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**S. E. BARTMESS**  
FUNERAL DIRECTOR AND PRACTICAL EMBALMER  
HOOD RIVER, OREGON

## THE MEANING OF GRIFFITH SUPERVISED

D. W. Griffith has made a great name in the motion picture world of today. He is said to be ahead of his time. Beginning February 20, the Electric Theatre will begin weekly showings of the famous Griffith-Triangle productions. The following is from the pen of Carlyle Ellis:

To watch David Griffith at work; to see in actual productive operation the mind that has made the deepest imprint of any on the photo-drama—it is the heart's desire of every interviewer and writer of personality studies from New York to—but there is no outer boundary. In Los Angeles, it seemed a simple thing to do. One had but to gain entrance to the big Fine Arts studio, where Director-General Griffith spends his life producing photoplays, and watch.

Entrance was gained. Luckily we had a certain password that opened several doors before it led us to the first big open-air stages, shaded from the southern California sun by top-shades of white cotton. We were free to wander about where we liked and for as long as we liked, so long as we obeyed studio laws.

Chief of these is: Never step in front of a camera. That rule is obeyed even by the studio dogs, of which there are sure to be several. Most of these dogs have either to be led on the set, so thorough is their understanding of the rule, or else rehearsed in the one scene till they know they belong there.

The second law is purely local application and is not really a law at all. It is expressed by everyone in about the same words: "Better not bother Mr. Griffin unless it's absolutely necessary." He is very busy making movies, and he must be not only because everyone we speak to says so, repeatedly, but because during one whole busy morning we failed to catch even a glimpse of the man. He is there, too. He is rehearsing or directing or consulting or all three, here or there or somewhere about, but you do not see him.

On the big, orderly stage, crowded with sets and players and technical assistants, the air is dominated by a spirit that you cannot at once put your finger on. If you are used to motion picture studies so you get a dozen impressions from a dozen different details and they all swirl into an individuality—the personality of the studio, which is sure to mirror accurately the personality of its director-general.

Looking for this man Griffith you wander from stage to stage of the Fine Arts studio, up and down the past streets of this miniature city, from the group of technical buildings in one corner to the outdoor gymnasium in the court of the men's dressing rooms or on to the great storehouses of furnishings and set shops.

Everywhere you hear one name—Mr. Griffith. The big projection room is to be clear for his work at five o'clock—he suggested a certain kind of hanging for this Renaissance drawing room and so that kind will be found at all cost.

Mr. Griffith saw it in rehearsal and let it go through so that it might be all right. That's a piece of business that the scene Mr. Griffith said to the scene at fine sharp angles, you know, he must not be kept waiting.

The listening visitor becomes possessed by the conviction that this visible director is at least five men. How easily is such utility possible? We stand among the quiet watchers behind the battery of cameras. Here are directors and assistant directors, operators and their assistants, players off duty or waiting for their entrance into the scene. Occasionally a bit of vigorous, high-pitched dialogue from a set marks sharply the recording of some intense moment in a play, where the use of speech will help the players an accurate dramatic value, but for the most part voices are subdued to ordinary conversational tone.

There is none of the traditional shouting of directors, no fine frenzy at all. These are Griffith directors.

**MRS. A. C. BUCK CALLED BY DEATH**

The funeral services of the late Mrs. A. C. Buck, whose husband is justice of the Peace of this district and a prominent member of the local post of the Grand Army of the Republic, was held Friday afternoon at 2 o'clock at the Missionary and Alliance church, Rev. Anthony S. Donat, pastor of the Riverside Congregational church, was the officiating minister.

Mrs. Buck, whose maiden name was Mary Weaver, passed away at her home Wednesday night of last week. She had been an invalid for several years. She was born October 15, 1845, in Mercer county, Penn. When she was four years old the family removed to Broadhead, Wis. When she was 14 they went to Eyota, Minn., and 12 years later she returned to Pennsylvania.

