

Hood River Glacier

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ARE YOU HELPING TO BREAK THE LAWS?

We wonder how many citizens of the United States have aided and abetted breaches of statutes this past year. How many Hood River men last Wednesday night joined the group who indirectly at least gave support to law breaking?

We refer to the crowd that attended the motion picture reproduction of the Tamm-Deeney fight as staged at Soldier field, Chicago. Of course it did not hurt the conscience of any who attended that fight, show last week. But those pictures could not have been presented in Hood River had some one not broken a federal law, which prohibits the interstate transportation of motion pictures of prize fights. Those pictures would not have been here had not those responsible for transportation of the films from Chicago known that the venture would be profitable; that thousands and thousands of American citizens, respectable citizens, citizens considered in their respective communities as law abiding, would want to see those pictures and would pay the price of admission.

Of course that aiding and abetting of law breaking on the part of Hood River people here last week was involuntary. It was, let us say, thoughtless. Nevertheless those films were bootlegged. Rum runners know that there is a demand for illicit liquor. Moonshiners, too, know this. Thus we have the highly profitable traffic in bootleg liquor. But there would be no bootlegging, were there no demand for strong drink. The man who takes a drink of liquor, even though there be no conscientious scruples against the act, or so imbibing, aids and abets the breach of the liquor laws and the transgression of a federal amendment.

This is not written in the spirit of a scolding crusader, but rather just to set down in clear cold type, in simple manner, facts as they exist here in this land of the United States of America. We cannot look the facts in the face without beholding that we are becoming a nation, whose population is in too great a degree giving support through its numbers and daily action to the breaking of laws.

THE PACIFIC INTERNATIONAL

Within a few weeks now the Pacific International livestock exposition will hold forth in Portland. Through the enterprise and energy of Portland citizens this exposition has become outstanding in the United States and Canada. Its exhibits are representative of the intense work of breeders from all parts.

The apple harvest should be pretty well over by the time of the Pacific International Exposition, and we would advise every orchardist who finds it possible to get away to go down and attend the exposition. Go there and become enthusiastic over cows, and return home determined to produce as much cream as possible. We would like to see someone start a revival in dairying here in Hood River this winter. It is true that Hood River ranchers have been increasing their volume of cream each year. But Hood River is not yet raising as many dairy cows as the valley can support. The orchardist who has full cream coming down to the Hood River Creamery every day is sitting pretty.

THE LAST TRAMP PRINTER

In a recent issue of the Pacific Printer we read that Jack Silk, dean of tramp printers, had passed into that great unknown bourne from San Jose, Calif. To the readers of newspapers Jack Silk was probably unknown. To those who have had the making of papers, especially the smaller town newspapers of the Pacific Coast, Jack Silk was a unique genius. He was more independent than a pig on ice, as temperamental as a grand opera singer and the list of his eccentricities would fill a page. Jack was a man of honor, as he viewed life with his peculiar philosophy. He has worked at some time or other in nearly every small newspaper office of the Pacific coast states. He always tried to give value received for the pay that he gained, whether that was hard cash or a meat ticket. Jack was left stranded by the too fast movement of events in his chosen profession.

We remember his last call in Hood River. Just a professional courtesy on his part, for he wasn't looking for work. He had ceased seeking transportation by way of the freight train and had walked the long motor highways, accepting lifts from kind car owners. But the newer methods did not suit him. He was past 60, ready to retire. Apparently he did, to a printer's home in San Jose, and the inactivity killed him.

We do not know where it is provided that tramp printers shall go when they pass on into the immortal state. But we do think that heaven will be hell for Jack if St. Peter cannot direct him to a celestial print shop. Indeed, Jack's spirit will be restless unless there be several heavenly print shops between

which he may alternate in his employment down through eternity.

IT'S AUTUMN IN MID-COLUMBIA

And where is the man or woman who can adequately describe it—the glory of the coloring of the canyonsides in the Columbia after the frosts have tinted the leaves of shrubbery? Just a few days ago the rains ceased for a period, and the sky cleared, the temperature dropped and that servant of old Mother Nature, Jack Frost, incomparable as a painter, got busy.

