

**THE BEND BULLETIN**

"For every man a square deal, no less and no more."

CHARLES D. ROWE, EDITOR

**SUBSCRIPTION RATES:**  
 One year \$1.50  
 Six months .80  
 Three months .50  
 (Invariably in advance.)

FRIDAY, MAY 22, 1908.

The Oregon delegates will go to the republican national convention instructed for Tait. Well, that's as it should be.

A week from next Monday is the time set for the general election. While much has not been said politically since the primaries, the voters should remember that this section—and the entire county as well—is much interested in the election of H. C. Ellis as county judge. Remember he is the candidate who promises a square deal and an impartial administration of county affairs. And he is just the sort of a man to remember his promises. Vote for H. C. Ellis for county judge.

Wasn't the recent republican state convention at Portland a beautiful illustration of the old-time political convention? One crowd was absolutely in power, everything was "cut and dried," the wishes of the bosses were forced through with neatness and dispatch under the snap and crack of the political whip, those republicans who happened to differ from the bosses were slaughtered and devoured (figuratively), and the politician enjoyed the sweet taste of his one-time power for a brief period. And yet there are those who ask the people to go away with the direct primary and go back to that state of affairs.

When a man performs his duty—and that a disagreeable and perchance dangerous one—he should be commended therefor. When this duty has been performed in behalf of the public welfare, the commendation should be all the more freely given. Frank Elkins, sheriff of Crook county, should be commended for the manner in which he handled the C. Sam Smith case. This affair was certain to stir up much bitter feeling between two factions and, if the sheriff prosecuted it as he should, he was bound to antagonize some who had been his friends for years. Furthermore, many believed that the successful prosecution of the guilty men would be a dangerous piece of work, and they based their judgment on what had been done by lawless cattlemen in former years. But neither loss of friends nor possible danger deterred the sheriff from performing his duty as a public officer. A crime had been committed, the guilty ones must be punished, and he followed where the evidence led. Give us a few more sheriffs like Frank Elkins and lawlessness and "range wars" will be stamped out of Crook county. It is not necessary for The Bulletin to say more except to remind the voters that Frank Elkins is a candidate for reelection. You can easily find his name on the ballot when it comes to voting.

The first conference of the governors of the states of the American Union, held in Washington last week, is freely conceded to have been one of the most important conferences ever held in America. It was called by President Roosevelt to consider means for conserving the natural resources of the nation. The governors adopted a "Declaration of Principles" in which they strongly commend President Roosevelt for the stand he has taken to stop the waste of and to protect our natural resources. With this end in view, the governors recommended co-operation between the various states and between the states and the federal government. President Roosevelt again laid emphasis on a wise policy when he said to the assembled governors:

"Take such a matter as charging a rent for water power. My position that simply where a provision that may be of untold value in the future to the individual or grantee is asked from the federal government, then the federal government should put into the grant a condition that it shall not be a grant in perpetuity. If there is necessity for the grant, then there must be power to attach conditions to the grant. Make it long enough so that the corporation shall have an ample material reward. The corporation deserves it. Give an ample reward to the

captain of industry, but not an indefinite and indefinite reward. Put in a provision that will enable the next generation, that will enable our children at the end of a certain specified period, to say what, in their judgment, should be done with that great natural power which is of use to the grantee only because the people as a whole allow him to use it. It is eminently right that he should be allowed to make ample profit from his development of it, but make him pay something for the privilege and make the grant for a fixed period, so that when the conditions change, our children, the nation of the future, shall have the right to determine the conditions upon which that privilege shall be enjoyed."

**THE CHRONICLE STUTTERS AGAIN.**

And still the fun goes on. Again the Laidlaw Chronicle jumps into the air with a howl and a yell and comes down on The Bulletin with both feet—or attempts to. With much fuss and fury it vainly endeavors to put The Bulletin out of business, but The Bulletin is here to stay for many long moons to come. As we proved last week the Chronicle editor is an adept figure juggler, and in his last issue he again entertains his readers with a few of his old time stunts.

He boasts with a loud voice over the scoops he has made on The Bulletin, and cites a number of unimportant court cases that he reported and this paper did not. But Ob, ye gods and little fishes, how The Chronicle did fall down! And with what side-splitting humor do we view the boastfulness of that little sheet whose home is Laidlaw. True, it reported a half dozen cases involving gambling fines of \$50 to \$75 and affairs of equal trifling importance—cases that The Bulletin did not report because it had matter that it deemed of more importance. Yes, the Chronicle told all about these little affairs but not one single, solitary word about the conviction of C. Sam Smith—the most important case that has been tried in Crook county for years, as it involves the stamping out of that old-time lawlessness that resulted in the "range wars." Why such utter silence on the Chronicle's part? Let's see! The Bulletin reported the meat of the evidence introduced, the conviction and sentencing of Smith, his appeal, the sentencing of Elliott, and the dismissal of the indictment against Smith's son. Six points of great interest to every man, woman and child in the county and nary a word by this hustling Chronicle. Again, why this silence? We know not the reason therefor, unless it was that Bro. Seabury was too busy counting the lines in The Bulletin and vehemently roasting this paper to give his readers the news. Dear reader, isn't it a fact as plain as the nose on your face that when you want REAL and RELIABLE news you must read The Bulletin to get it?

