

BEND.

BEND is situated in the very heart of the Deschutes Valley, on the banks of the Deschutes River, where the vast pine timber belt meets the irrigated lands. No other town in all Central Oregon is so well located for economic development, no other can approach it in the beauty and healthfulness of its surroundings, and none will be half so much benefited by the coming of the railroads.

A great irrigation segregation has its headquarters at Bend. At least twenty billion feet of timber is tributary to the town, whose milling in itself assures a great future. The Deschutes river in the immediate vicinity offers some 25,000 horsepower for the operation of the mills and plants of the future. No town in the Northwest has the openings for manufacturers, small and large, that Bend has.

The Oregon Trunk Railroad is building to Bend. Practically all the grading from the Columbia River is completed, and cars will be running early in 1911. Bend will be the terminus of this road for a considerable period. The Harriman Deschutes Road already is building into the Bend country. The east and west line of the Hill road branches off from the Columbia-Klamath line at Bend. Bend, then, is situated at what will be the most important junction point in Oregon.

Immediately adjacent to Bend are some three hundred thousand acres of irrigated land under the Carey Act segregation of the Central Oregon Irrigation Company. This land is FREE. Perpetual water rights cost \$6 an acre. Forty acres means independence, eighty acres brings wealth. Every product adapted to the temperate zone thrives in the rich volcanic soil. The land is easily worked and watered. It offers the greatest irrigationist's opportunity to be found in the Northwest. A great amount of construction is being conducted by the company.

From Bend settlers are located on 30-acre homesteads on the vast area of sage brush lands to the southeast. Here is found the biggest and the best big chance for the land hungry to get free Government land that is worth the having.

Bend is the most beautiful and healthful town in Central Oregon. It has a public water system, with absolutely pure water. It has electric lights, splendid schools, churches, a free library, hotels, banks, etc.

The railroads are coming. Hurry and get in on the ground floor. Central Oregon is the greatest home-making and investment proposition in all the West today. Bend is the pivot point of Central Oregon. It is destined to make a magnificent city. Those who come to Bend now and to the country around Bend, will win wonderful rewards for their foresight.

We want you to come to Bend. Write us for information—we shall be glad to help you in every possible way.

Bend Commercial Club
Bend, Oregon

THE TOWN THAT PUSH BUILT

V.—The Wily Furniture Man



HERE is the furniture dealer who read a clothier's ad, and by it was led to spend for clothing the selfsame bill.

That he got from the dry goods merchant's till, where it had been placed when the butcher bought, and paid with the bill that he had got when the grocer with him had settlement made, with the money the honest workman paid.

P.S.—The local dealer who's up to snuff will always advertise his stuff.

Members of The BEND REALTY BOARD

- BEND TOWNSHIP CO.
- BEND REALTY EXCHANGE
- J. L. BYRNE
- CENTRAL ORE. REALTY CO.
- CROOK COUNTY REALTY CO.
- DESCHUTES REALTY CO.
- J. A. EASTES
- HOMER LAND CO.
- O. C. HENKLE
- HOMESEEKERS LAND CO.
- MERRILL-WILKINSON CO.
- W. R. RILEY

A VOLCANIC BEACON.

Curious Lighthouse of the Republic of San Salvador.

The republic of San Salvador, on the Pacific side of Central America, is the only government on earth that collects lighthouse fees on account of a volcano that it owns.

The volcanic beacon is about eight miles inland from the port of Acajutla and its pillar of cloud by day and its fire sky night are visible for many miles out at sea. It erupts every seven minutes and is just as accurate as any revolving light that warns mariners in any part of the world. This volcano has been keeping up this seven minute series of eruptions ever since any one can remember. It is a favorite amusement of visiting gringos to sit by the hour during the lazy afternoons and, watch in hand, time the eruptions until they tire of the amusement and fall asleep.

