

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, 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 Christian Church

Corner 99th 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. Christian 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. Tavior, Rector.

Lents Evangelical Church

Sermon by the Pastor, 11 a. m. and 7:15 p. m.
Sunday School 9:15 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, Feb. 20, 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 11:00 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 7:30.
W. R. F. Browne, pastor.
Residence 5703 8 1/2 St.

Laurelwood M. E. Church

9:45 a. m. Sunday school.
11:00 a. m. preaching.
12:30 p. 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.

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.

LODGE DIRECTORY

Magnolia Camp No. 4026, Royal Neighbors, meets regular Second and Fourth Wednesdays of each month at I. 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

Don't Scold Fretful Children

That nervousness, fretting and restlessness is no doubt caused by worms or constipation. Instead of whipping or scolding, give your child a treatment of Kickapoo Worm Killer. Nice candy confections that kill the worms and are laxative enough to move the bowels and expel not only the worms but accumulated poisons. These poisons and worms bring on fever, make children nervous and irritable, reduce their vitality and make them victims of sickness. Get a box of Kickapoo worm Killer at your Druggist, only 25c.

TREMONT, KERN PARK, ARLETA

Drs. Murray and North have established their lodgings and offices at Stewart Station.

Mr. Kirkheimer of Tremont is suffering from infection sustained in the removal of a troublesome tooth.

Frank McCarter and wife of 68th St. and 57th Ave., are parents of a girl born Friday.

Mr. and Mrs. T. H. Bright have moved their residence from 4138-63d St., to 4441-63d St.

Mr. and Mrs. McHargue of Albany have taken up their residence at Laurelwood.

Mrs. Alice Crofts who is wintering at the Rainier Hotel was out looking after her property on 57th avenue last Tuesday.

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

The Jack and Jill Class of the Laurelwood M. E. Sunday School gave a valentine banquet in the basement parlors of the church, Tuesday evening.

The Laurelwood M. E. Church has been unable to hold evening service for the past two weeks on account of not having the electric lights reinstalled after the "silver thaw."

The Woman's Home Missionary Society met at the home of Mrs. Schmidt, 4135-63d St., S. E., Wednesday, Feb. 9. After a one o'clock luncheon the usual program was carried out, of which the Missionary Quiz and a solo by Mrs. Gladys Noel were special features.

Last Saturday a number of the men and boys of the Millard Avenue Presbyterian Church School gathered at the church and put a shingled roof on the tent-house which is occupied by two classes of the school, the weight of the snow and ice of the recent storm having demolished the tent roof which formerly covered the building. This building is used to accommodate two classes which can not be given room in the church.

The Pollyanna Girls of the Laurelwood M. E. Sunday School entertained girl friends at the home of Mildred Boon, 6930-46th Ave., S. E., Saturday afternoon, Feb. 12. The lunch table, napkins and chandeliers were decorated with hearts. The girls spent the time with fancy-work, music, and other diversions. The afternoon concluded with delicious refreshments of fruit drink and wafers. Valentine post cards were the festival favors.

Sunday evening at the Millard Avenue church the service was given over to the Expert Christian Endeavorers. Talks by those who have passed the examination for expert work were interspersed with musical numbers; among which were a violin solo by Mrs. Madge Scott Watson, and a vocal solo by E. Wells Lovgren, accompanied by Mrs. Watson on the violin and Mrs. Neil Robertson at the piano.

Friday evening, Feb. 11, the B. Y. P. U. of the Glencoe Baptist Church held its regular business meeting and social at the home of Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Swiney, 350 East 51st St. A program was given after the business session. Among those who appeared on the program were the Misses Mary Lou and Edna Swiney in a vocal duet; Mrs. Patterson of East Madison Street in a reading; and Mrs. Madge Scott Watson of Millard Avenue as violin soloist, accompanied by Miss Mamie Cawthorne of 5310-71st St.

On Friday evening the young people of the C. E. Society of the Millard Avenue Presbyterian Church held their regular monthly business meeting and social at the home of Mr. and Mrs. O. H. Gilbert, 4928-71 St. S. E., with a very large attendance. The society voted to send a delegation to conduct services in the Old Ladies' Home at Woodmere, on the second Sunday in each month. A committee was named to nominate officers to be elected at the next regular business meeting. During the experience meeting, some very interesting stories of self denial were related by members when telling how the money, which they deposited in a basket in the center of the room was secured. The fund thus provided for aiding in the support of the Chinese Mission in the city amounted to \$5.25. Following the transaction of business the remainder of the evening was spent in games and contests of various kinds.

In a contest in which the titles of popular songs were illustrated by freehand pencil drawings, the prize was won by Mr. B. A. O'Meally, by the clever manner in which he pictured The Trail of the Lonesome Pine. The date being so near that of St. Valentine Day, Mrs. Gilbert had decorated the rooms most appropriately with red hearts, many of them pierced by Cupid's darts, green fins and festoons of bright colored crepe paper. The electric lights were covered with red paper, and these and the ruddy glow of the fire in a large open fireplace gave the rooms a most charming appearance. Marshmallows were placed on the end of sticks and toasted in the open fire. Mr. and Mrs. M. E. Williams, Miss Lois Burch and Miss Leota Dooley assisted the hostess in serving refreshments.

