

## News Items from Arleta-- Kern Park Neighborhood

The Arleta W. C. T. U. has discontinued its regular meetings till the last Tuesday in July, on account of the chautauqua at Gladstone.

Word was last Tuesday received by his parents at 5610 Seventy-first street S. E. that Wilford Hollingworth, of the 349th baking company, was then at Camp Merritt.

Frank Hathaway, formerly of Firland, now of the West Side, who came home with the 148th field artillery, was calling on friends at Nashville station last Tuesday.

Rev. Lee Gray, pastor of the Millard Avenue Presbyterian church, went to Carlton Wednesday morning to accompany his daughter Margaret home. Miss Margaret has been visiting her grandmother at that place.

Mrs. E. O. Rivers, 5627 Seventy-second street S. E., went to Sheridan last Monday for an over-night visit with her brother's family, returning Tuesday, accompanied by her niece, Miss Grace Champlan, who will make a few days' stay in Portland with her aunt.

Carl J. Hollingworth and sister, Esther, of 5610 Seventy-first street S. E., motored to Hood River last Saturday, returning late Sunday evening with Mrs. Hollingworth and Baby Jean. On the way home, but still near Hood River, the party was the victim of an automobile disaster which delayed their arrival here.

Mrs. Sadie Orr Dunbar, of 7118 Fifty-third avenue S. E., returned home last Tuesday evening from an extended eastern trip which included her attendance at the convention of the Society for the Prevention of Tuberculosis, which met recently at Atlantic City. Mrs. Dunbar is the state secretary for Oregon of this organization.

Mrs. George Stoner, 7411 Sixty-ninth street S. E., is now able to move about the house with the aid of a cane, and to take short trips if very carefully aided. Her son, Richard Stoner, of the Pittsburg, sailed recently for European ports, including ports in Italy and western Persia.

Mrs. James Jones, 5262 Sixty-eighth street S. E., entertained her sister, Miss Della Herd, of Newberg, for a week-end June 21 and 22. The week following she was visited by her niece, little Miss Bernice Herd, also of Newberg, and last Sunday Mr. and Mrs. Jones accompanied her home, returning to Portland after a short stay.

Between 40 and 50 members of the Ladies' Missionary society of the Arleta Baptist church picniced on the lawn at Mrs. Brasure's home in Eastmoreland Wednesday, June 25. An interesting missionary program was enjoyed by all. Rev. W. T. Spriggs, former pastor of the church, now of Medford, lectured, and Mr. and Mrs. Driver favored with music.

Last Saturday evening the Scout troops of the city, under the supervision of City Scout-director James E. Brockway, held a celebration on Council Crest in honor of the signing of the peace treaty. About 1100 Scouts were there to engage in the troop stunts. Troop 21, of Kern Park, was there in nearly full quota to help dispose of the thousand or so bars of chocolate and to pow-wow around the mammoth bonfire.

Master Harry Wilson, 4135 Sixty-fourth street S. E., of Scout troop 21, and David Phelps were playing with a 22 rifle last Monday, when the firearm was accidentally discharged, the bullet lodging in Harry Wilson's head, permanently, it is feared, injuring his sight. The boy was conscious up to the time of his being taken to the Eye, Ear and Nose hospital, near the Good Samaritan.

After choir practice Thursday evening, June 26, about 45 of the members of the Arleta Baptist church choir surprised Mrs. Chambliss at her home, 4807 Sixty-fifth street S. E. The choir, under the leadership of Professor Finley, has an enrolled membership of 60, with an average attendance of from 30 to 45, the largest in this vicinity. The evening was very pleasantly spent with music and conversation, and a bounteous feed, donated by the crowd, was greatly enjoyed.