Every vessel that puts in at Acajutla—and it is quite an important port of call along that part of the coast—has to pay its lighthouse fee. There is no other lighthouse than the volcano, but that is a sufficient excuse for the government of Salvador to make a charge for its services. The explosions that accompany the eruptions sound like detonations of heavy charges of dynamite, but are not sufficient to shake the ground perceptibly more than a mile or two from the summit of the crater. At night there is a spurt of fire, a muffled report and a cloud of steam. By day only the steam is visible.—New York Press.

CONAN DOYLE WAS LATE.

The Lonely Schwarenbach Inn and a Literary Coincidence.

Sir Arthur Conan Doyle once walked over the Gemmi. He was much impressed by the desolate appearance of the lonely looking Schwarenbach Inn. Here, it seemed to him, was an ideal scene in which a novelist might locate a story of mystery and crime.

He proceeded to invent a story of mystery and crime suitable to the creepy environment. It was a story of murder—the murder of a long lost son just home from the wars by his own father, the needy innkeeper, who did not recognize him until after the deed was done, but had resolved to kill and rob the first lonely stranger that passed that way with money in his pocket.

"The very thing," thought Sir Arthur, and he went down the hill cheerfully revolving the morbid conception in his mind. Then a strange thing happened.

After dinner, in the hotel at Leukerbad, he picked up a volume of Maupassant's short stories and he found that the French author had not only been in the Schwarenbach Inn before him, but had actually located there a story practically identical with the one which he himself had just devised.—Travel and Exploration.

Prompt Punishment of a Liar.

Years ago the courthouse in San Francisco fronted the old Plaza. A trial was in progress, and counsel for the defendant was cross examining the plaintiff. An earthquake shook the chandeliers and dislodged some of the ceiling. Judge, jurors, witnesses and spectators rushed for the door; but, finding that the seismic disturbance was over, they returned.

"You can proceed with the cross examination of the witness," said the judge.

"Pardon me, your honor," said counsel for the defendant, "but after the late exhibition of the displeasure of the Almighty at the lies this witness was telling I do not care to further invoke divine wrath. I will ask him no more questions."—Los Angeles Times.

Horses in the Time of Homer.

The horses used in Homer's time were war horses. The warriors were drawn in chariots. The art of riding was known, but it is alluded to as something unusual. Ulysses at the time of his shipwreck "bestrode a plank, like a horseman on a big steed." There are reasons for believing that the practice of riding was much later than that of driving, and the myth of the centaur, where, according to Shakespeare, "man is incorporated and dematerialized with the beast," probably originated at an early period when the appearance of a man on horseback was a novel sight.

A Long Wait.

At a Denver hotel a woman went into one of the telephone booths and sat down. It is not possible to get a telephone number from the booth—the girl at the board has to call it. The girl went to the booth. "Did you want a telephone number?" she asked of the woman.

"No," replied the woman. "I'm just waiting for this elevator to go up."—Argonaut.

Very Considerate.

George—Do you see that pretty girl in the hammock? Harold—Yes. What of her? George—I saved her life last summer. Harold—Indeed! At the seashore? George—No; on the front porch. I proposed to her and she said she'd die if she married me, so I excused her.—Stray Stories.

Bogey.

Stranger—I say, my lad, what is considered a good score on those links? Caddie—Well, sir, most of the gents here tries to do it in as few strokes as they can, but it generally takes a few more.—Scottish American.

MR. BUSINESS MAN,
BEND, Oregon.

Dear Sir:

You realize, of course, that "Christmas is coming." Has it occurred to you that Christmas time means advertising time? Everybody is giving presents and buying presents; everybody wants the "other fellow" to have some little gift, some remembrance of the day. Now, why not be sure that these purchasers KNOW EXACTLY WHAT YOU HAVE TO SELL. That's what we're here for---to help you tell others about your business. Once you've told them, the buying part will take care of itself.

You want your Christmas customers to buy early. By so doing they will "avoid the rush" and help both themselves and you. Good idea, that. Also, don't fail to get the "copy" for your Christmas "ad." in early---it will help both you and us.

And, by the way, remember that a little Xmas or New Year's greeting to your customers and to those you'd like to have for customers, would help your business. Its easy---and its cheap. We'll be glad to help you plan---we have a lot of attractive stock to make up into novel little cards, etc., we have new type, and we've got an idea or two that are yours for the asking.

