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of THE PSYCHOGRAM

On Sale at Slocum & Canfield's, January the Seventh. Look it over.

Rubber Stamps AT THE GLACIER OFFICE

Cull Apples

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Per Ton Delivered to Factory.

Having increased our grinding and storage capacity, we will be in a position to take care of your 1917 tonnage.

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Real Gravely's Chewing Plug

When you chew Gravely you are Better Satisfied. A Little Chew is Enough and it Lasts a Long While. The Good Gravely Taste lasts, too.

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PIPE HIS EXPRESSION! HE THINKS HE IS HAPPY WITH THAT BIG CUD OF MS-BUT YOU'VE GOT IT ALL OVER HIM. YOU CAN READ MY BILLBOARD AND CHEW GRAVELY!

LOOK FOR THE PROTECTION SEAL-IT IS NOT REAL GRAVELY WITHOUT THIS SEAL

SOLDIERS' FUND CLEVERLY RAISED

Mrs. C. C. Paddock, of the West Side, has just received a letter from a friend, Miss Ruby Buselle, a designing milliner of Indianapolis, who tells of raising \$107, used for the purchase of tobacco and candies for French soldiers, by chance sold on a doll, which she dressed and displayed in a show window. The chances were sold for 10 cents each.

"With the money," Miss Buselle writes, "I purchased three gross cans of tobacco, 114 pounds of bar chocolate, milk chocolate and other sweets, which were mailed to the French Minister of War for distribution. The postage amounted to \$31.68."

In each package Miss Buselle included the following short verse:

The soldier, French, who have lived in trench
And mud and shak and mire,
Slept on the ground, recovered wound
From bomb and shell and fire,
Suffered loss of friend to the end,
When they have no other,
Shall think of me, who is proud to be,
Their little Toy God Mother.

From the Little Cupie Doll.

A BOLT OF JUPITER.

It Was Sudden and Sure, and It Saved the Situation.

Jupiter—no! Best begin with time and place—namely, the noon hour and an untidy, semigrass courtyard, the latter bounded upon three sides by decrepit tenement houses and upon the fourth by a noisy garage.

Jupiter—atay! Ladies first! The heroine has the right of way. Her name was Katie Flanagan, and she was as pretty as a heroine ought to be—

—merry, blue eyes, light, fluffy hair; pink cheeks and saucy tilted nose.

Ju—but first, Katie was standing upon the rickety second story gallery at the back of the tenement opposite the garage and was pulling in dry garments that had been undecorating the scene all the morning.

Jupiter—Oh! Katie had a lover—Michael Rafferty of the garage. Michael was tall, good looking—a true son of Erin. He stood at the rear doorway of the garage and, spying Katie, stepped back a bit within the doorway and made a motion which she understood. He then disappeared, but next was seen at the window above the doorway.

Jupiter—but a word about the villains of the story! One was a mischievous boy, teasing a cat in a corner of the courtyard; one a sour faced girl sitting at a lower window and jealous of Katie, one a middle aged woman, the meddling gossip of the tenements, and one the manager of the garage. The manager stood in the spot vacated by Michael.

Jup—oh, yes, the plot! Michael attached it to the clothesline at his side of the courtyard. The plot was a folded paper which said:

Dearest Katie—Meet me at our corner tomorrow morning at 7 with your bundle. Father Flynn will marry us at 8, so we can make the 8:45 train O. K.

Jupiter—but wait—the tragedy! It happened when Katie had drawn the paper halfway across. She jerked too eagerly. Down fluttered the plot waveringly, slowly, but surely, to the ground. A scream from Katie, a word of strength from Michael, a scramble from the villains, all of whom had witnessed the launching of the plot.

Jupiter—yes, now it is time to introduce the real hero. Mighty Jupiter himself interfered. With that proverbial calmness which is the ancient deity's attribute he reached for the paper which fluttered to his very feet and, regardless of anything so modern as the rules of Fletcher, swallowed it whole! He had saved the day.

Jupiter—ah, yes! No need to hold back that sentence any longer. Jupiter was a goat—Blanche Elizabeth Wade in New York Post.

BUYING OUR BONDS

Registered and Coupon Securities of the United States.

HOW THE TWO ISSUES DIFFER.

A Registered Bond Lost or Stolen is Still Absolutely Safe For its Legitimate Owner, While Losing a Coupon Bond is Like Losing Money.

When an investor buys a United States bond he buys what is called either a registered or a coupon security. The "blasted" capitalist is usually pictured as occupying much of his time in "cutting coupons," a task the very notion of which intrigues the imagination of the poor chap who writes about the doings of multimillionaires. And yet—and though it is to destroy so well accepted a tradition—the fact is that the "predatory pite" rarely clips a coupon. He prefers registered bonds for the commonplace reason that they are safer.

