

Hood River Glacier.

FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 6, 1895.

The Times-Mountaineer changed owners on the first of the month and is now published as a full-fledged democratic paper. It was purchased by Mr. J. A. Douthitt of Prineville, a thorough newspaper and business man. This change gives The Dalles two good newspapers of opposing political proclivities, and both will live and flourish better than ever before. Mr. Douthitt had looked carefully over the newspaper field of Eastern Oregon, and although offered some good bargains at other points, no place seemed to offer the advantages of The Dalles. The near completion of the locks at the Cascades is causing a buoyant feeling among business men there, and by the time the first boat comes up from the lower river the town will boom. Mr. John Michell, the retiring editor and proprietor, will take a much-needed rest before he engages again in journalism or goes back to the law. He is recognized as one of the best writers in the state.

Our Hood River Fair.

Editor GLACIER: I desire through the columns of your paper to call the attention of our people to the importance of commencing at once to make preparations for our coming fair. Let every product of our orchards, fields and gardens be saved that will add to its excellence and greatness.

We should have on exhibition not only our choicest of fruits, fresh, dried, canned, preserved and in other forms, grasses and grains from our fields, vegetables from our gardens, samples of timber from our forests, engravings and pictures to ornament our hall, but also articles of skilled workmanship, the product of the needle and the loom.

We are assured of many visitors from the country to the east of us, who, tired of wool and grain raising, are coming to Hood River to see what we can raise, with a view to securing homes among us.

We especially invite our neighboring communities, both in Oregon and Washington, to send us the best they have and we will see that their exhibits are properly placed and cared for. Our first fair was a grand success and Hood River gained great credit among horticulturists and home-seekers. Let us see to it that our exhibition on October 4th and 5th shall be yet more worthy of our beautiful valley.

E. L. SMITH, Supt.

The Farmers vs. The Merchants.

We give space this week to another batch of letters on the question of the farmers alleged grievance against the merchants. When we mildly suggested that our farmers should patronize our home stores, we did not think of starting such a war of words and display of literary talent as has since been exhibited. But with this issue we will close the discussion in the columns of the GLACIER. If any wish to continue the debate they have the privilege of hiring a hall. As this question was the cause of starting several to write for the paper who never wrote before, we hope they will continue to use our columns for the discussion of other subjects that will tend more to the benefit of the community.

First in the discussion today we will introduce "Free Trader."

HOOD RIVER, Sept. 2, 1895.—Editor GLACIER: In the communication signed by "Rancher" in your last issue, he says: "There are merchants in Hood River who have told me they would sell accounts against some of our ranchers for 25 cents on the dollar; not a few accounts, but they run into tens of thousands of dollars."

This is a far worse condition of affairs than I imagined, and goes a long way towards proving that the merchants of Hood River are doing business on a pernicious credit system which is the essential cause of my so-called "kick." If the losses from these bad debts fell on the merchants alone it would not be so bad, but that is not the case. It is doubtful if the combined capital of the merchants of Hood River amounts to \$10,000, and a loss of that amount would force them to close their doors, but to outward appearance at least, their capital is unimpaired. Nor can we suppose that men will continue in business with such odds against them. There can be no other conclusion than that the profits come from those customers who do pay; they are the ones who bear the burden of the losses, and to that extent pay more than actual value for what they purchase.

This is wrong. There are always some who are ready to abuse and take advantage of credit, and if the business man is not shrewd enough to avoid them, he should stand the losses, and not his customers, even if he has to go out of business.

The most prosperous community must always be the one that can get its necessary supplies for a reasonable value; what is paid in excess of that becomes a burdensome tax. Shall we continue to fret under the burden of our state and county taxes and ignore this, the most grievous tax of all?

To prove that Hood River is a good

market for our produce, "Rancher" says the merchants buy our butter and eggs from 20 to 50 per cent above the Portland market. Will "Rancher" explain then why a certain party who has recently left Hood River in disgust after spending considerable time and money in trying to start a poultry business, was unable to sell eggs in Hood River at all for cash. The merchants only take such products in trade or on account, and take no more than they can use conveniently; they give us in exchange goods upon which they realize their profits, and which may be from 20 to 50 per cent in advance of Portland prices.

