

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.
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 69th 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. Paul's 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.
Boatwright, Supt., L. Maffett, Sec.
Rev. O. W. Taylor, Rector.

Lents Evangelical Church

Sermon by the Pastor, 11 a. m. and 7:15 p. m.
Sunday School 9:50 a. m., Albert Fankhauser, Superintendent.
Y. P. A. 6:15 p. m. v. 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. 27, 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 8th St.

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 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 Wednesdays social meeting. Neighbors bring your families and friends. Fourth Wednesday, business. All Neighbors requested to come. By order of the Camp

\$100 Reward, \$100

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure now known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Sent for list of testimonials.

Address: F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by all Druggists. The Sabe Hair's Family Pills for constipation

The Eternal Lover



by Edgar Rice Burroughs

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which appealed to the same attribute of her nature to which the young giant of her dreams appealed—a primitive strength and masterfulness that left her both frightened and happily helpless in the presence of both these strong loves, for the love of her dream man was to Victoria Custer a real and living love.

Curtiss saw assent in the silence which followed his outbreak, and, taking advantage of this tacit encouragement, he seized her hands in his and drew her toward him.

"Oh, Victoria," he whispered, "tell me that thing I wish to hear from your dear lips! Tell me that even a tenth part of my love is returned and I shall be happy!"

She looked up into his eyes, shining down upon her in the moonlight, and on her lips trembled an avowal of the love she honestly believed she could at last bestow upon the man of her choice.

In the past few moments she had thrashed out the question of that other unreal and intangible love that had held her chained to a dream for years, and in the cold light of twentieth century American rationality she had found it possible to put her hallucinations from her and find happiness in the love of this very real and very earnest young man.

"Billy," she said, "I— But she got no further.

Even as the words that would have bound her to him were forming upon her tongue there came a low, sullen rumbling from the bowels of the earth—the ground rose and fell beneath them as the swell of the sea rises and falls.

Then there came a violent trembling and shaking and a final deafening crash in the distance that might have accompanied the birth of mountain ranges.

With a little moan of terror the girl drew away from Curtiss, and then, before he could restrain her, she had turned and fled toward the bungalow.

At the veranda steps she was met by the other members of the house party and by the Greystokes and numerous servants, who had rushed out at the first premonition of the coming shock.

Barney Custer saw his sister running toward the house and, knowing her terror of such phenomena, ran to meet her.

Close behind her came Curtiss, just in time to see the girl swoon in her brother's arms.

Barney carried her to her room, where Lady Greystoke, abandoning the youthful Jack to his black mammy, Esméralda, ministered to her.

CHAPTER III.

The Young Hunter.

THE shock that had been felt so plainly in the valley had been much more severe in the mountains to the south. In one place an overhanging cliff had split and fallen away from the face of the mountain, tumbling with a mighty roar into the valley below.

As it hurtled down the mountain side the moonlight, shining upon the fresh scar that it had left behind it upon the hill's face, revealed the mouth of a gloomy cave, from which there tumbled the inert figure of an animal, which rolled down the steep declivity in the wake of the mass of rock that had preceded it, the tearing away of which had opened up the cavern in which it had lain.

For a hundred feet perhaps the body rolled, coming to a stop upon a broad ledge. For some time it lay perfectly motionless, but at last a feeble movement of the limbs was discernible. Then for another long period it was quiet.

Minutes dragged into hours, and still the lonely thing lay upon the lonely mountain side, while upon the plain below it hungry lions roared and roared, and all the teeming life of the savage world took up their search for food, their sleeping and their love making where they had dropped them in the fright of the earthquake.

At last the stars paled, and the eastern horizon glowed to a new day, and then the thing upon the ledge sat up.

It was a man. Still partly dazed, he drew his hand across his eyes and looked about him in bewilderment; then, staggering a little, he rose to his feet, and as he came erect, the new sun shining on his bronzed limbs and his shock of black hair, roughly cropped between sharpened stones, his youth and beauty became startlingly apparent.

