by T. Walter Gillard, at the Arleta School Clubhouse. The guests of honor,

Principal T. E. Speirs of the Arleta school and Paul Cowgill of the Portland Realty Board, sat down with sixty boys at the table where Mr. Gillard presided as master of ceremonies. Meadames Gillard, Anna Clough, Hobson, McCann and Miss McLaughlin served. The menu consisted of baked beans, sandwiches, pie and chocolate. After the refreshments Mr. Cowgill entertained the boys with slight-of-hand performances and Mr. Gillard played some informal airs on his violin. The "Bean Banquet" is established as an annual affair for the boys of the evening "gym" classes, this being the second one. Mr. Gillard is Assistant Attendance Officer of the Portland Public schools and has voluntarily and without remuneration taken up the work of evening diversions among the boys of the Arleta neighborhood. His object is to provide a clean, attractive, social life for those boys who are unable to find it elsewhere. He considers his efforts but beginning of what he hopes will culminate in an organized, greater club movement. The work at present is arranged as follows: A club for boys from 11 to 14 years of age, which meets Saturday afternoon from 3 to 5 o'clock; one for boys from 15 to 18, and another for those from 18 on up, which meet in the evening twice during the week. The time is spent in calisthenics and jolly games. Mr. Gillard, who is the enthusiastic teacher of a growing class of young men at the Arleta Baptist Church, solicits the hearty cooperation of the parents and teachers of the community.

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