

Fashion Dictates Say

that the long Shepherd's handle is the last word in umbrella accessories.

These are plain, of excellent style, with a heavy wrist cord, making them most convenient to carry. We have a large selection of plain and fancy handles, gold and silver mounted, which are interchangeable.

The suit case umbrella is becoming almost a necessity in these days of much travel.

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"Yours for Service"

W. F. LARAWAY

HOOD RIVER, OREGON



Our Money Is Up

on the fellow who doesn't go down in the fight, but stands against all comers, and who wins the battle.

On Fresh Bread this Bakery is First Winner.

Others come and go, but we are in the thick of the fight and win the favor of every one of our patrons. If you want to live 100 years, EAT OUR BREAD. We close at 7:30 p. m. except on Saturday's at 10:30 p. m.

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Vetch, Rye, Wheat, Oats, Clover Seed for Fall Planting

LIME, Bluestone

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is: "Where can I find a Grocer whose service is satisfactory; who will deliver what I send for without substituting an inferior article?"

OUR ANSWER

is: "Here we are! Give us a call, or send along your order. You'll never need to ask that question again."

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WOOD'S GROCERY

J. M. WOOD, Proprietor.

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WE HAVE JUST RECEIVED A FRESH SUPPLY OF

Nitrate of Soda, Muriate of Potash AND ALL KINDS OF FERTILIZERS

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WOOD-FIBERED HOUSE PLASTER CEMENT AND LIME

AS WE UNLOAD DIRECT FROM THE CARS

STRANAHAN & CLARK

Hood River, Oregon

"In A Persian Garden"

Song Cycle for four solo voices. Words selected from Rubayiat of Omar Khayyam. Music composed by Liza Lehmann

SOLOISTS

Mrs. Ralph Root Soprano
Mrs. C. H. Henney Contralto
Mr. Norman A. Hooser Tenor
Mr. O. T. Wedemeyer Bass
Mrs. C. E. Coffin, Mrs. E. D. Kanaga Accompanists

Concert Under Auspices of Unitarian Church, to be given at the Congregational Church Monday, November 30, 1914, at 8 o'clock p. m. Admission fifty cents

Reserved Seats on sale at Clarke's Drug Store

Storage

We have storage space for all kinds of goods in a concrete building

Our Transfer Wagons Will Move Anything

Complete Transfer Service

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YELLOWSTONE PARK IS A WONDERLAND

Copyright Nov. 1914, by G. P. Dabney.

(Second installment)

The next morning after a good hot breakfast (such as our mother used to cook) we were seated in our coaches and they bounded away one after another. We were all eager to see more of the wonders of that mysterious land. As we proceeded on our way, the landscape seemed to unfold before us, emitting one beauty spot after another, or some wonderful phenomena, and intermingled with those was wild game sauntering along near the roadside. The birds were flying about from tree to tree, while the porcupine, ground hog, and other small animals, were playing hide and seek among the rocks and down timber. They all seemed to realize that the "Sam Slick" beams on them and that they should have no fears for either "Dudes" or "Savages."

We are now passing Obsidian (glass) mountain, which is on our left. It is a strange looking formation of black glass, and so hard we were informed by our guide, that in order to remove the undetached debris, so that a road might be built around the base of the mountain, it was necessary to heat the glass and while on hot water was thrown upon it and in that way it was broken up and removed.

The next objects of interest were Twin Lakes, to the right of us, each of which was nearly half a mile in length. In one of these the water was as blue as the sky above it, and in the other one the water was as green as a Shamrock, while between and connecting them was a small lake whose water was a rich brown color.

But we dare not linger, for we were all anxious to know from whence came all the great noise ahead of us, and soon we were in sight of Roaring Mountain, towering up nearly 8,000 feet above sea level, and resembling a great ash heap. There are many castles on the side and top of the mountain, and which hot steam is continually escaping and from some of these caverns or vents comes the hissing, roaring noise like that of a thousand demons.

The steam that has long ago killed the scattering trees that once grew on the mountain unmolested, but now their white trunks stand here and there like scarred sentinels. A little farther on and to our right was the "Devil's Frying Pan," a wicked looking basin filled with frying, sputtering stuff, that none but the devil might relish.

Our next place of interest was Horn's Geyser Basin, where we saw the first geysers on our trip, and which are most wonderful and interesting. Among them was the "Black Growler," that continually discharges black water and steam with such a terrible force as to cause a growling, hissing noise like that of many demons. While we never tire at looking at the beautiful pools and geysers, many of which were clothed in purity and innocence, we were glad to move on, when we came to the "Black Growth," a wicked looking basin filled with frying, sputtering stuff, that none but the devil might relish.

