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WOODSTOCK AVE., near 92d

Missouri Kid

A Mystery of a Prospector and His Partner

By ADA TRUAX

One morning a young man, who looked to be about eighteen years old, appeared in Flynn canyon, where gold had recently been discovered and into which numbers of people were flocking hunting for paying properties. He was an attractive looking young fellow, with a pair of dark eyes, round cheeks—there was rather too much red in them for a man—and an excellent figure. The latter was shown to advantage by a pair of loose trousers tucked in his boots, a woolen shirt and a conical shaped felt hat. At his neck a silk handkerchief, loosely tied, displayed a handsome throat. Altogether the youth was attractive to look upon.

He gave no name, but said he was from Missouri. Therefore he was bound to be called Missouri Bob or Missouri Pete or some such name. But in his case the custom was slightly changed by his receiving the appellation of Missouri Kid. This was because he was so young looking.

Missouri Kid seemed to be rather hunting for a person than for gold. He was very guarded in his questions, asking in a general way if any one had seen a man named this or a man named that, so that no one could tell which of the individuals he was interested in. While making his inquiries he worked his way up to Castle Rock, where several holes in the ground had turned out fortunes.

One Jack Hughes had located a claim in this region and was digging away with the hope that a vein of rich ore that had been discovered near by might extend through his property. Hughes was a powerful man, of whom everybody was afraid. Several persons who believed that he might by sufficient digging strike the vein he was looking for offered to grubstake him. But Hughes, though he was much down at the heel and had little or nothing to eat, gruffly declined their offers and finally, when troubled by a surfeit of them, swore he would shoot the next man who dared to make him an offer of assistance.

The next man came along the following day. Several persons were standing about Hughes' hole, watching him throw out the dirt, when he heard a voice:

"I say, yo' down there, don't yo' want a pard?"

Hughes looked up angrily to see Missouri Kid gazing down on him as tranquilly as a May morning. The miner's knit brows relaxed, his firm set jaws loosened, and he stood with a hand on his shovel regarding the youngster with feelings that were evident, but the cause of which was unexplained. He made no reply. The Kid jumped down into the hole, took up a pick and asked:

"Where y' workin'?"

"There," said Hughes mildly, pointing to a place where the earth was hard.

The Kid went to work with the pick, and Hughes resumed his shoveling. The bystanders stood looking on for awhile, then went away shouting through the camp.

"Egosh, Jack Hughes has tuck in a pard!"

"Who's the man?"

"Missouri Kid."

"By jiminy! What'd the Kid offer?"

"Nuthin'. Jist asked Jack if he wanted a pard and jumped down and went to work."

The news spread, and before long a crowd surrounded Hughes' hole, watching the big fellow and the beardless boy at work together, a sight that reminded them of a mastiff playing amicably with a puppy.

Most of the men at Castle Rock went into the Alhambra saloon that evening expecting to see Jack Hughes and receive an explanation. But Hughes avoided any interviews that might be in store for him by keeping away. The miners were obliged to content themselves by swapping theories as to why Jack had succumbed so readily to this youngster when he had sworn vengeance upon the next man who dared make him an offer. All were of the opinion that the two had met before, but under what circumstances no one could give a satisfactory explanation. One man suggested that the Kid had a secret which, if revealed, would send Jack Hughes to prison or to the gallows. Another believed that the Kid was a detective and had come out to put the officers of the law on to Hughes, but Hughes had bribed him with an interest in his mine. The latter theory seemed more reasonable than the first because it accounted for the sleuth working in the mine. But all agreed on one point—that the boy was foolishly putting his head, to speak figuratively, into the lion's mouth. All feared that they would wake up some morning and find the Kid dead. That, considering what they deemed the cause of Hughes' submission, was his only way to get rid of the sleuth and keep his mine to himself.

Hughes and the Kid worked on peacefully together, occupying the same cabin. No one dared to ask Hughes for an explanation, and, as to the Kid, he kept aloof from them. Now and again he would disappear, but never for long. He did not tell where he had been, though he made no secret of the matter and was seen by various persons in different localities. Then one day Hughes took a turn at disappearing.

