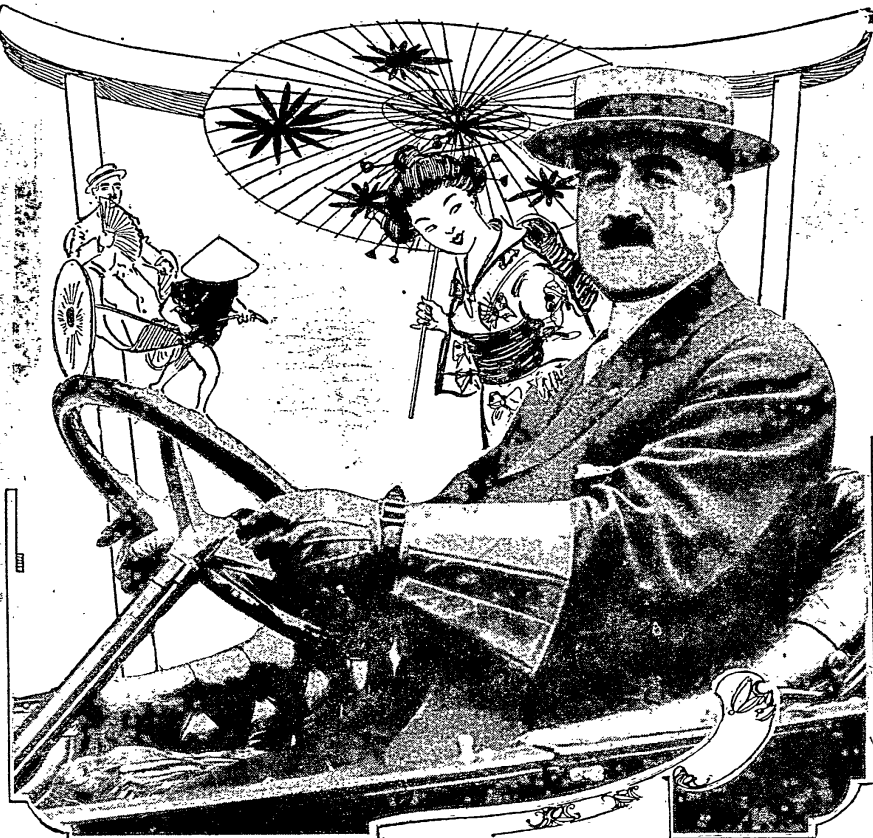


Prominent Portlanders Who Use Motor



WHEN the automobile was in what now might be called the ancient history stage E. J. Jaeger, member of the pioneer jewelry firm Jaeger Bros., bought his first car, one of the first two-cylinder tourist autos that ever graced the streets of Portland. Since then he has owned two Studebakers and now he plans his faith to a Rec.

Mr. Jaeger served his constituency in the State Legislature twice and until recently president of the Portland Retail Merchants' Association. For a full quarter of a century he has been engaged in the jewelry business in Portland.

"Almost every Sunday, the year around Mr. Jaeger and his family use their car for a trip here, there and everywhere. Last Summer they made a three weeks' record 400-mile round trip up the Willamette River and they have explored various other remote sections of Oregon.

In the near future he will commence running back and forth between Portland and his newly-erected beach home at Gearhart and in the latter part of August expect to drive to California in their car. Although Mr. Jaeger is happiest when touring overland in an automobile he is not opposed to other modes of travel. Two years ago, when the Strimers held their convention in Honolulu, Mr. Jaeger accompanied his fellows on a tour of the Orient and the Islands of the Pacific. Many of the pictures he took on this trip were published at that time, together with interesting descriptive articles on the life in the East.

DODGE BROTHERS MOTOR CAR

It was our expectation, from the first, that this car would play a large part in determining motor car values.

We said as much in our advertisements almost a year ago.

We expected it to set up in the public mind a model and a pattern of what a car of moderate price should be.

We expected that it would encourage buyers to judge motor cars by the standard of quality—not by price.

Surely the results have more than realized our expectations.

Surely you can see that the car is considered a criterion of what constitutes real worth.

Once a man has driven the car, even for a few miles, nothing can distract his mind from its performance and its quality.

He thinks of the price only in relation to the remarkable value it buys.

That is why the first 20,000 fell so far short of supplying the demand.

That is why the second 20,000 are being absorbed with equal eagerness.

DODGE BROTHERS, DETROIT

The price of the car complete is \$785 F.o.b. Detroit

Covey Motor Car Co. Washington Street at 21st.

WONDERS OF AUTO TRIP AROUND MOUNT HOOD TOLD

(Continued From Page 5.)

Jumbia River with most of it shut from view. The present grade around Mitchell's Point is a corking climb of 20 or 30 per cent, and all motorists should halt the announcement that the new 90 per cent grade through the wonderful windowed tunnel will be open for autos very soon. The six miles from Mitchell's Point into Hood River are pleasant driving.