We have left the field of geysers and are going down the Gibbons Canyon, following the pretty winding river by that name, whose waters are as clear as crystal and whose banks are dotted here and there with the most beautiful colored cones of various heights, ranging from five to fifteen feet, and in the crater of these the hot water is boiling, bubbling and running over the edges and dripping down the sides.

We are scarcely out of sight of one wonder until some other one is in sight, which is still different, so that now we are passing the Beryl Pool, with its various colors, which are very beautiful. For some time we have been slowly climbing up and up, until we are several hundred feet above the river, and are now looking at the great falls, where the water is pouring over a great precipice and dropping down into a whirlpool below, from whence it winds its way like a silver thread through a deep gorge and around moss-covered boulders that are supporting many evergreen trees that seem to be imbedded in the side of the large rock. We have now crossed the bridge that spans the river a mile below the falls, and have halted at the Gibbons lunch camp, in the shade of towering pines.

The morning ride through that mysterious and beautiful country nearly a mile and a half above the sea, had whetted our appetites to a keen edge. Oh, my! those hot rolls, butter, fried trout, and then more trout, but I must not dwell on good things to eat, for there are many more wonders yet to be seen, and after a rest of two hours we are again on the road, where we soon leave the Gibbons river, with all its grandeur, and cross the divide to the Hood River, which we followed for several miles. Seemingly the farther we drove the more romantic and fascinating the grand panorama unfolded before us, until we arrived at the Nez Perce night camp, a historical spot where Cowen and his party were captured in 1877 by Chief Joseph and his wandering band of savages.

The camp is in the edge of a dense forest and a hundred yards from Nez Perce creek, where one may catch the speckled beauties and by a turn can cook them in a boiling pool a few feet away. Dinner is now over and our guide piloted us to another field of wonders two miles distant, and one of the strange sights was a mud geyser, where the ashen colored mud was constantly being thrown into the air from two to fifteen feet, and as it dropped back into the crater the jets would form themselves into a variety of shapes, vegetables, flowers, animals, birds, etc., soon to settle down into the great stir, there to be thrown out again and again. It all seems so wonderful that really we were mystified at its strange actions. Among the most strange things we saw was a well of black colored ink, and from which no doubt there have been many effective love letters written.

On our return, the campfire was lighted, and the evening was taken up with singing, story telling, eating popcorn, etc., and thus ended the second day of our trip, on July 3, 1914.

As there were so many points of interest to visit on this day, we left camp at 7 a. m., and after a short drive across a beautiful wild meadow dotted over with many rare flowers, we stopped at the Fountain Geyser just in time to see the great column of boiling water thrown a hundred feet or more into the air, and the millions of drops in falling down looked in the sunlight like so many diamonds. In the same locality there were numerous other geysers and pools, each one with its own peculiar display, coloring and formation. Near by, too, is the Mammoth Paint Pots, a boiling, bubbling mess of thick material in red, pink, yellow and other colors, all stirred by the tireless hand of nature, so that the colors blend and the little jets popping up have formed a thousand little pyramids of various colors.

On leaving that phenomenal field, we diverted from the main road and are now looking down into the depths of boiling pools, near Fine Hole Lake, where a blue flame of fire intermingled with the hot water a few feet below the surface. A little distance away is the Black Warrior Geyser, a most wicked looking crater, where black water and steam gushes forth in a most terrible manner.

We have returned to the main road and are passing many other places that are just as wonderful, until we have arrived at the Midway Geyser Basin, or "Hell's Half Acre," as it is generally termed. But a few years since its domain was enlarged by a great explosion, so that now it covers an acre of space. To see the wonderful place, we left our coaches and descended a succession of steps to a foot bridge and crossed the Fine Hole River. The crater, which is 200 yards from the river, is twenty feet deep, and one can look far down into the blue water as it flows up and runs over at a lower place and empties into the river at the rate of 4,000 gallons per minute, while the steam rises in great clouds and floats across the edge apparently to dry the water and study the mysterious wonders, we dare not, for there are yet to be seen so many other places that are not less interesting, and as we go on, we pass Excelsior Geyser, Prismatic Lake, Turquoise Pool, Silent Pool and many others, each one bearing its own individuality and coloring more exquisite than any artist could portray. Even the coloring rises with the steam and is borne away from some of the pools.

