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 S. E.

16 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. Kern Park Christain Church

A

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

Corner 69th St. and 46th Ave. S. E.

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. Tavior, 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,

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 ser-John Riley, Pastor. vices.

Lents Baptist Church

Lord's Day, Jan, 23, Bible School Morning worship, 11 a. m. Elmo Heights Sunday School, 2:30

p. m. B. Y. P. U., 6:30 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 meet

Leats M. E. Church

ing 8 p. m.

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 :30.

W. R. F. Browne, pastor Residence 9505, 59th Ave., S. E.

Laurelwood M. E. Church

2:45 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

Dr. C. R. Carlos, pastor.

German Evangelical Reformed Church Corner Woodstock Ave., and 87th St.

Rev. W. G. Lienkaemper, pastor. Sunday School 10 a. m. Morning Worship, 11 a. m. Y. P. S. at 7:30 p. m. German School and Catechetical Class Saturday 10 a. m.

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 Second 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

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

Mr. Ed Hartmus is ill with pneumonia at his home at 7020-55th Ave.,

Little Eleanor Jean Shaw, who has suffered a very severe attack of the grip has so far recovered as to be out of doors again.

An overheated stove and a defective flue resulted in removing the roof from the residence at 4611. East 45th street, belonging to J. A. Bhuinard, Monday. The loss was about \$300, covered by insurance. The Kern Park Company put out the fire.

The hoge snow drift, some six feet in depth and extending across 79th street. just north of 45th avenue, has furnished a great deal of sport for the youngsters spoke a name simultaneously. It was of the neighborhood in the way of a coasting hill. The snow is so frozen plague!" and packed that teams are able to pass over the drift now.

The home of Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Snider of 4418-79 St. S. E. was the scene of a pretty home wedding on Sunday, January 16, when at 9:30 a. m. their eldest daughter, Lois Gertrude, was united in holy wedlock to Paul W. Walker. Only members of the immediate family and a few very intimate friends were present. The ceremony was performed by Rev. C. W. Wells of the Congregational Church. Mr. and Mrs. Walker will be at home to their ter boy." many friends at 5631 42 Ave. S. E. after February 12.

At the Kern Park Congregational Church last Sunday, Mrs. John J. Handsaker gave the morning talk and Rev. C. W. Wells filled the pulpit in the evening. Mr. Wells fills an appointment Sunday mornings at the Mt. Zion Congregational Church situated over the Council Crest divide. Mrs. Handsaker and Mr. Wells will respectively conduct these services until other arrangements are made. They succeed Mr. Willard Rouse.

In spite of the "Eastern" weather there were fourteen officers and teachers out last Sunday at the Laurelwood M. E. Church. Sunday evening service in this church was a most profitable one, particularly evidenced by the decisions of two young men to live the Christian life from now on. Dr. Carlos appeals earnestly and unflaggingly to the best that is in people and all who come to hear his earnest sermons can not fail to brook. They learn more from them be profited if they will only take time selves than from us. They take shape. to think.

The Young Ladies' Class of the Laurelwood M. E. Sunday School, met with the Young Men's Class at the home of Sadie Carlson, 416-67 St. S. E., Tuesday evening, Jan. 4, to further plans for the consolidation of the two into a "Jack and Jill" class. A committee on name was chosen, the members of which are Seth Massey. Priscilla Knight, Arthur Wilson and Sadie Carlson. The report of this committee is to be submitted at the next meeting which will be in two weeks from the time of appointment. Miss Mary A. Betz, who is the teacher of the class is a graduate of Stanford University and teacher of Mathematics at the Franklin high school.

Sarah Margaret Zehrung died at the home of her son, J. H. Zebrung, of 7105-48 Ave. S. E. at 8:30 Tuesday morning of a general breaking down of the vital forces. Grandma Zehrung, as she was generally known, while having been ill for several weeks was at all times in a cheerful mood and her sudden death came as a shock, not only to her own family but also to her many friends. Grandma spent the summer in the east visiting relatives, returning to Portland last Thanksgiving. Mrs. Zehrung had always been quite active and had reached the advanced age of 76 years. On the morning of her death she arose as usual, dressed herself and was preparing to eat breakfast. As she turned from the kitchen sink where she had just finished washing, she dropped to the floor and almost without a movement or sound passed away. The funeral services will be conducted by Rev. W. H. Amos, pastor of the Millard Avenue Presbyterian Church, of which church Mrs. Zehrung was a member, will be held at the Sellwood Crematorium Friday morning. The exact hour can not be given at this time.

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.

By BOOTH TARKINGTON

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"Not all boys are pure, of fine spirit, of high mind," said Mr. Kinosling, and continued with true feeling: "You have neighbor, dear Mrs. Bassett, whose household I indeed really feel it quite impossible to visit until such time when better, firmer, stronger handed. more determined discipline shall prevail. I find Mr. and Mrs. Schofield and their daughter charming, but"-

Three or four ladies said "Oh!" and as if they had said, "Oh, the bubonic

"Oh! Penrod Schoffeld!"

