At The Churches

Arleta Baptist Church

9:45 a. m. Bible School. 11 a. m. Freaching service. :30 p. m. Evening services. :15 p. m. B. Y. P. U. meeting. 7:45 Prayer meeting.

Everybody welcome to any and all of 41st avenue and 56th street.

16 a. m. Sabbath School. 11 a. m. Morning worship. 7 p. m. Y. P. S. C. E. :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

8 a. m. Low Mass. 10:30 a. m. High Mass. 8:30 a. m. Sund y School, 12 M. Choir reheareal. 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 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 ser-

vices 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 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. Mand 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, Jan, 8, Bible School 9:45 a. 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

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.

Baby's Skin Troubles

Pimples-Eruptions-Eczema quickly yield to the soothing and healing qualities of Dr. Hobson's Eczema Ointment, No matter where located, how bad or long standing, Dr. Hobson's Eczema Ointment will remove every trace of the ailment. It will restore the skin to its natural softness and purity. Don't let your child suffer-don't be embarrassed by having your child's face disfigured with blemishes or ugly scars. Use Dr. Hobson's Eczema Ointment. Its guaranteed. No cure, no pay. 50c. at your Druggist.

LODGE DIRECTORY

Magnolia Camp No. 4026, Royal Neighbors, meets regular and Fourth Wednesdays of each month at I. O. O. F. Hall. Second Wednesdays social meeting. Neighbors bring your families and friends.
Fourth Wednesday, business. All
Neighbors requested to come. By
order of the Camp

TREMONT, KERN PARK, ARLETA

Mrs. Young of 67th street died early Sunday morning of heart failure.

J. B. Nash is building a new house at

Arleta sportsmen are getting their Millard Avenue Presbyterian Church fishing tackle in shape for next season's eatch.

> The Arleta Day School opened Jan. 3, with full attendance of teachers and pupils.

A new suffragette has arrived at the home of Ward Dauer on Foster Road, near 75th street.

The evangelistic meetings at the Baptist Church are proceeding very successfully. The public generally is invited.

Doc Crutchfield's little children, living at 45th avenue and 69th street, are confined at home with scarlet fever.

Mrs. Penwell of 3926-45th avenue is home after a lengthy visit with her daughter in California.

Other of the past week's victims of the grippe are Will Mahan and Harry Fross of 54th avenue and 67th street.

serious condition due to some abdominal trouble, probably a tumor.

T. J. Rodgers of 70th street is in

WANTED-to trade two good lots and a four room house in Walden Park, Lents, for a lot near Firland. Phone

Carl Francis Sutton, teacher of the piano and organ, has resigned his position as organist at the Laurelwood M. E. Church. Mr. Sutton contemplates taking a position as pipe-organist. He will, however, continue his studio at

The Sunday evening service at the Laurelwood M. E. Church inaugurated special evangelistic services. These will be conducted by the pastor, Dr. C. R. Carlos. Cottage prayer services have been held during the week in the interest of the meetings.

Mrs. Sarah Saulcer of 3718-60th St., S. E. is confined to her home with an attack of near-La Grippe. Mrs. Saulcer, having previously convalesced from an acute attack of the same disease, spent Christmas with her daughter, Mrs. Ira Swetland, near Beaverton. The trip proved too much for her and she is suffering from a relapse.

Morning worship, 11 a. m. Selma Swank oi 3916-66th street fell Elmo Heights Sunday School, 2:30 on the ice as she was leaving home for school Tuesday morning and broke her leg. Her mother and members of the family hearing her cries rushed to her and carried her into the house. Dr. McMurdo, who was summoned, after administering ether, set the broken bone. The patient is now doing well, Selma Swank is in the ninth grade of the Arleta school, a good student, and working for graduation into the high school in February.

> The Arleta Night School opened Monday evening, Jan. 3, with A. J. Hollingworth as principal, appointed to fill the place of J. W. Jarvis, resigned. Other members of the night school faculty are Florence Coon, Jeanne De La Barthe, Emily Higgs, Sarah Conway, and Cris Luccke. The following departments are included in the night school: German, Spanish, Business Course, Elementary Branches, Sewing and Millinery. New students are being enrolled. Those who are not in the day school are especially welcome.

