

At The Churches

Arleta Baptist Church
9:45 a. m. Bible School.
11 a. m. Preaching service.

Millard Avenue Presbyterian Church
10 a. m. Sabbath School.
11 a. m. Morning worship.

St. Peter's Catholic Church
Sundays:
8 a. m. Low Mass.
10:30 a. m. High Mass.

Seventh Day Adventist Church
10 a. m. Saturday Sabbath School.
11 a. m. Saturday preaching.

Kern Park Christain Church
Corner 60th St. and 46th Ave. S. E.
11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. preaching service.

St. Pauls Episcopal Church
One block south of Woodmere station.
Holy Communion the first Sunday of each month at 8 p. m.

Lents Evangelical Church
Sermon by the Pastor, 11 a. m. and 7:15 p. m.
Sunday School 9:45 a. m., Albert Fankhauser, Superintendent.

Lents Friend's Church
9:45 a. m. Bible School, Mrs. Maud Keach, Superintendent.
11:00 a. m. Preaching services.

Lents Baptist Church
Lord's Day, Jan. 8, Bible School 9:45 a. m.
Morning worship, 11 a. m.

Fifth Church of Christ
Fifth Church of Christ, Scientist of Portland, Ore. Myrtle Park Hall, Myrtle Park.

Lents M. E. Church
Sunday School 9:45 a. m.
Preaching 11:00 a. m.
Services at Bennett Chapel at 3 p. m.

Laurelwood M. E. Church
9:45 a. m. Sunday school.
11:00 a. m. preaching.
12:30 a. m. class meeting.

Baby's Skin Troubles
Pimples—Eruptions—Eczema quickly yield to the soothing and healing qualities of Dr. Hobson's Eczema Ointment.

LODGE DIRECTORY
Magnolia Camp No. 4026, Royal Neighbors, meets regular Second and Fourth Wednesdays of each month at I. O. O. F. Hall.

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 41st avenue and 56th street.

Arleta sportsmen are getting their fishing tackle in shape for next season's catch.

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 gripe are Will Mahan and Harry Fross of 54th avenue and 67th street.

T. J. Rodgers of 70th street is in a serious condition due to some abdominal trouble, probably a tumor.

WANTED—to trade two good lots and a four room house in Walden Park, Lents, for a lot near Firland. Phone Tabor 6497.

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 Arleta.

Mrs. Sarah Saulcor of 3718-60th St., S. E. is confined to her home with an attack of near-La Grippe. Mrs. Saulcor, 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.

Selma Swank of 3916-66th street fell 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 Luecke. 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.

How's This?
We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

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PENROD
By BOOTH TARKINGTON
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"Burr-ruff" coughed Mr. Schofield. "You'd better change your mind about a cigar."
"No, I thank you. I was about to request the lit."



His Hat Seemed to Have Decided to 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. Kinosing—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. Kinosing, 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 he 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. Kinosing?" inquired Margaret.
"I—ah—I cannot say," he returned absently. "I—ah—each has his own—ugh!—favor and savor, each his—ah—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 head.
"Is—anything the matter?" she asked anxiously. "Mr. Kinosing, are you ill?"

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

"Well, of all!"—cried Mrs. Schofield, astounded. "What was the matter? He just went—like that!" She made a hurried gesture. "In heaven's name, Margaret, what did you say to him?"
"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. A frightful suspicion flashed through Margaret's mind—suspicion that Kinosing's hat would have to be either boiled off or shaved off. With growing horror she recalled Penrod's long abhorrence 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.
PERHAPS middle aged people might discern nature's real intentions in the matter of pain if they would examine a boy's punishments and sorrows, for he prolongs his boy, trouble must be of home—punishments to last overnight. To him, the next day is really a new day. Thus, Penrod woke, next morning, with neither the unspared rod, nor Mr. Kinosing 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 in 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 dandelion, 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 set in.
One August afternoon was so hot that even boys sought indoor shade. In the dimness of the vacant carriage house of the stable lounged Masters Penrod Schofield, Samuel Williams, Maurice Levy, George 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 that hot.

Their elders should beware such days. Peril hovers near when the fierceness 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 innocence 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 too 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 he 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 of 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 flower. But nev' min' nat, anyway. Ain' nobody goin' hire me when I'm a man. Goin' be my own boss. I'm go' be a railroad man!"

"You mean like a superintendent, or something like that, and sell tickets?" asked Penrod.
"Sup'nt'nt' m'n' nat! Sell ticket? No suh! Go' be a potuh! My uncle a potuh right now. Solid gale buttons—oh, oh!"

"Generals get a lot more buttons than porters," said Penrod. "Generals—"

"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 next 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 winter, out in a hammock with water sprinkled on top o' you all day? I bet you—"

"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 heat. "They couldn't sprinkle too much for me!"

"It'd make icicles all over you, and—"

"I wish it would," said Sam. "I'd eat 'em up."
"And it'd snow on you?"

"Yay! I'd swallow 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 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 hard, and I'd roll her 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 department 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?"

terposed with scorn. "He hollers like a girl. He's the poorest hollerer in town!"

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

"How good kin you climb a pole?"

"He can't climb one at all," Penrod answered for George. "Over at Sam's turning pole you ought to see him try to—"

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

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

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

"Herman, tell that again!" said Penrod, 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.

"George 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 better'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 accepted 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 me—e!"

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

"Go-o-oh!" exclaimed George Bassett, profoundly shocked.

Sam and Maurice, awed by Penrod's daring, ceased from turmoil, staring wide eyed.

"You cursed and swore!" said George.

"I did not!" cried Penrod hotly. "That isn't swearing."

"You said, 'Go to a big H!'" said George.

"I did not! I said, 'Go to heaven,' 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 you, Herman? I guess I know when I ain't swearing. Don't I, Herman?"

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Pointers For Tree Buyers

"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 COMPANY 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.

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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 carefully?

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

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The Herald \$1 per Year