The Eternal Lover



by Edgar Rice Burroughs

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The Story by Chapters

Chapter I—A Hundred Thousand Years.
Chapter II—Today.
Chapter III—The Young Hunter.
Chapter IV—The Dream Mate.
Chapter V—The Zebra Killer.
Chapter VI—The Ancient Trail.
Chapter VII—The Lonely Man.
Chapter VIII—A Prisoner.
Chapter IX—The Hunt.
Chapter X—The Death Dance.
Chapter XI—Happiness?

CHAPTER I.

A Hundred Thousand Years.

Nu, the son of Nu, his mighty muscles rolling beneath his smooth, bronzed skin, moved silently through the jungle primeval.

His handsome head, with its shock of black hair, roughly cropped between sharpened stones, was high held, the delicate nostrils questioning each vagrant breeze for word of Oo, hunter of men.

Now his trained senses catch the familiar odor of Ta, the great woolly rhinoceros, directly in his path, but Nu, the son of Nu, does not hunt Ta this day. Does not the hide of Ta's brother already hang before the entrance to Nu's cave?

No; today Nu hunts the gigantic cat, the fierce, saber-toothed tiger, Oo, for Nat-ul, wondrous daughter of old Tha, will mate with none but the mightiest of hunters.

Only so recently as the last darkness, as, beneath the great, equatorial moon, the two had walked hand in hand beside the restless sea, she had made it quite plain to Nu, the son of Nu, that not even he, son of the chief of chiefs, could claim her unless there hung at the thigh of his loins cloth the fangs of Oo.

"Nat-ul," she had said to him, "wishes her man to be greater than other men. She loves Nu now better than her life, but if love is to walk at her side during life, pride and respect must walk with it."

Her slender hand reached up to stroke the young giant's black hair.

"I am proud of Nu," she continued. "Among the young men of the tribe there is no greater hunter or no mightier fighter than Nu, the son of Nu. Should you, single handed, slay Oo before a grown man's beard has darkened your cheek, none will be greater in all the world than Nu's mate, Nu, the son of Nu."

The young man was still sensible to the sound of her soft voice and the caress of her gentle touch upon his brow. Even as these things had sent him speeding forth into the jungle in search of Oo while the day was still so young that the night prowling beasts were yet abroad, so they urged him forward deeper and deeper into the dark and trackless mazes of the tangled forest.

As he forged on the scent of Ta became stronger, until at last the huge, ungainly beast loomed large before Nu's eyes.

He was standing in a little clearing, in deep, rank jungle grasses, and he had not been head on toward Nu he would not have seen him, since even his bearing was far too dull to apprehend the noiseless tread of the cave man moving lightly up wind.

As the tiny, bloodshot eyes of the primordial beast discovered the man, the great head went down and Ta, ill-natured and bellicose progenitor of the equally ill-natured and bellicose rhinoceros of the twentieth century, charged the little giant who had disturbed his antediluvian meditation.

The creature's great bulk and awkward, uncouth lines belied his speed, for he tore cyclonically down upon Nu and had not the brain and muscle of the troglodyte been fitted by heritage and training to the successful meeting of such emergencies there would be no tale to tell today of Nu, the son of Nu.

But the young man was prepared, and, turning, he ran with the swiftness of a hare toward the nearest tree, a huge, arboreal fern, towering upon the verge of the little clearing.

Like a cat, the man ran up the perpendicular bole, his hands and feet seeming barely to touch the projecting knobs marking the remains of former forms which converted the towering stem into an easy stairway for such as he.

About Nu's neck his stone-tipped spear hung by its rawhide thong down his back, while stone hatchet and stone knife dangled from his girth string, giving him free use of his hands for climbing. You or I, having once gained the seeming safety of the lowest fronds of the great tree, fifty feet above the ground, might have heaved a great sigh of relief that we had thus easily escaped the hideous monster beneath. But not so Nu, who was wise

to the ways of the creatures of his remote age.

Not one whit did he abate his speed as he neared the lowest branch, nor did he even waste a precious second in a downward glance at his enemy. What need indeed? Did he not know precisely what Ta would do?

Instead, he swung, monkey-like, to a broad leaf, and, though the chances he took would have pale the face of a brave man today, they did not cause Nu even to hesitate as he ran lightly and swiftly along the bending, awaying frond, leaping just at the right instant toward the bole of a nearby jungle giant.

Nor was he an instant too soon. The frond from which he had sprung had scarcely whipped up from beneath his weight when Ta, with all the force and momentum of a runaway locomotive, struck the base of the tree head on.

The jar of that terrific collision shook the earth. There was the sound of the splintering of wood, and the mighty tree toppled to the ground with a deafening crash.

Nu from an adjoining tree looked down and grinned. He was not hunting Ta that day, and so he sprang from tree to tree until he had passed around the clearing and then, coming to the surface once more, continued his way toward the distant lava cliffs, where Oo, the man hunter, made his grim lair.

