

HONEST GOODS at HONEST PRICES

LARAWAY

LEADING JEWELERS

Watches, Diamonds, Jewelry, Cut Glass
Our Stock is Complete

Being watchmakers we can help you select your watch for a present and then keep it in order.



SILVERWARE

from the factories. We will engrave to please you. We do it free of charge.

UMBRELLAS

We have something fine for presents and will engrave them.



We set our

DIAMONDS

and can show you what you are buying. The flaws are often covered with the mountings.

CUT GLASS



We place our orders and have it cut for us so our prices are the lowest.

The Oldest Jewelry Store
in the County

LARAWAY

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Better Fruit and Hood River County Map

Better Fruit

Hood River's one best advertisement. This best fruit grower's paper in the world.

National Map and Publishing Co.'s Multicolored Map of Hood River County

Showing all roads, triangulation lines, ditches, elevations, stream measurements, and giving a complete history of Hood River and its resources.

A year's subscription to Better Fruit and the New Hood River County Map **\$1.25**

Four Thousand a Year

There has been forty thousand prescriptions filled at this store in the past ten years. We fill prescriptions strictly according to the doctor's orders. No substitutes.

CHAS. N. CLARKE
The Glacier Pharmacy



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Harness Repaired & Made to order.

Lap Robes, Horse Blankets, Tents, Wagon Covers, Water Bags, Etc.
Davenport Harness Co.

BUSINESS MAN HAS A NOVEL EXPERIENCE

As I retired Wednesday night I was wondering how the next day would be appreciated by individuals in different walks of life. I knew, of course, that some would have sumptuous Thanksgiving dinners, and others would not be as fortunate. I at last thought of the tramps and wondered how they would succeed in getting something of a feast on Thanksgiving day. Well, the only way to find out was to try it for myself. "Eating the pudding, is the testing thereof," so I disguised myself as a tramp and started out in search of food.

At 9:30 a. m. called at the door of a most prominent city official, but as I heard some loud talking inside that did not have the right tone, putting myself in the tramp's shoes, I thought I had better move on and call later, so I called at a real estate dealer's home, and as I asked for something to eat the lady of the house said that they were torn up, so that their Thanksgiving would be somewhat slim, but she did not turn me away, she made me a warm cup of coffee and gave me bread and butter made into a cheese sandwich, and served it on a plate. I thought that was a good starter, and at 10:10 called at the residence of a prominent physician and as I asked for something to eat I received the answer, "I don't think so, as the door was slammed in the poor tramp's face. I then called at a business man's home close by and received the same reply, but not quite so hard treatment. To call once at some places in Hood River would be enough for me if I were really a tramp, and it was fortunate for me there were no dogs that would bite more than beef steak.

The next call was at the home of a well known woman who was sitting in the kitchen by the stove waiting for the Turkey to brown, and as the mother came to the door, the question was asked for a bite to eat, she replied, "I guess not," and shut the door. I thought as she did so that she was not thinking how thankful she should be that it was not one of her boys who was asking for bread at the door of some mother's home in a far off city.

By this time I had mustered up enough courage to tackle the city official again. Well, the mysterious sounds that I heard previous must have had some effect on him, for as I asked for something to eat, the answer was short and to the point, a deep bass voice, "No sir," as if he were trying to put the "d. t." to some ordinance that did not strike his fancy. I certainly cleared out of there just the same as any tramp would do.

honey, pickles, a juicy mince pie with cheese, and three big Spitz. If I had been a tramp, I think the treatment I received by this angel hearted little woman, would have made me quit begging and make a man of myself.

