

OLD AGE STARTS WITH YOUR KIDNEYS

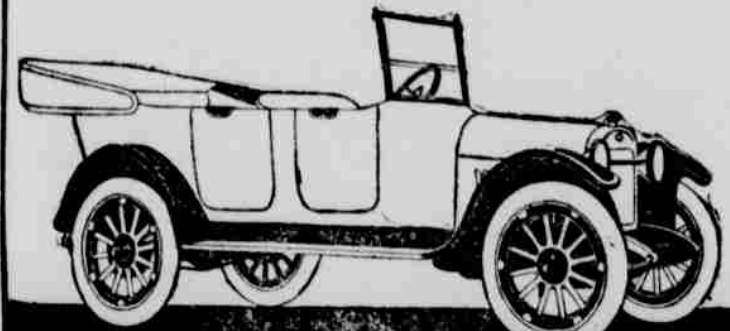
Science says that old age begins with weakened kidneys and defective organs. This being true, it is easy to believe that by keeping the kidneys and the rest of the body in good condition, old age can be delayed and its progress retarded beyond that enjoyed by the average person.

HIGH POWER for HIGH UTILITY

An index of the immense ability and usefulness of this all-family automobile is the fact that it has more power in proportion to its weight than any other car built, save one costing more than \$3000.

Touring Car, \$1185... Roadster, \$1185... Coupe, \$1760... Sedan, \$1760

HEIGHTS GARAGE



OAKLAND

SIX

MT. HOOD RAILROAD COMPANY

Time Table No. 31 Taking effect 12:01 a. m. Sunday July 15th, 1917.

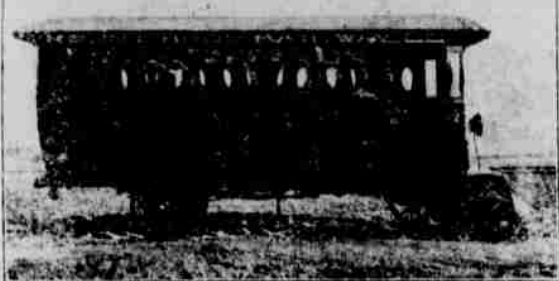


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Steam, Motor. Limited space on Motor Cars all trunks and heavy baggage will be handled on the steam trains, either in advance or following the passengers.

COAL AND WOOD

Rock Springs and Utah Coal—Best Grades Only. Wood of all kinds—special quotations on carload lots. Crushed Rock add Sand and Gravel.

STORAGE

Remember we are always at your service for any of the above items or for the transfer of your trunk or any other hauling.

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Hunt Paint & Wall Paper Co.

Complete line of PAINTS, OILS, BRUSHES, Etc.



Heath & Milligan Mixed Paints Glidden's Varnishes Room & Mouldings Bulk Calcimine Mixed to Order Plate and Card Rail Dry Paste

PIONEERS PAY TRIBUTE TO MR. PITTOCK

The death of no Oregon citizen perhaps has ever touched more deeply the pioneers of Hood River than that of Henry L. Pittock, publisher of the Oregonian.

First news of Mr. Pittock's death came to S. F. Blythe, himself a pioneer printer of the Northwest, last Thursday morning when he unfolded his morning Oregonian left by the rural carrier. Mr. Blythe, pioneer editor of the Hood River Glacier, was a printer on early day papers of Portland.

"While I was never employed on the Oregonian," said Mr. Blythe, "I knew Mr. Pittock and had opportunity to observe the faithful, purposeful work of his earlier years. Knowing something of the circumstances of his work in overcoming obstacles and the steady progress that he made, I have watched the development of the Oregonian with more than passing interest. Indeed, Mr. Pittock has been the Oregonian. Its pages have expressed the man, Mr. Pittock has left a great monument in the Oregonian.

"I recall with pleasure an incident of 1904, when Mrs. Blythe and I entertained Mr. Pittock and his wife on a brief visit here. En route to eastern Oregon on some business, some of us here with Mrs. Pittock to show her the spot where he had eaten water melons in 1856. It was on the pioneer ranch of Nathaniel Cox, and now a part of the concrete limits of Hood River. Mr. Pittock declared that hospitality of the pioneer family and those delicious melons would cause him always to remember Hood River."

"One of the Northwest's greatest leaders has gone," said E. L. Smith, 81 year old Northwest pioneer, "Henry L. Pittock was a man short in stature but towering in his splendid achievements."

