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ADVERTISING RATES

Table with advertising rates: Professional Cards \$1.00 per month, One square \$1.00, One-quarter Column \$2.00, One-half Column \$4.00, One Column \$10.00

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BALCH'S GRAVE IS NEAR LYLE

Life Story of Young Minister Who Wrote "The Bridge of the Gods" is An Appealing One

By Joe D. Thomson

In a little rural graveyard not far from Lyle, Klickitat county, Washington, is the burying place of Frederick Homer Balch, who as the author of "The Bridge of the Gods," a romance dealing with Indian legends, has made for himself a name in the history of northwestern literature. Not far from the gorge of his inspiring Columbia and in the eastern foothills of his beloved Cascades, the body of the pioneer writer has found the long resting place, and perchance the spirit of the youthful dreamer still contemplates the scenes of natural wonder that so thrilled him during life.

When one really interested in pioneer life of Oregon and of the legends of the Indians of the Columbia river communities reads the life story of Homer Balch and of his early death at the age of 30 years, he cannot help feeling that a loss came to the literature of the state when Atrypus weeded too early her shears and clipped the thread of the young man's life.

It is intensely appealing, this story of the days of young manhood of the man who wrote "The Bridge of the Gods." Frederick Homer Balch was self educated. He spent less than a year attending school. For six months in 1875, when the family resided on a farm owned by James A. Balch, the father of the author, in the Mount Labor community, the boy was a student at a school taught by J. R. Coon, who later moved to the Hood River valley. After a few months of study at the Pacific Theological Seminary, at Oakland, Calif., in 1883, he was elected to return to Oregon because of illness.

Because of the poor health of the mother the family moved from Mount Labor to Goldendale, where they had formerly lived. After a short residence there they removed to Lyle. While young Balch was a dreamer, he was by no means an idler. Work was scarce in the early days, but he found employment in his boyhood riding the range of the southern Washington country. In the solitude of the great stretches with the great peaks of the Cascades to inspire him, he felt the first gnawing of an ambition to tell the story of the mountains and the rivers in books of romance. The impulse of a genius had stirred within him before the family left the Willamette valley, and in his diary is found jotted the following:

To make Oregon as famous as Scott made Scotland; to make the Cascades as widely known as the highlands; to make the splendid scenery of the Willamette a background for romance full of passion and grandeur, grow more and more into the one cherished ambition of my life."

While the family was living at Lyle young Balch, eager to make money, secured a job as an ordinary laborer in the construction of the O. H. & N. Company's line, which was then being pushed to completion along the south bank of the Columbia. During the daylight hours, according to his sister, Mrs. James W. Ingalls, this city, young Balch worked hard at manual labor, wielding pick and shovel. But the late hours of night were spent in reading and rereading the stories of Scott and Dickens, and the essays of Macaulay. And he was trying to win hand and mind at sketching out romances of the Oregon country.

Even before the family had moved from the Willamette valley the young man had written a romance built on a pioneer history. "The story was called. It was later revised and given the title of "Genevieve." The book, however, has never been published. Young Balch also began another story, which was called "The Asket." He made a sacrifice of the manuscript of Wallinah when, obeying the desires of his mother, he decided to enter the ministry.

From the stories that are told of this period of the young man's life by his sister, the young romanticist must have undergone the keenest agony. With the decision made to enter the work of a minister, young Balch's conscience, impelled by his more Puritanic standards of early day morals, told him that it would be a sort of a sacrifice to preach the gospel of Christ and at the same time continue the writing of stories. "Wallinah, which has been declared meritorious by the presbytery, was burned, and Frederick Homer Balch became an itinerant missionary preacher of the Congregational church. After serving for a time as traveling minister in the mid-Columbia district he was elected by pastorate in 1885, when he took charge of the work of the church at Hood River. No church edifice had been erected, and it was through the personality of the young minister that the instrumentalities that the second local church, now known as the Valley Christian church, was built. At the same time Mr. Balch was engaged in preaching for the congregation of White Salmon, just across the Columbia from the Hood River valley.

Despite his resolutions to cease writing romances, the young minister, much of whose work was among the Indians, never lost an opportunity to learn from them the stories of legends. These he has embodied so well in "The Bridge of the Gods."

