

To Our Patrons:

Appreciating our pleasant business relations during the past we wish you the compliments of the Season and trust that the coming New Year will bring the best you have ever known in Happiness and Prosperity.

Yours sincerely,

MT. SCOTT DRUG CO.

WE take this method in thanking our customers for their patronage they have given us and wish them a happy and prosperous new year.

Yours truly,
LENTS MERCANTILE CO.

We take great pleasure in thanking our patrons for their patronage in the past and wish them a happy and prosperous new year.

Sincerely yours,
EGGIMEN'S EARKET.

A. D. Kenworthy & Company

Funeral Directors

TWO ESTABLISHMENTS

MAIN OFFICE: 5802-4 92nd Street S. E.
LENTS STATION
Phone Tabor 5267

BRANCH OFFICE: 4615 66th St., Cor. Foster Rd.
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Martin B. Madden, who has represented the First district of Illinois in the house for eight terms, has announced that he will be a candidate for speaker if James R. Mann is prevented from making the race because of ill health.

For if a Christian lived to be as old as Methuselah, would he not still require to pray, "Forgive us our trespasses as we forgive those who trespass against us?" We only mean that perfectness, in the sense of a ripeness for the sickle, which comes in the lives of some as if a crown of glory had been vouchsafed to them even before they passed into the unseen.

And so may it be with some of you. Though now your pruning, your digging, and perhaps your growing days are over, yet the quiet but potent rays of divine grace are accomplishing a maturity in your experience, so that your Christian life never will have been so attractive as in the hour that you depart hence. "We all do fade as a leaf, but the fall of you, ye glory-crowned ones, is to be illumined by the grandeur of an autumnal sunset."

God bless you, aged brethren! God bless you, young and old, rich and poor, saint and sinner! May you have a "Happy New Year" in the highest and truest sense. "Happy is the people whose God is the Lord." Accept him, serve him, wait for him. It is only as we stand in such relationship to him that, after employing the psalmist's question, "And now, Lord, what wait I for?" we can confidently apply the consolation in his words that follow, "My hope is in thee."

New Year's at the Front

By
Saidee Estelle Balcom



WELL, what have you done for your country today?"

It was the eve of the new year and Dale Webster, hailed by a companion soldier, threw his knapsack within their tent just behind the heavy artillery at the front "somewhere in France."

"Oh, brought in a captive," was his careless reply. "Ran into the skulker, marched him into camp and left him in the guard house. Any letters?"

"Nary a letter. They say the mail packs here are four days overdue, but they're rushing holiday stuff to the camps."

Dale Webster sighed and his face grew wistful. "I've been expecting one letter particularly. You're my friend, Roy?"

"After your carrying me on your back half dead across the worst part of No Man's Land, with the Boches plugging away for keeps, I guess so!"

"And you remember Winnie Trask?"

"As a memory sweet and fragrant as a field of daisies!"

"Well, one night in a dugout I just couldn't help but write her way back home there what I ought to have said to her before we left. Three months, and no word. I fancy I was too presumptuous. If I knew that Winnie was caring for me, thinking of me, at home, I'd never get lonesome. I'd fight double to get this mix-up over and back to her—bless her!"

"Don't lose hope," encouraged Roy Bartley. "One of the fellows just got a letter written by his sweetheart last September. It has been chasing him all over the frontier. About your prisoner—make you any trouble?"

"Not a bit of it," declared Dale in a spirited way. "The bear—"

"The bear!" repeated Roy in wonderment.

"Oh, I forgot to tell you that my catch was a bear," spoke Dale. "I came across him curled up in a pit, a performing bear, strayed from some mountebank master in one of the bombarded villages. Soon as he saw me he acted frightened and humble, and when I patted him uttered a jolly growl, turned a somersault and stood on his head."

"You don't mean it!"

"Come, I'll show you." Dale led the way to the guardhouse. Outside of it was gathered a noisy group. Half way up the flagpole was a great shaggy monster who cleverly reversed himself, slid to earth, turned a dozen graceful somersaults and walked around on his hind feet.

"Oh, we'll put him on our vaudeville program as the one leading attraction tomorrow!" voted a dozen observers. "What's the row?" as cheering echoed from the other end of the encampment. From a dust-covered, battered automobile two men were throwing off packages.

"Belated mail," announced the driver. "Section A. Throw off the plunder, men, and you hungry fellows grab and distribute."

Boxes, packages, tied-up bundles of newspapers and letters passed from hand to hand. Roy Bartley was most active in the work of sorting out the heterogeneous mass.