Yesterday was characterized by its calm, and the brilliance of the October sunshine. The Columbia was like a mirror, its surface as smooth as a looking glass. One in Hood River saw the north bank a perfect image, inverted. Far up on top of Underwood mountain there is an expanse of land, once logged off or burned over. Ordinarily that plot, though in plain view of us here on the Oregon shore of the Columbia, is so drab as to go unnoticed. Not so, however, when the frosts have come and tinted the leaves of its vine maples and lesser shrubs. Then our eyes seize on it with emphasis, for it's a vivid splash that causes wonderment. The lower hills, with their big-leaf maples and their dogwoods play their part in a great autumntime color scheme. What a gorgeous setting fall is given to play its final role just before it gives way to winter!

One yesterday had regrets at having to remain indoors at routine tasks. The out of doors called. And it wasn't exactly an urge to take the automobile and go spinning off over highways. The invigoration of the winelike air of autumn added stimulation to every one, and there came the wish to go strolling off over woodland trails, a desire for meditation in the solitude of the forests so gaily decked for their last party of the season.

If you would go motoring these fall days, let us suggest the upper Loop highway. You'll never find the dense fir forests more beautiful than at this season, when they are in such contrast to the crimson and golds of the leaves of deciduous shrubs.

We note that Mr. Volstead has just discovered that the great volume of hop, flavored malt extracts now being sold universally is not intended for baking purposes. Wonder if any of the prohibition officials ever have any doubts as to the ultimate uses to which the many carloads of California wine grapes are put. If Mr. Volstead is successful back in Minneapolis and then he and his fellows follow their efforts to logical conclusion the California grape growers will not be as strong for prohibition as they have been reported. Some of us are going to keep our eyes open and see if Mr. Volstead will make a shoe that pinches.

The federal government is taking steps toward tax reduction. It seems, too, that there is a tendency in Oregon state affairs toward an elimination of every unnecessary expense. But after all, these tendencies toward economies will not have any drastic effect on taxes, for the great bulk of the burden originates from the demand for local expenditures. We suggest again that those in charge of Hood River city and county budgets this year see if they cannot work out some plan whereby local taxes may be held in check.

Indications point to good weather tomorrow afternoon. Arrange your affairs right now in such wise that you can get up to the athletic field of the new high school and see the football team in action against White Salmon. With the scenic outlook across the Columbia gorge, with its north side now a glory of autumn color, you'll come to realize that Hood River athletic grounds occupy a region of incomparable scenic charm.

Celebrating fire prevention week, if it will tend toward an education that will further limit fire loss, is a worth while activity. Keep our fire losses down, and we relieve ourselves of great inconveniences, damage that can never be repaired, and we also bring about a reduction in the rates charged by insurance companies.

The home gardener is now getting his rewards in bags of husky potatoes, fine onions, carrots squash and pumpkins. To play a game with a hoe is as interesting to some men as a golf club is to others. They make the activity of tilling the soil of the home garden a recreation.

Collyer-Dymond, formerly dean of the academic school at the University of Oregon and one of the keenest of Pacific northwest newspaper men, has purchased the Hayward, Calif. Journal. He will be a credit to the Fourth Estate down in sunny California.

We would like to have the opinion of some one like old Indian George to give us an inkling as to what the rigors will be this coming winter. The pale face prognosticators have been missing so many shots of late that we just can't put any faith in their predictions.

As the season of cold weather comes on, beware of closed garages. We are already beginning to read of deaths from carbon-monoxide gas. It is deadly poison and is constantly escaping from the exhausts of motors.

We heard this conversation the other day:

"I wouldn't want to live in Mexico."

"Well, judging from the killings reported daily, you probably wouldn't live long there."

Hood River made adequate preparations to cleanse its apple tonnage. It thus avoided some of the worries that are coming to other Pacific northwest apple districts.

It rains on the just and the unjust—and on the orchardist who hasn't his crop all under shelter as well as the grower who is through picking.

Let's everybody send up a sincere little prayer today that Secretary Jardine may see the light in the matter of the Mount Hood train.