It is said that most great writers reach their moments of climax while writing their life history. It was true, indeed, of young Balch; for "The Bridge of the Gods" really tells the story of the sacrifice of the young minister. Cecil Gray, the hero of "The Bridge of the Gods," who sacrificed his life to teach the Indians the religion of Christ, despite the advice of members of his family and of his congregation, typifies Frederick Homer Balch. The young minister, suffering because he dictates of a sensitive conscience, is the prototype of the minister of Colonial days, who offered up his entire being and plunged away from home and civilization into the dense and unknown wilderness.

But the spell of romantic literature was too strong for young Balch, and after deciding that he could continue conscientiously as a minister and at the same time write of the dreams that

were daily his, he completed "The Bridge of the Gods" at the age of 25 years. Drawing on his fund of Indian legends, he told the story of Cecil Gray and immortalized the legend of the great masses of basalt that rear themselves on either bank of the Columbia at Cascade Locks. This story of the mighty bridge that spanned the Wauna is now well known to the readers of the entire United States; for "The Bridge of the Gods" is now in its eighteenth edition.

"The Bridge of the Gods" was given its greatest prominence and publicity in 1911, when, as a spectacular drama, it was presented at the Astoria centennial exposition. The drama, for the most part in the open air, with the hills in the rear of the city at the mouth of the Columbia as a unique background, was staged under the direction of Gladys Mabel Farris. "The Bridge of the Gods" was later played in Multnomah field in Portland, and afterwards Miss Farris presented the drama at Oklahoma city, Okla.

Both parents of Frederick Homer Balch were pioneers of Oregon, both having crossed the plains from Indiana. The mother, Miss Harriet M. Snider, the adopted daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Robert Crawford, arrived with her foster parents in Oregon in 1851. Both he and his future wife settled in the Willamette valley near Lebanon, and it was here that they were married. The father of "The Bridge of the Gods" was born at Lebanon, December 14, 1861.

From 1884 to 1886 James A. Balch served as lieutenant of Company F, of the Eighth regiment, Oregon Volunteers, which was stationed on the frontier. While he had been a student of the law, he never applied for admission to the bar, nor did he ever practice. A large portion of his pioneer life was devoted to teaching. When the family removed to Goldendale he served as county judge of Klickitat county.

Frederick Homer Balch leaves surviving a sister, Mrs. J. W. Ingalls, of this city, and a brother, Herbert Balch, now a resident of southern California. On September 26, 1908, the members of the Old Fort Dalles Historical society convened at the handsome little structure on the hills of Lyle and formally dedicated the Balch schoolhouse. Following the dedication of the school building a monument which had been erected to the young author was dedicated. Not far from both is reared the little church of the community, a large share of the carpenter work having been done by Balch himself. The following surviving pioneers participated in the ceremony of dedication: Mr. and Mrs. T. R. Coon, of Hood River; Mrs. Jennie J. Coon, of White Salmon; Mrs. C. J. Grandall, Miss Sylvia Cake, Miss May Campbell, Miss Lucile Armstrong of The Dalles, and Rev. J. L. Hershner, organizer of the congregational church for the Columbia river district. Rev. W. C. Gilmore, pastor of the local Congregational church at the time, delivered an address, and a paper of eulogy from the pen of Dr. J. L. Eliot was read.

Over the grave of Frederick Homer Balch is of rough, natural granite, quarried from the hills he loved. But out of the dreams that he could not do he has woven a story and written a book that will ever be a great monument to his genius and the indomitable energy that possessed him than any pillars admiring friends may erect to his memory.

At the dedication service the following poem, written by the young author's first teacher, J. R. Coon, was read:

How clear the sun comes over the hills And casts long shadows for a while On rocks and plains, on lakes and rills, While songs of larks the morning fills, To praise the grand old hills of Lyle. Eternal seem these hills of green When springtime verdure paints each pile Of mountain height and level sheen; But summer's sun transforms the scene And gives the great brown hills of Lyle.

Pair Wauna flows beneath the wall And murmurs as past the isle Of Memalose the Indian's all While life has flown an mighty pall Hides now from him the hills of Lyle.

The Red Man comes, the Red Man goes, And Wauna's flood flows on the white. The white man builds as best he knows. But red or white, the day must close, And darkness claims the hills of Lyle.

