

Gifts That Last
at
Laraway's

Gifts of Enduring Worth

Gifts That Last
at
Laraway's

WHEN it comes to jewelry—lifetime gifts—there is assuredly no substitute for quality. On the rock of quality we have stood and shall stand. No other hallmark do we herald. So without hesitation or misgivings you may shop here for the most fastidious, making your selections from stocks that are ample in variety and design. Last, but of real consequence, personal service is yours at this store. Not alone is the diamond beautiful because of the purity of the rays that it sheds. The fact that its lustre will endure down through time, lends it value and beauty, too. Some gaudy tinsel may be made for a moment to outshine purest gold, but the precious metal never loses its durability. We pride ourselves on our gifts of substantial quality, gifts the workmanship and nature of which will render them heirlooms.

WATCHES

What is your desire? A wrist watch, dainty in design yet steady and lasting? See our Gruens and our Elgins. You want the skill of honest master watchmakers when you buy a watch. You would not present as a gift some bauble, as fragile as a child's toy. A watch should last for a lifetime and should be chosen with care.

And that boy of yours will prize more highly each passing year a Waltham or an Elgin given by his parents. It will last through his prime and be an heirloom for his own son.

Our watches are guaranteed. We stand back of them.



High Class Novelty Gifts at LARAWAY'S

Beads, Pearls, Pins, Brooches, Vases, Candlesticks, Clocks, Napkin Rings, Fountain Pens, Etc.



THE KING OF GIFTS

All the splendor of royalty, all the mystery and romance of the Orient, lie in the flawless depths of an exquisitely cut diamond. It is the king of all gifts.

We invite you to see our unusual display of precious stones and jewelry articles for the home or personal adornment.

William A. Laraway



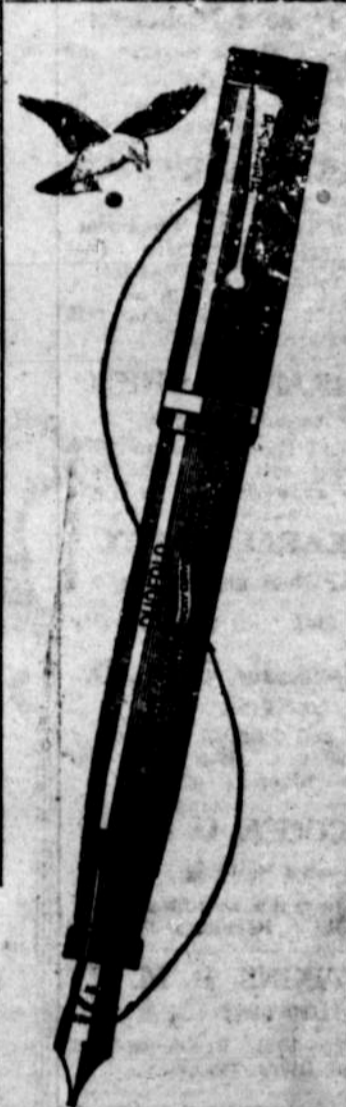
You will find these little gifts, such as salt and pepper shakers, and the knickknacks for milder's table, penknives for men and things of this kind, in abundance at our store. Yet they are small gifts of a dignified quality.

GLASSES

How about your eyes? If your vision has become imperfect, you owe it to yourself to make a Christmas present of a pair of glasses to yourself. Our many years of successful experience in fitting glasses enables us to offer you a service second to none.

FOUNTAIN PENS

of quality are in keener demand today than ever before. Our PARKER PENS have no superior. We have them for every type of handwriting.



There is a keen pleasure in shopping where you are not bothered by sales people who try to sell you something you do not want. What a relief to examine things at leisure!

RINGS

Whether it be a ring of the plainest design for the baby, or with delicate setting, or a fine diamond—you will find it here. We set our diamonds in platinum. The other day we were told by a diamond merchant that at least 85% of the jewelers of the country were unable to handle such work. We set our stones in platinum right here in Hood River.

SILVERWARE

We have anything you may desire in silverware. Our stocks of sterling silver, in many of the most desired patterns, are full. We have a special lot of quadruple plated silverware. Make the Christmas table shine with new silverware, reflecting the happiness of home as it sparkles from the eyes of all the family.

We invite you to see our display of gifts for Christmas. Here you can shop at leisure and enjoy yourself. And when you do not find the thing you want, there will be a salesman ready to give you prompt service whenever you want it.