Many People Don't Know

A sluggish liver can cause a person an awful lot of misery. Spells of dizziness, headaches, constipation and biliousness are sure signs that your liver needs help. Take Dr. King's New Life Pills and see how they help tone up the whole system. Fine for the stomach too. Aids digestion. Purifies the blood and clears the complexion. Only 25c. at your Druggist.

How's This?

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh at cannot be cured by Hall's

rrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. the undersigned, have known F. J. by for the last 15 years, and believe perfectly honorable in all business actions and financially able to carry total companies of the companies of the

Catarrh Cure is taken internally, directly upon the blood and muchack of the system. Testimonials e. Price 75 cents per bottle. Sold Take Hairs Family Pills for constipation.

A newspaper man who has been investigating our military and naval establishments, reports that it costs \$12,000 to train an officer at Annapolis, and \$20,000 to train one at West Point. although Harvard and some other big

By BOOTH TARKINGTON

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"B'gr-r-ruff" coughed Mr. Schofield You'd better change your mind about a cigar."

"No. I thank you. I was about to

request the lit"-"Do try one," Margaret urged. "I'm sure papa's are nice ones. Do try"-"No, I thank you. I remarked a slight coolness in the air, and my hat is in the hallway. I was about to re-

quest"-"I'll get it for you," said Penrod

suddenly. "If you will be so good," said Mr. Kinosling. "It is a black bowler hat. little gentleman, and placed upon a table in the hall."

"I know where it is." Penrod entered the door, and a feeling of relief, mutually experienced, carried from one to



Selma Swank oi 3916-66th street fell His Hat Seemed to Have Decided Remain Where It Was.

another of his three relatives their interchanged congratulations that he had recovered his sanity.

"The day is done and the darkness," began Mr. Kinosling-and recited that poem entire. He followed it with "The Children's Hour," and. after a pause at the close, to allow his listeners time for a little reflection upon his rendition, he passed his hand again over his head and called in the direction of the doorway:

"I believe I will take my hat now, little gentleman."

"Here it is," said Penrod, unexpectedly climbing over the porch railing in the other direction. His mother and father and Margaret had supposed him to be standing in the hallway out of deference and because he thought it tactful not to interrupt the recitations. All of them remembered later that this supposed thoughtfulness on his part struck them as unnatural.

"Very good, little gentleman!" said Mr. Kinosling, and being somewhat chilled, placed the hat firmly upon his head, pulling it down as far as it would go. It had a pleasant warmth which be noticed at once. The next instant he noticed something else, a peculiar sensation of the scalp-a sensation which he was quite unable to define. He lifted his hand to take the hat off and entered upon a strange experience-his hat seemed to have decided to remain where it was,

"Do you like Tennyson as much as Longfellow, Mr. Kinosling?" inquired Margaret.

"I-ah-I cannot say," he returned absently, "I-ah-each has his ownugh!-flavor and savor, each his-ah-

Struck by a strangeness in his tone. she peered at him curiously through the dusk. His outlines were indistinct, but she made out that his arms were uplifted in a singular gesture. He seemed to be wrenching at his

"Is-is anything the matter?" she asked anxiously. "Mr. Kinosling, are you ill?"

"Not at-ugh!-all," he replied, in the same odd tone. "I-ah-I believeugh!"

He dropped his hands from his hat and rose. His manner was slightly agitated. "I fear I may have taken a trifling-ah-cold. I should-ah-perhaps be-ah-better at home. I willah-say good night."

At the steps he instinctively lifted his hand to remove his hat, but did not do so and, saying "Good night" again The Herald \$1 per Year colleges educate a student for about stiffness from that house, to return no

"Well, of all" - cried Mrs. Schofield, astounded. "What was the matter? He just went-like that!" She made a flurried gesture. "In beaven's name. Margaret, what did you say to him?" "I!" exclaimed Margaret indignantly. "Nothing! He just went!"

"Why, he didn't even take off his hat when he said good night!" said Mrs. Schofield. Margaret, who had crossed to the

doorway, caught the ghost of a whisper behind her, where stood Penrod. "You bet he didn't!"

He knew not that he was overheard, you"-A frightful suspicion flashed through Margaret's mind-suspicion that Kinosling's hat would have to be either boiled off or shaved off. With growing horror she recalled Penrod's long absence when he went to bring the hat. "Penrod." she cried. "let me see your hands."

