







## No Waste or Extravagance in Our Groceries

The waste in groceries of inferior, or even secondary quality, makes them expensive to you, no matter how little you pay for them.

If a certain portion is bad or unfit for use, the part that is good costs you two or three times the regular price—a box of specked apples or a sack of poor potatoes is an illustration.

Everything we sell is first-class—the waste and extravagance accruing therefrom are eliminated. What you buy here is fresh and good—through and through.

Our motto is: "Quality, Price and Service."  
You can depend upon the Quality of Our Goods.  
Our Prices are Uniformly Low and Reliable.  
Our Service Prompt and Regular.

### Johnson & Lyons

SUNSET—BOTH PHONES—HOME  
Opp. City Hall  
Glendale

#### TRIP TO MONO COUNTY

(Continued from Page 1.)  
was thrown out only a few days previously, as the lava was not buried in the sand, but lying on top of the ground.

Lone Pine, the first town since leaving Mojave, was reached at 5:40, and we found the nation's birthday being joyfully celebrated by several hundred enthusiastic citizens. A tug-of-war was in progress when we arrived, and next on the program was riding a bucking broncho, and when an Indian, after several unsuccessful attempts succeeded in mastering the broncho, we decided to push on and at 6:30 we were again on our way after a run of 25 miles.

Independence, one of the prosperous towns of Owens valley, sixteen miles from our last stop, was reached at 7:30 p. m., and we decided to appease the pangs of hunger here, but the steaks we ordered were too much for us, and as we were not equipped with sausage-making machines, we sorrowfully passed them up to be made into hash for the next corners. This experience probably decided us to move on, although Big Pine,

the next stop, was 28 miles away. At 8:25 our self-starter was called into play and we were again speeding on, as the roads were now very fair. Numerous jackrabbits, probably attracted by the presence of their namesake, raced along by the machines and crossed the road in front of us. On this run we had our first good view of the snow-clad peaks and Mount Whitney, with its hoary head, stood out like a giant among men. At 10:45 p. m., after a run of 202 miles for the day, we were all more than willing to find a bed, but before doing so we could not resist going to the door of a dance hall where the "Fourth" was being celebrated, and watching the gallant youths and fair damsels tripping the light fantastic toe.

At 6:00 a. m. on Sunday morning, July 5, we again resumed our places in the machines and started on the last lap of our trip, which our map showed to be 96 miles, and a climb upwards of over 3000 feet. After reeling off eighteen miles in an hour, we found ourselves at Bishop, which is apparently the most prosperous town in Inyo county. Here we enjoyed one of the best meals of our

trip, and after taking on gas and water, we pulled out at 8:10 on what we had been informed would be the hardest part of our journey, and our informer was certainly correct.

From Bishop we made the run down into beautiful Round Valley without mishap, and started up on the twelve-mile grade. Through an error our map was marked for us to take the wrong road, and our mistake was only discovered after going several miles and meeting some teams, whose drivers informed us that we were on what was supposed to be only for wagons. The wagon tires had cut deep ruts into the solid rocks which the road (?) wound over, and a low-hung machine would have found it impossible to get over them. After considerable pushing by three of us, we at last reached the end of the rocky road, only to encounter deep sand and a heavy grade. Here our shovel and axe were brought out and after diligent labor we found ourselves back on the right road at 12:20 p. m., and only 26 miles from Bishop. Before reaching the top our water supply was almost exhausted and we anticipated a several miles' hike for water, but we had the good fortune to meet a generous autoist who divided his supply with us, and we felt greatly relieved.

After running through the Canon Diablo, where the road winds along the side of the canyon several hundred feet above the river, we reached the place where a power company was building a tunnel, but had been stopped by an injunction suit of the city of Los Angeles. Here we were cheerfully informed by a member of the well-known Smith family that three bad boys which were impassable were down the road a short distance and that he was as good as \$10 ahead, if we intended to go on. Before attempting to go on with new difficulties staring us in the face, we decided to have lunch and revive our drooping spirits. Before we had finished eating Mr. Smith had hitched up his team of mules, drove by, cheerfully informing us that he would wait to pull us out of the first hole. We then and there decided that Mr. Smith would never get his expected \$10 from us. Reaching the first bog we passengers unloaded and the drivers sent the cars through easily. Mr. Smith followed. The second hole was worse, but was crossed successfully. Mr. Smith still followed, but two small boys, brothers of his wife, went ahead with us, and by judicious questioning and getting one to wade in and show us the worst part, the third place was passed successfully and at only an expense of some small change to the boys as their reward. Here Mr. Smith remarked that only

Ford cars could have made it through. It was now 3:40 and we still had about 53 miles to go. At 4:45, after passing through Long Valley and crossing the Owens river on two logs, we found ourselves in a delightful spot among the pine trees, so we decided to have supper.