Mr. and Mrs. Buck were married May 4, 1880 at Warren, Ohio. They moved to White City, Kan., and in 1892 they came to Linn county, Ore. They remained in 1902 to The Dalles, coming the next year to this city.

Mrs. Buck was a member of the local Congregational church and of the Order of the Eastern Star. In addition to her husband, she is survived by a daughter, Miss Nettie M. Buck, of Portland; and a son, Sherman E. Buck, of La Grande.

Following the funeral service interment took place at Idlewild cemetery. The funeral was conducted by the Anderson Undertaking Co.

Constipation and Indigestion

"I have used Chamberlain's Tablets and must say they are the best I have ever used for constipation and indigestion. My wife also used them for indigestion and they did her good," writes Eugene S. Knight, Wilmington, N. C. Obtainable everywhere.

**Carload of Fords Received**

The Columbia Auto & Machine Co. last week received from Portland a carload of Fords, seven touring cars and one runabout. D. H. Deerey, secretary-treasurer of the local distributing company, says that he looks for a shortage of freight cars later, and prospective purchasers of automobiles are urged to make known their wants early, in order that they may not be disappointed by an impossibility of the company to deliver a machine.

**Many People Don't Know**

A sluggish liver can cause a person an awful lot of misery. Spells of dizziness, headaches, constipation and biliousness are sure signs that your liver needs help. Take Dr. King's New Life Pills. They see how they help tune up the whole system. Fine for the stomach too. Aids digestion. Purifies the blood and clears the complexion. Only 24c at your Druggist.

## PLAYING OF MAUD POWELL APPEALING

One does not have to be well trained in the technique of music to enjoy the violin concerts of Maud Powell. She is able to draw more than mere notes and formal tones from her beloved instrument. When Maud Powell plays her listeners are touched by real music. As she proceeds from the first number of her concert to the last, her hearers have become more and more in sympathy and understanding with her, and when the last encore has been sounded, the audience seems loath to depart. Maud Powell is a master workman; she fiddles because she enjoys it. One can see that at a glance. If he were blind this knowledge would be imparted to him when she began drawing her bow across the strings.

A large audience of music lovers were present at the Riverside Congregational church last Friday evening to greet the renowned virtuoso, who was presented here by the Heilig theatre, of Portland. Fred Bailey, of the theatre company, was here to give the concert his personal management. The concert was heartily appreciated. No number was better than the last, "The Barcarolle," from Offenbach's "Tales of Hoffman." One was made to think as Maud Powell played, that they may have such music in Heaven, that the angels may fly by it.

But in "Twilight," Massenet-Powell, Madame Powell seemed to draw pictures of that time of the day, when stars are beginning to twinkle; when the wings of night birds are beginning to softly fan the air in its changing light when she began drawing her bow across the strings. One was made to think as Maud Powell played, that they may have such music in Heaven, that the angels may fly by it.

Arthur Loesser was Madame Powell's accompanist. The perfection of his work, his ability to blend in with the playing of the virtuoso and yet keep in the background adds to the finish of a Powell concert. Mr. Loesser also displayed his powers of charm as a piano soloist. In fact that talented young man is really worth more than a paragraph.

Madame Powell was presented by Mrs. Kay W. Sinclair, on behalf of the Musical Department of the Woman's club, with a handsome basket of Hood River apples. "In appreciation of them I can better express myself in music than in words," she said, playing for the audience "Souvenir." When she and Mr. Loesser left the stage after the rendition of "Souvenir," H. Godfrey Turner, Madame Powell's husband and manager, came in to arrange the piano for Mr. Loesser to play. One of the big red apples was left on the piano. Mr. Turner could not get his teeth, it seemed, into that luscious sphere quick enough. His big juicy bite, as he hurried back to the dressing room brought a round of laughter.