By the time I called at the next place it was 11:15. This was at the home of one of the busiest and most up-to-date merchants in Hood River. As I knocked a servant girl answered the door, and informed Mrs. — that there was a tramp at the door for something to eat, for in a short time a neat, cleanly intelligent lady appeared and with care selected a nice juicy chicken leg and a wing from a pot of steaming chicken, and with it gave the tramp a glass full of jelly, bread and butter, two stalks of celery, an orange, and two pieces of cake, and better than all, when she gave the lunch to me, done up as nice as they do up bundles in her husband's store, she handed it to me with a smile and said "I am so glad to give this to you." I felt a little bad because of some of the treatment I received, but such a benediction from a busy woman, at such a time of day, shows how some at least sympathize with others who are not in as good circumstances as they. God bless that woman, as I could say.

I then called at a residence close by and a young man answered the door, and said to call after dinner and they would fill me up, but offered me some fruit that was in the cellar.

I then called on a prominent business man and as I knocked he came to the door, and replied that his wife was not at home, at my request for food, but as the tramp passed by a window to the sidewalk, he spied a woman looking through the curtains. Well, the tramp thought a good many thoughts as he went on his way.

The next call was somewhat amusing. As I knocked, the door was opened and the lady listened to my tale of woe, and then said, "No, I have nothing for you," and shut the door. I heard a woman inside say, "Is that the way you serve people?" Well, I kept on knocking, and as I did Mrs. — sent her little girl down in the basement where Mr. — was putting wood in the furnace to come up quick and put a tramp out, but before Mr. — came up stairs I opened the door and stepped in and made myself known, I found Mrs. — to be a plucky little woman, for as I made myself known she came at me with a knife in one hand and her fist doubled up ready to give me a good blow, when her husband rescued me, and after some arguing I was requested to sit down to the tune of an 18-pound turkey.

I proceeded to a good religious and pious woman, and at my request for something to eat, she gave me three pieces of bread and jelly, and as she thought she recognized me she said, "Who are you, anyway?" and I replied, "Just a poor tramp," and she augmented a delicious piece of custard pie, and said, "here is a Thanksgiving piece of pie for you sir."

I then went to the home of a man who rents vehicles and there Mrs. — was somewhat reluctant to feed a healthy man, and put some questions to me that was hard to answer, and I was only too glad when I had a chance to get away.

I found my way next to the home of a druggist, and as usual question was asked as the door was opened, the busy little lady was basting a big turkey and preparing dressing for it, and everything good was on the

kitchen table to be served in a few minutes. She looked around a while, and then said that there was no bread. As I felt that it was kind of mean to bother a woman when she had so much to do, I left as soon as I could with causing any more trouble, and if I dare I would go and apologize to her, for her heart was in the right place, but she had company and had so much to do, I would not blame her if she had done as others, slammed the door in my face.

Proceeding to the homes of two prominent young business men, and great advertisers, I was informed at one place that there was nothing for me. At the other home, as I knocked, the proprietor came to the door and as I asked for something to eat he looked me over a little, and then said, "Nope, there is nothing for you today."

It was getting late by this time and I started for home to help devour a good fat hen that I had killed before I started disguised as a tramp. Take it altogether, I think Hood River has a generous lot of folk.

After changing my clothes and seeing the apple show I was met by two men who asked me for the price of a meal, so I had the pleasure of reciprocating the kindness I had received by some and took the gentlemen to an eating house and paid for their meals. As I walked away from them I thought that the experience with them was the right place to put the finishing touch on my day's adventure, to ascertain the generosity of the Hood River public, and the feeling of good will toward the being that is not in as good circumstances as ourselves.

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J. P. Thomsen

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Columbia Laundry Co.

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277 Oak Street Hood River, Ore.

Idaho's Fruit Crop.
More than \$1,000,000 worth of famous Idaho prunes grown in the Boise, Payette and Weiser valleys were shipped East this season. Ten hundred and fifty-three car of prunes were shipped from this territory from August 13 to October 2. There were 1,000 crates of prunes to the car, or a total shipment amounting to 1,053,000 crates, which sold at 85 cents to \$1.05 per crate, or an average of 95 cents.
Geo. Chamberlain was a visitor from Mosier Saturday.