

ALL CENTRAL OREGON AT BEND CELEBRATION

Completion of Two Lines Regarded as Victory for Interior People. They Expect William Hanley to Get Branch Lines and Extensions.



WILLIAM HANLEY LAYING CORNERSTONE OF BEND UNION DEPOT



JAMES J. HILL DELIVERING HIS ADDRESS, AFTER DRIVING GOLDEN SPIKE



R. B. MILLER, TRAFFIC MANAGER, G.V.R. & N. DELIVERING HIS ADDRESS



CROWD VIEWING EXHIBITS OF CENTRAL OREGON PRODUCTS



BEND SCHOOL CHILDREN MARCHING IN PARADE



JAMES J. HILL DRIVING GOLDEN SPIKE

CENTRAL OREGON has witnessed many events, but none appealed more to the imagination of the rugged pioneers of that region than the visit of James J. Hill and Great Northern, Harriman and Northern Pacific officials and their presence at the spike-driving ceremonies at Bend on Thursday, when Mr. Hill drove the golden spike, completing the joint Oregon Trunk and Deschutes line to that bustling city.

"Jim Hill doesn't travel two thousand miles for nothing," say the Central Oregon people who see in his visit and that of the other railroad builders, big things for the interior. The pioneers of that region are big-hearted and generous. They congratulate Bend on being the present terminus of the two lines. They are glad that the timber, grain, stock, dairy, garden and manufactured products of the territory tributary to Bend and the other towns on the two lines will now find a convenient access to the markets of the world. They hope to see Bend develop its sawmills, its water power, its woolen mills and its flour mills and to reap the benefits of the prosperity that should follow the coming of the steel rails. And the towns which are now enjoying the benefits of transportation are bidding good-bye to the six and eight-horse freight trains. Madras, Metolius, Redmond, and a host of others are now hoping that the other thriving towns of the great district will soon see construction of extensions and the east and west line.

Mr. Hill's optimism in the future of Central Oregon, his prediction that it should become the home of a million people, his challenge to a rival railroad system to take away from him the leadership in Oregon, his promise to do his share in the development and populating that territory and above all, his tribute to William Hanley, of Burns, president of the Central Oregon Development League are all regarded as significant. Mr. Hill gave Mr. Hanley full credit for interesting him in building up the Deschutes Canyon.

"Bill Hanley got Mr. Hill to build one railroad," say the people of the interior, "and there is no reason why Hill hasn't pulled enough to get him to build others."

The meeting of Mr. Hanley and Mr. Hill in Bend was an interesting sight. Mr. Hill had just returned from an automobile ride with his son, Louis W. Hill, and was walking in his private car when Mr. Hanley came in sight.

"Why, Hill, I'm glad to see you," said Mr. Hill as he rushed up to greet Mr. Hanley. And the heartiness of his handshake and the way he put his arm around Mr. Hanley's shoulders made it apparent to the bystanders that two old friends had met.

One of the great disappointments both to Mr. Hill and Mr. Hanley on this trip was the former's inability on account of a storm to carry out a promise to call upon Mr. Hanley at Burns. Mr. Hill was at Prineville and sent a message Sunday to Burns that it was not deemed expedient to make the trip. Mr. Hanley got the news.

"If I go after him and get him," he said, and started out at night to make the one hundred and fifty-mile automobile ride to Prineville over Buck Mountain.

"Bill will get him if anyone can," said the citizens of Burns.

Driving through a storm of sleet

over heavy mountain roads, breaking down one car, impressing another into service, Hanley kept on as far as Paulina, when he called Mr. Hill up by telephone in the morning.

"I'll come if you say so," said Mr. Hill.

"I won't ask you to do it," was the answer. "I've just been over the road and I can't ask you to go through the hardship."

"And you wouldn't either, boys," Mr. Hanley told his fellow citizens at Burns, as he called to order the session of the Central Oregon Development League, after driving all day without sleep to get back to Burns to fulfill his duty as President of the League. "It wouldn't be treating Mr. Hill right."

