At The Churches

Arleta Baptist Church

9:45 a. m. Bible School. 11 a. m. Freaching 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, midweek service. 8 p. m. Thursday, choir practice. Rev. Wm. H. Amos, Pastor.

St. Peter's Gatholic 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.

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 ser-

6:30 p. m. Christain Endeavor. 7:30p. m. Thursday, mid-week prayer meeting

A cordial welcome to all. Rev. G. K. Berry, Pastor.

St. Pauls Episcopal Church 1

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 ser-

vices will be as usual. Evening Prayer and sermon at 4 p. m. Sunday School meets at 3 p. m. B. drops." The concert will be repeated Boatwright, Supt., L. Maffett, Sec. at the Millard Avenue Church in the 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. Hornschuen, Pastor.

Lents Friend's Church

9:45 a. m. Bible School, Mre. 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 ser-John Riley, Pastor.

Lents Baptist Church

Lord's Day, Dec., 26, Bible School 9:45 a. m. Morning worship, 11 a. m. Elmo Heights Sunday School, 2:30 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 ortland, Ore. Myrtle Park Hall, Portland, Ore. Myrtle Park.

Sunday School 9:30 and 11 a. m. Wednesday evening testimonial meeting 8 p. m.

Lents M. L. 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

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 choice and the Amphion Male Quartette. 8:00 p. m. Thursday evening, prayer

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

TREMONT, KERN PARK, ARLETA

Alice Nelson of 6803-47th avenue is re covering from an attack of tonsilitis. Gladys Weakley of 5032-59th street S. E., is one of this week's victims of

Thelma Mollett is convalescing from an attack of La Grippe at her home, 5033-60th street.

La Grippe.

B. C. Heath of Laurelwood has been suffering from an acute attack of indi-

Wm. Foster Willings of 4834-66th street has returned from a short business stay in Raymond, Wash.

Mrs. Lillie Perry, 4924-66th street is able to resume her usual duties after an attack of chills and fever.

his parents, Dr. and Mrs. Boon, of Kern Park.

evening from a business trip to points on the Estacada line, including a side trip to Springdale.

Miss Stella Wilson is spending the holidays with her parents at S. E. 65th street. Miss Wilson is a freshman at O.

The "Pollyanna (Sunshine) girls of the Laurelwood M. E. Sunday School, aided by friends, made up a nice little purse with which they bought some much-needed toys for the Methodist Industrial Home at Third and Caruthers.

The Beaver Male Chorus gave an entertainment at the Lincoln Memorial M. E. Church, 52d and Harrison streets, Friday evening, Dec. 18. The following choruses were sung: "I'm a Pilgrim" and "Here Fliest Thou?" Mrs. Madge Scott Watson, violinist, played 'Souvenir' (Drdla), and "Berceuse" (Lyle Dunning.) Wilford Hollingworth read "Old Ace," following that with 'Milking Time," and "The Smack in School." Fred Frost whistled "Rain-B. drops." The concert will be repeated near future.

The Christmas entertainment of the Laurelwood M. E. Church was held Thursday evening, Dec. 23. Santa Claus was there to greet the children with Christmas cheer. The large tree was brightly decorated, and the Sunday School treats were distributed from it. A Juvenile chorus sang the matchless Christmas story. Other contributions only little folks can make them. The of song and story were entertaining as

The Hawley paper mills at Oregon City plan a \$500,000 addition, increasing though Penrod instantly regretted his the capacity 60 per cent and employing 1000 hands.

before It POISONS deep glands or attaches to BONE Without Knife or Pain No PAY Until CURED WRITTEN 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 GANCER; it never CURED .

and always poisons deep arm-pit glands and KRLS QUICKLY ry 7 dies of cancer—U.S. report Dr. & Mrs. Dr. CHAMLEY & CO. Chamley Building "Strictly Reliable, Greatest Cancer Specialist living" 4340 & 436E Valencia St., San Francisco, Cal

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Mervin A. Soister, Berkeley, Cal., writes: "Last Saturday, after tramping around the Panama Exposition with wet feet, I came home with my neck so stiff that I couldn't turn. I applied Sloan's Liniment freely and went to almost full and the surface of the tar bed. To my surprise, next morning the near the rim. Penrod endeavored to stiffness had almost disappeared, four ascertain how many pebbles and brickhours after the second application I was

as good as new." March, 1915. At Druggists. 25c.

LODGE DIRECTORY

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The Herald \$1.00 Per Year

State of Ohio, City of Toledo. Local Secund, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE senior partner of the firm of F. J. Cheesey & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE FRANK J. CHENEY.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 5th day of December. A. D. 1886.

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By BOOTH TARKINGTON

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SYNOPSIS.

Walter Boon, student at Corvallis, is spending the Christmas vacation with forgetfulness in the composition of a dime

ark.