He looked about him upon the ground, and not finding that which he sought, turned his eyes upward toward the mountain until they fell upon the cave mouth he had just quitted so precipitately. Quickly he clambered back to the cavern, his stone hatchet and knife beating against his bare hips as he climbed.

For a moment he was lost to view within the cave, but presently he emerged, in one hand a stone tipped

spear, which seemed recently to have been broken and roughly spliced with raw tendons, and in the other the severed head of an enormous beast, which more nearly resembled the royal tiger of Asia than it did any other beast, though that resemblance was little closer than is the resemblance of the royal Bengal to a house kitten.

The young man was Nu, the son of Nu.

For a hundred thousand years he had lain hermetically sealed in his rocky tomb, as toads remain in suspended animation for similar periods of time. The earthquake had unsealed his sepulcher, and the rough tumble down the mountain side had induced respiration.

His heart had responded to the pumping of his lungs, and simultaneously the other organs of his body had resumed their various functions.

As he stood upon the threshold of the cave of Oo, the man hunter, the look of bewilderment grew upon his features as his eyes roved over the panorama of the unfamiliar world which lay spread below him. There was scarce an object to remind him of the world that had been but a brief instant before, for Nu could not know that ages had rolled by since he took hasty refuge in the lair of the great beast he had slain.

He thought that he might be dreaming, and so he rubbed his eyes and looked again; but still he saw the unfamiliar trees and bushes about him and, farther down in the valley, the odd appearing vegetation of the jungle. Nu could not fathom the mystery of it.

Slowly he stepped from the cave and began the descent toward the valley. For he was very thirsty and very hungry. Below him he saw animals grazing upon the broad plain, but even at that distance he realized that they were such as no mortal eye had ever before rested upon.

Warily he advanced, every sense alert against whatever new form of danger might lurk in this strange new world. Had he had any conception of



Slowly He Stepped From the Cave and Began the Descent Toward the Valley.

a life after death he would doubtless have felt assured that the earthquake had killed him and that he was now wandering through the heavenly vale. But men of Nu's age had not yet conceived any sort of religion other than a vague fear of certain natural phenomena, such as storms and earthquakes, and the movements of the sun and moon and those familiar happenings which first awake the questionings of the primitive.

He saw the sun, but to him it was a different sun from the great, swollen orb that had shone through the thick, humid atmosphere of the Neocene.

From Oo's lair only the day before he had been able to see in the distance the shimmering surface of the restless sea, but now so far as eye could reach there stretched an interminable jungle of gently waving tree tops, except for the rolling plain at his feet, where yesterday the black jungle of the ape people had reared its lofty fronds.

Nu shook his head. It was all quite beyond him, but there were certain things which he could comprehend, and so, after the manner of the self-reliant, he set about to wrest his livelihood from nature under the new conditions which had been imposed upon him while he slept.

First of all, his spear must be attended to. It would never do to trust to that crude patch longer than it would take him to find and fit a new haft. His meat must wait until that

thing was accomplished.

In the meantime he might pick up what fruit was available in the forest toward which he was bending his steps in search of a long, straight shoot of the hard wood which alone would meet his requirements.

In the days that had been Nu's there had grown in isolated patches a few lone clumps of very straight hardwood trees. The smaller of these the men of the tribe would cut down and split lengthwise with stone wedges until from a single tree they might have produced material for a score or more spear shafts, but now Nu must seek the very smallest of saplings, for he had no time to waste in splitting a larger tree, even had he had the necessary wedges and hammers.

Into the forest the youth crept, for, though 100,000 years had elapsed since his birth, he was still to all intent and purpose a youth. Upon all sides he saw strange and wonderful trees, the like of which had never been in the forests of yesterday.

The growths were not so luxuriant or prodigious, but for the most part the trees offered suggestions of alluring possibilities to the semibarbaric Nu, for the branches were much heavier and more solid than those of the great tree ferns of his own epoch and commenced much nearer the ground. Unlike he leaped into the lower branches of them, reveling in the ease with which he could travel from tree to tree.