## University of Washington

(By Dorothy Baker)

Clarke hall, the women's dormitory, was hostess at an informal dancing party recently. The effect of old Japan was created in the decoration including Japanese lanterns, shaded lights, massed of lighted candles, and two dancers. Refreshments were served from a pagoda by a tiny Japanese girl. The programs, which were decorated with Japanese lanterns, were painted by Dorothy Baker.

The annual convention of newspaper men of Washington was held at the university, Thursday, Friday and Saturday. One hundred thirty three were present, 94 of them newspaper editors and publishers, and the large majority country and small city newspaper men. Miss Dorothy Baker's uncle, E. B. Webster, publisher of the Port Angeles Olympic Leader, and senior member of the Webster & Smith printing firm, was in attendance, and Miss Baker spent the week end with Mr. and Mrs. Webster.

The first of the intercollegiate basketball games in the new Pacific coast conference was played Friday evening, Washington, lost to California, 24 to 30. The second game of the series also was won by California Saturday evening, this time by 25 to 20.

## Bishop Paddock at Barrett

Friday, Jan. 28, at 3 o'clock, the patrons of Barrett district and their friends will have an opportunity of hearing Bishop Paddock, the Episcopal Bishop of Eastern Oregon, speak of some of his experiences in connection with his work in this field. He has a standing invitation to visit the schools along his route and makes a specialty of doing so. He is sufficiently broad minded to favor unity among the churches and fosters the community spirit wherever he goes. The fact is not generally known that Eastern Oregon is as large as the whole state of Washington and that it is traversed by some 4000 miles of stage road off the railroad. The bishop has been covering the greater part of this territory for the past eight years and has had many interesting experiences. If you want to hear something good come to this meeting Friday at 3 o'clock.

## George W. Smith Dies at Salem

The late George W. Smith, who passed away at his home in Salem Thursday was formerly a resident of Hood River. Four years ago he left here for The Dalles, later locating in Salem. Mr. Smith, who was 73 years of age, was a pioneer of 1846, having crossed the plains by ox team in that year from Missouri.

He is survived by his widow and the following seven sons and two daughters: Silas and Herbert Smith, of Penawawa, Wash.; George Smith, of Almota, Wash.; Chauncey Smith, of Spokane, Wash.; Elmer Smith, of Salem; Clyde Smith, of The Dalles; Dorsey Smith, of Boring; Mrs. H. P. Allen, of Hood River; and Mrs. A. C. Smith, of Endicott, Wash.

## Bad Cold Quickly Broken Up.

Mrs. Martha Wilcox, Gowana, N. Y., writes: "I first used Chamberlain's Cough Remedy about eight years ago. At that time I had a hard cold and coughed most of the time. It proved to be just what I needed. It broke up the cold in a few days and the cough entirely disappeared. I have told many of my friends of the good I received through using this medicine, and all who have used it speak of it in the highest terms. Obtainable everywhere.

For Butter Labels printed in accordance with Dairy and Food Laws, call at this office.

Go to Law, The Cleaner.

## TRIBUTE PAID TO FREDERIC H. BALCH

(From The Oregonian)

Just now, when there is wide interest in the beauties of the Columbia river, through construction of the Columbia River Highway, an anonymous writer has contributed to the Hood River Glacier an interesting article on Frederic Homer Balch, author of the classic, "The Bridge of the Gods." It is a real romance—an Oregon romance—which deals in Indian legend and the sacrifices of a heroic young preacher, and has for its background the noble river of the Columbia gorge.

It may or may not be well known that Cecil Gray, hero of the story, who sacrificed his life to teach the Indians the religion of Christ, typifies Frederic Homer Balch. He was a minister of the gospel, of reverend mind and deep conviction—so deep and sincere that when he decided to enter the ministry he suppressed, or thought he did, the stirring and surging thoughts of the romanticist, and actually consigned to the flames a novel of pioneer history, "Wallulah," which he had written.