She had toiled at those hands herself late that afternoon, nearly scalding her own, but at last achieving a lily purity. "Let me see your hands!"

She seized them. Again they were tarred!

CHAPTER XIX. The Quiet Afternoon.

might discern nature's real intentions in the matter of pain if they would examine a boy's punishments and sorrows, for he probeyond their actual duralongs to boy, trouble must be of tion. ions to last overnight. next day is cally a new To him day. Thus, Penrod woke, next mornning, with neither the unspared rod, nor Mr. Kinosling in his mind. Tar, itself, so far as his consideration of it went, might have been an undiscovered substance. His mood was cheerful and mercantile; some process having worked mysteriously within him, during the night, to the result that his first waking thought was of profits connected with the sale of old iron-or perhaps a ragman had passed the house, just

before he woke. By 10 o'clock he had formed a partnership with the indeed amiable Sam, and the firm of Schofield & Williams plunged headlong into commerce. Heavy dealings in rags, paper, old iron and lead gave the firm a balance of 22 cents on the evening of the third day, but a venture is glassware, following, proved disappointing on account of the skepticism of all the druggists in that part of town, even after seven laborious hours had been spent in cleansing a wheelbarrow load of old medicine bottles with hydrant water and ashes. Likewise, the partners were disheartened by their failure to dispose of a crop of "greens," although they had uprooted specimens of that decorative and unappreciated flower, the dandellon, with such persistence and energy that the Schofields' and Williams' lawns looked curiously haggard for the rest of that summer.

The fit passed, business languished, became extinct. The dog days had

One August afternoon was so hot that even boys sought indoor shade. In house of the stable lounged Masters | nice." Penrod Schofield, Samuel Williams, Maurice Levy, Georgie Bassett and Herman. They sat still and talked. It is a hot day, in rare truth, when boys devote themselves principally to conversation, and this day was chat

Their elders should beware such days, Peril hovers near when the flerceness of weather forces inaction and boys in groups are quiet. The more closely volcanoes, western rivers, nitroglycerin and boys are pent, the deadlier is their action at the point of outbreak. Thus, parents and guardians should look for outrages of the most singular violence and of the most peculiar nature during the confining weather of February and August.

The thing which befell upon this broiling afternoon began to brew and stew peacefully enough. All was inpocence and languor; no one could have foretold the eruption.

They were upon their great theme: "When I get to be a man!" Being human, though boys, they considered their present estate 400 commonplace to be dwelt upon. So, when the old men gather, they say: "When I was a boy." It really is the land of now adays that we never discover.

"When I'm a man," said Sam Williams, "I'm goin' to hire me a couple of colored waiters to swing me in a hammock and keep pourin' ice water on me all day out o' those waterin' cans they sprinkle flowers from. I'll hire you for one of 'em, Herman."

"No; you ain' goin' to," said Herman promptly. "You ain' no flowuh. But nev' min' nat, anyway. Ain' nobody goin' hiah me whens I'm a man. Goin' be my own boss. I'm go' be a rai'road man!

"You mean like a superintendent, or sumpthing like that, and sell tickets?" asked Penrod.

"Sup'in-nv' min' nat! Sell ticket? No suh! Go' be a po'tuh! My uncle a po'tuh right now. Solid gole buttons -oh, oh!"

"Generals get a lot more buttons than porters," said Penrod. "Generals"-"Po'tuhs make the bes' livin'," Her-

man interrupted. "My uncle spen' mo' money 'n any white man n'is town." "Well, I rather be a general," said credulously. "You go' preach?" Penrod, "or a senator, or sumpthing

like that." "Senators live in Warshington," Maurice Levy contributed the information. "I been there. Warshington ain't so much. Ning'ra falls is a hundred times as good as Warshington. So's "Tlantic City. I was there too. I been everywhere there is. I"-

"Well, anyway," said Sam Williams. raising his voice in order to obtain the floor, "anyway, I'm goin' to lay in a hammock all day and have ice water sprinkled on top o' me, and I'm goin' to lay there all night, too, and the pext day I'm goin' to lay there a couple o' years maybe."

"I bet you don't?" exclaimed Maurice. "What'd you do in winter?" What?