Sincerely,
THE BEND BULLETIN.

BEND, Oregon, December 7th, 1910.

MEASURES OF LENGTH.

Light Waves and the Wonderful Interferometer.

At the bureau of weights and measures at Sevres, France, the standard meter of metal, which is the standard length of the world, is kept carefully in an underground vault and is inspected only at long intervals. In Great Britain similar care is exercised in guarding the standard yard measurement. As it was possible for these metal standards to be destroyed or damaged in the course of time, it was decided a number of years ago to determine the exact length of the standards in wave lengths of light, which would be a basis of value unalterable and indestructible. For this purpose the instrument known as the interferometer was invented. This instrument represented the highest order of workmanship and the greatest skill of the best opticians of the world. A series of refracting plates were made the surfaces of which were flat with in one-twentieth of a wave length of light, with sides parallel within one second, representing the utmost refinement of optical surfaces ever attempted.

With the interferometer perfected the attempt was made to make the wave length of some definite light an actual and practical standard of length. For over a year scientists worked to secure this result, and experiments finally showed that there were 1,553,164 1/2 wave lengths of red cadmium light in the French standard meter at 15 degrees centigrade. So great is the accuracy of these experiments that they can be repeated within one part in two millions. So inconceivably small is such a possibility of error that should the material standard of length be damaged or destroyed the standard wave length of light would remain unaltered as a basis from which an exact duplicate of the original standard could be made.—Chicago Record-Herald.

Buttons.

The Elizabethan era gave vogue to the button and buttonhole, two inventions which may fairly be regarded as important, since they did much to revolutionize dress. The original button was wholly a product of needlework, which was soon improved by the use of a wooden mold. The brass button is said to have been introduced by a Birmingham merchant in 1680. It took 200 years to improve on the method of sewing the cloth upon the covered button. Then an ingenious Dane hit upon the idea of making the button in two parts and clamping them together with the cloth between.

Dissatisfied.

The haughty looking woman upon whose features the dermatologist had been working for more than two hours sneered when she glanced in the mirror. "I certainly thought you knew your business," she snapped, "but you have not even given me fair treatment."

The man shrugged his shoulders. "If you had wanted fair treatment you should have been more explicit," he retorted. "I thought from what you told me that you wanted brunette."—Chicago News.

Brave as a Boy.

Weizler—I see that Gauster has been given a medal for bravery. Matchleyette—Well, he probably deserved it. He always was brave. I remember when he was a boy that he was the only one in the neighborhood who would go to his mother when she beckoned with one hand and held the other behind her back.—Chicago News.

THE FAT GODDESS.

A Picture That Jarred the Nerves of a French Art Patron.

M. Durand, a French picture buyer of a century ago, had little wisdom as a critic, and his ambition, compounded equally of childlike vanity and genuine benevolence, was to figure as a patron of youthful genius.

One of the earliest commissions he bestowed was upon a young artist who selected for his subject a scene of classic mythology, in which the assembled gods were depicted upon Mount Olympus. When it was finished M. Durand was invited to the studio to inspect it. His face clouded as he gazed.

"Young man," he declared, "you have not treated me fairly. It is true I do not pretend to know everything about art, but I am not a fool, and I know that gods and goddesses should be no less noble than kings and queens. These people of yours are not even aristocrats! Madame, my wife, does not pretend to be a fine lady, yet when I put my two hands around her waist it is by an inch only that they fail to meet, and as for Juliette, my daughter, she is as slender as a needle. Look now at that big, clumsy woman in a loose gown who you say is a queen among the gods! She has no figure at all. She is all the way down the same. Puff! Call her a lady and a goddess—she who is without stays and without waist! Mme. and Mlle. Durand would make a mock of her, your Juno! Puff! She is a peasant, a pillow, a pig!"

Nevertheless he was convinced by infinitely tactful explanations that the wasp waist was unknown in classic antiquity, even to goddesses. It was with proud complacency that he finally accepted the picture and the knowledge that the sovereign lady of Mount Olympus had never attained the heroic compression achieved by Mme. and Mlle. Durand.