A few months ago every orchardist was spraying. Today some of them are praying.

Frosts and the fall moisture make the highways slippery these days. Drive carefully.

The Modern Eden

(By S. E. Bartness)

Reprinted by request.

Long range of mountains East, another West. With frontage the Columbia to the North. To south Mt. Hood: Within this boundary lies A modern Eden, fashioned from the one Of Holy Writ: The Great Designer made Them both; and while we say in Him there is No change in all His plans, yet still we say, If there were difference in the time of thoughts Of the creation, why not God be inspired By thoughts of God? The world is not today Just as He made it. He speaks and mountains rise From out the sea; one thought and continents Are born; He breathes upon the Ocean And the land appears; the mountains rise and fall At His command; He changes landscapes at will; and so we say these mountains These values may be the afterthoughts of God Worked out in all the plan of His Creation.

With no desire to speak irreverently. So let this be most sacred commentary On the work He did for us. The mountains and vales, majestic river rushing Onward to the Sea; the little streams That come from out the depths of mountain gorge So pure and free and cool; the plunging rivers Dash and foam with endless roar so fresh From glaciers' icy bed; the stately plains That sing a melody so sweet and rich. The air is filled with fragrance from their breath. And as they sing they sway and seem To clap their hands in very glee; the amber mountains, Velvet covered, easy sloping sides. Huge, grim, glaciers in repose; The once still valley pulsing every fiber Of its being, filled with life and health And strength; the tall bleak sentry, oh, so still. Ice ribbed, robe of spotless white, provides the monarch of the Cascade range; the fleecy cloudlets As we've watched them in the valley of White Salmon form and pile and roll—

Or their antics on Hood's summit, hanger Of bad and good, and the Siwash needs No other weather forecast than the cloudland And Mount Hood. We're surrounded by so many wonders And surprises, fascinated by so many panoramic views, yet The most surprising thing about us, is that Any one can live amidst the grandeur Of our land, amidst the beauty of it all. We're constrained to say this for The reason, some say they cannot see Him in the brook, the tree, the waterfall; and this is Just the nearest infinite can reach Down to finite. If we cannot see Him in the earthquake or the wind storm, we can Hear Him in the "voice" that's "still" and "small."

Let there be no misconception, these things Natural are not God, but His thoughts in which He would reveal Himself to us. Can we not see Him, the Designer? Why try to find a natural cause? Desperately we search for Him, He is the Head, He made the laws.

When first we saw the garden it was in the wild. With avenues directing everywhere. The driveways were much better than the road macadam now. A winding, smooth, romantic thoroughfare; The heavy teams of traffic, the supervisor's plow Had not disturbed the virgin beauty there. We do not ask that time be backward turned Two scores of years, that we begin anew.

The solemn struggle of development. For we prefer that it remain a pleasant Memory. We'll not forget the merry crowd, The counting on the hill, when Hartley, Rand, Cosh, Luckey, Brosius led the chase. The heavy boys with Mercer at the helm. The cow that failed to get away in time. The cow that rode the bobs in front sublime. Then rolled off in the snow, to right, left, and down. The yelling crowd to left, with din enough. To call the fire department which was not.

We'll not forget the simple life, the trend, when there were no straited, self appointed "Sets," when friend grasped hand of friend and neighbor. "My brother how d'ye do?" will not complain. Just note the difference; we'll not forget the ranchers as they tolled from early Monday Morn till Saturday at night working At the mills to purchase bread for the week.

We'll not forget the impetus that came When Davenport went up the stream and sent The water down; the mills began to look. Elsewhere for men; the smoke from clearings day And night was seen. We'll not forget how Beans and Porter tolled the stumps and blew the rocks. And drove the opening wedge to start the fruit.

Commercially, and how their friends Pitted them while tolling there alone. We'll not forget the STAR Bert Stranahan

And Haynes hung in the lone, tall pine. And made two trips to top, (forgot the match) And then removed again ere break of day; How wise astronomers then tried to show Why that bright planet should appear in that Same place in just that self-same way, and figured On the speed and distance from the Earth.