"Georgie does not play with him." said Mrs. Bassett quickly-"that is, be avoids him as much as he can without hurting Penrod's feelings. Georgie is very sensitive to giving pain. I suppose a mother should not tell these things, and I know people who talk about their own children are dreadful bores, but it was only last Thursday night that Georgie looked up in my face so sweetly after he had said his prayers, and his little cheeks flushed as he said: "Mamma, I think it would he right for me to go more with Penrod. I think it would make him a bet-

A sibilance went about the room. "Sweet! How sweet! The sweet lit tle soul. Ah, sweet!"

"And that very afternoon," continned Mrs. Bassett, "he had come home n a dreadful state. Penrod had thrown tar all over him."

Your son has a forgiving spirit. said Mr. Kinosling, with vehemence: "a too forgiving spirit perhaps." set down his glass, "No more, I thank No more cake, I thank you. von. Was it not Cardinal Newman who said"-

He was interrupted by the sounds of an altercation just outside the closed blinds of the window nearest him.

"Let him pick his tree." It was the voice of Samuel Williams. "Didn't we come over here to give him one of his own trees? Give him a fair show. can't you?"

"The little lads!" Mr. Kinosling smiled. "They have their games, their outdoor sports, their pastimes. The young muscles are toughening. The sun will not harm them. They grow, they expand, they learn. They learn fair play, honor, courtesy, from one another as pebbles grow round in the form, outline. Let them.

"Mr. Kinosling!" Another spinsterundeterred by what had happened to Miss Beam-leaned far forward, ber face shining and ardent, "Mr. Ki nosling, there's a question I do wish to ask you."

"My dear Miss Cossiit," Mr. Kinositing responded, again waving his hand and watching it, "I am entirely at your disposal."

Was Joan of Arc," she asked fervently, "inspired by spirits?"

He smiled indulgently, "Yes—and

no," he said. "One must give both answers. One must give the answer. yes; one must give the answer, no." "Oh, thank you!" said Miss Cossiit.

blushing. "She's one of my great enthusiasms, you know." "And I have a question, too," urged

Mrs. Lora Rewbush after a moment's hasty concentration. "I've never been able to settle it for myself, but now' "Yes?" said Mr. Kinosling encouragingly.

"Is ah is oh, yes is Sanskrit a more difficult language than Spanish.

Mr. Kinosling?" "It depends upon the student," plied the oracle, smiling. "One must not look for linguists everywhere. In my own especial case-if one may cite oneself as an example-I found no great, no insurmountable difficulty in mastering, in conquering either."

"And may I ask one?" ventured Mrs. Bassett. "Do you think it is right to wear egrets?"

"There are marks of quality, of caste, of social distinction," Mr. Kinosling began, "which must be permitted, allowed, though perhaps regulated. Social distinction, one observes, almost invariably implies spiritual distinction as well. Distinction of circumstances is accompanied by mental distinction. Distinction is hereditary. It descends from father to son, and if there is one thing more true than 'like father, like son,' it is"-he bowed gallantly to Mrs. Bassett-"it is 'like mother, like son' What these good ladies have said this afternoon of your"-

This was the fatal instant. There smote upon all ears the voice of Georgie, painfully shrill and penetrating, fraught with protest and protracted strain. His plain words consisted of the newly sanctioned and disinfected curse with a big H.

With an ejaculation of horror Mrs Bassett sprang to the window and threw open-the blinds.

Georgie's back was disclosed to the view of the tea party. He was endeavoring to ascend a maple tree about twelve feet from the window. Embracing the trunk with arms and legs, had managed to squirm to a point

just above the neads of Penrod and Herman, who stood close by, watching him earnestly, Penrod being obviously in charge of the performance. Across the yard were Sam Williams and Maurice Levy, acting as a jury on the question of voice power, and it was to a complaint of theirs that Georgie had just replied.

"That's right. Georgie," said Penrod encouragingly. "They can too hear you. Let her go!"

"Going to heaven!" shrieked Georgie, squirming up another inch. "Going to heaven, heaven, heaven!"

His mother's frenzied attempts to attract his attention falled otterly. Georgle was using the full power of his lungs, deafening his own ears to all other sounds. Mrs. Bassett called in vain, while the tea party stood petrified in a cluster about the window

"Going to heaven!" Georgie bellowed. "Going to heaven! Going to time. You give it to him from me and heaven, my Lord! Going to heaven, heaven, heaven!"