"Something for you, Dale," he called, posing a square box before him. "I say," inspecting the marks on the box, "it's been up and down the whole battle line!"

"See if there isn't a letter," directed Dale, placing the box beside a tent, and his eyes were eager and hopeful. Doubtless the box held remembrances from some home group, but his soul was hungry for something more prized.

"Nothing for you," called out Roy, running over the letters in his hand. "Hey! look out for your box!"

Roy spoke just in time. Old Bruin, unnoticed, had been sniffing intrusively at the box. Then he had pawed it, his claws piercing the frail pasteboard.

MR. CUTTING TRADES FOR HOOD RIVER RANCH

Mr. Cutting, one of the mail carriers out of the Lents post-office, has traded his property on Eighty-second street for an 11-acre fruit ranch at Hood River. The ranch is in a high state of cultivation, seven acres being in apples and one acre in strawberries. There is also a modern six-room house on the place. Mr. Cutting is undecided whether he will farm the place himself or not.

GEO. E. MORRILL AND IDA PLUMMER WED

George E. Morrill, of Lake county, Oregon, and Miss Ida Plummer, of Lents, were united in marriage at the bride's home at 5 p. m. Monday, December 23, Rev. N. Shupp officiating. Only members of the family were present.

POPULAR LENTS COUPLE MARRIED CHRISTMAS

One of the pleasant occasions of Christmas festivities took place at the home of Mr. and Mrs. William Clark, near Watson station, in the marriage of their son, J. William Clark, to Miss Anna E. Munson. About a score of the young couple's friends had gathered when Rev. N. Shupp, pastor of the Evangelical church at Lents, pronounced the ceremony. Lunch was served and a good time was had by all.

Gilberts Entertain.

Mr. and Mrs. William Gilbert spent Christmas at Ed Gilbert's, on Ninety-second street, as did also Rex Shinn and family; Rev. Robert Pratt, of Pilgrim Congregational church, and family; H. Gilbert and wife; Hugh Cripe and family, and Donald Gilbert and wife.

Mrs. Haislip, of Buckley avenue, who has been very low with influenza at the Portland Sanatorium, is reported to be recovering nicely.

He Acted Frightened.

He sniffed again, uttered a satisfied grunt, and, seizing it in his powerful jaws, shook it.

"Whoop! a fruit cake!" yelled a watchful soldier, and grasped it as it rolled to the ground. "Hurrah!"

Some knitted socks and a dozen little packages tied up with ribbon fell out of the shattered receptacle. Dale uttered a sharp gasp. Among them was a letter. He snatched it up and, affish and quivering, secreted it in his pocket quickly.

But not for long. When he had divided the cake among his importunate comrades and gathered up the numberless mementoes from home, he got to his tent speedily. He opened the precious missive, his eyes sparkled, he kissed it fervently and his face fairly shone.

What a wild, riotous, fun-producing New Year's day! Old Bruin did himself proud, and Dale never sang the patriotic songs apportioned him on the program so thrillingly.

"I say," observed Roy quizzically as the day waned, "you've acted like some wild schoolboy!"

"Reason to!" cried Dale fervently, and his heart beat faster against the cherished missive lying next to it—the letter from Winnie saying: "I have always loved you, and, though half the world separates us, I love you now more than ever!"



Wishing You All Every Success for a Prosperous and Happy New Year

The czar made a fiasco at keeping his Berlin dinner engagement, but we can't see that Hindenburg is doing any better with the Paris date.

CHRISTMAS FESTIVITIES AT ST. PETER'S CHURCH

Christmas festivities were ushered in at St. Peter's, beginning with High Mass at 8 o'clock a. m.

The choir, under the direction of Mrs. Schlesky, sang Concoes Mass, with Miss K. O'Brien presiding at the organ.

The sermon was delivered by the pastor, who took for his text, "Glory to God on high and on earth peace to men of good will."

The attendance was large at all three services and a devout spirit of good cheer pervaded the assemblage.

Next Sunday evening a Christmas tree will be held in St. Peter's Hall for the children, at which all will be welcome.

CHURCH NOTICE.

The topics of the pastor's sermons at the Lents Evangelical church next Sunday will be: 11 a. m., "Thoughts for Reflection;" at 7:30, "Which Will You Do?" Sunday school 9:45. Young people's meeting at 6:30, under the leadership of Melvin Summerfeldt.

Funeral services were held last Thursday afternoon for Mrs. Guin, aunt of Ed Gilbert, of South Ninety-second street.

Mr. and Mrs. M. H. Scheuerman, of Bantry, N. D., have arrived in Lents to make their future home. Mr. Scheuerman is a brother of E. M. and H. Scheuerman.

