

NOTICE TO THE PUBLIC!

To Protect the Public Against Deception and to maintain our own identity and Reputation for Honest Methods we take this opportunity to Announce to Our Friends whom we number by the hundreds that our store in Hood River will be known only by our incorporated name

J. C. Penney Company

Reasons Why

We Make This Change:

Sixteen years ago... founder of this present organization of 197 stores, inspired with the ideal that business could and should be conducted upon the true spirit of the "Golden Rule," and being a firm believer in the justice of that familiar adage, "As ye would that men should do to you, do ye also to them likewise" Mr. Penney determined to operate his first and subsequent stores on that policy—"The Golden Rule."

Imitation is the sincerest form of flattery," yet usually only the name was imitated, and the underlying or basic principles were not adopted by those same imitators, who, in some instances, purposely confused the minds of the public in an effort to create the impression that they were part of the "J. C. PENNEY COMPANY Golden Rule Stores."

Remember therefore, that after January 1st, 1919, any store, anywhere, that calls itself a Golden Rule Store is not in any way associated with the J. C. PENNEY COMPANY.



The Store with the Yellow Front One Block South First Nat. Bk

ODELL

Employees of the Apple Growers Association were busy last week, bearing down the old National warehouse, which stood on ground which will be a part of the site of the new cold storage plant of the Association.

Mr. and Mrs. Ed Smith, of The Dalles, spent the Fourth with Mr. Smith's sister, Mrs. Eva Morgan, and nephew, G. F. Smith, who is employed by a Portland firm of buyers of hay and has been looking up local hay men.

Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Cutler and baby daughter, Dorothy, of Portland, spent a few days the past week as guests at the home of Mrs. H. K. Davenport and Mrs. Mary Nesler.

Mr. and Mrs. R. T. Weber, mother of G. A. Weber, and W. N. Weber, who recently settled on the Lawrence property, and with whom she makes her home, is spending several weeks at the home of her daughter, Mrs. E. J. Axup, at Roseveth, Wash.

Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Gilmore and children, of Kent, Ore., have been here for a visit at the homes of Mrs. Gilmore's sisters, Mrs. B. T. Young and Mrs. J. E. Crosby. They moved from their home in Odell in their Cadillac.

Clinton Wood and his nephew, Lloyd Fisher, of Portland, were calling on Odell friends Saturday. Both boys had been employed in the ship yards, but the latter has enlisted in the navy and expects to leave immediately.

Clarence Pecker left Odell Sunday afternoon, bound for the wheat fields of eastern Oregon for harvest. Z. O. and A. H. Annala and Misses Lempi, Selma and Ivo Annala and Edward and Esther Langren in J. J. Annala's Hudson super six were members of a motoring party of five cars making the trip to the ice caves out Mount Adams way in Washington Sunday.

Through July and August the Sunday evening services at the Methodist church will be combined preaching and Epworth League services, with an interesting short sermon by the pastor each Sunday evening.

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FRANKTON.

The Red Cross will meet as usual next week, Tuesday. The Fourth of July parade was excellent, was the judgment of many. Let like the eclipse, we did not see it long enough.

Mr. J. E. Nielsen and the boys returned last Friday from Portland, where there had been an extended visit with relatives and friends. Report has it that the Frankton people will be asked to go some better in the W. S. S. pledge for the rest of the year, as they had not yet got over the top on the last round.

Mr. and Mrs. H. Isenberg returned from Portland Friday night after a week's stay in the big city. Mr. and Mrs. Will Aldrich, of Hood River, were week end visitors at the home of J. O. Eastman and family.

A campfire started by some picnickers Sunday at the top of the Ruthton hill got away from them, and for a time it looked as though another big fire would have to be contended with. Prompt work kept it from doing very much damage.

Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Daubinspicer, of Stevenson, old friends of C. M. Larsen and family, paid them a short visit over the week end. The nearer the Highway work at the top of Ruthton hill reaches completion the more anxious people become in seeing it done. Hundreds visit almost daily to see how the work is progressing.

Miss Alice DeHart, of Portland, and family, visited last week with E. J. Cooper and family. Miss DeHart is the owner of the DeHart place near Wau-Gu-Gu.

Miss Josephine Tooley has returned to her home in southern Oregon after more than a year absence in the Fourth and the Dalles. She and a sister, Mrs. George Phillips, and children, of Los Vegas, N. M., visited a few days with friends and relatives in Frankton before going south.

Those boys who lost the cigars by not being on duty at the Fourth in the new Ruthton hill grade on the Fourth, paid up like little men. We are now ready to take another chance with them, or any one else that it will be 100 before they can travel over a completed grade from the top of Ruthton hill to the Mitchell Point tunnel. Don't all speak at once.

Mr. and Mrs. M. H. Craft, of Hood River, valley, spent a few days in Mosier this week, returning home Saturday. Messrs. Ginger and Bennett attended to business in The Dalles Saturday.

MOSIER.

Among Mosier people who spent the Fourth in Hood River were A. R. Hunter and family, Frank Ginger and family, S. E. Evans and family, Mr. and Mrs. Leslie Hask.