Behold the double tracks of steel That bind the river's every mile; How vain the sense of rest to feel When charge and steamer, strong of keel, Pass by to vex the hills of Lyle.

For those are but the tokens ill Of men's mad race for lucre vile. Give me the cottage by the hill With orchard fair and man's good will Among the sun kissed hills of Lyle.

And let me dream of ages flown When cliffs met cliff in massive style And shore to shore the arch made one. By "Bridge of Gods," eternal stone, That joined mayhap the hills of Lyle.

The legends old, the Red Man's lore That poet's vision lives the while When rocks eternal live no more To mark the path that gods of yore Once trod among the hills of Lyle.

Hence Balch's spirit bowed in prayer Mid Nature's charms and Heaven's smiles. And sang of Genevieve the Fair, No more with him in life to share Earth's joys among the hills of Lyle.

And here the mound of earth is shown And granite rock to mark a while The poet's ashes 'neath the stone. He bore the cross but not the crown Among the sacred hills of Lyle.

The Bridge of Time shall be no more, But human hearts made free from guile Shall feel no pains on any shore, And this my life shall keep in store Sweet thoughts of the best hills of Lyle. "Lift up mine eyes unto the hills," From all below and find rest awhile; He free, my soul, from all thine ill, Look up and live, for God so will, And these are his brown hills of Lyle.

FRUIT MARKETING IN THE NORTHWEST

(By H. F. Davidson)

Marketing the 1915 northwestern box crop is largely a matter of history. Prices have not been extremely high, but they have been good and growers will have money of their own as profits to put in the banks to their credit.

The crop has been sold down to practically two varieties, Newtown Pippins and Winesaps, both late keeping spring apples, and at least 50 percent of these two varieties have been disposed of. When the crop is marketed growers receive above a dollar a box for their apples, on a fair yield, they make money, and the 1915 crop is bringing them a nice profit above a dollar a box for the extra fancy and fancy grades.

In each of the large fruit growing districts of the four northwestern states—Oregon, Washington, Idaho and Montana—many substantial local marketing firms have grown up with the orchards and have taken over their affairs with those of the communities in which they operate by establishing personal friendships and confidences and by using their financial credit to assist growers who are not financially able to grow and harvest their crop unaided; in some cases it is more or less of a continuous proposition from year to year, and in this way these packing and shipping concerns have established in their respective localities to the extent of controlling the marketing of a large percentage of the fruit crop of these four states.

Theoretically, the big marketing organizations which have been formed to handle the large tonnage are about ideal, but to a large extent these big marketing organizations have been handled and managed by men who did not have the confidence and support of the local shippers; with the result that no organization up to the present time has been able to control a sufficient percentage of the tonnage to maintain sufficient control over the distribution whereby it could obtain what appeared to the growers to be maximum results.

The men who are managing these big marketing organizations are men of the very highest type; they have the confidence of the growers and bankers generally, but they have the competition of the local shippers whose personal acquaintance and knowledge of local conditions, added to their ability to extend credit to local growers, has divided the control of the tonnage to the extent that the large organizations have not enjoyed the opportunity to test the theory of centralized distribution and selling with proper control of the tonnage.

It was demonstrated in 1913 that on a short crop year, when the demand exceeded the supply at highly remunerative prices to the grower, that a central control could distribute and market that part of the tonnage in a manner that materially strengthened the marketing situation and for the first time in the history of the northwestern fruit industry, since it assumed any considerable volume, prices actually advanced over the previous year.

It was just as clearly demonstrated in 1914, with considerably larger crops and with markets curtailed by depressed financial conditions and the European war, and when there was really a surplus above the actual demand, that the organizations could not maintain any substantial influence in the markets with but 50 percent of the tonnage under control.

It is freely admitted in the northwest that there are orchards enough now growing to produce a big surplus of fruit, and that it can be marketed at a profit to the growers. Under the haphazard hit and miss conditions which must of necessity exist when a number of small shippers are working independently in the various parts of the product districts and it must be determined within a short time whether the future crops will be marketed in a systematic way or whether the deal will be along the "starve out" route of the past.