He asks why The Bulletin did not print the jury list. We answer because we did not want it. Of what news was that? The Chronicle had three men drawn from Bend. One of them is in faraway Minnesota and one did not attend court at all. That's another example of the Chronicle's RELIABLE news.

Again, the Chronicle laughs about what T. H. Shevlin said about Bend making a city of 25,000 people. Of course Bro. Seabury, with his little 2x4 sheet, has a better business head than Mr. Shevlin, one of the world's lumber kings. And then he tells what Laidlaw is going to do. Why, man alive, if Laidlaw ever amounts to anything it will only be a pretty suburban residence section contiguous to Bend. He boasts about those two sawmills located in "Laidlaw's tributary territory," a few miles south of Wapinitia. That puts them about 70 miles from Laidlaw as the crow flies and a hundred miles or more by wagon road. Lordy, man, study your geography! And Bro. Seabury is so silly as to say that those sawmills miles and miles away mean more to Laidlaw than does the fact to Bend that T. H. Shevlin has chosen a mill site and will build mills here. What an admiration we do have for his keen judgment.

But enough of that! Bro. Seabury finally gets down to comparing the quality of news in the two papers. And now we've got the Chronicle where we want it. Pick up the Chronicle of last week and analyze it. You will find mighty little real news. First, however, you will find six items stolen from The Bulletin and no credit given. But then, that's all right. Take for instance the first page. In the first column is an article telling its readers the astonishing news that the Chronicle will reach them one

day earlier. Then there is over half a column given to a senseless fight with The Dalles Optimist. This is followed by two columns of Sunday school convention news and an item regarding the finishing of surveying on the Columbia Southern segregation—the only two items of general interest on the whole page. Then there is a half column given to announcing a meeting of the Laidlaw grange—which should have been told in a dozen lines. Another first page item is to the effect that some stuff got spilled on the Laidlaw mill and caused much sneezing, another that Fisherman Barnes was fishing in the Deschutes, and five or six items of similar great importance. Now, dear reader, where is the news of general interest—that is of interest to people outside of Laidlaw—on the first page of the Chronicle?

Now, compare that showing with The Bulletin's first page of last week—six columns of solid newsy reading matter. In the first column, all that was of interest in the conviction of Smith; second column, statement that a juror had accused John Steidl with intimidating him to vote contrary to his convictions, and Mr. Steidl's statement regarding this matter; announcement that the Wenandy stage line will put on an automobile; two columns of county news notes and miscellaneous items of general interest; and finally two columns filled with A. M. Drake's letter descriptive of his travels, letters that Bulletin readers are commending highly and in which they say they are deeply interested. There was more real live reading matter on the first page of The Bulletin than in the entire Chronicle. Red ink and mammoth headings do not make news.

Then turn to the next page of the Chronicle. A portion of one column given to reading matter, the balance ads. The next page given up to an attack on The Bulletin, one short editorial about Candidate Springer, and the balance filled with rot about the Chronicle and the Chronicle's editors. Newsy, isn't it?

That brings us to the Chronicle's last page. We find 28 items telling that "Jim Jones or John Brown were in town today;" seven items telling that so-and-so had ordered extra copies of the Chronicle, 13 pay locals, seven of which were Chronicle ads; several items telling that so-and-so fished in the Deschutes on such a day; two or three about some old horse being "ill" (poor old horse); another about some old hen hatching a batch of chickens; and items without number of equal news importance as the above. Good live news, isn't it? Items that the people are dying to read! And the Chronicle man asks why we do not fill The Bulletin with similar rot. We hope that some kind friend will take us out in the tall timber and shoot us if we ever inflict similar punishment on The Bulletin readers by giving them such rubbish. Why, if we so desired we could fill the entire paper about Jimmy Jones coming to town after a sack of salt, John Brown fishing in the Deschutes, and Nother Smith's old hen "coming off" with 15 chicks. But we can fill The Bulletin with better stuff than that, even if Bro. Seabury does have to resort to such foolishness to get out a paper.

That's the manner in which the Chronicle "puts it all over the Bulletin." Last week we pointed out several important news (?) items that had appeared in the Chronicle that had no foundation in fact whatever—mere idle dreams by Bro. Seabury. This week we show up the silly rot with which the Chronicle is filled (since Bro. Seabury wishes to compare quality of news). Yes, we are always ready for any reader to take The Bulletin and compare it with the Chronicle, for therein lies The Bulletin's certain victory.

Between times the editors of the Chronicle visit Bend and plead with Bend merchants to cut down



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their ads in The Bulletin to halt size and give some badly needed patronage to the flourishing Chronicle. And in the meantime The Bulletin is buried so deeply with orders for job printing that it can not see its way out, and is kept busy marking down new subscribers and taking in renewals.

We know no better way to close this pleasant little discussion than by quoting a remark made by a Bend man who said: "That man (Seabury) may know a lot about running a newspaper, but it's a cinch that in 10 or 12 years he will know a h—l of a sight more."

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 From Hightower-Smith mill. Blaze faced chestnut sorrel gelding, four white feet, weight about 900. White gelding, grey hocks, branded T on shoulder, weight about 1050.

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The people of Oregon are entirely competent to elect their representative in the U. S. Senate. Oregon livestock breeders, Oregon fruit growers are world famous. Oregon's resources are unsurpassed. Let us make Oregon the greatest state for good roads, good schools, pure foods, honest weights and measures, honest political methods by intelligent, systematic co-operation. Let us advance every interest. Push for Oregon. Pull for Oregon.

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