"What you goin' to do when it's win-

ter, out in a hammock with water sprinkled on top o' you all day? I bet

"I'd stay right there." Sam declared, with strong conviction, blinking as he looked out through the open doors at the dazzling lawn and trees, trembling in the bent. "They couldn't sprinkle too much for me!"

"It'd make icicles all over you,

"I wish it would," said Sam. "I'd eat 'em up."

"And it'd snow on you"-"Yay! I'd swaller it as fast as it'd come down. I wish I had a barrel o' snow right now. I wish this whole barn was full of it. I wish they wasn't anything in the whole world

except just good ole snow." Penrod and Herman rose and went out to the hydrant, where they drank ERHAPS middle aged people long and ardently. Sam was still talking about snow when they returned.

No, I wouldn't just roll in it. I'd stick it all round inside my clo'es and fill my hat. No, I'd freeze a big pile of it all bard, and I'd roll ber out flat and then I'd carry her down to some ole tailor's and have him make me a suit out of her, and"-

"Can't you keep still about your ole snow?' demanded Penrod petulantly. "Makes me so thirsty I can't keep still, and I've drunk so much now I bet I bust. That ole hydrant water's mighty near hot, anyway."

"I'm goin' to have a big store when I grow up," volunteered Maurice.

"Candy store?" asked Penrod, "No. sir. I'll have candy in it, but not to eat, so much. It's goin' to be a deportment store-ladies' clothes, gentlemen's clothes, neckties, china goods. leather goods, nice lines in woolings and lace goods"-

"Yay! I wouldn't give a five for a cent marble for your whole store," said Sam. "Would you, Penrod?" "Not for ten of 'em, not for a million

of 'em. I'm goin' to have"-'Wait!" clamored Maurice. "You'd be foolish, because they'd be a toy deportment in my store where they'd be a hundred marbles. So how much would you think your five for a cent marble counts for? And when I'm keepin' my store I'm goin' to get married."

"Yay!" shricked Sam derisively. "Married! Listen!" Penrod and Herman joined in the howl of contempt. "Certunly I'll get married," asserted

Maurice stoutly. "I'll get married to Marjorie Jones. She likes me awful good, and I'm her beau." 'What makes you think so?' inquir-

ed Penrod in a cryptic voice. "Because she's my beau, too," came the prompt answer. "I'm her beau because she's my beau. I guess that's plenty reason. I'll get married to her the dimness of the vacant carriage as soon as I get my store running

Penrod looked upon him darkly, but for the moment held his peace.

"Married!" jeered Sam Williams. "Married to Marjorie Jones! You're the only boy I ever heard say he was goin' to get married. I wouldn't get married for-why, I wouldn't forfor"- Unable to think of any inducement the mere mention of which would not be ridiculously incommensurate be proceeded: "I wouldn't do it. What you want to get married for? What do married people do except just come home tired and worry around and kind of scold? You better not do it, M'rice.

You'll be mighty sorry." "Everybody gets married," stated Maurice, holding bis ground. "They gotta.'

"I'll bet I don't," Sam returned hotly. "They better catch me before they tell me I have to. Anyway, I bet nobody has to get married unless they want

"They do, too," insisted Maurice. "They gotta."

"Who told you?" "Look at what my own papa told me?" cried Maurice, heated with argument. "Didn't he tell me your own papa had to marry your mamma or else he'd never'd got to handle a cent of her money? Certunly people gotta marry. Everybody. You don't know anybody over twenty years old that isn't mar-

ried-except maybe teachers." "Look at policemen!" shouted Sam triumphantly. "You don't s'pose anybody can make policemen get married. I reaton, do you?"

"Well, policemen maybe," Maurice was forced to admit. "Policemen and teachers don't, but everybody else gotta."

"Well, I'll be a policeman," said Sam. "Then I guess they won't come around tellin' me I have to get married. What you goin' to be, Penrod?" "Chief police." said the laconic Pen-

"What you?" Sam inquired of quiet Georgie Bassett. "I am going to be," said Georgie con-

sciously, "a minister." This announcement created a sensation so profound that it was followed by sllence. Herman was the first to

speak. "You mean preachuh?" he asked in "Yes," answered Georgie, looking like

St. Cecilia at the organ Herman was impressed. "You know all 'at preachuh talk?" "I'm going to learn it," said Georgie

"How loud kin you holler?" asked

Herman doubtfully. "He can't holler at all." Penrod in-

terposed with scorn. "He holfers like He's the porest bollerer in a giri.