Mr. Boyd, manager of the Lents Mercantile Co. store, on Ninety-second street, moved last week from the Robert Mills property east of town to 6303 Ninety-second street.

Sergeant Joseph R. McKay, son of Mr. and Mrs. J. C. McKay of Lents, has been discharged from the service at Camp Leach, Washington, D. C., and arrived home in time to spend Christmas and the holidays with his parents and many other friends. He was promoted to sergeant before receiving his discharge.

There seems to be more dish-washers this year than usual, for every girl or woman you meet in Lents has her sleeves rolled up.

Did you ever notice how many rich men's sons there are today driving autos that would be driving a mule team to a plow, if it wasn't for the old man's long sack?

Christmas morning the Mt. Scott drug store looked like a cyclone had passed through it. About all that was left was Fred Geisler and the errand boy.

One lady in Lents says she can play the chop sticks as easily as she can the piano.

The new winter hat is made to talk about—and not to talk through.

The old wrinkle eye of this department is very fond of pig's feet, but not when they are stretched across the aisle at the movie.

Driving autos at a high rate of speed attracts but little attention here in Lents, but the man who lets his chickens run loose finds a warrant staring him in the face.

Some of the Lents merchants realized that Christmas was coming and bought a large stock of goods, and thereby reaped a harvest.

At the Yeager theater the other evening a lady said, "Just look at Mrs. —'s new hat with last year's feathers on it."

BELLROSE - GILBERT

John Ross, son of Mrs. Ross of Buckley avenue, died December 21. Funeral services were held Thursday.

Christy Killeen came down from Camp Lewis Tuesday morning and spent Christmas with his mother, Mrs. Alice Killeen on Gilbert road. He returned to Camp Lewis Wednesday evening, but expects to receive his discharge from the service soon. Mr. Killeen is interested in the Oregon Cooperage Co.

Mr. and Mrs. Otto Heckel received a pleasant Christmas surprise visit from Mr. Heckel's brother, Robert, saddler of the 76th supply company, 13th division, Camp Lewis. They had not met before for nine years. Mr. Heckel stopped over for the one day while en route to visit his parents at Murray, Utah, where he owns a saddlery business to which he will return as soon as he secures his discharge from the army.

Harold Starr, son of Mr. and Mrs. H. B. Starr, was home on furlough from Bremerton to spend Christmas with his parents.

Mr. and Mrs. O. B. Guisness entertained friends from the city Christmas.

The Davis family entertained relatives and friends Christmas.

Lois Mann, who is teaching school in Eastern Oregon, came home for a two-weeks' visit at home.

Gilbert School Notes

An entertainment was given at the school Monday night. The program was as follows:

Piano solo, Alma Dye.
Song, third and fourth grades.
Play, fifth grade.
Play, third and fourth grades.
Song, sixth grade boys.
Play, seventh grade.
Song, "It Came Upon the Midnight Clear."

Violin solo, Alex Kerekes.
Violin solo, Olive Updike.

The school attendance for Tuesday was only about 60 per cent. There was school Thursday and Friday.

Frances, John, James and Virginia Chambers are absent from school on account of illness.

The entertainment proved to be too much for Everett Thomas. He was absent Tuesday.

Now that the war is over, and the election is over and the influenza epidemic is over, it may not appear impertinent to ask a minor question: Why does central always call us at midnight to ask our pardon for ringing the phone when nobody wants to talk to us?

It may be just as well now as any other time to remind the correspondent who killed the crown prince three times in rapid succession within 36 hours that the American reporter who worked on Villa is still 27 deaths ahead of him.

What worries us is the possibility that when Johnnie comes marching home and discards his uniform he may not consider his wrist watch a part of his strictly military equipment.

For Sale

Small cook stove used two months, also good trunk. Apply at 9408 Fifty-sixth avenue, S. E.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

In the County Court of the State of Oregon, For Multnomah County—In the Matter of the Estate of Mary Learned, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned has been appointed executrix of the Estate of Mary Learned, Deceased, by the above entitled Court, and has qualified as such.

All persons having claims against said estate are hereby notified to present the same, properly verified as required by law, to the undersigned at the office of her attorney, 314 Spalding Building, Portland, Oregon, on or before the expiration of six months from the date of first publication of this notice.

Dated and first published December 19, 1918.
MRS. LOUISA MAYBEE HEDGE,
Executrix of the Estate of Mary Learned, Deceased.
J. J. Johnson, Attorney for Executrix, 314 Spalding Building, Portland, Ore.