

YOUR TOWN—ITS UP TO YOU

Just What the People Who Live There Want it to be, and Why.

Don't sit around and damn your town. The town is just as good as the man who damns it.

Every town is just what its citizens want it to be.

A desire on the part of a people for a better town is a prayer that is always answered.

The advantages of one town over another are the results of one people over another rather than natural conditions.

In any event, it was the people who first saw the natural advantages—frequently some one individual saw them first.

There is no reason why Cleveland should have been the oil center of the world. No hides are there—they are all shipped from the West. Simply some man who knew how to make shoes on a large scale wanted to live there, and his success started others along the same line.

There is no physical reason why Chicago should have been the beef packing center. It might as well have been St. Louis. Simply old Phil Armour wanted to live there.

In nearly every town one visits you hear residents say: "Aw, this ain't nothin' but an overgrown country town."

The resident of any town who makes such a statement wears whiskers and boots in his own heart.

Of course, if your town isn't sporty enough for you, why you can move—that isn't the town's fault.

If you get too sporty you'll have to move anyway.

Cincinnati is still the mercantile supply point for all the territory south of the Smith & Wesson line.

Years ago, at the waning of the river traffic, it was about to give place to Louisville and Memphis.

The citizens got busy and built the Cincinnati Southern Railroad.

This road was once a dream in one individual's mind.

They called him a dreamer.

Yet his dream saved the town.

You hear people of the West in mercantile, industrial, artistic and scientific pursuits, saying: "If we were only in Chicago, we could get this or do that." In Chicago you hear people say: "If we were in New York." When you are in New York you hear them say: "If we were in London or Paris."

Chicago, New York, London or Paris are simply the results of their citizens taking the material at hand and doing the best they could with it—just as you can do.

Once a man died and went to Heaven—there might have been more than one for all we know.

But to this particular man the beauties of that "state of mind" did not come up to his expectations. The golden streets lacked much of their pictured lustre, and he saw none of his old friends.

Going up to St. Peter, he asked if there was not some way he could visit the other terminal, that he doubtless had many former earthly associates there.

"Why, yes, certainly," said St. Peter, "trains running almost every hour." Grabbing a timetable off a nail on the throne upon which he was seated, he turned the pages rapidly. "Yes," he continued, "you can go down at eight-fifteen and return at five forty-five. Just buy you a round-trip ticket."

The newcomer boarded the next express, lolled back in the rich, purple velvet upholstery of its beautiful carriage as he rode swiftly over the well-ballasted roadbed.

Further and further down the right-of-way the country grew more fertile and beautiful; the traveler looked out upon it all, as the trees, streams, hills and fields whirled seemingly in the other direction.

The train slowed down, the brakeman stuck in his head and yelled, "Hell!"

It stopped and the traveler alighted before an elaborate stone station. On the corner of a street outside he observed a familiar figure, which he recognized from pictures seen on earth as being that of Charles Darwin.

The new arrival introducing himself, Darwin asked him if he had just come down from Glory, and what he thought of Hell, and its surrounding country.

At this point the two were joined by Voltaire, Richard Wagner and Heinrich Heine. The man from above expressed surprise and agreeable disappointment.

"Well," said Darwin, "things were not always as you now see them in Hell. When we came here the eternal fire you hear so much about on earth was still going, but we have that harnessed, piped about towns, and are now using it for cooking purposes. We have dug artesian wells, irrigated the country and rendered it agriculturally fertile—why, let's see, Voltaire, wasn't it only yesterday that we heard of a corner lot in Glory being sold for taxes?"

Along up the street you will find the owners of Shoes, Clothing, Dry Goods, Hat, Drug and Men's Furnishing Stores, trimming their show windows with the latest ideas in wood window fixtures. The very last place you would suppose they would use wood in preference to metal; evidence of up-to-date-ness and faith in wood against all temptations.

"Excuse me, gentlemen," said the newcomer, interrupting and at the same time feeling in his vest pockets, "but where will I find a scalper's office?"

There you are. Any place is what the men who live in it make it.

If your town is not to your liking, get busy—it's all up to you.

The first process in the improvement of any town is to get rid of the men who are damning it.

Violin Teaching.

I am prepared to give lessons on the violin. Those interested please call or telephone.

IVA E. WESS.

Only Wanted His Consent.

He was well dressed and breezy, and when he entered the private office of the great tea merchant he looked capable of doing anything from sailing books to writing up insurance.

"I have come, sir," he announced without hesitation, "to get your consent."

"Consent for what?" demanded the old man without looking up.

"Well—er—you see, your daughter."

"Oh, I understand now. So you like my daughter, eh?"

"I think she is the finest young woman I have met in many moons. As I was saying, if you'll give your consent she will have the handsomest—"

"Come, come! Don't get vain and say she'll have the finest husband if she accepts you."

"I'm married, sir. I'm trying to tell you that if you give your consent she'll have the handsomest suit runabout in town. She's dead stuck on it, and if you'll consent and put up \$1,000 cash we will—"

But the great tea merchant had collapsed.—Chicago News.

A Selfish Proposition.

A gentleman, resident at Harrow, made frequent complaints to the masters of the great school there of his garden being stripped of its fruit, even before it became ripe, but to no purpose.

