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HIGH SCHOOL CLOSES YEAR

she is very small the old quotation "And still they gaze, And still their wonder grow, That one small head Could carry all she knew," might rightly be applied to Miss Gertrude. In school she is very studious and thorough in her work, pleasant and agreeable in manners so as to make her a general favorite. Her ambition is to become a school teacher. She first started to school at the age of eight years, with Miss Matthews as her first teacher. Miss Gertrude is a good financier and because of this special talent has been acting in the capacity of secretary and treasurer for this class and has handled enormous sums of money during the past year to the perfect satisfaction of all. She is a member of the Methodist church and claims to be a democrat in politics although she seldom votes.

Last but not least comes John Edwood Luckey. This noted personage was born at Hood River May 31, 1889, and having been alive each year, is at the present time 17 years, 11 months, 14 days and eight hours old. In personal appearance he has brown fuzzy hair, blue eyes and pink cheeks, long nose and a red necktie on Wednesday. He first entered the Hood River school in 1900. Before that time he attended school at Frankton. His object in life seems to be to make others happy and in school at least has been successful in his aim. In politics he is a republican but votes prohibitionist. He firmly believes that the government should own its railways, but for the lack of opposition usually argues on the other side. And now the history of the class of 1907 has been given you and although I will not vouch for the truth of all the statements they were given me by my classmates, guaranteed to be pure and unadulterated. The class wishes to thank the teachers for their untiring efforts to teach them along the path of knowledge, and so to sympathize with them for their many trials which were instrumental in causing. Also the directors and patrons who have complied with our many wants and have made possible the opportunity to attain the education we have received.

Twenty Years Later. 'Tis the year 1927, the beautiful valley of Hood River is surrounded with the fragrant atmosphere of green leaves and beautiful flowers. It is on this auspicious morning of May that I awoke to the realization that it was the 20th anniversary of the class of 1907. As I sat in my study thinking, the desire came over me to find out the whereabouts of my classmates. Acting accordingly I went to my coat pocket and got out my talkograph and sent out a call for Pearl Bradley. This talkograph was invented in the year 1920 and since that time has put all the telegraphs and telephones out of business. No more wires are seen running across the country or through the streets of our cities. The talkograph needs no wires. This simple device can be carried in ones vest pocket and all up to date, wide awake persons in the year of 1927 have one with them constantly. At the breakfast table I was alarmed when my servant called very loudly to me to answer my talkograph. Upon this I found that I was answering the call I found that I was conversing with Pearl Bradley at Den-

ver, Colorado. We were both very glad when we found out who we were talking with and she agreed to take the next airship and pay me a visit. It is surprising the rate of speed these machines can go for in less than two hours I heard the bell of the slip ringling over the mountain tops. As soon as it stopped Pearl came into the house. We were so overcome with joy that we were unable to restrain from trying Prof. Bell's new invention, the anti-microbe kiser. In the evening as we were sitting around the radium heater talking of old times I asked Pearl to tell me her adventures since leaving the Hood River high school in 1907, to which she agreed, on the condition that I should also tell mine and that together we would find the rest of the class. "What did you do after leaving the high school?" I asked. Pearl answered: "The next fall I went to college and took a four year course in music. After a rest of about a year I started in teaching. This was my occupation for about five years. My studies were then in Chicago, and O' yes, I almost forgot to tell you that at Chicago I saw Edythe Coplee. She was one of the head nurses in a large hospital there. We roomed together until Edythe married an undertaker. They are living somewhere in New Jersey. "I made a tour of the United States with a few of my pupils and was so successful that I desired to go to Europe. We had an elegant time there but financially it was a failure and I lost all the money that I had made on my American trip. "I again taught music but this time at Denver, which has grown to be a very large city. I have made this my home ever since. "Early the next morning we sent a talkograph call for Ferdinand Struck, and within the minute came the answer from his private secretary informing us that Ferdinand had his office in Portland and that he was engineering the construction of a gigantic subway connecting what was the old city of Portland with Vancouver, one of the greatest engineering feats ever tried in the west. We asked for a few minutes conversation with Mr. Struck but were informed that it was his special order that he not be disturbed unless it was a case of life or death so we interviewed his secretary and found the following facts: The fall after his graduating from the high school Ferdinand entered the university of Oregon from which institution he was graduated four years later with the highest honors. He was a leader in all student enterprises, was a member of the university interstate debating team and also won the interstate oratorical contest. Ferdinand was offered a lucrative position. He made good, was advanced step by step and at last took complete control and management of the company he had begun work with. His success was due to his painstaking care and his honest, efficient and thorough work, the same traits that were characteristic of him when a student of the Hood River high school, while the private secretary was giving us the details of Ferdinand's meteoric career we kept hearing a regular succession of sounds somewhat similar to that produced when you suck the air out of a bottle, or when a mule pulls its foot out of the mud. On inquiring the secretary informed us that the disturbance was caused by a gum chewing old maid stenographer. Recognizing something familiar in the sound we asked if we might speak to her. We were overjoyed to find that it was our old friend "Bess," and that she was happy and contented. She said she had

accumulated a great deal of property and as a sacred secret told us that she did not expect to remain a stenographer much longer. It's strange how many stenographers marry their employers.

Next to be called was Gertrude Bove, and after some delay a noise that we remembered answered the call. Gertrude informed us that she had been married so long that she had almost forgotten her maiden name. She told us that after her graduation she began teaching school and taught several years with success. She spent two years in college specializing and at the time of her marriage was at the head of the department of history in a young ladies seminary at Portland. Her husband was a prominent banker at Salem, Oregon. She also informed us that she had two sons, the youngest one she called Edward and the oldest Colonel. She seemed so happy and contented as to her girlhood and numbered her friends by the score.