But this was followed by an important event. An officer of the law came looking for a man whose description tallied exactly with Hughes. He found his way to the mine where Missouri Kid was at work. The Kid looked up, and the officer looked down, somewhat surprised.

"We've met before," said Missouri. "Yes, we have. I'm looking for a man named Hughes."

"He was called away suddenly last night."

"Where has he gone?"

"Don't know."

The officer turned away, disgusted. He told several persons that he had been sent out for Hughes, that he had met Missouri Kid in the canyon below the day before, and by his inquiries the Kid had discovered his mission and doubtless warned Hughes.

"What do you want him for?" the officer was asked.

"That's my business," he replied.

The Kid was invited to give information on the same subject, but he was not communicative.

This made more of a mystery of the matter than before, and the miners of Castle Rock found endless occupation when not at work wondering what sort of crime Hughes had committed and what part in it Missouri Kid had taken. But for a time there were no further developments, and gradually the excitement gave place to other incidents of mining camp life, such as the expulsion of the gamblers, the shooting of a man who had struck paying dirt and other various happenings. But Hughes did not return, and Missouri Kid stopped working in the mine. What kept him there no one knew.

Months passed and there was no change in the situation. Missouri Kid seemed to be waiting for something. He kept a sharp guard over the mine, and if any one showed a disposition to pry, the boy ordered him off, at the same time putting his hand on the revolver at his hip. This was quite enough, though it began to be whispered about the camp that paying dirt had been struck in the Hughes hole. But what the Kid was doing there alone while his partner was dodging the police no one could surmise. And the Kid did not enlighten them. He simply stayed around the mine or in his cabin, reading when he could get anything to read and amusing himself as best he could.

One day Hughes suddenly returned. He seemed to have experienced a change. He was well dressed and brought two trunks with him. A companion accompanied him, a gentleman with a professional look about him. What he had come for was not divulged, but it was evident that it was something connected with the mine. He spent a good deal of time down under the surface and was continually bringing up specimens of the ore. It was said that he had assay materials, but he was not observed using them.

Although Jack Hughes did not bear himself as a criminal, an officer of the law had been hunting him, and he was considered a criminal—not that this changed very much his status in the community, for quite a number of the miners had been in jail, and no one knew how many of them if they had been in a civilized community would have been tried for homicide. Indeed, if the officer should return a number of persons would give Hughes warning. But Hughes did not appear to have any fear of his returning.

One evening a light was observed burning brightly in Jack Hughes' cabin, and as the weather was warm and the door was wide open Hughes, Missouri Kid and the stranger were seen busy over papers. A notary public had been called in, and he was seen working his seal stamp. Hughes and Missouri Kid were seen to sign papers, besides taking off their hats and holding up their right hands in an attitude of taking an oath. When it was all finished the stranger stuffed the papers in his grip sack, and that was the last seen of him at Castle Rock.

But the great surprise came the next morning. A woman was seen in Jack Hughes' hole. More than that, one who had got close enough for a good view of her reported that she was Missouri Kid in woman's clothes. This started the curious toward Hughes' hut to see for themselves. Hughes saw them coming and, taking the woman by the hand, led her forward to meet them.

"It's Missouri Kid, shore!" cried one.

"Mebbe it's his sister," cried another.

"I allus thought the Kid was more of a gal than a man," cried a third.

When the couple reached the party Hughes, turning to the lady, said:

"Fellow citizens, this is my wife."

After cries, shouts and all manner of expression of satisfaction Hughes resumed:

"I owe you an explanation. Some time ago I became involved financially, and my creditors proceeded against me criminally. Bankrupt, prison staring me in the face, I fled hoping to find a fortune here. One day, as you know, Missouri Kid, or my wife, joined me. She worked with me, but was principally useful in warning me of the approach of officers of the law. When one of them came she had warned me, but by that time we had struck a bonanza. I went east, arranged with my creditors to give them an interest in the mine in lieu of my debt, and they sent a mining engineer with me to report. His report is satisfactory, and I am not only out of the toils of the law, but rich. Had it not been for the services of my dear wife I should instead be now in jail."