Lost we forget, we'll treasure all the joys And sorrows, joys that come to every man. In building up the home, the sadness due To all mankind, (has come to us) in that The sorrows found in other homes of which We've seen so much, a source of strength has been. Within the borders of this modern Eden Stands no tree that bears forbidden fruit; Just help yourself, a Baldwin or Ben Davis.

If you prefer then take a Spitzberg, a Newtown, or a Swar, Arkansas Black. The Winesap, or Rome Beauty, all are good. There is no other place in all the world That will compare with fruit of this fair land.

The beauty of the garden has been changed. In place of groves of pine and fir and oak And pretty winding avenues, have come Long rows of trees that bear the golden fruit. Instead of cottages, the bungalows. The humble dwellers of the garden, now Surrounded by the luxuries of life: The little city at the North extreme. Has kept pace with all the interests. Allows no "Flaming Sword" to bar the way.

That the garden in the wild, this. The garden husbanded, romantic beauty Altered by utility, and now No one will dare to say reward is lost. No one will dare to say reward is lost. No one will dare to say reward is lost. Feb. 22, 1912. —S. E. Bartness.

Retailers of Everything to Wear

The PARIS FAIR

The Store of Biggest Values

New Fall Hats for Men



We have an attractive selection of brown, tan and gray felt hats in snap and welt brim shapes, both raw and bound edges. The variety of styles to choose from will make it easy for you to find the hat that suits you best. We invite you to come in and see this new assortment.

Overcoat Special for Men

Look at our west window and try and imagine Overcoat values to equal these Hart, Schaffner & Marx and Oregon City all pure wool coats, values up to \$42.00—all sizes from 14 years up to size 46 for men. You can hardly afford to pass these up, even though you have a good Overcoat. You must see these to fully appreciate the big values that they are. Your choice while they last, only \$9.98

MUFFLERS FOR MEN

A muffler will add a bright touch to your overcoat and protect you from chilling winds as well. Every desirable color awaits your choosing. Imported patterns in dots, stripes and checks. Oblong and square shapes.

MEN'S AND BOYS' CAPS

We have a special offering in Men's and Boys' Caps. A large variety of patterns and materials to choose from. Come in and see what wonderful values we are offering in these caps, all sizes—only 98c

LADIES' SILK HOSE, 39c
Pure silk and silk and rayon hose for Ladies. Values to \$2.50. Colors are Cordovan, white and black, while they last, the pair only 39c

ONE FOR EVERY LADY
With every bottle of Palm Olive Liquid Hair Shampoo selling at 50c, we are giving free, a genuine Gillette Razor for ladies.

NEW MILLINERY

We have an unusually fine lot of the Newest in Ladies' Hats for Fall. A big shipment received this week of all the very newest shapes and styles. We can please you in a becoming style at a real saving.

Eyes scientifically examined by H. I. Hasbrouck, Optometrist, Heilbronner Bldg.

FOR SALE

For Sale—A modern four-room house, equipped with up-to-date conveniences. Tel. 2703.

For Sale—A magnetic belt, 112 Mrs. O. J. Lester, Odell, Or.

For Sale—6-week-old pigs. A. J. Vogler, Phone 5512.

For Sale—One heating stove in good condition; also a sideboard and a library table now stored. Call at 1800 Columbia St., or E. R. Constock, at Liberty Theatre building, Portland, Wash.

For Sale—Row and 7 two-week-old pigs and 12-week-old. Also, U. S. Cream Separator, in good shape. Supply can hold 5 gals. O. J. Naught, Hood River, 4 miles out, on R. 4, near Jericho Lane.

For Sale—Pigs eight weeks old \$5.00 each; eight weeks, all Jerseys and good milkers. White Salmon Fruit Farm, White Salmon, Wash.

For Sale—A 6-room house, 1223 State Street, entirely refurnished inside, lot 50x120, garage, \$2500, easy terms. G. H. McPherson, 1000 Columbia Street.

For Sale—Pigs, Phone 5725, Walter Wells, Odell.

For Sale—Young brood sow with 12-week-old pigs. O. J. Yoder, Tel. 5644.