We are now at "Biscuit" Basin, where a hundred thousand biscuits, or formations resembling them, have been taken by the hand of nature from a bottomless pool and rolled out, and are standing on edge apparently to dry. The biscuits were of uniform size and very strange and beautiful. We did not sample them, but proceeded on our way, and soon entered the Upper Geyser Basin, where the thousand wonders were awaiting our arrival. We were not a little surprised to see so many geysers, springs, pools, etc., and each with its own special coloring, formation and action. Among them was the "Milk" carried into the air a hundred feet high and stands immediately on the brink of the river at an angle of 45 degrees, and from its crater gushes forth a great volume of boiling water which is carried into the air a hundred feet, and then it rains down into the Fine Hole river that runs along over mossy rocks, undisturbed by the beautiful cone of red, yellow and gold.

It is when the geyser is playing in the sunlight that a pretty rainbow may be seen, coming up over the river and extending from one side to the other. As some of the "dudes" are growing thirsty, we again drive a little from the main road to visit the devil's Punch Bowl, where a thousand little demons are apparently stirring the punch as it bubbles over on all sides, which is constantly building it higher and higher. I did not understand the ingredients or makeup of the contents of the punch bowl, but undoubtedly the little demons understand the art of mixing to produce such exquisite coloring. A look at the contents of the bowl was sufficient to quench the thirst of the "dudes," and we passed on to Emerald Lake, which is rightly named, for the water is as green as the grass on the hills around Killarney.

As some of our party had soiled handkerchiefs, we next visited Handkerchief Pool, where piece after piece was thrown into the boiling water, where they immediately disappeared from sight and after passing through the subterranean laundry they came to the surface of the pool washed as clean as if they had been washed in one of our fine steam laundries and strange to say, the proprietor did not show up or send his bill for the washing.

From there we passed the Three Sisters Pool, which was beautiful and interesting, but from the surroundings one would judge that they were all old maids.

We have now passed Old Faithful (of which I will speak later) and arrived at the Shard and Powell Camp, which is located in the edge of tall pine timber, some three hundred yards from and in sight of Old Faithful Geyser. After a delicious lunch and an hour's rest, we were led by our most efficient guide, Mr. Chas. J. Powell, over the gravel field of wonders of the Upper Geyser Basin.

(To be continued)

Best Cough Medicine for Children.

"Three years ago when I was living in Pittsburgh one of my children had had cold and coughed dreadfully. Upon the advice of a druggist I purchased a bottle of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy and it benefited him at once. I find it the best cough medicine for children because it is pleasant to take. They do not object to taking it," writes Mrs. Lafayette Tuck Homer City, Pa. This remedy contains no opium or other narcotic, and may be given to a child as confidently as to an adult. Sold by all dealers.

Apples Sold in Bags

A dispatch from Galveston, Texas, says that a feature in the apple market of late has been the fruit put up in bushel bags, an experiment of one of the produce companies of that city. The saving of boxing, packing, wrapping and freight charges makes it possible to sell the fruit at a closer figure. The new idea has not been fully tried out, but if it meets with favor it will be continued.

Foley Cathartic Tablets.

Are wholesome, thoroughly cleansing and have a stimulating effect on the stomach, liver and bowels. Regulate you with no griping and no unpleasant after effects. Stout people find they give immense relief and comfort. Anti-bilious. Warren Spafford, Green Bay, Wis., writes "Foley Cathartic Tablets are the best laxative I ever used. They do the work promptly and with no bad after effect." Try them. Sold by Chas. N. Clarke.

Court Decides Against Boundary Board

Judge Braunschaw has decided against the School District Boundary Board in the case involving the transfer of a portion of District No. 2, Frankton, to District No. 4, Barrett.

Immediately after the action of the boundary board this summer, Frankton citizens secured a temporary injunction.

Put a porous plaster on the chest and take a good cough syrup internally if you would treat a severe case of sore lungs properly. Get the dollar size Ballard's Horehound Syrup. With each bottle there is a free Herrick's Red Pepper Porous Plaster for the chest. Sold by Chas. N. Clarke.

Woman's Club Works for Charity

The Philanthropic Committee of the Hood River Woman's Club wishes to express its appreciation to the people of Hood River town and valley for the generous donations of clothing and most of all for willing hands last Wednesday at the Unitarian church, where the work of receiving, making and mending of clothes for the worthy unfortunates in our midst and for those to us unknown, but who must be remembered in their adversity, was more than gratifying, for so much was accomplished.