The government issues, let us say, a bond bearing coupons. It is forwarded to John Smith, the purchaser, who signs a receipt for it. But suppose that Smith mislays or loses the bond or suppose that it is stolen from him, it is just as negotiable as a \$500 note and he is that much money "out."

But if the bond is registered the case is quite different. Suppose that it is lost or stolen. The thief or the finder cannot sell it or collect the interest on it when interest is due. That bond is recorded in a book in the treasury department as the property of John Smith. To him alone can principal or interest be paid unless he transfers the bond to somebody else, in which case the transfer is recorded in the book.

Hence, obviously, it is much safer for any one who subscribes to a government loan to ask for registered bonds. He will then have a separate account kept for him at the treasury, in which every payment made to him will be set down. If his bonds are mislaid or lost he need only notify the treasury in order to be sure that nobody else shall collect the money to which he is entitled. The missing securities will be replaced when he has fulfilled certain formalities.

Interest checks for bonds are mailed quarterly. On being returned through the banks canceled they are not destroyed, but are carefully preserved in the treasury. So excellent is the system adopted that reference can be made to any such check in case of dispute as to payment, no matter how ancient its date, at a minute's notice. The signature of the payee on the back settles the question. All bonds issued since 1880 are likewise kept in storage. Heirs to estates in litigation sometimes wish to refer to them.

The patriotic person who decides to help Uncle Sam by lending him money may have the additional satisfaction of knowing that there is no security in the world so absolutely safe as our government bonds. Nothing short of the disruption of this great republic could cause them to lose even a fraction of their negotiable value. If you have such a bond you can convert it into cash on hand at any bank.

One can hardly conceive of a more comfortable form of wealth than United States registered bonds. You have your name down in the treasury books with, let us say, the magic figure \$100,000 attached to it. Every quarter (if the interest is 3 per cent) you receive a check for \$750. It is enough to live on, modestly. Hard times may bother other folks, but they do not disturb you. The U. S. C. of I. becomes to a great extent an academic proposition.

Very rich people own the bulk of the registered bonds, which run up as high as \$50,000 each. A piece of printed paper two feet long will represent that sum. It is a fortune which may be folded up and put away in your card case. You cannot possibly lose it. If anybody steals it Uncle Sam will replace it.

The paper used for bonds is of a special and distinctive kind, with two bands of red and blue lines running through every sheet. It is almost all linen, but contains some cotton, so as not to be too hard. The linen rags used for "stock" are carefully selected, cleaned, baled and pulped—even the water for the pulp being filtered to insure its purity.

Uncle Sam owes a lot of money to holders of bonds long ago called impudently, that is to say, who through negligence or for other reasons have never asked for what was due them. Every now and then some of these old bonds turn up; likewise back number interest checks, which folks have a way of hoarding. People are constantly changing their addresses, and often it happens that track is lost for awhile of an individual bondholder. Under such circumstances the interest checks are retained by the treasury, and in the course of time they pile up. They are kept for an indefinite period and, like the unpaid bonds, are good forever.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Letters of Introduction.
Letters of introduction should not be worded in too complimentary or highly flattering terms. As they are left unsealed and delivered in person it is embarrassing for the caller to deliver them. The letter should simply introduce the bearer, state that he is a friend and that any courtesy or entertainment shown him will be greatly appreciated.

"The strongest plume in wisdom's pinion is the memory of past folly."—Coleridge.

Power Construction Man Here
J. E. Shinn, of North Yakima, Wn., construction engineer for the Pacific Power & Light Co., is here superintending the replacement of the section of pipeline washed out south of Powersdale by recent Hood river freshets. The water of last week made it necessary for Mr. Shinn to lay off his men for several days. The headworks of the big power flume were badly damaged, and it will be necessary also to replace the new fish ladder over the dam.

A SLICE OF BREAD.

The Result of Wasting Only One a Day in Every Home.

A single slice of bread seems an unimportant thing. In many households one or more slices of bread daily are thrown away and not used for human food. Sometimes stale quarter or half loaves are thrown out.

Yet one good sized slice of bread, such as a child likes to cut—weighs an ounce. It contains almost three-fourths of an ounce of flour.

If every one of the country's 20,000,000 homes wastes on the average only one-slice of bread a day the country is throwing away daily over 14,000,000 ounces of flour—over \$75,000 pounds, or enough flour for over a million one-pound loaves a day. For a full year at this rate there would be a waste of over \$19,000,000 pounds of flour—1,500,000 barrels of flour—enough to make 200,000,000 loaves.

As it takes four and one-half bushels of wheat to make a barrel of ordinary flour, this waste would represent the flour from over 7,000,000 bushels of wheat.