Penrod's mother and sister dress him in his costume for the "Children's Pageant of the Round Table." Penrod is ashamed

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 alleg-ing loss of sleep because of a drunken

uncie.
The teacher sympathises with Penrod's aunt because of her wayward husband, and it then develops that Penrod has been

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 Rod-erick 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 pos-ing as a nephew of the murderer and

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 iii.

Penrod and at once becomes a great hero in Peared's ares.

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

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

CHAPTER XVII. "Little Gentleman."

EANWHILE the brooding Penrod pursued his bomeward way; no great distance, but committee in charge was composed of sided conflicts with mailgn insulters long enough for several one Mrs. Wm. Mahan, Mrs. T. H. Bright, made of thin air. "You better not call and Mrs. J. Archie Hollingworth. The me that," he muttered. "You just try decorating was done under the auspices it, and you'll get what other people of the Young Ladies Class, ably di- rot when they tried it. You better rected by Miss Mary A. Betz, teacher, not ack fresh with me. Oh, you will, will you?" He delivered a vicious kick full upon the shins of an iron indiscretion. "Oof!" he grunted, hopping, and went on after bestowing a ook of awful hostility upon the fence post. "I guess you'll know better next time," he said in parting to this antagonist. "You just let me catch you around here again and I'll"- His voice sank to inarticulate but ominous muragerings. He was in a dangerous

> Nearing home, however, his belligerent spirit was diverted to happier in terests by the discovery that some workmen had left a caldron of tar in the cross street close by his father's stable. He tested it, but found it inedible; also as a substitute for professional chewing gum it was unsatisfactory, being insufficiently boiled down and too thin, though of a pleasant. lukewarm temperature. But it had an excess of one quality-it was sticky it was the sticklest tar Penrod had ever used for any purposes whatsoever. and nothing upon which he wiped his hands served to rid them of it, neither his polka dotted shirtwaist nor his knickerbockers; neither the fence nor even Duke, who came unthinkingly wagging out to greet him and retired

Nevertheless tar is tar. Much can be done with it, no matter what its condition. So Penrod lingered by the caldron, though from a neighboring yard could be heard the voices of comrades, including that of Sam Williams. greatest pain killer ever discovered. On the ground about the caldron were scattered chips and sticks and bits of wood to the number of a great multitude. Penrod mixed quantities of this refuse into the tar and interested himself in seeing how much of it he could keep moving in slow swirls upon the ebon surface.

Other surprises were arranged for the absent workmen. The caldron was bats dropped in would cause an overflow. Laboring beartily to this end, he had almost accomplished it when he received the suggestion for an experiment on a much larger scale. Embedded at the corner of a grass plot across the street was a whitewashed stone the size of a small watermelon and serving no purpose whatever save the questionable one of decoration. It was easily pried up with a stick, though getting it to the caldron tested the full strength of the ardent laborer. Instructed to perform such a task, he would have sincerely maintained its impossibility, but now, as it was unbidden and promised rather destructive results, he set about it with uncon-querable energy, feeling certain that he would be rewarded with a mighty

splash. Perspiring, grunting vehemently, his back aching and all muscles strained, he progressed in short stages until the big stone lay at the base of the caldron. He rested a moment, panting, then lifted the stone and was bending his shoulders for the heave that would lift it over the rim when a sweet, taunting voice close behind him

startled him cruelly. "How do you do, little gentleman?" Penrod squawked, dropped the stone and shouted, "Shut up, you dern fool!" purely from instinct, even before his about face made him aware who had so spitefully addressed him.

It was Marjorie Jones. Always dainty, and prettily dressed, she was in speckless and starchy white today, and a refreshing picture she made, with the new shorn and powerfully scented Mitchy-Mitch clinging to her hand. They had stolen up behind the toller and now stood laughing together in sweet merriment. Since the passing of Penrod's Rupe Collins period he had experienced some severe qualms at the recollection of his last meeting with Marjorie and his Apache behavior-in truth, his heart instantly became as wax at sight of her and he would have offered her fair speech. But, alas, in Marjorie's wonderful eyes there shone a consciousness of new powers for his undoing, and she denied him opportunityl

"Oh, oh!" she cried, mocking his pained outcry. "What a way for a little gentleman to talk! Little gentlemen don't say wicked"-

"Marjorie!" Penrod, enraged and dismayed; felt himself stung beyond all endurance. Insult from her was bitterer to endure than from any other. "Don't you call me that again!"

"Why not, little gentleman?" He stamped his foot. "You better Marjorie sent into his furious face

er lovely, spiteful laughter. "Little gentleman, little gentleman, ittle gentleman!" she said deliberately. 'How's the little gentleman this after-

noon? Hello, little gentleman!" Penrod, quite beside himself, danced ccentrically. "Dry up!" he howled. 'Dry up, dry up, dry up, dry up!"