He tried to climb higher, but began to slip downward, his exertions causing damage to his apparel. A button flew into the air, and his knickerbockers and his waistband severed rela-

"Devil's got my coattails, sinners! Old devil's got my coattails!" he announced appropriately. Then he began to slide. He relaxed his clasp of the tree and slid to the ground.

"Going to -!" shrieked Georgie, reaching a high pitch of enthusiasm in this great climax.

With a loud scream irs. Bassett threw herself out of the window, alighting by some miracle upon her feet with ankles unsprained.

Mr. Kinosling, feeling that his pres ence as spiritual adviser was demanded in the yard, followed with greater dignity through the front door. the corner of the house a small departing figure collided with him violently It was Penrod, tactfully withdrawing from what promised to be a family scene of unusual painfulness.

Mr. Kinosling seized him by the shoulders and, giving way to emotion, shook him viciously.

"You horrible boy!" exclaimed Mr. Kinosling. "You ruffianly creature! Do you know what's going to happen to you when you grow up? Do you realize what you're going to be?"

With flashing eyes the indignant boy made known his unshaken purpose. He shouted the reply: "A minister!"

CHAPTER XXI. Twelve.

HIS busy globe which spawns us is as incapable of flattery and as intent upon its own affair, whatever that is, as a gyroscope. It keeps steadily whirling along its lawful track, and, thus far seeming to hold a right of way, spins doggedly on, with no perceptible diminution of speed to mark the most gigantic human events. It did not pause to pant and recuperate even when what seemed to Penrod its principal purpose was accomplished, and an enormous shadow, vanishing westward over its surface, marked the dawn of his twelfth birthday.

To be twelve is an attainment worth like a Frenchman just elected to the academy.

Distinction and honor wait upon him Younger boys show deference to a person of twelve. His experience is guaranteed, his judgment, therefore, meliow; consequently his influence is pro-found. Eleven is not quite satisfactory. It is only an approach. Eleven has the disadvantage of six, of nineteen, of forty-four and of sixty-nine. But, like twelve, seven is an honorable age, and the ambition to attain it is laudable. People look forward to being seven. Similarly, twenty is worthy, and so, arbitrarily, is twenty-one; for ty-five has great solidity; seventy is most commendable and each year thereafter an increasing honor. Thir teen is embarrassed by the beginnings of a new colthood. The child becomes a youth. But twelve is the very top of

Dressing that morning, Penrod felt that the world was changed from the world of yesterday. For one thing, he seemed to own more of it. This day was his day. And it was a day worth owning. The midsummer sunshine. pouring gold through his window, came from a cool sky, and a breeze moved pleasantly in his hair as he leaned from the sill to watch the tribe of chattering blackbirds take wing, following their leader from the trees in the yard to the day's work in the open country. The blackbirds were his, as the supshine and the breeze were his. for they all belonged to the day which was his birthday and therefore most surely his. Pride suffused him. He was twelve!

His father and his mother and Margaret seemed to understand the difference between today and yesterday. They were at the table when he descended, and they gave him a greeting which of itself marked the milestone. Habitually his entrance into a room where his elders sat brought a cloud of apprehension. They were prone to look up in pathetic expectancy, as if their thought was, "What new awful ness is he going to start now?" But this morning they laughed. His mother rose and kissed him twelve times So did Margaret. And his father shouted: "Well, well! How's the

Then his mother gave him a Bible and "The Vicar of Wakefield." Margaret gave him a pair of sliver mounted hairbrushes, and his father gave him a "Pocket Atlas" and a small compass.

"And now, Penrod." said his mother after breakfast, "I'm going to take you out in the country to pay your birehday respects to Aunt Sarah Crim." Aunt Sarah Crim. Penrod's great-

was ninety, and when Mrs. Schofield and Penrod alighted from a carriage at her gate they found her dig-ging with a spade in the garden.

'I'm glad you brought him," she said, desisting from labor. "Jinny's baking a cake I'm going to send for his birthday party. Bring him in the

house. I've got something for him." She led the way to her "sitting room," which had a pleasant smell, unlike any other smell, and opening the drawer of a shining old whatnot took therefrom a boy's "slingshot." made of a forked stick, two strips of rubber and a bit fast. of leather.

"This isn't for you." she said, placing it in Penrod's eager hand. It would break all to pieces the first time you tried to shoot it because it is thirty-five years old. I want to send it back to your father. I think it's tell him I say I believe I can trust him with it now. I took it away from him thirty-five years ago, one day after he'd killed my best hen with it acdentally and broken a glass pitcher in the back porch with it-accidental-

ly. He doesn't look like a person who's ever done things of that sort. and I suppose he's forgotten it so well that he believes he never did, but if you give it to him from me I think be'll remember. You look like him, Penrod. He was anything but a handsome boy."