Ted Evans, 6715 Fifty-eighth avenue S. E.; Glenn Campbell, 6827 Fifty-fifth avenue S. E., and Carl Leabo, 5627 Seventy-first street S. E., returned Friday evening from Camp Lewis, where they had received their honorable discharge from

military service. These three overseas men reached Portland Thursday morning of last week with the 148th field artillery, leaving the evening of that day for Camp Lewis where they were demobilized. These three soldiers left over 21 months ago with Troop A, Oregon cavalry, but were transferred at Camp Greene to the 148th field artillery. They were together during their service in France and during a five-months' billet with the army of occupation at Hore, near Coblenz. All three are in splendid health.

Tuesday evening, June 24, Mrs. W. O. Boon, 6930 Forty-sixth avenue S. E., entertained at an exclusive family dinner at 7 o'clock, in honor of the birthday of her husband, Dr. W. O. Boon. Those present were Mesdames W. D. Lockwood, G. W. Hunt, Marcella Berry and W. O. Boon; Drs. W. D. Lockwood and W. O. Boon; the Misses Mildred Boon and June and Helen May Lockwood; Messrs. Berry, Donald Lockwood and Harold Boon; and Master Billy Boon and the little Misses Ursuline and Corliss Berry.

The Missionary and Ladies Aid societies of the Laurelwood Congregational church held their regular routine business meetings jointly at Lucky Cottage Wednesday, June 25. Mrs. Meta Snider presented the matter of the thank-offering boxes, presenting pledge cards to the members. Plans are being made by these ladies to have an opening of the boxes at Thanksgiving time. These two societies have adjourned their sessions during the summer months, their first meeting being scheduled for September. The Intermediate Endeavor society of this church has also taken a vacation during the warm weather, but that the time may not be lost, it is the intention of the members to visit other and down-town societies to get new and inspirational ideas.

### GIRL INJURED WHEN AUTO CRASHES INTO REAR OF HER BUGGY

While Miss Gladness Murray, of 3126 Sixty-second street S. E., and some friends were riding in a single buggy at Sixty-second street and Forty-fourth avenue S. E., an auto struck the Murray vehicle from the rear, demolishing it and throwing the occupants helter-skelter. The auto was said to have been traveling about 20 miles an hour. Fred Hanson, of the Belmont apartments, who was driving, was pulled forward by the horse, as it jumped away from the impact, and was thrown out of the way, escaping with less injury than the others. Miss Murray suffered from a collar bone fracture, a dislocation of the jaw, and a broken rib. Mrs. Hanson was badly bruised and shaken. Three young soldiers, lately arrived from France, came along just as the accident occurred with a basket motorcycle and immediately took Miss Murray to her home. The others were taken to the Murray residence in a machine. Harold Winterbottom, the fourth member of the party, was badly shaken and somewhat bruised. Miss Murray's case has not been completely diagnosed as the swelling of her injured side has prevented a comprehensive examination. The owner of the offending auto is not known as he, like the frightened horse, fled for safety and a more likable crowd.

### MILLARD AVENUE PRESBY- TERIAN CHURCH

The Millard Avenue Presbyterian church will have communion service Sunday morning and in the evening the W. C. T. U. will have charge of the meeting. State President Mrs. Mattie Sleeth will speak.

### LAURELWOOD CONGREGATION- AL CHURCH

Next Sunday morning the pastor of the church, Mrs. J. J. Handsaker, will continue her series of sermons on Luke's gospel, the subject being "The Temptation."

### ARLETA BAPTIST CHURCH

The new pastor, Rev. O. N. Day, of Massachusetts, will be present and deliver the sermon at the Arleta Baptist church Sunday, July 6.

### FOR SALE

Most every one would like to have a record of "Our War for Humanity," 500 pages with 105 illustrations. I have a few left, only \$1. 7312 53rd Ave. S. E.

### THE SPECTER OF OWL ISLAND

(Continued From Page Two)

door! And the walls were cold, wet, rotten planks, musty and foul smelling.

On the floor in one corner we saw by the flash-light what appeared to be a partially decomposed human body. Instinctively we shrank away from the thing, and toward an opening which the flash-light revealed leading to another room of the house.