For Sale—A young Jersey bull or will trade for pigs. A. J. Winter, tel. 19, Modum, Ore.

For Sale—All the old Wishart place, team, harness and wagon; 3 young Jersey cows, will be fresh soon, 2nd calves, and one Jersey bull 2 yrs. old weighing about 1200 lb.; 3 R. I. Red hens and 125 freres. 1/4 mile west from the Mount Hood Store. R. J. Overend.

For Sale—15-A, 4 miles southwest of Hood River, adjoining Barrett school. 12 in. in apples, pears, cherries, 4 room, modern house, apple house, packing house and chicken house. Also runs through place. Near two acres and granite mill. Right consider Portland property, R. 4, Box 57. Tel. 543.

For Sale—Having sold our cows we now have for sale a U. S. cream separator in good shape. Supply can hold five gallons. John Griffin.

For Sale—A walnut dining room and bed room set of furniture, kitchen table, chairs and day bed. Phone 5865.

For Sale—Police dog pup for sale, or what have you to trade. Antio Anna, Tel. 5653, Odell.

For Sale—Trade—9 B Franklin, will take pump, gas or part payment. Phone 6252, Odell.

For Sale—Library table, kitchen cabinet with cupboard, two enameled bath tubs as good as new. Phone 2274.

For Sale—100 Orford log boxes. 10c each R. L. Cummings, R. 2, S. 1.

For Sale—100 new apple boxes, 10c each. In-charge by Mrs. M. B. Barker. Inquire at H. W. Barker place, 1/4 mile north of Barrett school.

For Sale—Having purchased the Hood River Market, I will sell my West Side ranch property. I will be interested to you to see me and dispose of it at a sacrifice. All stock and equipment. H. G. Van Allen, tel. 545, or 5675.

For Sale—Nicer furnished room with furniture heat. 901 State; Tel. 1581.

For Sale—A young Jersey bull. John Griffin, 11th, Odell.

For Sale—Heretofore property, house and four acres, 10 miles out, business \$5 per month. 6 per cent interest. C. D. Nickelson, phone 561.

For Sale—A four-room house with a large lot, garden, etc. Inquire at 1223 Cascade Street.

For Sale—2 furnished houses, 1 6-room and 1 4-room, both modern. A bargain for a quick sale, both close in. Phone 2774.

For Sale—Trade—Ford truck, gas unit and outside brakes. Good mechanical condition. Call evenings. 1513 B Street.

For Sale—Furnished or unfurnished mod. 5 room cottage. Bargain! If taken soon. Leaving the city. Inquire 1223 Cascade.

For Sale—Pine, fir and oak wood. 12 inch or 4 foot. Phone 5727, Marion Moore, 11th.

For Sale—Hay at the Clark and Stanton place. Tel. 5612.

For Sale—Farm machinery, including plow, disk, brush, roller, hayrack, etc., and windmill. Inquire at 105 Oak St., tel. 1571.

For Sale—Big lot, with eight-room house, chicken house, cellar and garage on Front Street and Cascade for \$2000. Inquire at John Sen's Shoe Store.

For Sale—Body for wood out of large, live sound timber, any length you want. \$400. Price very reasonable. Will deliver anywhere in valley and in town. O. C. C. Phone 3553.

For Sale—One quarter block, 3 lots, 7-room house, barn, house, fruit, etc. garden plot, berries, half inch Farmer's Irrigating Water at 10th and Pine Streets. Tel. 2692.

For Sale—Daily ranch in Trout Lake Valley. Price will surprise you if you have real money to do business with. C. M. Cutting, 1715

For Sale—Dry body for wood, 12 inch, 100 may call or will deliver. H. B. Bloomer, tel. 5333 Parkdale.

For Sale—Good lots for sale in all parts of the city, prices right. A. W. Gustafson & Co., 51st

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For Rent—By the month at a reasonable rental, an extra house, fairly completely furnished. It's a 2nd barn and garage and two small cottages that will rent for good sum. Tel. 5511.

For Rent—House and garage. Apply 1374 Columbia Street. A. Reeves.

For Rent—Furnished apartments and one sleeping room.