THE PANORAMA

(By Mrs. J. Branden Galley)

Having inherited from our forefathers a love of the great out of doors, we broke away from the grind of town and called forth to the country where we feasted our souls on its beauties until the persistent call of the inner man awakened us to the fact that it was necessary to turn our attention to the more material things of life, at which time we proceeded to formulate plans that we might establish ourselves in the service station business on the wonderful Columbia highway, "where the race of men go by." I would not sit in the seamer's seat nor hurl the cynic's band. But I will make an attempt in my weak way to describe a few with whom we personally come in contact. They are passing by "in rags and tags and velvet gowns." The generous, broad minded, the narrow and contracted, the good and the bad, the happy and contented, the sad and the sorrowing.

One evening a dilapidated car drove into parking space and four dirty, bare little children hopped out like so many birds. Poverty had not yet put its stamp on the bright faces of these little ones, but the parents bore all evidence of extreme want. The car refused to try them farther, and rather than have them tarry long we gave them some assistance. A bright little fellow had a few days before turned a can of hot water on his foot, and as he unwound an old stocking from the wound I saw it was ugly and threatening looking, but the mother showed no concern. They seemed to be of the class that is just drifting with no definite place in mind. As I looked upon this family, homeless and penniless, I thought, "Could our fountain but flow with milk for the babies and buckshot for the parents who persist in dragging really promising children down to their level, making of them tramps, beggars and possibly worse," instead of fitting in somewhere and establishing a home, be it ever so humble; some place to center their minds and affections that they might throw around the ones entrusted to them the protection that it alone can give. This woman may have been enjoying the life, but oh the anguish in the heart of the home loving woman, tramping with no vision of a little home somewhere called home.

A high powered car rolled under the awning with all ease and grace. Glancing at the occupants I felt sure we were to have the rare opportunity of serving some of the nobility of our democratic America. But on closer observation I saw it was filled to over flowing with stalwart Indians. The man by the driver sat erect, with bearing and face of a stern judge. One could see none but he. My impression was as my husband endeavored to meet all their needs that they were of the higher class and the aristocratic looking gentleman no doubt was a chief among them and that they were on their way to attend a convention in Portland as all seemed to be doing, where he would be the lion of the hour among his people, with these men as his council. Not being an unnatural woman I was not displeased to see presently I saw the important personage was trying to attract my attention, asking me to come nearer. As I did so I thought, "The true American, he fits." But when he leaned over the car and greeted in his ear, "You no

booting whiskey me big job picking berries need whiskey." At that moment I was quite sure I could forever sympathize with the woman when the scales had fallen from her eyes and she beheld her child as he really was, having married him because he "danced divinely."

It was a glorious morning; all nature seemed in tune. And as I was feasting my eyes on the awe-inspiring grandeur of the ever ascending, wondering how we could ever doubt a Creator, a dust laden car drove up and a weary, anxious-eyed man alighted and asked if I could direct him to a certain street where there was an electric sign reading, "Jesus the Savior of the World." It seemed a strange coincidence and I told him he was yet 65 miles from Portland, and that he could be better directed after reaching the city. The car was very comfortably equipped with bunks for the children and a sick wife. They had come from Texas to attend a camp meeting of faith healers in Portland. It seemed so unnecessary that one who had seen the sun set beyond the rolling prairies of Texas need come so far seeking this sign. The wife seemed very comfortable and contented on her improvised bed and no doubt the out of doors, the change of scenery and climate will be so beneficial that before the summer is over she will be quite well again, giving all credit to her man made creed.

One very disagreeable morning a car of small value stopped and five interesting and promising little faces peeped over bundles of wet wedding from behind an old blanket put up to keep out the wind, and from other unknown recesses of that overloaded car, the sweet face of the mother bore evidence of a recent sorrow. While seemingly but a young woman she held in her lap a grandchild, her first born's babe. The daughter having died this little mother was taking another little birdling to a little home nest somewhere to shelter and care for with the others. After congratulating her on being such a young looking grand-mother I noticed for the first time her husband, who so unlike the wife, struck an Andy Gump pose, and declared I would never take him to be 52. "Yes, 52 last December; been tied up 20 years."

As I looked at the refined, sweet-faced woman who had undoubtedly patiently stood by the side of this man for 20 years I hoped she did not read my thoughts. Yet I had a great admiration for the man from the fact that some place, I knew not where, he had provided for his family a home, of which they spoke almost reverently and were looking forward with pleasure to again be off the road and that the children would soon be within its sacred portals. I felt that it was this thought that created the light in the tired, kind eyes and made it possible for this little woman to smile.