Neither would Mr. Hanley be complimented upon the effort he made. "Why, that ride through the storm and sleet was nothing. We are used to such things in Central Oregon," he said. "Many a night I have slept out all night under a Juniper tree, in worse weather than that."

So since Mr. Hill could not go to Burns, Mr. Hanley urged all of the Burns people as many as could go over to see Mr. Hill.

"We want to go over and pay our respects to Mr. Hill. That is our railroad just as much as it is Bend's," he said. "It's Central Oregon's railroad. We want to go over and see Mr. Hill drive the golden spike, and we want to encourage him and keep him busy driving golden spikes in Central Oregon."

That is the spirit of the interior. It is the spirit that does things. As nearly as it is possible it is the spirit that the men of the interior are imbued with. "All for one, and one for all." Can you doubt that men of such spirit will succeed in getting railroads to build further into their rich country?

happy committees were spurred on to fresh extravagance. Oh, it was to be a lively time.

Rude Awakening Comes.

There was a rude awakening, however, when the committee, having completed its plans, went to the Board of Estimate and asked for money. All they wanted at the start was \$40,000, just to make the wheels revolve. Much to their surprise, they didn't get one cent.

"When I named this committee," the Mayor explained in kindly tones, "I never dreamed that you would ask the city for money. The plan, of course, was that the cash should be raised by popular subscription."

The committee members are nearly all wealthy men, and it would not hurt them one bit to pay the bills themselves. This suggestion has been made, only to be greeted with loud howls. They want the dear public to help, but the dear public has a fancy to spend its money in its own way.

What the outcome of the affair will be no one can say. It is safe to predict, however, that the next time Mayor Gaynor wants a committee of prominent citizens he will be compelled to get out warrants before he can land them.

From the viewpoint of the ordinary humble taxpayer, conditions are ideal. For years they have been paying the bills to buy gold medals and course banquets for solemn old humbugs. Now

public spirit of New Yorkers to supply the necessary funds."

The general impression is that the committee members are "stung." New York has never raised a large sum of money for any civic affair, even as far back as the time of the Statue of Liberty, and they are not storming the City Hall with cash for the honor of Columbus.

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a celebration comes along that is not going to cost them one cent.

So far as Gaynor is concerned, the committee can go as far as it likes. It can buy one another badges, flags and uniforms, but it must pay the bills itself. And the poor committee members are bustling as hard as they can, hoping to find enough "public spirit" to save them from financial loss. Here is wishing them good luck.

One of the committee, Arthur Benington, is an Italian cavalier. He explains that there are only seven other Italians among his colleagues, the full membership being 140, and that it is a shame to call the affair a "Wop Holiday," as many rude persons are doing.

Burglar Alarm in New Place.

They have put up a burglar alarm on Police Headquarters, so that thieves will not get in and mess up the Rogues' Gallery.

The old glory of headquarters is slowly but surely departing. Formerly a captain was on duty there all night, so that in case of emergencies, the proper police arrangements could be made. Now the building is simply the office of Commissioner Waldo and his staff, and everyone is out at 6 P. M. After that there is only one decrepit old patrolman on duty, as watchman, janitor and telephone operator.

There are no more detective lineups in the morning, so that the sleuths can see the new prisoners. The detectives are assigned to the various stations. The cells where prisoners were detained, are now empty, and will not be used. Even fire alarms do not come in at night. The whole town might be burning down after 6 P. M., or Mayor

Philadelphia, demonstrated to the club-women that it was possible to cook a four-course dinner for four persons at a cost of only 45 cents.

She did it and here is what they got: Barley soup, German beef stew, garnished with carrots, side dishes of potatoes and string beans, lettuce salad and grape tapioca pudding.

Well, probably it is a dinner, but I'd hate to have to eat it. The only good thing about it is the 45-cent cost.

Stephen Seldenhimer had a salary of \$10 a week, but managed to cut a swath in the night life of New York. His employer investigated and found that Stephen had stolen \$635. Whereupon Stephen was arrested and convicted of grand larceny. His relatives made restitution, and many pleas for mercy poured in on Judge Swann. Sentence was suspended for so long as the prisoner kept away from the Great White Way.