Herman shook his head. Evidently he thought Georgie's chance of being ordained very slender Nevertheless a final question put to the candidate by the colored expert seemed to admit one

"Haw good kin you clim' a pole?" "He can't climb one at all," Penrod answered for Georgie. "Over at Sam's turning pole you ought to see him try

"Preachers don't have to climb poles," Georgie said with dignity.

"Good ones do," declared Herman. 'Bes' one ev' I hear, he clim up an' down same as a circus man. One n'em big 'vivals outen whens we livin' on a fahm, preachuh clim big pole right in a middle o' the church, what was to hol' roof up. He clim way high up, an' holler: 'Goin' to heavum, goin' to heavum, goin' to heavum now. Hallelujah, praise my Lawd!" '

Herman possessed that extraordinary facility for vivid acting which is the great native gift of his race, and he enchained his listeners. They sat fascinated and spellbound.

"Herman, tell that again!" said Pen-

rod, breathlessly. Herman, nothing loath, accepted the encore and repeated the Miltonic episode, expanding it somewhat, and dwelling with a fine art upon those portions of the narrative which he perceived to be most exciting to his audience.

The effect was immense and instant. Penrod sprang to his feet.

"Georgie Bassett couldn't do that to save his life," he declared. "I'm goin' to be a preacher! I'd be all right for one, wouldn't I, Herman?"

"So am I!" Sam Williams echoed loudly. "I guess I can do it if you can. I'd be bette'n Penrod, wouldn't I, Herman?" "I am. too!" Maurice shouted. "I

got a stronger voice than anybody here, and I'd like to know what"-The three clamored together indistinguishably, each asserting his qualifications for the ministry according to

Herman's theory, which had been ac-

cepted by these sudden converts without question. "Listen to me!" Maurice bellowed, proving his claim to at least the voice by drowning the others. "Maybe I can't climb a pole so good, but who can holler louder'n this? Listen to

"Shut up!" cried Penrod, irritated. "Go to heaven; go to ---

"Oo-o-oh!" exclaimed Georgie Bassett, profoundly shocked. Sam and Maurice, awed by Penrod's

daring, ceased from turmoll, staring wide eved. "You cursed and swore!" said Geor-

"I did not!" cried Penrod hotly. "That isn't swearing." "You said, 'Go to a big H!" said

"I did not! I said, 'Go to beaven,' before I said a big H. That isn't swearing, is it, Herman? It's almost what the preacher said. Ain't it, Herman? It ain't swearing now any more -not if you put 'go to heaven' with it. Is it, Herman? You can say it all you want to, long as you say 'go to heaven' first. Can't you, Herman? Anybody can say it if the preacher says it. Can't they, Herman? I guess I know when I ain't swearing. Don't L Her-

man? (TO BE CONTINUED)

Pointers-

For Tree Buvers "By Starting RIGHT you can keep right"

The Oregon Nursery Company of Orenco, Oregon, has engaged space in this splendid paper in order to bring before you many facts, concerning their trees, which we believe will be interesting to you.

Most people already know that the largest Nursery in the Northwest is the OREGON NURSERY COM-PANY of Orenco, Oregon. Here we have upwards of 1200 acres devoted to the growing of nursery stock, such as Fruit Trees, Shade Trees, Ornamental Evergreens, Flowering Shrubs Roses, Vines, etc. Several million trees and plants are

grown by us each year, embracing approximately 500 distinct kinds of Apples, Pears, Cherries, Plums, Prunes, Peaches, Apricots, Quince to say nothing of the many kinds of Berries, Nut trees, Shade trees Shrubs, Roses, Vines, etc. To handle an assortment like this, everything must be done systematically and in

From our own large orchard containing trees of practically all the varieties we grow, are cut the scions and bud sticks from which our trees are propagated. This insures YOU trees that are "true to label" and of the best type of its respective kinds. Are they not, therefore, worth more to you, than trees grown less care-

Next time you want trees, let us know your wants. It is to your interest to do so.

OREGON NURSERY COMPANY ORENCO, OREGON

The Oregon corn acerage, nearly doubled during the year, was largely due to the educational campaign of th O. W. R. & N. Co.

A cargo of ties is soon to be sent from the lower Columbia to Great Britain