A very nice looking gentleman came in and asked where the Columbia gorge was that one hears so much about. When I told him he had been coming over the highway and through the gorge for many miles he seemed surprised. The man was to be pitied. "For he who feels no thrill of pleasure in the beauty of a tree, who looks unmoved beyond the hills on forest, river, lake or sea, who never stands alone at night and contemplates the starry sky, he would not know it even though he dwell in God's own paradise."

But not many days after a man was seen standing on the bluff gazing as in meditation to the green hill over the river. The lack of appreciation in the

other man was fresh in my memory and I longed to read this man's thoughts. Presently he came to the station and in the course of conversation said, "The scenic beauty of your highway is more than we human beings can grasp." I imagined I could see this man as he stood at the foot of Multnomah falls with bare head re-perting the words, "Flow on forever in thy glorious robe of terror and of beauty. God has set his rainbow on thy forehead and the cloud's mantle around thy feet and He doth give thee power to speak of Him, bidding the lips of man keep silent, and thy rocky altar pours incense of sweet praise."

It was a beautiful Sunday morning. White tablecloths waved in the breeze and the thermos bottles and new cars glittered in the sun. It was with no little pride I gazed upon the scene but pride was soon to have a fall. When three dilapidated cars came down upon us and unfolded seven low-typed men and women, 10 children and three dogs they took possession of everything seemingly unconscious of the presence of others. They monopolized every free accommodation and showed their privilege beyond endurance to the extent of cutting limbs from our trees and trampling the flowers under their feet. The children were wild and insolent, prompted by the parents. The white table cloth people moved on and others refused to stop. After two hours they too passed on but not until a perfect day was spoiled and I a wreck. It is hardly possible when these children become men and women that they can be said of them, "What nice people. It is a pleasure to meet them, courteous even in business, which is always an indication of good breeding. Instead it will likely be as I said of the parents, "May they never return." As you cannot expect figs from this tree, neither can they expect these children to go out into the world and love the beautiful things of life and be loved any more than you could expect a hobbled horse to win the race.

A pretty mother modestly dressed came frequently from a nearby fashionable hotel. She carried a cane and often smoked after being served, both of which to some are earmarks of culture and refinement and to others positive depravity. With her was her small son to whom she was very devoted and who was every inch a little man. Should the true mother heart the world over be shorn of its "rags and tags and velvet gowns" there would be no difference. It is ever the same. It will be of little consequence in after years—the cut of your dress and hair today or your style in general—it is of tremendous importance that our children be properly fitted and equipped for the journey along life's highway and not left to learn by sad experience the many seemingly impossible places where there is no detour.

Four equally refined and attractive young ladies from Ohio parked their car and as they came down the driveway I thought what wonderful progress women had made in the last few years. These independent, non-dependant, frank girls traveling alone perfectly safe and free from criticism. Twenty-five years ago they would have been ostracized in some communities. But women are growing more charitable, broader with the years, too big to do the petty things that stultify the heart and rob the soul of better things. It is such young women as these who help to make it possible. They will be better wives and mothers, with a broader conception of life than

the woman were when it was expected of them "to keep silent and enquire of their husbands at home."

As the people of the highway, so the world. Thus they continue to pass. The hunted criminal slinks by under cover of night. The saint and the sinner, the old and decrepit. The sweet faced sisters of charity peek out from under their black bonnets eager to get a glimpse of God's out of doors which for the love of humanity has been deprived them—the panorama of souls around their feet and He doth give thee power to speak of Him, bidding the lips of man keep silent, and thy rocky altar pours incense of sweet praise."

DEAR DAD AND MOTHER

Life's greatest joy comes on birthdays and Christmas. You can endow your loved ones for life with a special Love Insurance Policy arranged by America's Oldest Legal Reserve Life Insurance Company, The Mutual Life Insurance Co. of New York. The rates are very reasonable, the protection is the nearest and best that money can buy. Phone 2021 and I will come out and show you the contract. John H. Young, District Manager.

TALK WITH YOUNG 10 TO 70

October Motor Vehicle Registrations. Motor vehicle registrations for the month of October, 1923, numbered 5,726, which was an increase of 1,216 over the October, 1922, registrations. Of the October 1923, registrations 5,223 were passenger cars and 503 were trucks. The total registration of motor vehicles for the year 1923, to and including October 31, was 211,970, of which 194,075 were passenger cars and 16,895 were trucks. This represents an increase of 22,223 motor vehicles registered to October 31, 1923, and of 18,741 over the total registrations for the entire year 1922.