Here Jack Johnson, who had charge of the commissary department, spread a most excellent lunch, which was served to the accompaniment of the music of the wind whistling through the pines. At 6:45 we started on the last 27 miles of our journey, and here we encountered more heavy sand, and our shovel was again brought into action.

Before very long we passed the summit, where the Indiana Automobile Manufacturers have erected a sign, and soon we had our first view of beautiful Mono lake.

After battling with the sand for several hours, and having several discussions as to the proper road, we at last reached Hammond's on the shore of Mono lake at 10:40 p. m., after a run of 375 miles from Los Angeles.

Here we were greeted by Mr. Brand and his chauffeur, Fletcher Pomeroy, and we were soon enjoying a well-earned rest.

On Monday morning we boarded Mr. Brand's big National machine and started on the seven-mile run up the mountains to where he is preparing his summer home. The last part of the run is a 22 per cent grade and only his machine has ever succeeded in making the climb. The view here is magnificent, snow-clad peaks almost surrounding the place. A small creek runs through the place furnishing pure mountain water for all purposes. Mr. Brand is building a log cabin and two small cottages, and upon their completion he will be prepared to entertain his numerous friends and give them all the comforts of home while doing so.

On Tuesday after being joined by Mr. and Mrs. Grinnell and their charming daughter, Miss May, our party visited Parker lake, where enough fine trout were caught for our lunch and also for breakfast the next morning. The view at this lake is magnificent, and we believe would equal almost anything in Europe.

On Wednesday we were off again for Lundy lake, where a mining town of several hundred people formerly existed, but it has now dwindled to five inhabitants. Here we found a dance hall which had stood for many years and which had been crushed by the heavy snow of last winter, which we were informed had reached a depth of 26 feet. On account of the high water we found fishing here very poor and only one trout was caught.

On Thursday morning our genial host and new-made friends were bid good-bye, and we started on our return journey at 7:40 a. m. Four hours later we found we had only made 24 miles, as a wagon had been through the sand ahead of us and much shoveling was necessary. At 2:30 p. m. we passed our friend, Mr. Smith, but he did not greet us so cordially this time.

Bishop was reached at 5 p. m. and at 5:30 we were off for Big Pine, where we arrived at 6:27 and enjoyed a fine supper. At 7:40 we were again on our way and Independence was reached at 9:40. After a 15-minute stop for gasoline we pulled out on the 16-mile run to Lone Pine, which we reached at 11 p. m. In a few minutes most of us were sleeping soundly after our 148-mile run.

Friday, 5:35 a. m., found us again in our machine and Olancha was reached at 7:00 o'clock, where we enjoyed an excellent breakfast. At 8:06 the start for Little Lake was made and on our arrival at 9:40 we took on gas and water and left at 9:57 for Indian Wells. When we arrived there at 10:55, the Indian said "no beer," so after taking on water for the 54-mile run to Mojave, we were off again at 11:05 and 2:30 p. m. we were again enjoying a meal in the Harvey house.

At 3:45 we left for Chandler's, where we made a 10-minute stop, after arriving at 4:45. We passed through Saugus at 8:40 after stopping a few minutes to tighten our fan and at 9:25 we passed through San Fernando. At 10 o'clock we stopped in front of Mr. Campbell's, opened the pack which he carried and distributed the various parcels therein and taking his passenger, Mr. Cooke, we landed the latter and Mr. Johnson at the Glendale depot, and Mr. Blue's garage was reached at 10:25 p. m., after a run of 227 miles in 16 hours and 50 minutes, and covering a total distance of 767 miles.

Only one puncture was made on the whole trip, and that was mended at Olancha on our return, and we think this is quite a record for two Ford cars.

F. S. BALTHIS.

When a woman insists on having her own way, her husband calls it nagging.

#### STOP

At Whitton's Confectionery the next time you are down town and try a dish of their delicious Ice Cream, an Ice Cream Soda, a Sundae, or a Refreshing Drink.  
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## The Glendale Evening News

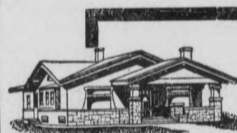
CLASSIFIED

### Business and Telephone Directory

In this column not only your phone number but also your place of business is brought to the attention of over 4500 readers every day. Phone your order or drop a line and our directory department solicitor will call upon you at once. Our phone numbers are Sunset 132, Home 2401.

