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AN IRRITABLE, fault finding disposition is often due to a disordered stomach. A man with good digestion is nearly always good natured. A great many have been permanently cured of stomach troubles by Chamberlain's Tablets after years of suffering. These tablets strengthen the stomach and enable it to perform its functions naturally. Try them. They only cost a quarter.

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perfect day—when nothing has marred the pleasure of your long day's drive, your motor purring along with never a miss—you can thank your Prest-O-Lite Battery for having done its duty faithfully and well. But don't neglect it. Drop in from time to time and let us inspect your battery—we can tell in a few minutes if it needs some minor attention or if distilled water should be added. No matter what make of battery you carry, we will give it the same careful attention. We know the time will come when you, too, will be carrying a

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of the supplies needed for your **STRAWBERRY PICKERS** AT OUR STORE. Use the telephone and we will have your orders ready for you when you call.

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UPPER HOOD RIVER VALLEY GETS PRAISE

The following interesting story, dealing with the Upper Hood Valley and written by Emily Ross, recently appeared in the Oregonian:

No need to name it more explicitly, for surely there can be no other valley, in Oregon at least, quite as beautiful as this. If so, you can't make the inhabitants believe it. And there are several blossom Sundays, really, for as one progresses through the upper reaches the development of orchard bloom advances with you for perhaps a month. The climax of this progression is the "blossom Sunday" which we call Mount Hood, though, as Theodore Winthrop suggests, why should mountains be abused by the prefix of "Mount"? "Mount Chimborazo," for instance, seeming as "feeble as Mr. Julius Caesar," and "Mount Helens," ergone's window is "open toward Jerusalem," for who would build hereabouts on a site that didn't command a view of the grand old temple pinnacle, rising there, as it were, just across the lot? When it's cloudy you wouldn't know there was a mountain in the state; and sometimes when all the rest is clear he remains distant and concealed, like a veiled prophet. Truly "a cloud compeller" is he, and one to which our seventeen domain owes much of its evergreenness.

But mostly the weather and scenery are superb, with Hood benignly beaming down upon atomic mortals, while the bloomy orchards mark the foreground "a rosebud of nature."

From Homer Rogers' lodge, four miles above Parkdale, one's horizon commands, besides this vigorous prince of the range, to whose wind-swept slopes it is anchored, St. Helens, "queen of North America," Adams, which Winthrop called "Tacoma the Less, but noble enough to be the pride of a continent," and Rainier, "divine majesty, a silver mountain in a golden sea," as he saw it one day. Though of course he spelt it Tacoma, adding that "mountains should not be insulted by being named after undistinguished bipeds." Quite right, Theodore, and may your sentiments be consistently adopted by your national geographic board.

Here a beneficent Creator spread apart the mighty buttresses of our cathedral spire so that a wide area of over 16,000 acres sufficiently level for farming has been left between—an unusual formation like a great park, extending almost from the base of a great peak. The east and middle forks of Hood river skirt the sides, and beyond them each a chain of the buttressing mountains arises to descend down the valley till lost in the gorge of the Columbia.

The Neal creek road along the east side is like a ribbon binding the upper and nether valleys together, for it extends above and below the dividing line between them, Booth's hill. Having steep and rocky sides, it is likely to be long left in primeval beauty.

On the west side of the valley is the famous Punch bowl, scooped out by the pounding of the Middle Fork. It is fearsome to gaze into, and from it none who venture too far ever return.

The bugaboo of rattlers, it is said, was long since exorcised from the country, and that snakes of any variety inhabit these higher altitudes. This, then, may be recommended as a safety zone wherein nervous females may summerize in peace.

The loop road is an absorbing subject and every land owner, and every store of the valley can give cogent reasons why it should pass his door. The Base Line, whose road runs through Portland, also falls north of Parkdale, another connecting link of interest.

There are discouragements in this garden spot, however, though some of them just now it may still be said, perhaps, "it is the war." Think of the aggravation to one who has toiled long and hard to put "the blood in the apple" to receive only a few cents for the best in the season, and now to learn that apples are selling in Portland at two for a quarter! And hay that went out of here at \$20 a ton last fall is being brought back at \$12! Then on May 12 it snowed and several light frosts have visited us since—all of which mine host, not being in the real estate business, admitted were not unusual.

The hamlet of Parkdale, which is the railroad terminus, has two stores, grade school, high school, photographic studio, church and library. The last named is the only one in the county, outside the county seat, and a neatly painted little "burglar" house in its books and magazines. The community church, organized by the late Rev. J. V. Milligan, of Portland, and first pastorized most acceptably by Rev. W. L. Van Nuy, has a charming little edifice—little, but rejoicing in a big minister, Rev. W. O. Body, an alumnus of Reed college, by the way. He is not only a splendid preacher, fearless and forceful, but he takes an active interest in all community affairs, individual and collective.