The committee wishes also to state that it has had definite information from the Crook county colony, thirty miles beyond Prineville, where many families will suffer if help is not given. We will pack and dispatch boxes from Hood River December 2 to Belgium and to Crook county, and any one having material, clothing, new or old, provided it is clean, may leave the same with the committee before that. We wish that there might be more applications for the Crook county colony not only for the food value but the medicinal as well, for any one having lived in that land of alkali water knows what the longing for fruit means. Mrs. Jay P. Lucas, Chairman Philanthropic Committee.

TOO MANY CHILDREN

are under-size, under-weight with pinched faces and poor blood; they do not complain but appetite lags; they have no ambition and do not progress.

Such children need the rich medicinal nourishment in Scott's Emulsion above everything else; its pure cod liver oil contains nature's own blood-forming, flesh-building fats which quickly show in rosy cheeks, better appetite, firm flesh and sturdy frames.

If your children are languid, tired when rising, catch cold easily or find their studies difficult, give them Scott's Emulsion; it supplies the very food elements that their systems lack.

Scott's Emulsion contains no alcohol and is so good for growing children it's a pity to keep it from them.

14-7 Scott & Bowne, Bloomfield, N. J.

Doughnuts

That will remain moist.

Every housewife who bakes her own bread knows that if a little potato is added to the sponge, the bread will not dry out so quickly. In this recipe potato is utilized to make doughnuts that will remain moist and fresh for several days.

K C Potato Doughnuts

By Mrs. Nevada Briggs, of Baking School fame.

3 cups flour; 2 eggs; 1 cup sugar; 1 level teaspoonful K C Baking Powder; 1/2 teaspoonful salt; 1/2 teaspoonful more; 1 cup cold mashed potato; 1/2 cup milk, or more if needed.



Sift three times, the flour, salt, and baking powder. Beat eggs with rotary beater, then still using rotary beater, gradually add sugar, then work in the mashed potato with a spoon and alternately add milk and flour mixture. Make a soft dough, roll into a sheet, cut into rounds, pinch a hole in the center with the finger and fry in deep fat.

Fat for frying should not be hot enough to brown the doughnut until it has risen. When the doughnut is dropped into the fat it sinks to the bottom. As soon as it comes up it should be turned and turned a number of times while cooking. This recipe is excellent as they do not take the fat in frying and will stay moist for days.

Real Estate

LOANS, RENTING, COLLECTING

A Specialty of City Property, Residence Lots, and Small Tracts Close In. For Bargains call on or address

T. D. TWEEDY

Hood River Home Phone 2712

New Schedule

Mount Hood Railroad

Effective 12:01 A. M. Sunday, Sept. 20, 1914

No. 1	STATIONS	No. 2
A. M.		P. M.
7:00	Lv. Hood River Ar.	1:40
7:15 Powdermill	1:55
7:30 Switchback	2:10
7:45 Van Horn	2:25
8:00 Odell	2:40
8:15 Woodwards	2:55
8:30 Bloncher	3:10
8:45 Winans	3:25
9:00 Trout Creek	3:40
9:15 Woodwards	3:55
9:30 Parkdale	4:10

G. SALLING, Agent.

Hood River Cigar Factory

F. M. WHITE, Proprietor

Manufacturer of

High Grade Cigars

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MAJESTIC RANGES

Are admitted to be without a peer, when you want a "life time" range come here and buy a Majestic.

We are showing one of the most attractive lines of Heating Stoves

that has ever been seen in the city, it is a pleasure to show them whether you are ready to buy or not.

We want your business, and as we are very conservative in the matter of extending credit, the Man who pays his bills

is not called on to pay an additional 10% to 20% to cover bad accounts, when you trade with a merchant who trusts everyone you must either pay the bad bills, as well as your own, or that merchant must "go broke."

Blowers Hardware Co

The Firm That "Makes Good"

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The Purity Dairy Co.

Yours for prompt service and Good Milk

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Bridal Veil Lumbering Company

Building Material and Box Shooks

Yard West of Freight Depot Hood River, Oregon Phone 2181

BOTTLED MILK and CREAM

The Tip Top Dairy

Phone 5844

REGULATOR LINE STEAMERS

Steamer Bailey Gatzert

Leaves Hood River Tues, Thurs, and Sat. at 11:30 a. m. for Portland and way landings. Fare Portland each way \$1; The Dalles and return 75c.

Steamer Dalles City

Leaves Hood River Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays at 11:30 a. m. for Portland and way landings.

Steamers leave Portland daily except Sunday at 7:00 a. m. Portland Office and Dock Foot of Alder St. LOCAL PHONE 4592

FASHION STABLE

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Hood River, Ore.

Horses bought, sold or exchanged. Pleasure parties can secure first-class rigs. Special attention given to moving furniture and pianos. We do everything horses can do.

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