After this final bit of reminiscenceprobably designed to be repeated to Mr. Schofield-she disappeared in the direction of the kitchen and returned with a pitcher of lemonade and a blue china dish sweetly freighted with flat ginger cookies of a composition that was her own secret. Then, having set this collation before her guests, she presented Penrod with a superb, inricate and very modern machine of destructive capacities almost limitless. She called it a pocketknife.

"I suppose you'll do something horrible with it," she said composedly. "I hear you do that with everything, anyhow, so you might as well do it



with this and have more fun out of it. They tell me you're the worst boy in town.

"Oh, Aunt Sarah!" Mrs. Schofield

"Nonseuse!" said Mrs. Crim.
"But on his birthday!" "That's the time to say it. Penrod

ren't you the worst boy in town Penrod, gazing fondly upon his knife and eating cookles rapidly, answered as a matter of course and absently,

"Certainly!" said Mrs. Crim. "Once you accept a thing about yourself as established and settled it's all right. Nobody minds. Boys are just like

"No. no!" Mrs. Schofield cried invol-

"Yes, they are." returned Aunt Sarah. "Only they're not quite so aw-ful, because they haven't learned to cover themselves all over with little pretences. When Penrod grows up he'll be just the same as he is now, except that whenever he does what he wants to do be'll tell himself and other people a little story about it to make his reason for doing it seem nice and pretty and noble."

"No, I won't!" said Penrod suddenly. "There's one cookle left," observed Aunt Sarah. "Are you going to eat

"Well," said her great-nephew thoughtfully, "I guess I better." "Why?" asked the old lady, "Why do you guess you'd 'better?'

"Well." said Penrod, with a full mouth, "it might get all dried up if nobody took it and get thrown out and

"You're beginning finely," Mrs. Crim remarked. "A year ago you'd bave taken the cookle without the same sense of thrift."

"Ma'am?"

"Nothing. I see that you're twelve years old, that's all. There are more cookies, Penrod." She went away, returning with a fresh supply and the observation: "Of course you'll be sick before the day's over. You might as

well get a good start."

Mrs. Schofield looked thoughtfui.
"Aunt Sarah." she ventured. "don't

you really flink we improve as we go

"Meaning," said the old lady, "that Penrod hasn't such chance to escape the penitentiary if he doesn't? Well, we do learn to restrain ourselves in some things, and there are people who really want some one else to take the last cookie, though they aren't very common But it's all right. world seems to be getting on." gazed whimsically upon her greatnephew and added, "Of course when you watch a boy and think about him it doesn't seem to be getting on very

Penrod moved uneasily in his chair. He was conscious that he was her topic, but unable to make out whether or not her observations were complimentary. He inclined to think they were not. Mrs. Crim settled the ques-

tion for him. "I suppose Penrod is regarded as the neighborhood curse?"

"Oh, no!" cried Mrs. Schofield. "He"-

"I daresay the neighbors are right," continued the old lady placidly. "He's had to repeat the history of the race and go through all the stages from the primordial to barbarism. You don't expect boys to be civilized, do you?"

"Well. I"-"You might as well expect eggs to crow. No; you've got to take boys as they are and learn to know them as they are."

Schofield, "I know Penrod." Aunt Sarah laughed heartily. "Do you think his father knows him too?" "Of course men are different." Mrs. Schofield returned apologetically. "But

"Naturally, Aunt Sarab," said Mrs.

a mother knows"-"Penrod," said Aunt Sarah solemnly, "does your father understand you?"

"Ma'am?" "About as much as he'd understand Sitting Bull!" she laughed. "And I'll tell you what your mother thinks you are, Penrod. Her real belief is that

you're a novice in a convent." "Ma'am?"

"Aunt Sarah!" "I know she thinks that, because whenever you don't behave like a novice she's disappointed in you. And your father really believes that you're a decorous, well trained young business man, and whenever you don't live up to that standard you get on his nerves, and he thinks you need a walloping. I'm sure a day very seldom passes without their both saying they don't know what on earth to do with you. Does whipping do you any good, Penrod?"

"Ma'am?" "Go on and finish the lemonade. There's about a glassful left. Oh, take it, take it. and don't say why! Of course you're a little pig."

Penrod laughed gratefully, his eyes fixed upon her over the rim of his uptilted glass.

"Fill yourself up uncomfortably," said the old lady. "You're twelve years old, and you ought to be happy-if you aren't anything else. It's taken over 1,900 years of Christianity and some hundreds of thousands of years of other things to produce you, and there you sit!"

"Ma'am?" "It'll be your turn to struggle and muss things up for the betterment of posterity soon enough." said Aunt Sarah Crim. "Drink your lemonade!"

"Aunt Sarah's a funny old lady." Penrod observed on the way back to the town. "What's she want me to give papa this old sling for? Last thing she said was to be sure not to forget to give it to him. He don't want it, and he said herself it ain't any good. She's older than you or pana. by't she?"

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Regarding Trees

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