#### PHONES

- ALWAYS IN LINE**  
Central Stables, cor. Broadway and Maryland. Sunset 314, Home 2512
- AUTO AMBULANCE, UNDERTAKING, EMBALMING**  
Pulliam Undertaking Co., 919-21 W. Bdwy. Sunset 201, Home 334
- AUTO TRUCK TRANSFER—MOVING—Daily Trips to L. A.**  
F. Radley, office and residence 420 S. Kenwood. Sunset 553W
- BOOKS, STATIONERY AND KODAK SUPPLIES**  
Glendale Book Store, 576 Bdwy., opp. City Hall. Sunset 219
- BETTER COFFEE AT 25c, 30c, 35c, 40c AND 45c LB.**  
F. Booth, coffee expert, 429 Gardena Ave. Home 2312, Sunset 943W
- TRY OUR CIRCULATING LIBRARY—350 of the Most Popular Books.**  
Glendale Paint and Paper Co., 419 Brand Blvd. Sunset 855
- ELECTRIC FIXTURES AND WIRING**  
L. W. Chobe, electrician, 817 S. Brand. Sunset 360, Home 1162
- FLORAL DESIGNS AND DECORATIONS for Parties, Weddings, etc.**  
M. L. Anderson, Florist, 450 East Sixth Street. Sunset 32J
- FURNITURE, RUGS, ETC.**  
Parker & Sternberg, 417 Brand Blvd. Sunset 40
- GLENDALE DYE WORKS**  
H. M. Merrill, 116 Elrose. Home 348, Sunset 207
- LUMBER AND BUILDING MATERIAL**  
Bentley Schoeneman Lumber Co., 1022 Bdwy. Home 2061, Sunset 51
- MONEY TO LOAN ON REAL ESTATE**  
Volney H. Craig, Trustee. Address P. O. Box 446, San Fernando.
- PASADENA RUG WORKS AND CARPET CLEANING CO.**  
781 East Orange Grove Ave., Pasadena. Fair Oaks 1638
- PRINTING, STATIONERY, ETC.**  
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### Sunday, Aug. 9

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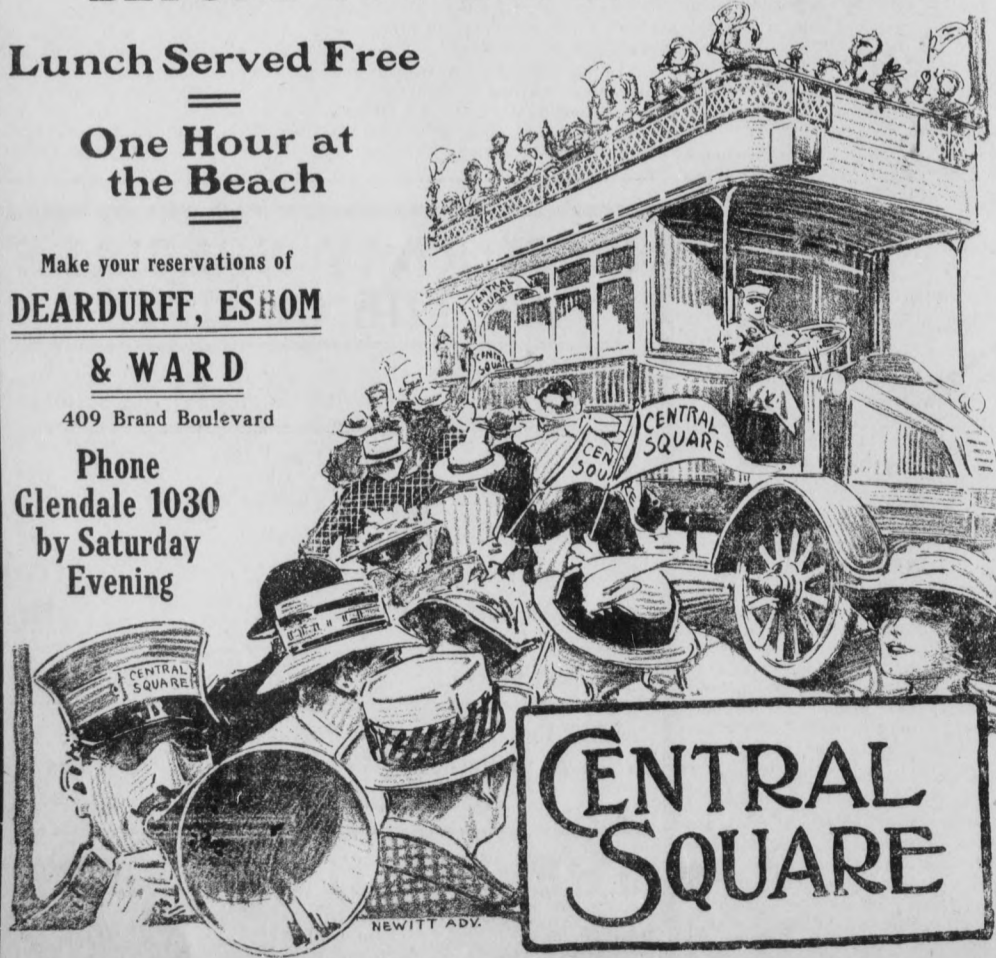
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