Boy Scouts have a lusty troop with Mr. Body as Scout Master and J. E. Van Nuy, W. C. Smullin and Milton Craven as assistant scout masters. One of their activities is the commendable plan of planting Memorial Day into clearing up the cemetery; and the men of the community, too, will help by raising \$100 or more for the same purpose. Then here are the Grange, the Rebekahs and Oddfellows, a Red Cross organization, performed valiant service during the war; and 55 young patriots from the upper valley alone responded to the call to arms, a splendid percentage, and only one gold star. Illustrating the spirit of the valley, a good story got out during enlistment days of one ardent would-be, who, though a bit deaf, determined to try it out. When his hearing was tested with a watch and he was asked at each distance if he heard it, he promptly answered "Yes." When the test was over the examiner told him the watch was not running. Fact, and he has a wife and two children here who might have served him for "weather strips" if he had chosen to avoid the draft.

As practically all the service men have already returned, a big banquet reception is talked of for the near future, to welcome them back to the Valley of Peace, as a speaker on Blossom Sunday happily named it. C. E. Craven, who lives "in town" for church and school privileges and has a farm outside the "city limits," left a big studio in the east, where he produced photographs of such high order as to make him a several medallist. Miss Bess Owens, of Portland, another Reed graduate, is principal of the high school as well as soloist in the church choir. She is turning out a fine little class at commencement soon. Incidentally, Milton Runyon, of the same Reed class, has spent some time in these parts, though for his health largely, it is said.

Not far over there for a while lived Eldon Furnish and his bride, Ruth Fraley, well known young Portland people. This was on the place built and formerly owned by the Millards, whose

CHILDREN URGED TO BUY STAMPS

Special appeal is being made to the school children of Oregon, now released from their schoolroom duties, to make the most of their vacation time, not only in play and relaxation, but in a thrifty effort to earn and save during part of their holidays. Work for boys and girls in the fields and the orchards and about home will be more beneficial than complete idleness and there will be few but who will seek and find opportunity to earn money now that their school books have been put aside for the next two or three months.

The government in furthering the War Savings Stamp campaign at this time, is doing so, not so much for the purpose of raising money for governmental purposes, as to the end of inculcating habits of thrift in every citizen, that they may become better citizens, and that the United States may maintain in peace time the record for thrift it developed during the war.

In this connection a recent message to school children by Carter Glass, secretary of the treasury, is pertinent: "I summon you to solve one of America's greatest financial problems—How to make permanent among our people the habits of thrift begun during the war. The victory has been won. Let us carry over into peace time two of the great lessons of the war—the value of thrift, and the fact that good citizenship and interest in your government come from having a part in financing it. To you I intrust the responsibility for making the future America a nation of thrift."

If you have a little money no one can bully you. If you have none you are more or less helpless and dare not speak up for your rights. It is not agreeable to be at anyone's mercy. If there were no other motive for saving the wish to escape from such a situation ought to be sufficient. Uncle Sam offers a most attractive saving and investment proposition for all who would be independent in every sense of the word. He is selling Thrift Stamps at 25 cents each, and War Savings Stamps at \$4.18 each this month. Thrift Stamps are intended to take care of the pennies, nickels and dimes and quarters, that otherwise might be spent foolishly. Thrift Stamps can be converted into War Savings Stamps on which the government pays four per cent interest compounded quarterly. As an investment for the wage earner this proposition can't be beat, and it is primarily for the wage earner that the offer is made. Your banker will tell you so.

Not far away Mrs. Euwer presides summertime over the home of her son, Eugene, a fine log structure befitting its setting; and here another son, Anthony (though known hereabouts as Harry) drank inspiration for his "Rhymes of the Valley." In the book that another Portland girl, Frances Gill, "she of 'The Little Days,'" who also charms many a larger audience with her music, is immortalized by his telling that

When Frances comes to our house
We range ourselves around
On cushions or the hammock or
The steps or on the ground;
And then the stars they perch them-
selves
Above their favorite trees,
The bats, expectant, flutter 'round,
The crickets cross their knees.

And of the program and the postlude he sings:
Fond melodies, dear memories,
Hopes still of things to be,
Come crowding in as Frances plays
With tuneful witchery.

Then down the trail we make our way
By sage and chinquapin,
Below the stars, with Frances there
"Long with her violin."

"Limerotomy" came next and the people were to look at the fashion made "dames" of the day will appreciate this selection:
An imaginary line is the waist
Which seldom stays long where it's placed,
But ambles and skips
'Til it reaches the shoulders and hips
According to popular taste.

And speaking of "dames," Winthrop, a most polished writer, used this word and "tit" in 1831 in exactly the same way as that of the slang-slingers of 1919.

Then comes Mr. Euwer's cat-book, full of ludicrous conclusions about felines in jingles and prose. "Wings and Other War Rhymes," which has something of the ring and the swing of Robert Service, is his latest.