It is interesting to hear the comment of Hood River soldiers who have returned recently from all parts of the country. The declaration that the Oregonian surpasses any daily newspaper of a city visited is a splendid tribute to its builder and publisher now gone on the long trail.

VINTON LIKES APPLES FROM HOOD RIVER

A box of Hood River apples presented to the members of the Senate by the Hood River Commercial Club has won a graceful expression of appreciation from President W. T. Vinton. In a letter to the club, Mr. Vinton says:

"I have received today a box of Hood River apples, through the courtesy of Senator Nickelsen and I assure you that every member of the Senate enjoyed them. When I saw a box of Hood River apples, that meant the best apples in the universe, for there is no other spot that produces fruit that is quite as delicious or quite as perfect, and then think of the pleasure of eating a Newtown Pippin, grown in that famous fruit country. One who is a resident of the County and accustomed to eating such fruit does not appreciate the pleasure it gives a person not used to such delicious apples."

SNOW IS SHALLOW IN DEFIANCE FORESTS

Frank Davenport, Jr., and Fred W. Newby, local lumbermen, who recently made a hardsack tour of the forests around Green Point and Mount Defiance in the southwestern part of this county, say the snow blanket of the high altitudes, usually a depth of from six to eight feet at this season of the year, is now only from six to eight inches deep.

"I have never seen these forests so bare of snow," says Mr. Davenport. "Yet I do not anticipate any shortage of water. Mr. Newby and I on investigation found the soil thoroughly saturated. The recent rains seem to have all soaked into the earth. It is likely, too, that later precipitation may take the form of snow on the higher altitudes, storing up a surface water supply."

Christian Church Bible School, 9:45 a. m.; Preaching Service, 11 a. m. and 8 p. m.; Cordial welcome to all. Endeavor, 8:45 p. m. Cordial welcome to all.

Cooking Apples Sell Well With fancy stocks practically exhausted, commission men from Portland and other Northwestern cities have been here looking for the limited supply of cooking grade fruit still in the hands of growers. This quality will be sold out probably within the week at the best prices ever received by growers.

Unwrapped, jumble pack and un-sized apples, are bringing growers the minimum cash price of \$1 per box. Sized and wrapped apples of the cooking grade have sold for more than \$1.25 per box.

Periodic Bilious Attacks Persons subject to periodic bilious attacks will observe that their appetite fails them just before an attack. That is, they do not really crave food but eat because it is meal time. If they will eat only a light meal and no meat, then take two of Chamberlain's Tablets the attack may be avoided.

Notice of Sale of Real Property Notice is hereby given that the State Land Board will, on and after Thursday, the 27th day of February, 1919, receive proposals for the purchase of the following described real property, situated in Hood River county, Oregon, to-wit:

The north half of the northwest quarter of the southwest quarter of section 8, in township two north of range ten, east of the Willamette Meridian. Said sale will be cash, and one-fifth of the amount bid must accompany each proposal as evidence of good faith, and to be applied on the purchase price of said lands if the bid is accepted. The State Land Board reserving the right to accept or reject any bids. Bids should be filed with the undersigned attorney for said Board on and after said date, from whom further information concerning this property may be obtained upon application therefor. All deposits accompanying bids not accepted will be returned to the holders.

A. J. Derby, Attorney for State Land Board, First National Bank Building, Hood River, Oregon. 130927

Commercial job printing at the Glacier office.

NOT IN COLD BLOOD

Soldier Simply Could Not "Till" His Prisoner.

But Though There Was an Impediment in His Speech, His Comrades Found There Was Nothing Wrong With His Courage.

He was the "baby" of the company. This sobriquet was not applied in irony. His comrades had dubbed him this because of his youth and an impediment of speech. He couldn't pronounce his C's, K's and S's, especially when those consonants were the first letter of the word. And consequently his conversation had the sound of a three-year-old. But those of his mates who had poked fun at him one day learned that though his speech and manner might be childish, there was stern stuff beneath.

During an allied attack the platoon of which the "baby" was a member was held up in an old trench by Boche machine gun fire and snipers. The "baby" discovered an enemy sniper in a shell hole and reported him to his lieutenant.

"Go out and get him," ordered the lieutenant.