At 40 minutes past 3 o'clock, while the people of Hood River were just about stirring around to get breakfast, we flew through the main streets, stopping only long enough to turn from a garage man the which and why of the road to the Dalles.

As we came to a long hill that overlooked the picturesque Hood River Valley, we saw a sign that read "Hood River, 10 miles." We reached Grand View farm, which is located five miles out of Hood River at an elevation of 1500 feet.

Not long after we left this vision of the Hood River Valley, we were back on the verdure of the hills commencing to fade away. We gradually into the typical bleakness of the great Central Oregon country. Lava rock on the hillsides and evidence of this transition. Still, however, we could see the Columbia River, the way from Hood River to the Dalles is fine and to tourist could hear it. It is a road that will hold up grades that run as high as 20 per cent and the Columbia Highway is smoother than the down-grade. This stretch of the Columbia Highway is smoother than the same highway from Portland east, though, of course, the grades are older and narrower. The word "tourist" best describes this road.

Shiners in Charge of City.

Our speedometer at Hood River had registered 63.1 miles and at the Dalles it showed 33.4 miles. We arrived in The Dalles several minutes before the clock struck 10. A band of shiners had captured the city on their way to the natural "judges" and drivers. They were picking, for few of the citizens were early. The shiners had driven our heads seriously as we realized that we had driven all the way. Portland had just morning. "Judges" had driven a garage to load up with gasoline and had the fact that no one had come to Hood River ahead of us, we ran across O. Holdman, who sell. Firestone tires and a number of "judges" had driven his Buick up from Portland over the high-way the day before and was ready to return over the same route.

Here's a good joke on the Dalles. Just after we had a congratulatory on the fine quality of the road from The Dalles to Hood River, we asked the garage man how the road was to Duff and Valley. They said that it was only fair, but on further questioning they assured us that it was much better than the road from Hood River. They said the road from Hood River to the Dalles wasn't thought much of in that country. All of which goes to prove the character of Central Oregon roads, which evidently born good and just grew up the Top.

If you go through the Dalles soon, inquire whether or not Second Street is the natural "judges" it will be worked on. We found that it was and were compelled to go out Jackson street to the bluff overlooking the Central Canal location.

Before the canal is reached the Duff road branches off to the right, and all at once the traveler gets a real

whiff of sagebrush. At this point the writer was prompted to doff his coat, and after we had traveled for hours through the desert-like country, he suffered for his carelessness. Ever hear of a fellow getting his entire back sunburned through his shirt?

Well, that's what happened to me last Sunday, and every jolt and lunge that the car took through those 20 miles back of Mount Hood recalled and re-created the thrashings of bygone school days. In addition to the hypnotism of this desolate country between the Dalles and Tugh Valley a surprising feature was a 2400-acre orchard of apples irrigated under the direction of the Duff Orchard Company. And the snow-capped mountains were still in view.

Roads Declared Wonderful.

I venture that the average Western Oregonian will be as much impressed and interested by this Central Oregon country as by anything else seen on the wonderful loop. The roads up there are "roller coaster" creations with great rolling wheel beds banking either side of the road. A man can take a hill in this country without fearing a jarring jolt at the bottom.

As you enter the mysterious Tugh Valley you can almost believe that you are in Arizona. We entered the Valley over a long and steep down-grade that would probably frighten the ordinary traveler. While Mr. Wagner was camping out every few minutes to take a picture along this road, "Held" and I, however, continued full blast and the situation was such that it took nearly two seconds for our wheels to get even a whisper over the ridge. And every member of the Oregonian crew will never forget how nearly we came flying a catastrophe of just this sort.

As Hefline was letting the big Pack-

ard drop slowly down the long grade we saw a band of gypsies stilled on the same road at a point some quarter of a mile across a gap in the canyon. The men in the party were waving their arms at us almost frantically, and we guessed at once that something was up. As we swung around the next curve we discovered that eight wagonloads of gypsies were trying to pass a Federal truck that was loaded to the guards with furniture en route from The Dalles to Tugh Valley.

The entire outfit had been held up for an hour and a half on the canyon side of the road. At one time while the gypsies were changing four wheels on their wagons. We drew up behind the truck at the curve and jumped out to do what we could to help solve the riddle. There wasn't much room to pass at best, but in this instance great loads of furniture bulged out at the side of the auto truck and there wasn't much room on the canyon side of the road. At one time while we were there the hind wheels of one of the gypsy wagons, while trying to pass the truck, was within an inch of the side and we looked any moment for a big crash.

Roads Continue to Be Fine.

Finally the four horses were unhitched and the wheels of the wagon jacked up and thrown in a few inches. Then all men present literally put their shoulders to the wheels and the wagon was half carried, half pushed and half dragged, but it got over the ridge and the situation was such that it took nearly two seconds for our wheels to get even a whisper over the ridge. And every member of the Oregonian crew will never forget how nearly we came flying a catastrophe of just this sort.