Mitchy-Mitch shouted with delight and applied a finger to the side of the caldron-a finger immediately snatched away and wiped upon a handkerthief by his fastidious sister.

"'Ittle gellamun!" said Mitch.

"You better look ont!" Penrod whiried upon this small offender with grim entisfaction. Here was at least something male that could without dishon-or be held responsible. "You say that

again and I'll give you the worst" "You will not?" snapped Marjorie, in-stantly vitriolic. "He'll say just whatever be wants to, and be'll say it just as much as he wants to. Say it again, Mitchy-Mitch!"

"'Ittle gellemun?' said Mitchy-Mitch promptly.

"Ow-yaht" Penrod's tone production was becoming affected by his mental condition. "You say that again and "Go on, Mitchy-Mitch," cried Marjo-

rie. "He can't do a thing. He don't -say it a whole lot?" Mitchy-Mitch, with his amail, fat face

shining with could ce in his immunity, complied "'Ittle gellamun!" he squeaked malevolently. "Tttle gellamun! Tttle

gellamun! 'Ittle gellamun!" The desperate Penrod bent over the whitewashed rock, lifted it and thenoutdoing Porthos, John Ridd and Ursus in one miraculous burst of strength -heaved it into the air.

Marjorie screamed. But it was too late. The big stone descended into the precise midst of the caldron and Penrod got his mighty splash. It was far, far beyond his expectations.

Spontaneously there were grand and awful effects-volcanic spectacles of nightmare and eruption. A black sheet of eccentric shape rose out of the caldron and descended upon the three children, who had no time to evade it.

After it fell, Mitchy-Mitch, who stood nearest the caldron, was the thickest, though there was enough for all. Bre'r Rabbit would have fled from any of

When Marjorie and Mitchy-Mitch got their breath, they used it vocally, and seldom have more penetrating sounds issued from human throats. Coincidentally Marjorie, quite berserk, laid hands upon the largest stick within reach and fell upon Penrod with blind fury. He had the presence of mind to flee, and they went round and round the caldron, while Mitchy-Mitch feebly endeavored to follow-his appearance, in this pursuit, being pathetically like that of a bug fished out of an inkwell. alive but discouraged.

Attracted by the riot, Samuel Williams made his appearance, vaulting a fence and was immediately followed by Maurice Levy and Georgie Bassett. They stared incredulously at the extraordinary spectacle before them.

"Little gen-til-mun!" shricked Marjorie, with a wild stroke that landed full upon Penrod's tarry cap. "Ococh!" bleated Penrod. "It's Penrod!" shouted Sam Williams,

recognizing him by the voice. For an instant he had been in some doubt. "Penrod Schofield!" exclaimed Georgie Bassett, "What does this mean?" That was Georgie's style, and had

belped to win him his title. Marjorie leaned, panting upon her stick. "I cu-called-uh-him-oh!" she sobbed-"I called him a lul-little-obgentleman! And ob-lul-look !-- oh. lullook at my du-dress! Lul-look at Mum-

Itchy-oh-Mitch-oh!" Unexpectedly she smote again-with esults and then, seizing the indistinguishable hand of Mitchy-Mitch, she ran walling homeward down the street. " Little gentleman?" said Georgie Bassett, with some evidences of disturbed complacency. "Why, that's what they call me!"

"Yes, and you are one, too?" shouted the maddened Penrod. "But you better not let anybody call me that! I've stood enough around here for one day, and you can't run over me, Georgie 3:30 P. M. Bassett. Just you put that in your giszard and smoke it!"

"Anybody has a perfect right," said Georgie, with dignity, "to call a per-son a little gentleman. There's lots of names uobody ought to call, but this one's a nice"-

"You better look out!"

Unavenged bruises were distributed all over Penrod, both upon his body and upon his spirit. Driven by subtle forces he had dipped his hands in catastrophe and disaster. It was not for a Georgie Bassett to beard him. Penrod was about to run amuck.

"I haven't called you a little gentle man, yet," said Georgie. "I only said it. Anybody's got a right to say it." "Not around me! You just try it

again and"-"I shall sar it," returned Georgie "all I please. Anybody in this town has a right to say 'little gentleman' "-Bellowing insanely, Penrod plunged his right hand into the caldron, rushed upon Georgie and made awful work of his hair and features.

Alas, it was but the beginning! Sam Williams and Maurice Levy screamed with delight and, simultaneously infected, danced about the struggling pair, shouting frantically:

"Little gentleman! Little gentleman! Sick him, Georgie! Sick him, little gentleman! Little gentleman! Little entleman!"

The infuriated outlaw turned upon them with blows and more tar, which gave Georgie Bassett his opportunity and later seriously impaired the purity of his fame. Feeling himself hopeless-ly tarred, he dipped both hands repeatedly into the caldron and applied his gatherings to Penrod. It was bringing coals to Newcastle, but it helped to assuage the just wrath of Georgie.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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