The total receipts for the registration of motor vehicles, including motorcycles, chauffeurs, and operators' licenses, for the 10 months' period, January 1 to October 31, 1923, was \$5,315,625.18, an increase of \$692,798.03 over the corresponding period of 1922 and of \$549,171.28 over the entire year of 1922. There were 64 motorcycles, 12 dealers, 944 chauffeurs and 2,501 operators' licenses issued during the month of October, 1923, making a total of 2,518 motorcycles, 202 dealers, 14,781 chauffeurs and 45,785 operators' licenses issued for the ten months' period ending October 31, 1923.

AUCTION

The collection of oil paintings, consisting of 33 copies, willed to the Masonic Lodge by the late Edward Hill, will be sold at public auction at the Lodge rooms Saturday, Dec. 16th, at 2:30 p. m. Any one interested may call O. C. Deas, custodian, who will open the lodge rooms for inspection of the paintings. This is a splendid opportunity to secure a good painting for your own home or an ideal Christmas gift. Terms cash.

By Order of the Committee. 410
The Glacier makes rubber stamps.

FUNERAL OF J. J. KNAPP MONDAY

J. J. Knapp, prominent Hood River orchardist, aged 62 years, died at his home in the city and was buried at Idlewild cemetery Monday. The deceased was a resident of Hood River valley for 19 years, and until a year ago, when he was forced to dispose of his holdings on account of ill health, was engaged in fruit growing.

Mr. Knapp was born in Calhoun county, Mich., July 23, 1863, and was married at Seattle in 1880 to Miss Clara Cullen, who passed away March 9, 1912. To this union was born a son, R. Merle, now of Pasco, Wash., who was present during the last illness of his father and a daughter, who died in 1917.

In 1913 Mr. Knapp was married to Miss Minnie Heekin, who survives him. The funeral was held at the Anderson chapel, Elder Conway, of the Advent church, of which the deceased was a prominent member, officiated at the funeral.

Cucumbers Have "Gall Bladders." Cucumbers are said to be very bitter this year and persons eating them have been made sick, according to Capper's Weekly. Melvin Hurst, having studied botany, reminds us that in the stem end of every cucumber is a little pocket, so small it can be analyzed only under microscopic inspection, which contains a bitter substance. Often cucumbers are peeled from the stem end, this pocket is punctured and the bitter liquid is spread by the knife or the hand over the cucumber. If peeled from the blossom end, there is no

danger of the cucumber being affected by the contents of this pocket. One doesn't hear of insects eating cucumbers on the vine. Mr. Hurst is not sure but that nature has provided this little gall bag to protect the cucumber from insects.

Low Round Trip Xmas Holiday Fares Via Union Pacific between points in Idaho, Oregon and Washington. Sale dates December 18, 19, 22, 23, 24 and December 30 and 31; return limit January 4, 1924. For further particulars see local agent.

Good Health

A radium ore Navigator, an ideal Christmas gift. Shipped anywhere in United States, \$29.50. Radium Health Products Co., Dr. Phoebe J. Gillman, sales manager, phone 1022, corner of Third and Oak streets.

"Listen in" on Oakland Owners

"I know now why Oakland is winning and holding good will." "My new Oakland Six outperforms even costly cars." "I've never seen its equal for all-around economy." "My friends marvel at the car's nimbleness in traffic."

Tributes such as these are pouring in by thousands from new Oakland Six owners. These owners are not merely Oakland friends, they are Oakland fans—as enthusiastic over the car as over their favorite performer in sports. And no wonder! The new Oakland Six—priced from \$70 to \$350 lower—embodies more than 100 improvements, including Air Cleaner, Oil Filter, Full Pressure Oiling System, Four Wheel Brake refinements and the Harmonic Balancer—an advanced engineering feature imparting unmatched freedom from vibration. As one owner says, "The car has everything!"

Roadster \$975 (Old Price \$1095) Landau Coupe \$1125 (Old Price \$1295)
Touring 1025 (Old Price 1095) Sedan 1195 (Old Price 1549)
Coach 1095 (Old Price 1215) Landau Sedan 1295 (Old Price 1645)

All prices at factory—General Motors Time Payment Plan, lowest for the industry, have been made still lower. You can now save as much as \$40 to \$50 in your time payment costs.

J. F. VOLSTORFF
HOOD RIVER, OREGON

WINNING AND HOLDING GOOD WILL
OAKLAND SIX
PRODUCT OF GENERAL MOTORS