The mine that was developed was named the Missouri Kid. It turned out to be a bonanza and made its owners rich. Mr. and Mrs. Hughes were enabled by their wealth to do a great deal for the community where their property was located, and under their munificence and patronage the camp became a very different place from what it had been before.

Writing a Picture Play

A Story Showing That a Villain Can't Be Made of a Good Model

By F. A. MITCHEL

One way in which women have displaced men is in becoming movie stars. The plays that attract most are those written for some woman. On the screen we see a dozen women stars to one man star. It stands to reason that women are best adapted to write scenarios for women heroines. I, a woman, tried my hand at this kind of work and at my first attempt made a brilliant success. Thus encouraged and having the proceeds of my play in my purse, I concluded to try again. Since I was working on velvet—to use a slang expression—and since I thought to gather inspiration by visiting the location of my next play, I went to the country and put up at the Waverly Inn, a small family hotel delightfully located and overlooking a winding stream.

The time I chose for my sojourn there was when the leaves were budding and the birds were mating. There is no more delightful season to me than this, when the sun, having returned from his winter journey southward, warms the earth to bring forth a new progeny. It is the season of love for man, for beast and bird and everything endowed with that mysterious something which no scientist has yet been able to define—life.

The Inn was surrounded by a farming country. For this reason I had chosen it, because I proposed that my play should portray a group of country persons. I had not laid out a scheme, preferring that my play should be gradually evolved among the persons and the scenery to be put on the screen. The only feature I had in mind was a love affair between a country lad and lass. They were to be my hero and heroine. What they should do, what other persons I should introduce, were either not decided upon or in embryo.

Hearing that there was to be a dance in a barn in the neighborhood, I concluded to attend it, hoping to get some material. The gathering took place early in the evening before the long twilight had fairly begun, and when darkness came it was softened by Chinese lanterns.

There were plenty of young fellows and girls that I might use for models, and I selected one couple that were dancing together most of the time and who indicated by their bearing toward each other that they were incipient lovers.

On the opposite side of the barn from which I had taken my position as observer was a man whom I could not class. He was not a countryman, and yet his rough dress did not mark him for a city man. He was ten years beyond the average age of the dancers and took no part with them. He sat on a farm machine of some kind that had been pulled out of the way and lined up with other articles against the barn's side.

There was something about this on-looker that held my eyes to him instead of the material for my play. There was an indolence about him which, taken with a certain dormant strength—rather in his facial expression than of muscle—almost compelled me to be interested in him. I wondered if I could not bring him into my play. To do this I must make his acquaintance. A woman, unless she is timid as to her actions being misconstrued, has a great advantage in this respect. She may either scrape an acquaintance or encourage a man to do so. At 10 o'clock the dance was ended, and we all left the barn. Assuming that in the country all know one another, finding myself beside the man who interested me I spoke to him, remarking upon the difference between a barn dance in the country and a ball in the city, approving the lack of constraint in the former contrasted with the conventionalities of the latter. He evidently took my freedom from form in the spirit in which it was offered and replied both cordially and respectfully. We passed out into moonlight, and since our paths lay in the same direction we walked on together. On reaching the Inn he turned into it with me and said that he was stopping there. I was surprised, for I had not seen him there before.

The next morning after breakfast I sat on the veranda with pad and pencil before me trying to think up a plan for my play. The man I had walked from the barn with came out, and I nodded to him. He returned my salute and, taking a chair, sat down and began to open mail that he had evidently just received. Later I picked up an envelope he had thrown away and read on it the name Edward Forrester.

After he had finished his mail he set looking on a superb view spread out before us. Noting his expression, I fancied that he was a dreamer. I began to weave him in as a foil for my country boy hero. The latter was to be a simple rustic in love with a girl of his own station. Mr. Forrester was to appear on the scene and become a rival for the girl's affections, representing intellect while the rustic represented only honesty and devotion. The heroine being attracted first by the one, then by the other, would be the motif of the play.

