



After the Doctor-- THE DRUGGIST

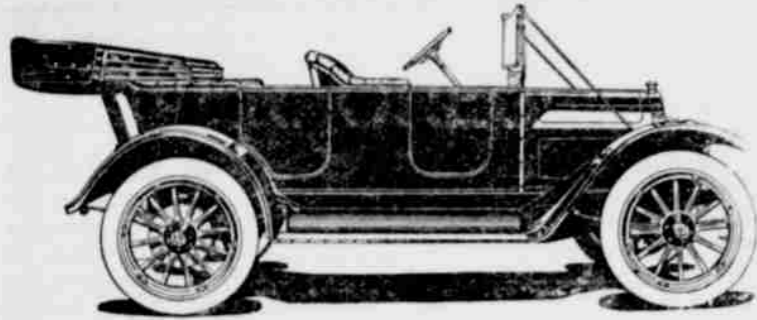
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SAYS PROGRESSIVES WIN IN HOOD RIVER

(Randall R. Howard in current "Country Gentleman")

"You'll find a few non-progressives in every community," said Professor W. H. Lawrence, fruit inspector of Hood River county, Oregon, to a little group of apple enthusiasts in the hotel lobby.

"That's what they are, all right—people who won't spray and prune their apple trees. They're non-progressives." And his eyes flashed, and there was a snap of fighting vim in the voice of the vigorous young horticultural expert.

"But I go right on working—don't pay any attention to them. The people who kick when the neglected trees are cut down are practically all non-residents who don't understand the Hood River Valley spirit—who don't appreciate the price that must be paid for apple perfection."

The fruit inspector was telling about the county campaign for maintaining the world-wide reputation that the little Hood River Valley has gained as a producer of almost perfect apples. But I did not need to listen long before deciding it was more than a campaign. It was war—uncompromising war against apple pests, apple ignorance, apple dishonesty.

The other trained field general is Wilmer Sieg, business manager of the Hood River Apple Growers' Union.

"I am working at present to eliminate the San Jose scale," continued Fruit Inspector Lawrence. "I know the location of practically every diseased tree in the valley. About forty different orchardists are co-operating with me, every one of whom would sacrifice several hundred dollars in present apple profits rather than to risk the reputation of Hood River apples in the least."

His statement had nothing of boasting in it, for Professor Lawrence is a quiet-mannered man, still in his thirties. He is a fluent and a willing talker, because he knows his subject and is almost boyishly enthusiastic. His mildness at times turns to militant aggressiveness—because he knows that he knows his subject, and has apple ideals. His time is so much in demand in the Hood River Valley that he is a hard man to catch—unless you happen to be an apple grower.

Professor Lawrence jumped into Hood River Valley orchard research work with a vim, giving up his classes and his experiments at the Washington State Agricultural College at Pullman. One of the first big problems that he tackled was to rid the valley of fire blight, a fruit pest so general and so dreaded in the United States today that many state agricultural experiment stations have advised against the planting of any additional pear trees.

Fruit Inspector Lawrence found traces of fire blight over approximately 3000 acres in the Hood River Valley. But he began to slash trees and limbs, and under his direction and order an almost infinite number of "surgical operations" were performed, this being the only effective remedy against the tree disease. As a result, today fire blight has been entirely wiped out in the Hood River Valley, not a single case having been reported during the past season.

things. But I haven't yet assembled all of my facts."

Frankness a Local Virtue It may be interesting to state right here that not every apple district of the Northwest is as honest and frank with itself as is Hood River as regards things. But I haven't yet assembled all dry rot. But many other sections proves the old saying that "none is so blind as he who will not see."

The others have seemingly never found cases of dry rot—though such cases are known to exist there by the score—and cases of dry rot have existed for as long as ten years past in the Willamette Valley, Western Oregon.

More Problems Ahead The Hood River county fruit inspector is at work on a unique list of problems.

"We have backed the non-irrigating apple-growers off the map," he explained, "but we don't yet know the exact amount of water needed for our different soils. We have proved that certain chemicals injected into the ground will prevent the spread of certain tree diseases, but these experiments are far from complete. The matter of precooling and cold-storage for apples—its exact worth and methods of procedure—is yet in the experimental stage. The difference in keeping qualities of apples from trees of different ages has never been worked out anywhere in the United States—yet we continue to pick and pack apples promiscuously, as if they were all exactly alike. And we don't know very much about the actions of different kinds of sprays, about cover crops, fertilizers, and so on and on and on."

"In fact I could keep eleven assistants busy on the experiments that I have started and that ought to be worked through immediately," the county fruit inspector concluded.

However, not all of Professor Lawrence's problems are problems of nature. Some of them are problems of human nature. For instance, soon after he came to direct the scientific and co-operative warfare that is meant to maintain the present pre-eminent quality of Hood River apples, he assembled arguments and petitioned the Department of Agriculture for a soil survey of the valley.

"They turned me down," stated the professor. "But the next day a large number of letters, each from a different Hood River orchardist, started toward Washington, D. C., all petitioning for a soil survey."