As we crowded each other through the aperture we heard a long-drawn-out scream from what seemed to be a young girl in distress—then a dead silence. The blood froze in our veins. My light went out—perhaps the fault of my trembling fingers—and our horror gave way to a paralyzing fear. Neither of us could speak, but clung together by mutual consent. As we stood there, trembling, the room became tinged with a pale-blue light, which, growing more intense, revealed something in the corner of the room resembling a white table. It was!

It rushed toward us, its castors thundering as it came. We were too terrified to move. On the table was the arm of a human body lying in a pool of steaming blood. The white fingers worked convulsively. As the hinged end of the arm raised from the table, we heard the murderous hacking of an axe and a muffled groan. The table vanished, but the arm remained, quivering, suspended in the air. After a moment it, too, moved away. As it floated through the rapidly fading light we followed it as if hypnotized.

We found ourselves creeping down a flight of dilapidated stairs. Here the arm disappeared, but, as we neared the bottom steps, we saw a sight more horrible: a pile of human skulls moving as live things. A huge reptile's head emerged from them, and, as the light faded, the horrid-looking creature crawled slowly toward us. We stood helpless. Then in the darkness we felt the slimy monster wrap its cold body about us, with an ever-tightening grip. I clutched the thing, but in vain did I struggle. I felt dizzy and it seemed that we were being hoisted into the air. Suddenly an icy breath blew against us. We dropped into something cold and damp. Everything flashed white—it was snow. Just a few feet above us was a window about six feet square, over which an electric light blinked. We were on the lower side of the house of mystery with a cold, damp rope wound tightly about us. With difficulty we unfastened the rope, and like two boys caught in mischief, hastened to the car. As I put my foot on the starter we were startled by the sound of voices. We saw several policemen hurrying to the house, which became brilliantly illuminated just as they

stepped upon the porch. As the head spokesman put his hand to his hip pocket, a big, happy-faced man appeared at the door.

By this time Roy was elbowing his way through the group of blue-coats.

"What's the big joke, boys?" said Roy.

"I'll say it's a joke!" answered the big man, with a chuckle that shook his big frame all over.

"It's not more than two hours," said the officer, his hand falling away from his pocket, "since a nut dropped into the station with a tale of murder, ghosts, and everything else."

The other officers looked at each other and smiled.

"Well," resumed the happy-faced man, "I am Fred Gilson, owner of Owl Island Amusement Park and proprietor of the original 'house of mystery.' Ever since I bought the island, I've had the thing on my mind; now it's materialized, and it's got any of the Coney Island stuff skinned a mile. The sensation-producing stuff in this house is operated by electricity from the control room; and through a system of mirrors the operator can see his victims. About three hours ago, the electrician, my daughter, and myself were in the control room putting on the finishing touches, when a couple of tramps came in. We put them through the mill, or tried to, but they got away before we could let the false walls down. Before we got ready to leave a couple of well-dressed sumps—I mean a couple of young men—came in and we put 'em through the mill right. When my girl saw the demonstration, she fainted. Just step right in, gents, and see it all; but don't faint. I have no more water."

### The Whole Camp Stood at Attention

A story is told of a private at Camp Lewis who was forever whistling; the last thing at night while he drew off his shoes, the first thing in the morning when he sprang up at reveille, he was at it, until it got on the nerves of his superiors. They reprimanded him and disciplined him but yet he whistled. One morning the officer of the day came upon him, whistling as usual, as he was busied about the camp. The officer's face purpled. He thundered, "Go out on the parade ground and stand at attention and whistle for an hour." The private walked out upon the parade ground, stood at attention, and whistled for one hour; but he did not stand alone—he whistled the "Star Spangled Banner."

### LOST OR STOLEN

Black and white Jersey Holstein cow Saturday night. Reward for information. C. L. Kelley, 7303 92nd St., S. E. Tabor 9595.

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## Let the Eagle Scream

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