As Hefline was letting the big Pack-

ward man who had been riding with her husband in the truck.

"What your fortune told, lady?" she asked.

"I should say not. I think we have fortune enough right here," came the reply. And all of us were too serious to smile at the retort.

After leaving the town of Tugh Valley a little farther on we were treated to some views of sagebrush country which we interpreted as "grand canyon stuff." The road continued to Tugh Valley and Wapinitia, which we reached at a minute past 1 o'clock. At that time we had traveled 140 miles after eating a hearty breakfast at Portland, and I was hungrier than Joe Knowles ever pretended to be.

But the road was so good and we were making such good time that Hefline held firmly to his previous announcement that we would reach the heart of the mountains before stopping for lunch. I almost despised Hefline for "them cruel orders," but I hadn't had any share in putting up the lunch and the darned old automobile wasn't mine, so I didn't have much to say about my innermost feelings.

General Camp Soon Reached.

Several "years" after passing Wapinitia, at eight minutes before two, to be exact, we did stop along Bear Creek for lunch, and such a lunch other motorists never enjoyed. It wouldn't be quite fair to announce everything that we had done before we get to the camp to confess that there was an endless supply of a half dozen different kinds of sandwiches, all sorts of salad, a couple of bottles of coffee and another course that seemed appropriate about a trip over the Columbia Highway.

We stopped here for considerably more than an hour, and were driving in and out around the pine trees for an hour and a half before we came to Frog Lake, a wonderful sight that none of us had heard of before. This lake,

tucked away behind Mount Hood, is a perfect picture.

Then it wasn't long until we reached Government Camp to receive the congratulations of L. F. Fiedler, the proprietor, who said he was certain our car was the first to drive to Government Camp from Portland, the first car to make that trip during 1915.

Soon after passing Toll Gate on our descent we had our first blowout and were held up for some time as a result. Then it was less than an hour over a dandy road to Rhododendron Tavern, where we stopped for a few minutes to shake hands with Emil Pranssett, the hospitable proprietor. After leaving Rhododendron we took the run road, and the marmot and Bull bridge across to the dam and being fine from Bull Run on.

Most of Route in Good Condition.

On the whole the road to Mount Hood is now in good condition and it probably will remain so for the rest of the season unless heavy rains must things up. We ran into a great deal of mud at the upper end of the Marmot cutoff, but later on a fine plank road opened out before us, and with it a throttle. Just the other side of Powell Valley the road is particularly fine. The Oregonian building, which we reached shortly after 3 o'clock, was a speedometer at 233.7 miles for the day's loop.

Mr. Wagner and his son have toured across the entire continent by automobile, and both declare that the circle around Mount Hood involves every conceivable combination of scenery and grand the enter into transcendent touring. By making the loop of Mount Hood they say a motorist encounters every variety of road and every variety of scenery that is afforded on a tour entirely across the United States. It is a miniature transcontinental tour, they say, and every variety of scenic combination of National parks and boulevards possible.

It is already proposed between Government Camp and Hood River back of Mount Hood involves every conceivable combination of scenery and grand the enter into transcendent touring. By making the loop of Mount Hood they say a motorist encounters every variety of road and every variety of scenery that is afforded on a tour entirely across the United States. It is a miniature transcontinental tour, they say, and every variety of scenic combination of National parks and boulevards possible.

This Is Cleanup Week

See the Bargains We Offer

Used Automobiles

We have a few used automobiles, which have been exchanged on new CHALMERS SIXES. They are late model, dependable cars, in good condition, and are being offered at very attractive prices. Terms if desired. Included are such makes as:

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In justice to yourself, you should look these cars over and get our prices.

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Hard to solve until you use Diamond Squeezes. Read Three. Don't pay more than Diamond prices. Tires cannot be made any better at prices higher than Diamond. If you pay less, they are robbing the life out of you. Tuba laces are gratis with each order.

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Auto Supplies

Rob Roy Shock Absorbers for Ford Cars, \$10. Marshall 2490.

Rollweiler Car

M. N. ROTHWEILER and PARTY of SEATTLE IN THEIR CAR AND C. M. MENZIES, SALES MANAGER OF NORTHWEST AUTO COMPANY AT LEWIS.

"I call this the first real automobile that I have ever driven," remarked H. N. Rothweiler, the Seattle agent for the Cole, as he cubed his Cole Eight in front of the Northwest Auto Company last week, after having driven the car overland from Seattle en route to San Francisco.

"The roads south of Kelso, Wash. were made mighty bad by the recent rains, but they were 'duck soup' for this wagon."

With Mr. Rothweiler on his trip to California are Mrs. Rothweiler and two children, his mother-in-law and Mrs. C. M. Prancer, all of Seattle. They left Portland, over the regular Pacific Highway, and will proceed over the same course all the way to San Francisco.