It is absurd for "Rancher" to say we do not want the merchants to handle our fruit, provided they would pay us a reasonable value for it. The intricacies and ins and outs of fruit unions are beyond the comprehension of most of us. We farmers ought not engage in that which requires the skill and experience of a business man to cope with successfully. Give us a live business man who will pay us a fair price for our fruit and we will gladly deal with him.

"Rancher" also says: "A country near a good town is worth a great deal more than it is without a town, or worse, a dead one." I say yes, most certainly, every farmer can agree to that. A good town is better than no town, and a dead town is worse than no town. Therefore I say, let every farmer do what he can towards making a good town of Hood River. We can all help to throw off the wrong burden now imposed upon us and the reputation of Hood River will be none the worse. A bad reputation comes more from submitting to an evil than from the getting rid of it.

FREE TRADER.

In this letter you have the two sides to the controversy—look on this picture and then on that—you pay your money and take your choice:

HOOD RIVER, Sept. 4, 1895.—Editor GLACIER: As everybody seems to be inclined to lay all of their troubles on some one else, I hope it will do no harm for me to add my mite to the general discussion. Both sides are doing fully as much grumbling as the case requires, but it does not appear to have occurred to anybody that we are all in the same boat, without half the prospect for clear sailing ahead that many would have us believe.

The merchants complain that most of the cash the farmers get hold of is sent out of the valley for goods. This is unquestionably the truth of the matter, and little wonder. A few tin cans spread out on their shelves represent nine-tenths of the merchandise in town. I have tried for seven years to buy a vest (just a common, every day waistcoat, made of either duck or broadcloth) in Hood River and have not been able to find one on sale at any price. I have tried even longer to buy a duck coat and have never been able to get but one; this I got from E. L. Smith nine years ago. To get a pair of blue overalls, it is necessary to run to every store in town, and if you finally find a pair that is not over a yard too long you are informed that you can "turn 'em up." Now if the farmer cannot even get his sackcloth at home is it any wonder that he sends away his money. If he has to give a special order for the commonest clothing and wait two or three weeks, he generally takes the matter in his own hands and orders for himself. Please remember that I am not flouting fault.

If the merchants won't or can't keep a stock of goods, that is their business. If the farmer sends away his cash for stuff that is not offered for sale here, that is his business. The fault-finding farmer has not near the cause for complaint that he thinks he has. He goes about the world whining because he cannot get credit. He usually whines with his mouth full of tobacco. If he had an honest hair in his hide he would want but little or no credit from anybody. He generally has less stuff than the law allows, and with him, credit is simply another word for give. If he wants charity he had better apply to the county, instead of applying to private individuals who have their own bills to pay and battles to fight. Occasionally, complaints against the merchants come from farmers who are more prosperous. If there is so much money in merchandising, why in the name of common sense don't they sell their farms and go into the business. It is a free country and no one will restrain them from getting rich in this way, nor from wearing purple and fine linen every day. The average farmer knows nothing about the cares of a business life. He goes to town with his mealy June apples, his added eggs and white butter and thinks that all the merchant has to do is to receive them at the highest market price and pay over the cash or goods. If he is sure there are millions in it let him try it.

I do not imagine anything can be said that will cause people to cease growling. It seems to be a safety valve for wasted opportunities and the results of general bad management. If people were compelled to shut up altogether I believe many of them would burst.

FARMER.

And this one is not anonymous: HOOD RIVER, August 31, 1895.—

Editor GLACIER: Where are we at, any way, and what is the GLACIER trying to do by publishing such articles as "Free Trader's," which was naturally followed by "Rancher," as a reply, seasoned with "Z's" nursery advertisement. What we want here is more people to settle up the country and assist those here in bringing out and developing the resources of our favored valley, also a cannery, a large drier and fruit warehouse, with a cold storage room attached, situated in Hood River town. Any one thinking of coming here or going to any other country, generally get a few copies of the paper or papers published in the place they have in view. They would come to the conclusion from reading the GLACIER that there are one dozen ranchers and six merchants here; the ranchers doing their trading in Portland and The Dalles, the merchants buying their produce from other sections; that the merchants were grinding the rancher who traded with them into the ground and the ranchers in turn trying to make the grass grow in the streets of Hood River. A condition that I am happy to say does not exist. I can safely say that I have bought more goods, and paid for them, of the merchants of Hood River in the last five years than "Free Trader" ever did; the merchants in turn have bought less fruit and produce of me than they have of him. The reason being that I have a reputation for my brand and pack of fruits, and can sell it as well, or better, than the merchants can—a condition suiting both of us. If the merchants should commence dealing in fruits to any extent, I predict that in less than ninety days the same kickers would cry: "Look at them, they make a profit on what we raise, and what we buy; they are grinding us into the ground." I would suggest that "Free Trader" attend to his own business and some of the rest of Hood River's bright lights quit decrying the country and, especially, that the GLACIER quit publishing their jingle, to which the great majority would say "amen." N. C. EVANS.