To return to our lovely peak, it may be said that one who truly desires to understand and love our mountains must acquire and absorb Winthrop's "The Caroe and the Saddle." Though written nearly 60 years ago his whimsical wit, keen observation and exquisite imagery are still as refreshing as a crystal spring; and he was also the first author of the campaign slogan in the slogan, See America First, if he didn't coin the phrase. Even one, Frank Branch Riley, who is so wittily and eloquently trying to convince the effect that it should see the north-west and do it now, may find a new argument in this old book wherein with a trenchant pen the traveler writes:
"I ask recognition for the almost unknown glories of the Cascade mountains. We are poorly off for such objects east of the Mississippi. There are some roughish excrescences known as the Alleghenies. There is a knobby group of brownish White mountains. Best of all, high in down east is lonely Katahdin. Hills and mountains among them one single summit brilliant forever with snow, golden in sunshine, silver when sunshine has gone. . . . Exaltation such as the presence of the sublime and solemn heights arouses, we dwellers eastward cannot have as an abiding influence. . . . Therefore, needing all these emotions at their maximum, we are compelled to make pilgrimages back to the mountains of the old world. . . . But we were here forced to inspect also the heritage of human institutions, and such a mankind as they had made after centuries of opportunity—and very sadly depressing we found the work, so that notwithstanding many romantic joys and artistic pleasures, we came back malcontent. Let us, therefore, develop our own world. It has taken us two centuries to discover our proper west across the Mississippi."

He concludes these reflections with inspiring words for "the Oregon people in a climate where being is bliss—as carrying to a new and grander New England of the west a fuller growth of the American idea, carrying the civilization of history where it will not suffer by the example of Europe, where it will achieve a destiny."

Shenk at Class Reunion
A. A. Schenk, who usually comes here from Omaha to spend the summers, writes that he has forgone his annual journey this year because of a trip to Princeton University, where he participated in the 50th reunion of the Class of 1869. The class was a silver ring presented to the class having the largest percentage of living members present for the jubilee occasion.

Mr. Schenk, who is now chief engineer of maintenance for the C. & N. W. R. Co., was a pioneer engineer for the old O. R. & N. Co., and while engaged here he purchased orchard and residence property. He resided in Portland for a number of years.

Club Buys Park Site
The Commercial club last Thursday closed a deal with Mrs. M. Sue Henderson for the purchase of a three acre tract west of the city to be used for a free automobile camping park. The site is so located that additional property may be bought later. The club raised a fund of \$1,000, all of which will be appropriated toward buying the park site, from proceeds of the Fourth of July celebration.

The city will equip the park. Rubber Stamps at Glacier office.

THINNING WITH SCISSORS BAD HABIT

Meant as a suggestion of thrift, the advice of someone to an owner of vacant lot fruit trees to use the family scissors for thinning his apple crop rather than pay a contractor a high price for a new pair of thinning shears may prove exceedingly costly. Indeed, the transient grinder man would reap a harvest here now. It is likely that several husbands will have to invest in new scissors.

It has all evolved from the promise of high prices for apples. In former years suburban growers have annually complained that their crops were menaced by insects and diseases as a result of neglected city lot orchards. When the story of the 1919 apple deal is recorded it will be chronicled that several carloads of clean, highclass fruit were marketed from the limits of Hood River. Days' ends and early mornings are being spent by many city men in thinning their crops. They have invested liberally in spray materials and have made life miserable for the men in charge of the Hood River experiment station. The growing that some of the city orchardists have given their trees this season might put to shame their country cousins, who pride themselves on their commercial product.

BOILING POINTS TELL THE STORY

Contrary to the opinion held by a great many people, the real value of gasoline is not shown by the old fashioned gravity test. This test tells nothing about the vaporizing and combusive qualities of the fuel, as has been pointed out by the National Bureau of Standards at Washington. Only the boiling point test is really effective.

Boiling points, of course, mean exactly what the words say. That is, they are points on the thermometer at which a liquid will begin to boil. For a cold engine to start quickly the gasoline must vaporize at a low temperature. To get quick and smooth acceleration somewhat higher boiling points are necessary and for full power and long mileage the fuel must have still higher boiling points.

High quality gasoline must have a complete and continuous chain of boiling points, ranging from the low to the high. Combustion starts with the lowest and flashes on through the uniform chain from low to high with the result that there is full powered, instantaneous combustion. Eliminate one link and the full-power chain is broken. The famous Red Crown gasoline has the complete power chain.

Loss of Appetite

As a general rule there is nothing serious about a loss of appetite, and if you skip a meal or only eat two meals a day for a few days you will soon have a relish for your meals when meal time comes. Bear in mind that at least five hours should always elapse between meals so as to give the food ample time to digest and the stomach a period of rest before the second meal is taken. Then if you eat no more than you crave and take a reasonable amount of outdoor exercise every day you will not need to worry about your appetite. When the loss of appetite is caused by constipation as is often the case, that should be corrected at once. A dose of Chamberlain's Tablets will do it.

THE EXPLANATION

Nature placed the growth-promoting "vitamins" in the oil of the cod-fish—this explains why **Scott's Emulsion** is so definite in its help to a child of any age. Latter-day science reveals that the "vitamins" are needed for normal growth. **Scott's Emulsion will help any child grow.** Scott & Bowne, Bloomfield, N. J. 1919

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