Fourteen and nine-tenths bushels of wheat on the average are raised per acre. It would take the fruit of some 470,000 acres just to provide a single slice of bread to be wasted daily in every home.

To produce this much flour calls for an army of farmers, railway men and flour mill people. To get the flour to the consumer calls for many freight cars and the use of many tons of coal.

But, some one says, a full slice of bread is not wasted in every home. Very well. Make it a daily slice for every four or even ten or every thirty homes, make a weekly or monthly slice in every home or make the wasted slice thinner. The waste of flour involved is still appalling, altogether too great to be tolerated when wheat is scarce.

Any waste of bread is inexcusable when there are so many ways of using stale bread to cook delicious dishes.—Cleveland Leader.

LIFTING HEAVY WEIGHTS.

How to Work Without Straining the Muscles of the Back.

During housecleaning season it is not uncommon to hear many complaints of backache. Oftentimes the muscles of the back have actually been strained from lifting or lugging at heavy rugs, etc., and there is reason for the pain and discomfort manifested. Fortunately there is a way to lift heavy weights without straining the muscles of the back. "A well known metallurgical company," says Popular Mechanics, "has recently issued instructions showing the right and wrong way to lift heavy objects, such as ingots and castings."

"The way which is condemned and which many workmen thoughtlessly follow consists in grasping the load with both hands while stooping over and scarcely bending the legs at all. Lifting in this posture throws most of the weight on the lower part of the back, where the muscles are weakest, and may produce a severe strain or rupture."

"The proper way is to grasp the load after squatting down close to it, so that the knees are drawn well up against the body. Lifting in this manner throws the weight on the thighs and shoulders, which are strong and best suited to the severe stress that comes in raising the body to an erect posture."

Living Music.
To move the body to the rhythm of the universe, audante, presto, fast or slow, keeping the accent steady and sure.
To use the voice in melodious speaking, with kind and gentle words, to stranger or to friend.

In all events of daily life and work to resolve the discords and to blend the moments into one harmonious whole. A mind to set in form the theme of life, announce the subject clear and true and work it to satisfying close. To find within the soul the beauty bearing message of the song divine. This is to set the days to music and to be a symphony.—Evangeline Close in Musician.

For Cleaning Paints.
An easy way to clean paints: Paints in the bathroom or kitchen that have been soiled from smoke or grease can be easily cleaned by heating vinegar, and with the use of a sponge wipe the paints. In order to obtain best results the vinegar should be heated several times during the process. When completed the paints will be thoroughly clean and look like new.

A Point Conceded.
"Your nation hasn't much appreciation of statuary," remarked the critical visitor.
"I said that years ago," replied Grandpa Mint, "when they took the wooden Indian away from in front of the cigar store."—Washington Star.

Deserved Some.
Bibson Frocks—This cake is awful nice, mamma. (Silence.) This cake is awful nice, mamma.
"Well, what of it?"
"Oh, nothing; only when the minister says it you always ask him to have more."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Hepful.
"Cheer up!" says a Georgia philosopher. "High prices are sure to come down some time or other, if only to see the place where you buried what they didn't get."—Atlanta Constitution.

History.
History is little more than the register of the crimes, the follies and the misfortunes of mankind.—Gibbon.

Notice for Annual Stockholders' Meeting
The annual Stockholders' Meeting of the Farmers' Irrigating Company will be held Saturday, January 12th, 1918, at 10 o'clock a. m. at the Library Hall, to elect seven directors to serve one year.
The annual report of the Secretary and the Treasurer will be presented and read, and other business as may legally come before the meeting.
By order of the Directors,
M. H. NICKELSEN, Secretary.

Get your Pictures Enveloped and Finished by us. Expert work, 24 hour service.—Slocum, Canfield Co. m-11

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Tuesday, January 8th... Lucia di Lammermoor
Wednesday, January 9th... Martha
Thursday, January 10th... La Gioconda
Friday, January 11th... Tales of Hoffman
Saturday, January 12th... Tales of Hoffman

Popular Prices, 55c, 85c, \$1.10, \$1.65, \$2.20

Mail Order Seat Sale Now Open. Address and Make Checks payable to Wm. Adams, Auditorium, Portland

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New Year's Greetings

And wishes that 1918 may be a year void of misfortunes and regrets but fruitful of prosperity, happiness and co-operative activity on the part of the people of Hood River Valley.



Oregon Lumber Company

McCALL PATTERNS

If you buy ready-made clothes for the children, the problem of keeping them well and warmly dressed for a reasonable amount is indeed serious.

But if you make their clothes at home, using a McCall Pattern as your guide, the problem of finance is not only greatly simplified but the children will be better dressed than ever.

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