I might get on without a model for my young farmer, coining him out of my imagination, but for his rival I must have something tangible. Mr.

Forrester was either too well bred to take advantage of my friendly advances or was not disposed to be so cable. My scheme for a play depended largely on my being able to study him, and I threw away what I considered false modesty and resolved to spare no effort to submit him to my purpose.

I soon convinced him that I desired his acquaintance, and, when sure that he would not be presuming, he reciprocated my advances, and, although there was no revelation of his inner self, we came to be on excellent terms.

Every day my play was taking shape, the young couple I had seen at the barn dance being my leading man and woman and to whom I had given the names respectively of John and Edna. I concocted pretty scenes between the lovers, interspersing them with periods of influence brought to bear on Edna by Forrester. The rules of dramatic procedure are imperative, and I found myself obliged to make Forrester the villain of my play. But if he must be a villain he should be a fascinating villain.

What Mr. Forrester was doing at the Inn I did not know. If he did any work he must have done it in his room, for I never saw him doing anything. But he seemed to be constantly dreaming and appeared to be too lazy to do anything else. At first I was curious to know why he was thus spending his time, but I became so interested in my play that I thought very little about his occupation.

When I had finished my story in the rough before making a scenario of it I resolved to submit it to Mr. Forrester, to whom I had confessed what I was doing, and ask for suggestions. He took my manuscript, promising to return it when read, with his criticism. I had named him in my story Alfred Denton, and I had no fear that he would recognize himself under this name. I don't think he did, for when he returned the manuscript his chief criticism was that I had made my villain a very attractive character and my hero a country bumpkin. An audience would naturally sympathize with the former and condemn the latter.

I was somewhat discouraged at this and resolved that if I could not key up the rustic I would at least try to reduce the fascinating powers of his rival.

One morning, taking up a newspaper, I noticed an announcement that Edward Forrester, the novelist, was taking a rest at the Waverly Inn, in Calumet county. The words sent a shiver through me. Literary persons of note are besieged by amateurs and other scribblers for criticisms on their work. I blushed at remembering that I had asked Mr. Forrester for an opinion on my work.

After consideration I concluded to keep my knowledge of his being a novelist to myself, permitting him to presume that I was ignorant of it. I labored to reduce the attractiveness of my villain, but found it impossible. The truth is that I had conceived an admiration for the model for Denton that would insist on coming out in Denton. After much working over the character I found that the more labor I put into it the more of a muddle I made of it. Then, in despair, I gave up the whole matter. I was tired out with it and determined to go home and undertake another work later. Before setting out I concluded to tell Mr. Forrester that notwithstanding his reticence I knew who he was.

We sat on the veranda of the hotel when I began by announcing that I proposed to leave the next day. I was looking him in the eye at the time, and, despite his control of himself, I saw that my announcement was something of a setback to him.

"I am sorry for that," he said. "I am a scribbler as well as you. I came here to write a novel, and I would like your opinion of it."

"My opinion would be worthless," I replied, "but such as it is I would be happy to give it to you. Let me have your manuscript, and I will read it before I go."

He went to his room and brought his novel. I withdrew to a secluded spot and read till I had finished it. When I had done so I saw Mr. Forrester sitting on the veranda. Returning his manuscript, I said:

"It is singular that I must make the same criticism of your work that you made of mine. The woman whom you have made a foil for your heroine should have been the heroine and the other the foil."

I was somewhat surprised to see on his face, instead of a look of disappointment, a smile.

"What pleases you?" I asked.

"I have unconsciously and despite myself shown that a man cannot take for a model a woman he is interested in and make her unattractive."

There was something in his tone and the way he looked at me when he said this that called a blush to my cheek.

"Your model was"—I asked, turning my eyes from his.

"Yourself."

I presume I should have confessed that we had both fallen into the same error, but I did not. I did not propose to tell him that I had tried to make a villain of him, but had failed because I admired him. He had not recognized himself in my character of Denton, and I was well pleased that he had not.