Gertrude informed us that Maude Merrell was a teacher of education living at Los Angeles, California, unmarried and contented as to her life. At her graduation from Hood River high school in 1907 she fell heir to a large sum of money left by a long lost uncle. She then started to travel and spent three years abroad but put much time in study and fitted herself out to be a master in her line. She has been very successful with her students, many of them gaining national importance. Once had the pleasure of listening to Miss Merrell at a benefit concert given for the destitute children and have never as yet heard her equal. But a very serious accident happened to her. Once while going from Los Angeles to San Francisco the train met in a head-on collision and many people were killed. Maude escaped with a badly crashed ankle so that it was necessary to amputate her foot. She recovered from the operation but it ruined her appearance on the stage. From this time she gave lessons and likes her work very much. She has changed very little, although time has left its marks, she still has the bright smiling face of her school days.

I next put in a talkograph call for Millard Merrell but for some unknown reason could not locate him. I was very disappointed because this was the first time my talkograph had ever failed. After trying for half an hour I gave it up as a bad job and changed the call for Miss Grace Prather, but she could not be found either. By this time I was feeling very blue but two because we had found all the class but two and I did not do to stop now. Consequently Miss Bradley and myself got into my airship the "Swallow", taking a week's provisions and water with us and started out to find Millard and Grace. We traveled eastward almost as fast as the wind in our talkograph calls all along the way but got no answer to any of them. We then started south through the Atlantic and southern states and back by the way of the Mexico, but no Millard or Grace. We then concluded that they must be dead and stated for home. By this time we had run out of water and landed to get a fresh supply at a small spring by the road way in the Willamette valley. I was surprised to see two small boys coming down the road, the lad behind crying loudly. On inquiring what the trouble was he said, "My brother Millard stole me bread and sugar. I caught them going west about and made him return the stolen property. The name Millard sounds familiar to me so I asked him his father's name to which he replied, "Millard Merrell." "Well," said I, "that surely accounts for your stealing your brother's bread, for that's an old trick of your father's." We took the boys in and told them to direct us to their father's place. Pearl said to the largest boy, "What is your mother's name?" You look very much like a girl I used to know." The boy replied, "Papa calls her Grace." "What! Not Grace Prather," we both exclaimed together. "Yes," they answered. "Well," said Pearl, "who would have thought it." "And have you any more brothers or sisters?" we asked. "Yes, I have five brothers and four sisters.

By this time we had reached the ranch and descended to meet our old friends. They were very glad to see us but to tell the truth we would never have known Millard. He had long whiskers and hayseeds in his hair and his trousers legs extended over his boot tops. Grace was busy trying to make an old hen stay with a brood of ducks and she had a milk pail at her side. On inquiring as to why he had not answered my talkograph call he said that he didn't own one. "Well, but you've surely heard of the talkograph, haven't you?" "Yes," he replied, "but I don't believe in

these new fangled inventions." I asked him how he made his living and he said that he was raising apples that were just as good as Hood River's. This explained why he had not answered my call. All Willamette valley apple growers are so far behind the times that they can never keep up.

On Friday evening, May 17, occurred the last event of the high school commencement exercises. P. L. Campbell, president of the university of Oregon, expected to be present to deliver the class address, but being a member of the state text book commission he found that he did not have time to examine and pass judgment upon it would be impossible for him to be present. So he sent Prof. F. S. Dunn to take his place.

Prof. Dunn addressed his remarks chiefly to the class, but the entire audience seemed to fully appreciate them. He transported his hearers back almost 2000 years and introduced them to a historical character of that time. During the introduction of the subject all were mentally guessing who the character might be until the speaker said that the terse epigram "I came, I saw, I conquered" might be applied to every phase of the entire life of the man, when a small boy sitting in the front row shyly whispered, "I know who said that. It was Julius Caesar."

Prof. Dunn's delivery is simple and natural. His word pictures are so clear and life-like one can all but see the scenes and persons he describes. He described the private and public character of his subject so forcibly and with such apparent accuracy that one could not but feel a greater interest in the character of Julius Caesar, the irreproachable public servant, the friend of the people, the peerless statesman, and the dauntless and unconquered general. One could not but realize that there were many qualities in the character of Julius Caesar that the members of the graduating class might well emulate.

The audience keenly enjoyed the musical numbers of the evening which were furnished by Miss Hershner, Miss Adams and Miss Davidson. A. S. Blowers, chairman of the school board, presented the diplomas to the class. The closing event of the evening was unique and met the approval of the audience as well as that of the junior class. Ferdinand Struck, acting for the senior class, stepped to the back of the stage and tore down the large '07 banner of the class, exposing a '08 banner in junior class colors. Thus the seniors stepped down and out and the juniors—seniors now—will occupy the center of the stage in the days to come. The corps of teachers have made themselves popular by their faithful adherence to their duty. Prof. E. E. Cond, who has taken an active interest in the athletic features of the school, has made himself a faithful friend to the boys and is deserving of special credit in planting the scholastic victory in their recent contests with other schools. Let us all begin to boost and build of a greater school in 1908.

Fire Alarm Causes Excitement. The citizens were somewhat excited last Friday evening as the fire bell sounded her warning alarm to the inhabitants of the village. All were at a loss to know where in what quarter of the city the fire was located. After some promiscuous rumoring about it was discovered that the Hood River wagon bridge was on fire again. The fire company responded promptly to the call, but when they arrived on the duty scene they were informed that the flames had been nipped in the bud, and that it would not be necessary for them to proceed farther. The fire was near the place where the previous one had occurred, it was immediately discovered and quelled.

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