"Make Broadway and Forty-second street the center, and make the radius a good big one," the court commanded. "I shall instruct the traffic policemen in that section, and the detectives to arrest you and bring you before me if I find you there. Then I shall send you to prison for five years at the least."

One reason why this peculiar sentence was imposed is that the wife of the prisoner wrote Judge Swann a pathetic letter, winding up with these words:

"I know that the Great White Way dragged him down, but will you please give him a chance?"

A Blind Baroness.

London Tit-Bits.

A short time ago the Baroness von Kranschfeld (Miriam Gardner) an English woman, died in Bucharest. The Baroness, who was one of the Queen of Roumania's personal friends, was writing a poem one day when a mist suddenly spread over her eyes, and she thus became, in her 50th year, totally blind. In spite of her age, however, the Baroness attended an English school to learn the alphabet and the use of the typewriter, and in the end triumphed over her affliction to the extent of being able to make her own clothes and hats without any aid whatever.

The Tower that Dominates Paris.

Le Figaro.

The belfry tower of the basilica of the Sacre Coeur is beginning to near completion behind the dome of the sacred edifice. When finished it will dominate Paris from a total height of 213 meters. The tower itself, 92 meters high, stands on the highest point of Montmartre, at an altitude of 135 meters. Its completion will bring to a close the most important construction in church architecture which has been undertaken for about a century.

MAYOR GAYNOR PUTS DAMPER ON CITY'S PROPOSED "COLUMBUS DAY"

Celebration Preparations in Hands of Wealthy Men Who Want "Poor Public" to "Pay Piper," but City's Executive Folds Move, and Rude Awakening—Gaynor Believes in Economy.

BY LLOYD F. LONERGAN.

NEW YORK, Oct. 7.—(Special.)—We are going to celebrate Columbus day next Thursday, but exactly what will be done is a problem that is not answered at the last moment. The preparations are in the hands of a committee of citizens, but recent developments have made them very peculiar.

These public-spirited citizens have been working at odd times for many weeks, preparing an elaborate programme. The features included a parade of the National Guard, Knights of Columbus, Boy Scouts, many Italian societies and everyone else that could be ordered or induced to march. Also there was to be a great banquet at which the committeemen and all their friends, familiarly known as "distinguished guests," were to wine, dine and talk.

Mayor Gaynor was consulted at intervals, and invariably approved of everything that was being done. Apparently expense was no matter to him, and the

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Gaynor have a fit on the steps of the City Hall, and only the adjacent police station would know anything about it.

It is said that these changes have been made at the direct order of Mayor Gaynor, who has some queer notions at times. Waldo is doing the best he can under the circumstances, and the installation of the burglar alarms demonstrates that he is taking all the precautions that are possible. But crooks way for burglar alarms are not always able to keep quick-witted crooks out, if they want to get into a certain house.

Court Exhibit Interesting.

A recent exhibit in the Bankruptcy Court that is exciting much interest, is the schedule of Mrs. Ethel E. Elliott, formerly a show girl, then the wife of a millionaire broker and mine owner, and now a divorcee. The inference is that she spent her alimony and million for subway tickets, for apparently she owes for everything else.

Within the past year many society women have taken advantage of the bankruptcy laws to clear off their extravagant shopping bills. The result is that dealers are becoming more wary in the matter of credit, and many supposedly rich persons are required to pay C. O. D.

The courts are beginning to frown on these claims too, and the chances are that before long they will be thrown out. A lawyer who practices largely in the United States courts, said to me the other day:

"The bankruptcy laws were designed to give deserving business and professional men a fresh start, but a heavy load of debt, they might not be able to rise again. It was never intended as an easy way to pay dry-goods bills, but many women seem to have that idea. I expect that very shortly the judges will refuse to grant discharges in such cases. Unless they do so, there will be strange efforts to have the law repealed."

40-Cent Dinner Shown.

Up at the Pure Food Show at Madison-Square Garden much excitement was created when Mrs. Anna Scott, of