From among the tangled creepers through which the man wormed his sinuous way ugly little eyes peered down upon him from beneath shaggy, beetling brows and great fighting tusks were bared as the hairy ones growled and threatened from above. But Nu paid not the slightest attention to the huge, ferocious creatures that menaced him upon every hand.

From earliest childhood he had been accustomed to the jabberings and scoldings of the ape people, and so he knew that if he went his way in peace, harming them he would they would offer

A moment later the mighty beast itself sauntered majestically into the sunlight. There it stood, lashing its long tail from side to side, glaring with unblinking eyes straight at the rash man thing who dared venture thus near its abode of death.

The huge body, fully as large as that of a full grown bull, was beautifully marked with black stripes upon a vivid yellow ground, while the belly and breast were of the purest white.

As Nu advanced the great upper lip curled back, revealing in all their terrible ferocity the eighteen inch curved fangs that armed either side of the upper jaw, and from the cavernous throat came a fearsome scream of rage that brought frightened silence upon the jungle for miles round.

The hunter loosened the stone knife at his waist and transferred it to his mouth, where he held it firmly, ready for instant use, between his strong, white teeth. In his left hand he carried his stone-tipped spear and in his right the heavy stone hatchet that was so effective both at a distance and at close range.

Oo was creeping upon him now. The grinning jaws dripped saliva. The yellow-green eyes gleamed bloodthirstily. Could it be possible that this fragile pygmy dreamed of meeting in hand to hand combat the terror of a world, the scourge of the jungle, the hunter of men and of mammoths?

"For Nat-ul," murmured Nu, for Oo was about to spring.

As the mighty hurdling mass of bone and muscle, claws and fangs shot through the air the man swung his tiny stone hatchet with all the power behind his giant muscles, timing its release so nicely that it caught Oo in mid-leap squarely between the eyes with the terrific force of a powder-spaced projectile.

Then Nu, catlike as Oo himself, leaped agilely to one side as the huge bulk of the beast dashed, sprawling, to the ground at the spot where the man had stood.

Scarce had the beast struck the earth than the cave man, knowing that his puny weapon could at best but momentarily stun the monster, drove his heavy spear deep into the glossy side just behind the giant shoulder.

Already Oo regained his feet, roaring and screaming in pain and rage. The air vibrated and the earth trembled to his hideous shrieks.

For miles around the savage denizens of the savage jungle bristled in terror, sinking further into the depths of their dank and gloomy haunts, casting affrighted glances rearward in the direction of that awesome sound.

With gaping jaws and widespread talons the tiger lunged toward its rash tormentor, who stood gripping the haft of his primitive weapon. As the beast turned the spear turned also, and Nu was whipped about as a leaf at the extremity of a gale-tossed branch.

Striking and cavoring futilely, the colossal feline leaped hither and thither in prodigious bounds as he strove to reach the taunting figure that remained just beyond the zone of those destroying talons. But presently Oo

demanded, and as Nu traversed their country he understood their grumbling and chattering merely as warnings to him against the performance of any overt act. Had danger lurked in his path the hairy ones would have warned him of that, too, for of such was their service to man, who, in return, hunted the more remorseless of their enemies, driving them from the land of the anthropoids.

On and on went Nu, occasionally questioning the hairy ones he encountered for word of Oo, and always the replies confirmed him in his belief that he should come upon the man eater before the sun crawled into its dark cave for the night.

And so he did.

He had passed out of the heavier vegetation and was ascending a gentle rise that terminated in low volcanic cliffs when there came down upon the breeze to his alert nostrils the strong scent of Oo. There was little or no cover now, other than the rank jungle grass that overgrew the slope and an occasional lofty fern, rearing its tufted pinnacle a hundred feet above the ground, but Nu was in no way desirous of cover. Cover that would protect him from the view of Oo would hide Oo from him.

He was not afraid that the saber-toothed tiger would run away from him—that was not Oo's way, but he did not wish to come unexpectedly upon the animal in the thick grass.

He had approached to within a hundred yards of the cliffs now, and the scent of Oo had become as a stench in the sensitive nostrils of the cave man. Just ahead he could see the openings to several caves in the face of the rocky barrier, and in one of these he knew must lie the lair of his quarry.

Fifty yards from the cliff the grasses ceased except for scattered tufts that had found foothold among the broken rocks—that strewn the ground, and as Nu emerged into this clear space he breathed a sigh of relief, for during the past fifty yards a considerable portion of the way had been through a matted jungle that rose above his head. To have met Oo there would have meant almost certain death.

Now, as he bent his eyes toward the nearby cave mouths he discovered one before which was strewn such an array of gigantic bones that he needed no other evidence as to the identity of its occupant. Here indeed laired no lesser creature than the awesome Oo, the gigantic, saber-toothed tiger of antiquity.

Even as Nu looked there came a low and ominous growl from the dark mouth of the fowl cavern, and then in the blackness beyond the entrance Nu saw two flaming blotches of yellow glaring out upon him.

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