Mrs. C. J. E. Carlson spent the Fourth in The Dalles with her husband, S. M. Vestal, of Fort Rock, Ore., stopped off two days to visit with his aunt, Mrs. S. A. Hunter, and family, while on route to Portland to see his youngest brother, who is a student in the Bescon Polytechnic School.

Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Higley and son, Joe, were in The Dalles on business Saturday. Mr. and Mrs. G. L. Graham and child, for Portland Friday morning after working through the cherry harvest and visiting friends.

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The Maker of Bandages

Red Cross Workers Solve in One Minute the Mystery of the Stony Hearted Mrs. Britt.

By MAXIMILIAN FOSTER Of the Vigilantes.

A diamond is not the hardest thing in the world. A diamond will cut glass and bore through copper, barbed steel, tempered chrome steel, but glass and steel—the diamond itself—two are not compared to some things. The hardest thing in the world is a hard woman.

Efficiency—dreadful word that! How often hard women are efficient! She was both, Mrs. Britt. The instant she came in at the door she had her hat and jacket off. The next instant she was at her place, her mouth set grim, austere and hard—hard at work.

Her Bandages Worthless. She took a bandage and tried to sew. She made poor work of it, however. Then her hand sank on her breast and the bandage slipped from her hands. "I can't do it!" she wept.

Once more she was led away. The same thing happened three or four days later. A week later the mother wandered in again. By now the first of the troics were in the trenches, and her pale, transparent face was like a writhing worm.

Just a few more lines to you as another week has passed. Several of us got surprised this week. You could not guess, so I will tell you. I got the box of bandages you sent me for Christmas got them in June, and it was quite a surprise, as I had given it up as lost, but considering that it took six months for it to get here, the contents were in good shape and it was all there.

Unexpected Number at the Chautauqua. One of the most amusing features of the annual chautauqua, although not on the program, took place Monday night. During a number of the Apollo Concert Company several small boys, sitting on a front row, created a disturbance by their chatter and restlessness.

An inspection will convince you that the services of the Palace Hotel, Portland, and the Washington and Levee streets, is second to none. Convenient to shopping and theatre districts, cleanest rooms in city for 50 cents and up.

His picture was in the locker she wore. Every half hour she would stop to look at it. Sometimes her face would show it, and she would turn to the other workers, coughing the anguish that with every waking breath she drew twinged horribly in her mother's heart.

Think of Your Son. "You're not the only mother in this war," she said. "If you thought a little more about them and a little less about yourself you'd be doing something. You'd be helping your son, for one thing!"

The silence, the grim reserve, which had clouded Mrs. Britt, seemed for a moment to quit her. "I have no son," she said, her flinty eyes biting out the words. "I had one, but he died at Guadalcanal." It was in the Spanish war, snapped Mrs. Britt, and there were no bandages—nothing. That's why he died. That's why I'm here now.

That night Mrs. Farlow rose from her place at the bandage table and sought the table at the back. For the first time that day Mrs. Farlow had managed to create half a dozen bandages, none of which had to be thrown away. Timidly she held out a hand to the drab figure in the corner.

Mrs. Britt looked up at her. Out of the corner of one glassy eye something welled, then, as she turned slowly down her cheek.

Things are just about the same with us. Of course we will not know when a change is coming until we get our orders. We are all feeling well and contented. The weather still remains good, although it is quite warm. We had rather have good weather with the mud than rainy weather with the mud.

I see by the papers and by talking with French soldiers that the American boys are showing them that we have the right kind of pep to produce results and you may be sure that if Co. K ever goes over the top the Germans will know all about it.

I hope everything is fine at home, that the hay and trees are growing, and that Oregon continues to show the rest of the States that they will be put out if they repeated their antics.

CHANDLER SIX
Famous For Its Marvelous Motor

Unusual Economy Without Sacrifice

The Chandler Six has always been famous for its economy of operation—economy without the sacrifice of reserve power, without the sacrifice of roadability, without the sacrifice of beauty of design.

Thousands of Chandler owners all over America tell of gasoline mileage of fifteen to seventeen miles per gallon.

Tire mileage of seven thousand to nine thousand miles per set of tires is commonplace among Chandler owners.

Chandler owners and Chandler dealers say that the service upkeep of the Chandler car is much less than that of any other good cars which they have owned or sold.

The owner of a Chandler Six possesses a really great automobile—great not merely from the standpoint of economy of operation and maintenance, but, even more important, from the standpoint of mechanical excellence and daily performance.

The Chandler motor, designed and built in our own factory, distinguishes the Chandler chassis, marked throughout by its simplicity and sturdiness. The life, pick-up, get-away and endurance of this motor will astonish you quite as much as it pleases you.

Bodies of most attractive design and of unusual comfort are mounted on the Chandler chassis.

Seven-Passenger Touring Car, \$1795	Four-Passenger Roadster, \$1795
Convertible Sedan, \$2495	Four-Passenger Dispatch Car, \$1875
	Convertible Coupe, \$2395
	Limousine, \$3095

All prices f.o.b. Cleveland

Gilbert Motor Car Co.
CHANDLER MOTOR CAR COMPANY, CLEVELAND, OHIO