Obedient orders, over the top the "baby" crawled, and creeping up behind the Hun, forced him to surrender. Unable to bring him back, he took away all his ammunition and crawled back to his own lines again.

"What that I do with him?" the "baby" asked the lieutenant.

"Better kill him, he's probably got hand grenades and a gun hidden about him and we're in too ticklish a position to be bothered with prisoners," answered the hurried officer.

Out again went the "baby," all primed for the execution. The Boche saw him coming, dropped to his knees, clasped his hands in prayerful entreaty and begged for mercy—a habit of the Boche after they have exhausted all their ammunition killing and wounding all the Americans they can.

Twice the "baby" raised his bayonet to run the Hun through. And twice the renewed entreaties of the terrified German sniper made him hesitate. Finally, with a gesture of despair, he ordered the Boche to crawl ahead of him to the American line.

Reaching it, the "baby" put his prisoner in a dugout. Then he went in search of his lieutenant and reported: "Lieutenant, I can't till that dog—Boche, sir. Please get someone else to till him."

The officer couldn't help laughing, and sent the "baby" back to his post. An hour later the "baby" was wounded by another sniper and ordered to the dressing station in the rear.

"He's all broken up, sir, because he couldn't carry out the lieutenant's orders," said his comrade to the American Red Cross worker in the dressing station.—From a Red Cross Scrap Book.

Liked the War.

They told me down South about a negro who was drafted, a big cornfield darky who had drifted along through life till then with nobody bothering much about him. The draft took him, rather frightened and protesting, and he found himself in the army. After the first daze of it wore off, he discovered that he was being taken an interest in for the first time in his life. They took him over to one of the company service colored clubs in his off time. There was a piano there, there were pool tables and games, not to speak of a temperance bar. There was going to be a colored dance that night, and he heard of a dinner by the Daughters of Zion on Saturday. He settled down in his chair, for the first time in his stray-dog life a recognized member of the community, with a recognized place in the world. Then he leaned over to the comrade who had brought him.

"Fo' de Lord's sake, man," he demanded, "why didn't nobody start dis war hefo'?"—Good Housekeeping.

Fed the Multitude.

Mess sergeants are just the same whether they're in Kansas City, Mo., or in France. They're always suspicious that the whole army is trying to edge on their company mess.

The beans ran low—which will indicate the gravity of the situation—in a company that was having its first hot meal out of the lines.

"Three hundred and seventeen men I've fed," finally exploded the mess sergeant. "Three hundred and seventeen! And when we went into line we were only two hundred and fifty strong. You'd think a company would lose when it's fighting, but it doesn't. It gains."

Wheat Crop in Scotland.

The president of the Scottish board of agriculture recently stated that the wheat crop in Scotland this year had been increased by 16,000 acres, the potato crop by 23,000 acres. There was some decrease in the barley crop, but the net increase on the whole of these crops was 227,000 acres, compared with 1917.

Airman's Discovery.

Writing home from France an American airman says of a recent flight: "I went up for altitude and made the remarkable discovery, which I am thinking of publishing at once—namely, that the world is not round, but saucer-shaped, slightly depressed in the middle."

Chronic Constipation

There are people who never have a movement of the bowels without it is produced by a cathartic. Most of them have brought that condition on themselves by the use of mineral waters and strong cathartics that take too much water out of the system and aggravate the disease they are meant to relieve. A mild laxative tonic like Chamberlain's Tablets affords a gentle movement of the bowels that you hardly realize has been produced by a medicine, and their use is not so likely to be followed by constipation.

Have you Music in your home? Edison Diamond Point PHONOGRAPHS. A. S. KEIR SMITH BLOCK RELIABLE DRUGGIST

HER TROUBLES HAD COST THOUSANDS. OREGON LUMBER COMPANY Manufacturers LUMBER & LUMBER PRODUCTS Wholesale and Retail

A complete stock of GOODYEAR and REPUBLIC TIRES AND TUBES together with our service, makes this an ideal place to purchase your tire requirements. DEWITT MOTOR CO.

Royal Bread. Fresh and Cured Meats. L. H. HUGGINS' GROCERY AND MEAT MARKET TWELFTH STREET PHONE 2134

"Ain't it the limit," says Mike, the Contractor. "You'd think anybody but a kid would know that genuine Gravelly is bound to give more real tobacco satisfaction than ordinary plug." PEYTON BRAND REAL CHEWING PLUG Plug packed in pouch