Co-operation the Golden Word Intelligent co-operation is the golden word. Some call it the "Hood River spirit"—which may be amplified in the words of a young orchardist: "Most of us in the valley think and talk apple—most of the time." He continued: "I don't think we ought to allow ourselves to get so narrow that we can't talk intelligently about other subjects besides apples—when we have to. Now there are a good many people in the valley who just naturally have to close up, who haven't a single word to say when the topic of conversation wanders away from apples. That's going too far, I think—even though I read the other day, in the autobiography of a railroad president, that he ascribed his success to eternally thinking and talking shop."

Apple Chautauqua Described Then the orchardist described the work of the various "improvement clubs" of different sections of the valley, with their regular monthly meetings, usually addressed by some person of authority, often invited to come from the distant State Agricultural College. He told about the activities of the Hood River Valley University Club, with some 130 members, representing nearly every college of the United States. He told of the Valley Summer Chautauqua Assembly, attended last year by several hundred persons.

"What is the purpose of the Chautauqua?" I inquired. "Just entertainment—just a good time," answered the apple grower. "We have people here in the valley from all over the country—former amateur and professional actors, and the former manager of a vaudeville circuit. So we had shows and speeches. Of course we devoted some time to apples—all of the afternoon sessions in fact. And a good many, in fact most of the other addresses, too, were on topics that in some way related to our work of apple growing. It was called the Horticultural Chautauqua, you know. Everybody agreed that it was a big success and it will be held every year now."

But the production of apples in this day of the West is considerably less than half of the orchard game. If producing were all the growers would not be so anxiously concerned now about the immediate future of the apple industry. The Hood River County fruit inspector is watching the gates to prevent apple disease from getting in or getting out. He is stamping out the

diseases already in and training the individual orchardists to be their own apple doctors.

But the apples must be packed, shipped and sold. And because of this the story of co-operation in the Hood River Apple Growers' Union. "The Union" as it is affectionately called by its loyal members and respectfully referred to by its several active and sometimes bitter competitors, is as well known in its way as the Hood River apple.

"The Union" is the business end of the commercial Hood River apples—or at least of a percentage. Hence it was the natural thing for me to find the Union manager, Wilmer Sieg, in an atmosphere of typewriters, adding machines and letter files, in his private room at Union headquarters, seated at a desk piled high with letters and telegrams. He is a type of the successful American business man, aggressive yet approachable, a man in the prime of middle age who has served for 24 years as a commission merchant in a large city, and who is the only man ever elected twice to the presidency of the National League of Commission Merchants.

"The different apple growing districts of the Northwest must organize and co-operate, just as we are doing here locally," said Mr. Sieg, in speaking of the future of the apple in general. "And the apple must be cheapened to the consumer and its use stimulated by a national campaign of advertising."

"No, I don't believe that co-operative selling will tend to lower our apple standards, through averaging and leveling the quality and the price. Rather I believe that co-operative selling will intensify the individuality of each separate district, since practically every apple district in the Northwest specializes in different varieties. Here at Hood River we take nearly all the prizes for Spitzenbergs and Yellow Newtowns, while other districts specialize in Winesaps, Baldwins, Jonathans, etc. Each section and each apple has its own particular merit, which could be made known by individual advertising campaigns. We know, for instance, that one class of trade wants a fancy, high-priced apple, while another class wants a cheap apple. Here at Hood River, of course, we have been specializing in fancy apples. Our trade-mark stands for quality."

The last remark caused me to remember what one of the New York apple commission houses has said about Hood River apples and the Union.

"You would like to know," the commission merchant wrote in answer to a query from the doubtful editor of an Eastern agricultural journal, "if the packing of the Hood River apples is so perfect that we accept them without close investigation. Not only do we accept them without close investigation, but we accept them without any investigation whatever, leaving the entire matter up to the Hood River Apple Growers' Union. . . . Our contract is certainly a very stringent one, they guaranteeing us a perfect pack and also guaranteeing that every apple in every box is absolutely perfect. We have handled several hundred thousand boxes and never have found ourselves in condition to make a single complaint against their pack. . . . This is more than we have been able to say for any other large pack of fruit that we have ever contracted for. Fruit can be had just as good in the East as in the West, and we see no reason why the Eastern grower can't get just as much for his goods as the Western grower, if he will only make up his mind to one absolute fact—and that is to be honest, and that if he thinks he can fool the people all the time by putting up a fake barrel of apples he is making a big mistake."

SAMPLE POULTRY PROFITS

Prof. W. M. Proctor, Superintendent of the Forest Grove public schools, on June 1 last purchased 12 hens and a rooster, at a cost of \$6.50. During the past eight months he has expended \$14.05 for feed, making a total investment of \$20.55. He has received for 77 dozen eggs \$19.50, credits for broilers, fryers, etc., \$6.40 and now has on hand 24 chickens, valued at \$12.00. This shows a total of \$37.90, and leaves a net profit of \$17.35.

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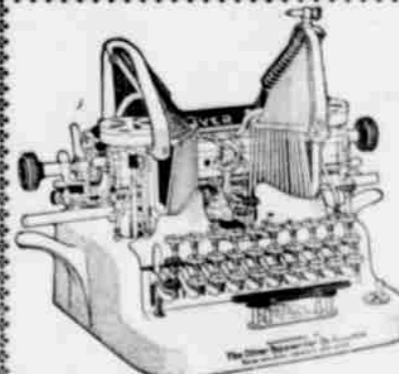
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