Gay colored birds of strange appearance screamed and scolded at him. Little monkeys hurried, chattering, from his path. Nu laughed. What a quaint, diminutive world it was indeed! Nowhere had he yet seen a tree or creeper that might compare in size to the monsters among which he had traveled the preceding day.

The fruits, too, were small and strange. He scarcely dared venture to eat of them lest they be poisonous. If the lesser ape folk would only let him come close enough to speak with them he might ascertain from them which were safe, but for some unaccountable reason they seemed to fear and mistrust him. This, above all other considerations, argued to Nu that he had come in some mysterious way into another world.

Presently the troglodyte discovered a slender, straight young sapling. He came to the ground and tested its strength by bending it back and forth. Apparently it met the requirements of a new shaft.

With his stone hatchet he hewed it off close to the ground, stripped it of branches, and climbing to the safety of the trees again, where he need fear no interruption from the huge monsters of the world he knew, set to work with his stone knife to remove the bark and shape the end to receive his spearhead.

First he split it down the center for four or five inches, and then he cut notches in the surface upon either side of the split portion. Now he carefully unwrapped the rawhide that binds the spearhead into his old haft, and for want of water to moisten it crammed the whole unfragrant mass into his mouth that it might be softened by warmth and saliva.

For several minutes he busied himself in shaping the point of the new shaft that it might exactly fit the inequalities in the shank of the spearhead. By the time this was done the rawhide had been sufficiently moistened to permit him to wind it tightly about the new shaft into which he had set the spearhead.

As he worked he heard the noises of the jungle about him. There were many familiar voices, but more strange ones. Not once had the cave bear spoken; nor Zor, the mighty lion of the Neocene; nor Oo, the saber-toothed tiger. He missed the bellowing of the bull-bos and the hissing and whistling of monster saurian and amphibian.

To Nu it seemed a silent world. Propped up against the bole of the tree before him grinned the hideous head of the man hunter, the only familiar object in all the world about him.

Presently he became aware that the lesser apes were creeping warily closer to have a better look at him. He waited silently until from the tail of his eye he glimpsed one quite near, and then in a low voice he spoke in the language that his allies of yesterday had understood; and though ages had elapsed since that long gone day, the little monkey above him understood, for the language of the apes can never change.

"Why do you fear Nu, the son of Nu?" asked the man. "When has he ever harmed the ape people?"

"The hairless ones kill us with sharp sticks that fly through the air," replied the monkey, "or with little sticks that make a great noise that kill us from afar. But you seem not to be of these. We have never seen one like you until now. Do you not wish to kill us?"

"Why should I?" replied Nu. "It is better that we be friends. All that I wish of you is that you tell me which of the fruits that grow here be safe for me to eat and then direct me to the sea beside which dwell the tribe of Nu, my father."

The monkeys had gathered in force by this time, seeing that the strange white ape offered no harm to their fellow, and when they learned his wants they scampered about in all directions to gather nuts and fruits and berries for him.

It is true that some of them forgot what they had intended doing before the task was half completed, and ended by pulling one another's tails and frolicking among the higher branches, or else ate the fruit they had gone to gather for their new friend, but a few there were with greater powers of concentration than their fellows, who returned with fruit and berries and caterpillars, all of which Nu devoured with the avidity of the half-famished.

Of the whereabouts of the tribe of

his father they could tell him nothing, for they had never heard of such a people, or of the great sea beside which he told them that his people dwelled.

His breakfast finished and his spear repaired, Nu set out toward the plain to bring down one of the beasts he had seen grazing there, for his stomach called aloud for flesh. Fruit and bugs might be all right for children and ape people, but a full grown man must have meat, warm and red and dripping.

Closest to him as he emerged from the jungle browsed a small herd of zebra. They were directly up wind and between him and them were patches of tall grass and clumps of trees scattered about the surface of the plain.