Belmont Notes.

While the area planned to strawberries in this vicinity is quite large, yet the acreage will be fully doubled by the plantings that will be made this fall. The Hood River strawberry having won such a splendid reputation in the markets for its fine shipping and eating qualities, our farmers find it one of the most profitable crops they can grow. From \$800 to \$400 per acre being the returns that the crop yielded this past season.

The Belmont cornet band under the leadership of Will Isenberg is rapidly attaining a high degree of proficiency, and will be able to furnish music at all times for the various entertainments of the valley.

Belmont has become one of the most popular summer resorts of the valley, nearly half of the families having summer boarders from Portland and other Willamette valley places. These tourists all praise and admire our beautiful scenery. Their admiration being especially aroused by the grand panorama made up by the tall peaks of Mt. Hood and Mt. Adams; the one towering to the south, and the other to the north, like giant sentinels doing guard duty over our peaceful valley, supported as they are by the mighty range of the Cascade mountains to the west and the grand old Mosier hills to the east.

A Fish Story in Two Chapters.

CHAPTER II.

(Continued from last week.)

HOOD RIVER, August 14, 1894.—My Dear Gorham: I know it will be difficult to convince you that the truth and nothing but the truth am I about to unfold regarding the salmon I trepanned. Liars I have seen a plenty for that I have ever before me many of the classical poets, words condemnatory of such baseness, as for instance, what says Dryden?

"Few are so wicked as to take delight in crimes unprofitable."
"By how much better than my word I am, By so much shall I falsify men's hopes."
—Shakespeare.

And what South says: "It is absolutely and universally unlawful to lie and falsify." I shall now proceed to the rest of my experience; and oh for some inspiration to direct my pen worthy of the story! As Shakespeare says, "Now, ye familiar spirits, help me this once."

During my absence during the two Saturdays I had rejoiced over the success of my experiment and wondered if he would come near any stray fisherman and get knocked on the head. This seemed to me the greatest danger, and generally considered I had seen the last of him, and that he was gone beyond recovery. Had I known as much of him as I now do, I needn't have worried over either point. It had been a very hot week, and the instant I saw the West Fork pool, the water being very whitish, I said, "Poor fishing today," and I hesitated whether not to go home without trying it at all. So sometimes we are so near fortune and ignorantly, carelessly turn our back on it. We had cast a few times, when a fish jumped clear out and was followed by several others, or the same, we could not decide which. It, or they, always took a header pointing our way, as if examining us. No question at all but we were recognized, for soon my fish landed himself right at

my feet. I knew him at once, for the piece I had sewed on was there and had turned almost milk white. Scratching him awhile, at which he was pleased as a puppy dog, I examined his patch and saw it was almost grown together, excepting where the stitches were; these I gently cut and pulled out, which he stood with but a momentary shiver; and then finally tiring of him, turned his head toward the deep water and endeavored to get rid of him, but he would not go.