Balch was born at Lebanon December 14, 1861, and is buried at Lyle, Wash. He died at the early age of 30. He had reconciled, during his service as preacher, his conflicting ideas of duty; or rather, he had become convinced that the role of writer of tales was not incompatible with his chosen occupation. Thus "The Bridge of the Gods" was born.

It is idle to guess what Frederic Balch might have done if his life had been spared. What he did was a fine and worthy monument of his real genius. To quote from a poem by T. R. Coon:

"Lift up mine eyes unto the hills,  
From all below and find rest awhile;  
Be free, my soul, from all thine ills,  
Look up and live, for God so wills,  
And these are his brown hills of Lyle."

## THROWS LIGHT ON CARBON DEPOSITS

"If the amount of air entering the carburetor is not sufficient to insure complete combustion, we have what is known as a rich mixture," says a bulletin on carbon deposit and its causes issued by the Standard Oil Company. "This is a slow-burning mixture rather than an explosive one and will cause excessive carbon deposit."

"For example, the wick of an oil burning lamp is turned too high, too much oil will be siphoned through the wick for the amount of air entering the lamp to form complete combustion. The lamp will smoke, and soot, which is carbon, will be deposited on the chimney.

"This is exactly what happens in the cylinders of a gas engine. The products of incomplete combustion of the gasoline deposit a certain amount of carbon in the combustion chamber. This carbon deposit will build up very much more quickly if it has a bed to build up on, such as would be produced by a lubricating oil which when exposed to the heat of explosion would leave a gummy deposit."

"Lieut. G. S. Bryan, U. S. N., has ably and correctly pointed out in his article on 'Motor Cylinder Lubrication' that lubricating oils manufactured from paraffine base crudes deposit more carbon than lubricating oils manufactured from asphaltic base crude. The reason for this is that paraffine base crudes contain paraffine wax, which cannot be entirely eliminated from the manufactured product."

## NOTE

The adjourned Annual Stockholders meeting of the Farmers' Irrigating Company will be held February 5, 1916, at 10 a. m. at K. of H. Hall. Please attend or send your proxy.

M. H. NICKELSEN, Secretary.

## Strain Too Great

Hundreds of Hood River Readers Find Daily Toil a Burden.

The hustle and worry of business men, the hard work and stooping of workmen, the woman's household cares, often weaken the kidneys. Backaches, headaches, dizziness, kidney troubles, urinary troubles—frequently follow.

A Hood River citizen tells you what to do.

Mrs. S. Rodgers, of 912 Wilson street, Hood River, says: "Kidney complaint came on me gradually; had burning pain all through my kidneys and I got so weak that it was all I could do to get around. My rest was broken by irregular kidney action and mornings I felt all tired out. Doan's Kidney Pills brought me back to good health, relieving all the troubles from which I suffered so long. Whenever I have felt in need of a kidney medicine since, I have taken Doan's Kidney Pills with fine results."

Price 50c. at all dealers. Don't simply ask for a kidney remedy—get Doan's Kidney Pills—the same that Mrs. Rodgers had. Foster-Milburn Co., Props., Buffalo, N. Y.

## "Steuqirb to Burn"

Says Gen. Moreheat on the Western Front  
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Winter is concentrating for an attack and if you turn STEUQIRB about you'll find it the best defense on the market.

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The material used in this office is the best grade money can buy. Gold crowns and bridge work are made from Neys 22k 30 gauge gold. None better. Why not get the best grade of material and spend your money in Hood River?

22k Gold Crowns - - - \$5.00  
Bridge Work, per tooth - - - \$5.00  
Gold Fillings - - - \$2.00 to \$5.00  
Porcelain Crowns - - - \$6.50  
Porcelain Fillings - - - \$1.50  
Silver Fillings - - - \$1.00 to \$1.50  
Plates - - - \$9.00 to \$12.00  
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## THEORY

It is an exploded theory that in order to obtain top quality one must always pay top prices. We admit that in most instances the theory is true, there are exceptions.

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