Nu wondered at the strange beast, admiring their gaudy markings as he came closer to them. Upon the edge of the herd nearest him a plump stallion stood switching his tail against the annoying flies, occasionally raising his head from his feeding to search the horizon for signs of danger, sniffing the air for the telltale scent of an enemy. It was he that Nu selected for his prey.

Stealthily the cave man crept through the tall grass, scarce a blade moving to the sinuous advance of his sleek body. Within fifty feet of the zebra Nu stopped, for the stallion was giving evidence of restlessness, as though sensing intuitively the near approach of a foe he could neither see nor hear nor smell.

The man, still prone upon his belly, drew his spear into the throwing grasp. With the utmost caution he wormed his legs beneath him, and then, like lightning, and all with a single movement, he leaped to his feet and cast the stone tipped weapon at his quarry.

With a snort of terror the stallion reared to plunge away, but the spear had found the point behind his shoulder even as he saw the figure of the man rise from the tall grass. As the balance of the herd galloped madly off, their leader pitched headlong to the earth.

Nu ran forward with ready knife, but the animal was dead before he reached its side. The great spear had passed through its heart and was protruding upon the opposite side of the body. The man removed the weapon, and with his knife cut several long strips of meat from the plump haunches.

Ever and anon he raised his head to scan the plain and jungle for evidences of danger, sniffing the breeze just as had the stallion he had killed.

His work was but partially completed when he caught the scent of man yet a long way off. He knew that he could not be mistaken, yet never had he sensed so strange an odor. There were men coming, he knew, but of the other odors that accompanied them he could make nothing, for khaki and guns and sweaty saddle blankets and the odor of tanned leather were to Nu's nostrils as would Greek have been to his ears.

It would be best, thought Nu, to retreat to the safety of the forest until he could ascertain the number and kind of beings that were approaching, and so, taking but careless advantage of the handier shelter, the cave man sauntered toward the forest; for now he was not stalking game, and never yet had he shown fear in the presence of an enemy.

If their numbers were too great for him to cope with single handed he would not show himself, but none might ever say that he had seen Nu, the son of Nu, run away from danger.

In his hand still swung the head of Oo, and as the man leaped to the low branches of a tree at the jungle's edge to spy upon the men he knew to be advancing from the far side of the plain he fell to wondering how he was to find his way back to Nu-ai that he might place the trophy at her feet and claim her as his mate.

Only the previous evening they had walked together hand in hand along the beach, and now he had not the remotest conception of where that beach lay.

Straight across the plain should be the direction of it, for from that direction had he come to find the lair of Oo. But now all was changed.

There was no single familiar landmark to guide him. Not even the ape people knew of any sea nearby, and he himself had no conception as to whether he was in the same world that he had traversed when last the sun shone upon him.

(To Be Continued.)

TREMONT, KERN PARK, ARLETA

At the Millard Avenue Presbyterian Church next Sunday evening the hour of the regular church service will be used by members of the Sunday School in presenting "First the Kingdom" a Vocation Day Service, published by the Board of Education of the Presbyterian Church. It is the policy of the school to present to the young people, each year, the question of selecting a life work, in a service of this kind. The chorus which has been organized under the direction of Mr. Wells Lovegreen, will render a number of selections. Through an error it has been announced that a lecture illustrated by the stereopticon will be given in the church Sunday evening, March 5. The date should have been given March 12, when the lecture picturing the work of the College Board will be presented. Every one cordially invited to these services.

The home of Mr. and Mrs. M. E. Williams, 5521-69 St. S. E., was the scene of a pleasant birthday party on Wednesday evening. Carrying out a very carefully planned surprise on Mrs. Williams a number of the friends of the Williams family gathered and spent the evening in a very sociable way. After participating in games for a time the guests were gathered about the festive board and enjoyed a most delightful luncheon. Those present were: Mr. and Mrs. F. B. Rutherford, Mr. and Mrs. F. E. Crum, Mr. and Mrs. B. A. O'Mealy, Mr. and Mrs. Elton Shaw, Mrs. R. L. Edwards, Mrs. W. J. Jefferies, Mr. W. H. Amos, the Misses Grace Spaulding, Gladys Crum, Ina Williams, and Jean Shaw, Arlie Crum, Harold Shaw, Paulus Shaw, and Kenneth Jefferies.