We then began fishing, when finally hooking a two-pound salmon, he showed great excitement, going and swimming round, coming to see what I was doing and then looking at the hooked fish again; and when I got him landed, looking on with the greatest attention. Casting again, he dashed out of sight, and immediately I felt one tug after another, and knew the general cussedness of feeling I had two on at once. I thought at first "Spotty," as we call him, had hooked himself; but no, there he was behind, helping, apparently, to chase them ashore. No sooner had I landed them than off he went to Ed, and the first thing a fine 24-pound fish had his hook. He had often wished for a big fellow, and he got him after an infinite amount of trouble. At the same time I was busy with another big fellow that "Spotty" had driven somehow to me. This continued right on without a breathing spell hardly; and once we did not seem quick enough to suit him, for in his anxiety—it seemed anger almost—he put his teeth in a fellow I was playing and almost pulled him ashore. I was angry at this, and taking a stick, struck him a few times over the back. This discipline was enough, for he never did so again. When, after fish began to get scarce, he disappeared for awhile, and he must have gone down below the Forks into a pool below some basaltic rocks which we can not reach, for we saw a swarm coming over the riffs, with Spotty behind, and the sport began as lively as ever. This kept up all day; we were utterly exhausted and the fish crowded the beach. I don't believe such a sight was ever seen before or since the miraculous catch of St. Peter's. I had come to the conclusion long before evening that the spirit of a retriever dog was in Spotty; that the doctrine of the transmigration of souls was the only explanation possible, for he knew his business too well to be explained in any other way. Just think of such an interesting discovery—the sensation, the possibilities, the results—it is beyond calculation. But as this investigation must be done leisurely and thoughtfully, I must leave it for a future effort. I may say, however, there seems no other hypothesis than in the premises introduced in my last letter, and I shall write my investigation on these lines.

That evening two wagon loads of people from Lost Lake, going home to Hood River, passing, looked with perfect amazement at the fish strewn the beach. We loaded the wagons, and hauling them to the town of Winans, counted and weighed them on a set of hay scales. There were, big and little, 339 in all and weighed 3,249 pounds. Such a sight was never seen nor heard of till now; the town was in an uproar of excitement. I donated to the orphan asylum 250 pounds, to the widows and poor another 200 pounds, and sold the balance at 5 cents, netting \$139.95.

As you are well aware, Winans is dependent principally on its fishing resources, and its citizens having felt the depression which has prevailed of late, though probably not so greatly as some neighboring towns, realized at once the importance, the immensity of this incident. A town meeting was called immediately and was crowded to the door. It was carried unanimously that the event of so great importance to them should be celebrated with a banquet, procession and fireworks that very night. A delegation of the principal merchants and bankers escorted me down to the town hall, where the banquet was spread. All the luxuries of the season and the flowing bowl were unskipped. From the balcony of the hotel adjoining we viewed the fireworks and the procession. This had some interesting features. The city, young and old, seemed to have turned out, making a procession of about 1 1/2 miles long. The city is famed for its music, and the many bands gave sweet concord. The Free Masons, Red Men, Ancient Order of Forks and Foresters were in line. This very Ancient Order of Forks is curious and worthy of remark. Their device or insignia is a large fork, three prongs about eight feet long with a salmon impaled. There were 374 venerable old men (for only men above 77 can be members), and carrying the fork and salmon. At the head a very ancient wooden trencher, carried by ten bearers, representing the Devil's punch bowl, and for this occasion it was filled with water in which was carried Spotty, and so dense was the crowd, filled with admiration and curiosity, that Company C of the Third regiment had to specially guard it with fixed bayonets. That evening I was serenaded by the famous band of Winans, composed of 80 instruments. This band is curious, for it must be in multiples of 8. Some old superstition, I believe, for as journeyman tailors can only be members, they somehow have concluded, absurdly, that it takes 9 tailors to make a man. But very fine music, sweet and harmonious, does this famous band discourse, and with these sweet sounds sweetly haunting me did I retire to rest, after the most exciting day of my life.

I learn since last Saturday, from the Winans Bonnet, a daily paper published there, that real estate is booming and prices advancing with rapid strides. As I have an addition to the town, the addition of Gloucester, it would seem my fortunate kindness to Spotty has met with, or is about to meet with, a golden reward.

I can promise you the greatest fishing in the world if you will but come down. Probably when the water clears up it may be still better, though it is difficult to imagine how it can be improved on after what I have told you. Trusting you will receive this communication in the same spirit in which it is sent, and with kind regards to yourself and Mrs. Gorham, I remain yours faithfully, C. G. ROBERTS.

P. S.—In reflecting on the strange conduct of Spotty during the procession, while showing him to a fat old woman who smelled badly of whisky, when he burst into a flood of tears, I am almost sure the transmitted soul in him can not be a dog, but possibly that of a gentle disciple of Isaac Walton, a brother fisher. It would explain a great deal. C. G. R.

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