Tired of applying to the masters for redress, he at length appealed to the boys, and, sending for one to his house, he said: "Now, my good fellow, I'll make this agreement with you and your companions. Let the fruit remain on the trees till it becomes ripe, and I promise to give you half."

The boy coolly replied, "I can say nothing to the proposition, sir, myself, but will make it known to the rest of the boys and inform you of their decision tomorrow."

Next day came and brought with it this reply: "The gentlemen of Harrow cannot agree to receive so unequal a share, since Mr. — is an individual, and we are many."—London Sketch.

Our Elastic Globe.

Nothing seems more rigid than the crust of the earth, but scientific men tell us that it bends and buckles appreciably under the pull of the heavenly bodies. Careful observation has also shown that the shores on opposite sides of a tidal basin approach each other at high tide. The weight of water in the Irish sea, for instance, is so much greater at that time that the bed sinks a trifle and consequently pulls the Irish and English coasts nearer together. The buildings of Liverpool and Dublin may be fancied as bowing to each other across the channel, the deflection from perpendicular being about one inch for every sixteen miles. It has been shown, too, that ordinary valleys widen under the heat of the sun and contract again at night. We live not on a rigid but an elastic globe.

In a Maori Wooing House.

Among the Maoris sometimes in the waiare maturo (the wooing house), a building in which the young of both sexes assembled for play, songs, dances, etc., there would be at stated times a meeting. When the fires burned low a girl would stand up in the dark and say: "I love So-and-so. I want him for my husband." If he coughed (sign of assent) or said "Yes" it was well; if only dead silence, she covered her head with her robe and was abandoned. This was not often, as she generally had managed to ascertain either by her own inquiry or by sending a girl friend if the proposal was acceptable. On the other hand, sometimes a mother would attend and say: "I want So-and-so for my son." If not acceptable there was generally no-king, and she was told to let the young people have their house (the wooing house) to themselves.

Pepys and the Comet.

On Dec. 21, 1664, Pepys, the diarist, records, "My Lord Sandwich this day writes me word that he hath seen at Portsmouth the comet and says it is the most extraordinary thing he ever saw." Again, three days later, he writes, "Having sat up all night till past 2 o'clock this morning, our porter, being appointed, comes and tells us that the bellman tells him that the star is seen upon Tower hill, so I add say buy to Tower hill, it being a most bright moonshine night and a great frost, but so comet to be seen." Later the same day, however, Pepys did see the comet, "which now, whether worn away or no, I know not, appears not with a tail, but only is larger and duller than any other star."—Westminster Gazette.

Education.

What sculpture is to a block of marble education is to a human soul. The philosopher, the saint and the hero, the wise, the good and the great man very often lie hid and concealed in a plebeian, which a proper education might have disinterred and brought to light.—Addison.

Shakespeare's Handicap.

Mrs. Montmorency-Royne—And what were you reading when I came in, my dear? Shakespeare! Ah! What a wonderful man! And to think that he wasn't exactly what one would call a gentleman!—London Punch.

Concealed.

"Is he concealed?" "Concealed? I should say he is. He even imagines that he cut some figure at his own wedding."—Detroit Free Press.

Our Friends Must Be More and Not Less to Us in the Other World than They are Here.

This world only begins friendships.—Phillips Brooks.

The Generous Arab.

"One day when in our wanderings we happened to camp near some rolling country the sheik and I rode off in search of gazelles," says a traveler in Arabia. "We found a large herd, and, being mounted on good horses, we managed to ride them down, throwing ourselves off our horses for the shot, then galloping on again. We killed six gazelles in about an hour and rode back to camp with enough meat for a big feast. It is the custom that whoever kills game should provide a feast for all his friends. On the occasion of these feasts I noticed that there was always a crowd of hangers-on waiting at the end for a scrap of food, half starved looking boys and ragged men. These were orphans whose parents had been killed or men whose herds had been 'lifted' by other Arabs, and as a result they were destitute, for the law of the Bedouin is 'survival of the fittest' in its strictest sense. But the sheik supplied food liberally, and I noticed that he always looked after the poor and fed the hungry."

A Soft Place.

First Artist—Redwood to a drainpipe for a pillow, old chap? Second Artist—Idiot! Can't you see it's filled with straw?—Bon Vivant.

OFFICIAL DIRECTORY.

Table listing various officials including President, Vice-President, Secretary of State, etc.

Table listing State Board of Control (Water), State Land Board, etc.

Table listing THE COURTS, Circuit Court, Probate Court, etc.

Table listing BEND SCHOOL DISTRICT NO. 10, Directors, Teachers, Mayor, Recorder, etc.

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Department of the Interior, U. S. Land Office at The Dalles, Ore., September 21, 1910. Notice is hereby given that—

The Home Land Company Real Estate and Insurance. HOMESTEAD LOCATIONS. Timber Lands, Irrigated and Dry Farm Lands.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

Department of the Interior, U. S. Land Office at The Dalles, Oregon, August 3, 1910. Notice is hereby given that—

Any person is at liberty to protect this purchase before entry, or initiate a contest at any time before patent issues, by filing a corroborated affidavit in this office, alleging facts which would defeat the entry.

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