We left together the next day for the city, and the evening after our arrival he called on me. His calls became more and more frequent, and at last we became engaged. The next spring we made our wedding trip to the place where we had supposed we were engaged in literary work. It was then I confessed that I had failed in making a villain of him as he had failed in putting malice into me.

Church Directory

Arieta Baptist Church.
9145 a. m. Bible School. 11 a. m. Preaching service. 8:00 p. m. Evening services. 7:00 p. m. B. Y. P. U. meeting. 8:00 Thursday Prayer meeting. Everybody welcome to any and all of these services. W. T. S. Spriggs, Pastor.

Millard Avenue Presbyterian Church.
10 a. m. Sabbath School. 11 a. m. Morning worship. 7:00 p. m. Y. P. S. C. E. 7:45 p. m. Evening worship. 7:30 p. m. Wednesday, mid-week service. 7:30 p. m. Thursday, choir practice. Rev. Wm. H. Amos, Pastor.

St. Peter's Catholic Church.
Sundays: 8:00 a. m. Low Mass. 10:30 a. m. High Mass. 8:00 a. m. Sunday School. 12 M. Choir rehearsal. Week days: Mass at 8:00 a. m.

Seventh Day Adventist Church.
10 a. m. Saturday Sabbath School. 11 a. m. Saturday preaching. 7:00 p. m. Wednesday, Prayer meeting. 7:45 p. m. Sunday preaching.

Kern Park Christian Church.
Corner 90th St. and 40th Ave., R. 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. 1300 E. Salmon.

St. Pauls Episcopal Church.
One block south of Woodmere station. Holy Communion the first Sunday of each month at 8:00 p. m. No other services that day. Every other Sunday the regular services will be as usual. Evening prayer and sermon at 4:00 p. m. Sunday School meets at 3:00 p. m. B. B. Taylor, Rupt. L. Maffei, Sec. Rev. O. W. Rost, Rector.

Lents Evangelical Church.
Serman by the pastor, 11 a. m. and 7:15 p. m. Sunday School 9:45 a. m. Albert Parkhausser, Superintendent. Y. P. A. 6:45 p. m. Paul Bradford, President. Prayer meeting Thursday 8:00 p. m. A cordial welcome to all. T. R. Hoch, Pastor.

Lents Friends Church.
9145 a. m. Bible School. Clifford Barker, Superintendent. 11:00 a. m. Preaching service. 6:25 p. m. Christian Endeavor. 7:30 p. m. Preaching service. 8:00 p. m. Thursday, mid-week prayer meeting. A cordial welcome to all these services. John and Nettie Riley, Pastors.

Lents Baptist Church.
Lord's Day, Bible School, 9:45 a. m. Morning worship. 11 a. m. Elmo Heights Sunday School. 7:30 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 service 8:00.

Lents M. E. Church.
Sunday School 9:45 a. m. Preaching 11:00 a. m. Bible Study Class, 5:30 p. m. Epworth League 6:30 p. m. Preaching 7:30 p. m. Prayer meeting Thursday evening at 7:30. F. M. Jasper, Pastor. Residence 5788 8th street.

Laurelwood M. E. Church.
9145 a. m. Sunday School. 11:00 a. m. preaching. 12:30 p. m. class meeting. 8:00 p. m. Junior League. 6:30 p. m. Epworth League 7:30 p. m. preaching. 8:00 p. m. Thursday evening, prayer service. Dr. C. R. Carlos, Pastor.

German Reformed Church.
Corner Woodstock Ave., and 57th St. Rev. W. G. Lienkaemper, pastor. Sunday School 10 a. m. Morning Worship, 11 a. m. Y. P. U. at 7:30 p. m. German School and Catechetics Class Saturday at 9:00 a. m.

Free Methodist Church.
Sunday School, 10 a. m. Preaching 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Prayer meeting, Wednesday 7:30 p. m. All are cordially invited to attend these services. Robert H. Clark, Pastor.

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