At the moment, Hood River is the only district which has practically no competition with its own product. This district has an organization which is marketing a very large percentage of this product, and the result of this season's operations will enable the growers to produce a profit, whether or not this plan is successful. The Hood River crop this season happens to be largely of export varieties, which is a serious handicap under the strenuous European war conditions, but good headwork and the cooperation of personal representation in Europe and that portion of the crop suitable for domestic markets is well nigh marketed with extremely satisfactory results.

The fruit growers of the northwest find it difficult to get together on any practical and efficient lines. When a grower located in Hood River he did so because he knew it was the best fruit district in the world and was soon taught that all other districts might be forced out of business while the natural advantages of his district in producing big yields of fruit of so much finer quality than any of the other districts could produce would enable him to make a profit when the growers in the other districts were forced to make losses and discontinue the business. This same line of argument has applied to the growers who produced in the big districts and has not left the growers of southern Oregon, for instance, in a frame of mind to feel the necessity or propriety of cooperating seriously with the growers of southern Idaho or Washington, and this same thought applies to many growers in all of the prominent sections.

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Leaves Portland 7 a. m., arrives The Dalles 6:30 p. m., Sunday, Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, (not Friday). Arrives at Mosier about 5 p. m., Leaves The Dalles 7 a. m., arrives Portland 6:00 p. m., Sunday, Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, (not Saturday). Arrives at Mosier about 8:45 a. m., Wednesday of each week is set aside as "Stock Yard Day" and then the steamer "Dalles City" will take live stock for delivery to Portland Union Stock Yard. This service will permit the individual to ship as few animals as desired and get the benefit of low freight rates. For further information telephone number 32.

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The Mosier Book Store

west who are becoming vitally interested in the proposition and who will become more interested if the unpaid notes become musty, and they are the bankers, the gentlemen who must finance the growing and harvesting of the crops if enough revenue is to be produced to enable the note makers—the growers—to pay up.

The question before the house is, will enough men out of the large number of practical shippers and practical bankers get together and give this matter sufficient attention to work out the proper solution.

The proposition is not seriously complicated from this angle, but it will require an honest, energetic, intelligent effort on the part of a number of loyal gentlemen to solve the problem. The intelligence is easily available. Enough experimenting has been done and enough experience has been gained to reduce the task largely to that of energy and effort to bring the fruit industry of the northwest from a condition of chaotic disappointment to one of satisfaction and profit to growers, shippers, bankers and merchants.

The industry is estimated to represent an investment of over \$200,000,000 and while a very large percentage of this investment has not reached the full bearing age, yet it should produce an income of from \$15,000,000 to \$20,000,000 in 1916 and should show a gradual increase from year to year.

AT HOOD RIVER ELECTRIC THEATRE

Today

Ina Claire in "The Wild Goose Chase," the love story of a college boy and a charming girl. At about the time they get married and fall instantly in love with one another each is ordered by stern parents to marry an unknown man. The reason for this is that the grandfathers of the two young people are two rich old gentlemen of France, and these two old men, according to

European custom, offer to provide large sums of money if the young people marry one another.

To escape these enforced marriages, man and girl both leave home and join the same wandering theatrical troupe, which meets with many trials and tribulations. It was not until the very end that the young people, finally learning each other's real names, find that they have been on a wild goose chase all the time, because the very thing they desire themselves is what the grandfathers have ordered.

Saturday

"The Pretty Sister of Jose," with Marguerite Clark playing the title. In the role of Pepita, Miss Clark has ample and varied opportunity for the display of her inimitable talents. Pepita is a young Spanish country girl who has come to live in Madrid with her brother. At the time of her arrival in the gay metropolis the city is ringing with the fame of the handsome bull fighter, Sebastiano, with whom all the women are in love. Warned that she, too, will succumb to the spell cast by the heroic matador, Pepita vows that she will never speak to him should he address her. Subsequently he sees her, falls in love with her, and begins an ardent campaign to win her heart. Haughtily she spurns him, and in her pride defies him with look and gesture, although her heart is breaking with love for him. At last he is wounded right unto death in a bull fight. Then it is that her pride surrenders, and through her love wins him back to life and strength.

Sunday and Monday

Israel Zangwill's greatest play, "The Melting Pot," which as a book and play of the real stage has caused world wide comment and commendation. "It breathes a spirit of the best Americanism in the tradition of our history," says W. Stephen Bush in "The Moving Picture World."

Tuesday and Wednesday

"Julius Caesar."

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