A GEOLOGIC PHENOMENON.

Raised Beaches and Caves of the Island of Arran.

The island of Arran is one of those places on the west of Scotland where the geologic phenomenon known as a "raised beach" is very apparent. All along the coast there are evidences that the land has been considerably elevated at some period of the world's history. One of these proofs is the presence of caves of various sizes formed by the action of the waves in the past, but which are now well above the present high water mark. The farmers use some of the larger caves as abelters for sheep in stormy weather.

In a remote corner of the island one of these caves has been converted into a human habitation, where a family of several persons dwell in absolute seclusion. Their occupation is the gathering of whelks, an employment which is said to afford but a precarious livelihood. As the gathering of the shellfish can only be done at low water and as the fishers have no boat or other occupation, they have ample leisure to enjoy the pure air and bask in the sunshine.

Except for the drip from the face of the high rocks above, which is skillfully diverted, the cave is absolutely dry. The interior is shaped like a triangle, the floor forming the base. Save at the sides there is ample room to stand upright and move about inside. Besides the beds and cooking utensils, the cave contains many articles of various kinds, giving the interior quite a homelike appearance. The apology for a fireplace is some way back from the entrance, through which the smoke finds its way outside.—Wide World Magazine.

THE DEAREST GIFT.

A Pathetic Incident in the Life of Robert Browning.

A young American woman was traveling one day in an Italian railway coach, the only other occupant of the compartment being an elderly gentleman. Observing the interest of the young woman in the country through which they were passing and seeing also that it was new to her, the more experienced traveler pointed out objects and places of note.

From scenery the conversation drifted to books and authors, until something suggested to the young American one of Elizabeth Barrett Browning's sonnets, which she quoted.

She was astonished and abashed because the gentleman made no reply, but during the rest of the ride sat looking intently out of the window, having apparently forgotten the very existence of his traveling companion.

As they neared the station where the young lady was to leave the car she said timidly:

"I fear, sir, that I have offended you. Perhaps you do not like Mrs. Browning's poetry."

The man slowly turned upon her tear dimmed eyes, and in a voice full of emotion he said:

"Madam, that sonnet is the sweetest, as its singer was the dearest, gift God ever gave to me."

Her traveling companion was Robert Browning.—Youth's Companion.

A CURIOUS ANIMAL.

The Sea Cucumber Can Part With and Replace Its Organs.

Among the curious animals which inhabit the sea we may take the holothuria, or sea cucumber, so called from its resemblance to the cucumber.

When this animal is attacked by an enemy it does not stand up and fight, but by a sudden movement it ejects its teeth, stomach, digestive apparatus and nearly all its intestines and then shrivels its body up to almost nothing. When, however, the danger is past the animal commences to replace the organs which it has voluntarily parted with, and in a short time the animal is as perfect as ever it was.

Dr. Johnstone kept one in water for a long time, and one day he forgot to change the water. The creature in consequence ejected its intestines and shriveled up, but when the water was changed all its organs were reproduced. Although the animal is not eaten in Europe, it is a favorite with the Chinese, and the fishing forms an important part of the industry of the east. Thousands of junks are annually used in fishing for trepan, as the animals are called.—London Tit-Bits.

Cows That Never Drink.

The "wild cow" of Arabia, in reality an antelope, the *Beatrix oryx*, is said never to drink, which is probably correct, for unless these animals can descend the wells they can find no drinking water for ten months in the year. There is no surface water, and rain falls but precariously during the winter. Only once during my journey did I find a pool of rainwater, caught in a hollow rock, and even this I should have passed by without knowing of its existence had not my camels sniffed it from a distance and obstinately refused to be turned from going in that direction. These antelope, however, are provided by nature with a curious food supply, especially designed as a thirst quencher. This is a parasite which grows on the roots of the desert bushes and forms a long spadix full of water and juice. The antelope dig deep holes in the sand in order to get at these.—Wide World Magazine.

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