Friday evening, Feb. 18, the Portland-Vancouver-Gladstone Women's Federation of the Christian Church gave a reception to the students of the Christian Church Chinese Mission at Couch and Broadway streets. The reception was in celebration of the twenty-fifth year of the Mission and the first of its work in the new building. The Chinese students entertained with piano numbers, duets, and solos. Mrs. M. Frances Swope, president of the Women's Federation, was mistress of ceremonies. This school includes a music department, Sunday School, and an afternoon and evening secular school.

Friday evening, Feb. 18, the Kern Park Christian Church held its annual meeting at the church, following a dinner in honor of the pastor and his wife, Mr. and Mrs. G. K. Berry.

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

Friday evening, March 3, the Kern Park Christian Church had a rally conducted by a team of four workers, representing the four following departments of that organization; the Church, Sunday School, Christian Endeavor, and Missionary Societies. A soloist accompanied these workers and the choir, drilled by J. Spriggs of the First Christian Church, furnished special music. There are two rally teams which are visiting the various Christian Churches of the city. Mr. Ward Swope of 5327-70th street, is on the other team, which has in its itinerary points as far out as St. Johns.

Wednesday afternoon, March 1, the Guild of the St. Paul's Episcopal Church was entertained by Mrs. P. L. Dunbar and Mrs. R. W. Wood, at the home of the latter, 7230 65th avenue.

The Kern Park Congregational Church held an afternoon Missionary meeting and tea at the home of Mrs. J. Miller, 5327-71st St., S. E. Wednesday afternoon, Feb. 23. The subject was "China." The lesson was read by Mrs. Meta Snider, followed by missionary reports by Mrs. F. R. LeRoy and Mrs. Ada Morgan. Mrs. Grace Laurence and Mrs. Tom Davis were official hostesses.

Sunday morning at the Kern Park Congregational Church, an unusually good address was given by Mrs. John J. Handsaker on the subject, "Great Woman." The address was founded on the story of the Shunammite woman.

Mrs. G. L. Buland, State Superintendent of Scientific Temperance Instruction, who was badly injured by a motorcycle last Saturday is reported as recovering slowly.

The Arleta W. C. T. U. met at the home of Mrs. W. A. Pratten, Tuesday afternoon, Feb. 29, at 2:30 o'clock. Following devotionals by Miss Glover, and the regular business session, a program was given. Among those who appeared were Mrs. Meta Snider, in an address on "Frances E. Willard and the Unnamed Women Who Have Carried Out Her Policies"; Mrs. W. O. Boon, who sang three songs, "Absent", "Keep the Heart Singing", and "An April Fancy"; Mrs. Patience Woolworth read a poem in tribute to Miss Willard. During the conclusion of delicious refreshments of tea and cake, Mrs. M. Francis Swope gave a comprehensive statement of the uses to which the Francis Willard Memorial Fund is put.

Feb. 17, the Multnomah County Institute was held at the Laurelwood M. E. Church. Mrs. Mattie Sleeth, county president, presided. Among those who appeared on the morning program was Mrs. M. Frances Swope who conducted devotionals. The afternoon devotionals were conducted by Dr. C. R. Carlos of the Laurelwood M. E. Church. Mrs. Hidden gave the address of the afternoon on Frances Willard. Mrs. Lucia Addison followed with information concerning the Social Service Headquarters at 171½ 11th street. All the ladies present were presented with valentines containing verses by the famous personages whose birthdays come in February. Chief among these were verses from Francis Willard, George Washington, and Abraham Lincoln.

The Ladies Aid Society of the Laurelwood M. E. Church met with Mrs. Sarah Saulcer, east sixty-second street, Wednesday afternoon, March 1.

Tuesday evening, Feb. 29, the Third United Brethren Church of the Powell Valley Road district, closed a most profitable series of special revival services. Much good has been done among the young people of that church.