

GEORGE PALMER PUTNAM  
Publisher.  
U. N. HOFFMAN  
Managing Editor.

An independent newspaper, standing for the square deal, clean business, clean politics, and the best interests of Bend and Central Oregon.

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WEDNESDAY, OCT. 4, 1911

REALIZING A DREAM OF YEARS

No more will we speculate on the coming of a railroad to Bend. It is here—and over its rails will run the trains of two great systems, the Hill and the Harriman. The past decade has seen railroad after railroad built to Bend—on paper. The files of the old Deschutes Echo, now no more, and The Bulletin show that the Oregon Eastern, Corvallis & Eastern, Columbia Southern, Great Southern, Hood River and many other railroads were "headed" for Bend. Perhaps they were, but they never got here as any one knows of. In the Deschutes Echo, which was published in the part of the city now known as Deschutes Addition and before Bend was a town, we find this item, issue of June 6, 1903: "Will we have a railroad? When—? That question is now answered after nine years, three months and twenty-five days: "On September 30, 1911." Let us all—the pioneer settlers of the "Farewell Bend" country and the recent comers—rejoice together tomorrow and Friday and shout "Long live Jim Hill, the railroad builder," for through his efforts a dream of years is realized.

GOT WHAT WE WENT AFTER.

In an editorial headed "Will Have to Hand It to Bend," the La Pine Inter-mountain last week spoke in a most complimentary way of the get-up-and-hustle of Bend in arranging for the Railroad Day celebration. It gives us credit for doing more than we actually did, for the Commercial Club sent no one to Portland except A. O. Hunter.

Another mistake of the Inter-Mountain is that of "the persistent knocking of its curbstone real estate dealers against other towns and districts in this part of the state." Bend people, as a whole, have always been boosters, first for their own town of course and then for Central Oregon in general—but never knockers. The so-called "prejudice and aversion against Bend" is nothing more than pure jealousy shown by other less prosperous and progressive towns, whose inhabitants have lied and knocked without let-up, to the detriment of themselves, however, more than to Bend. If anyone should desire concrete evidence of who some of the knockers against Bend are, the letter files of the Commercial Club will show. The Inter-Mountain says, in full:

"In spite of the prejudice and aversion against Bend which prevail in some quarters—justly created because of the persistent knocking by its curb-stone real estate dealers against other towns and districts in this part of the state—Central Oregon will have to hand the cake to that town.

"Two weeks ago, George P. Putnam, editor of the Bulletin, was sent by the Bend Commercial Club to Portland to learn what the true railroad situation was. He was followed shortly by a committee, headed by Alec Hunter, whose duty it was to induce President Gray of the Oregon Trunk to hurry on the laying of the rails to Bend, and, after this was accomplished, to obtain the presence of James J. Hill, the 'empire builder,' if possible, to drive the golden spike in commemoration of the event. This crowning feature will take place at Bend next Thursday.

"How was all this accomplished? Simply by energy, liberality of its business men and loyalty.

"Portland newspapers for ten days have devoted as much space to Bend's event next week, as that of

the Development League meeting at Burns on October 2 and 3, and for months such a condition has prevailed, making it the best advertised town in Central Oregon.

"How? Energy!—the 'go' spirit!—that's all!"

"Can other towns derive a lesson from Bend's example?"

ONE CITY'S MISTAKE.  
(Editorial Correspondence.)

NEW YORK, Sept. 28.—On my way East I stopped a few hours in Tacoma, Wash., and got a fine idea there of what a city looks like where its trees have been destroyed. The appearance of the suburbs of Tacoma makes a splendid object lesson for Bend as regards the importance of preserving all possible trees. Back of the city, for several miles, extend the residential districts and suburban additions. Before short-sighted people destroyed them, thousands of magnificent fir trees were scattered all over the rolling hill of this section. Today there is not a tree for many miles; nothing but dismal bare hillsides, either studded with ugly stumps, or covered with an unattractive mass of underbrush.

Here and there pretty places have been cleared, surrounded by green lawns and flowers; and always the first work of the home makers has been to PLANT TREES.

Here and there, also, are small areas where the old-time trees were left, probably by accident. And where the trees are, usually there are the finest residences and the most attractive places. The people who wanted fine homes selected locations where there were trees. Also, they PAID GOOD MONEY FOR THE TREES.

A man familiar with local conditions in Tacoma stated that in almost every instance the presence of a few fir trees added from 10 to 50 per cent to the price the purchasers were glad to pay. Money talks. If it does, it's a mighty deaf man who'll not be willing to add from one-tenth to one-half to the value of his residential property by preserving the trees—especially when cordwood is worth only about \$4.50 a cord and Bend has 20,000,000 feet of tributary timber!

One can always cut down a tree. But no one can put it back again, once destroyed. The owners of Tacoma additions have learned this, to their sorrow, and to their loss.

—G. P. P.

A TIP-LESS RAILROAD.

The big railroads of the country are vying with each other as never before in their efforts to create unique attractions to draw passenger traffic to them. This is particularly true of the so-called trans-continental roads, with their keen competition for the long-haul passenger business. It is "the little things that count" with the luxurious American traveler of today. Appreciating this, the roads are constantly going their rivals one better with some clever comment-catching contrivance, such as the serving of afternoon tea in the observation car (wherefore their lady passengers furnish free advertising from the North Cape to Palm Beach), the publication of miniature daily papers on the trains, the operation of bake shops and manicure parlors—one idea after another almost ad infinitum.

Why not, then, a tip-less railroad?

Heaven knows there is need of such. The bedeviled American traveling public has the obsequious tip-seeking palm thrust under its nose and almost into its pocket with every bit as much vehemency as is the case in the most obnoxious European land. In reckoning the cost of a railroad journey one is obliged not only to consider the actual rail fare, plus meals enroute, but to this ample sum must be added the sundry and considerable tips that must soothe the ever present Ethiopian palms if decent service is to be had.

Why does the public have to pay the salaries of the Pullman porters? Why does not some ambitious road, anxious to outdo its rivals and thereby win popular favor and resulting passenger traffic, inaugurate a tip-less service? Such action would be greeted with a universal paean of thanksgiving by the tip-infested traveling public.

In an interview recently in Paris, Thomas A. Edison said people sleep too much. Maybe that's why he invented the phonograph.

Before the week is ended we'll know who in Bend has kept the cleanest back yard this summer.

Some people we know are good because it pays, and some good for nothing.

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.....James Rice

THE COURTS.  
Circuit Court—First Monday in May; third Monday in October.  
Probate Court—First Monday in each month.  
Commissioners' Court—First Wednesday in January, March, May, July, September and November.

BEND SCHOOL DISTRICT No. 12.  
Directors.....C. P. May  
.....H. J. Decker  
.....M. Tripett, Chm.  
Clerk.....L. D. West

CITY OF BEND  
Mayor.....U. C. Case  
Recorder.....H. A. Ellis  
Treasurer.....S. J. Spitzer  
.....S. C. Caldwell  
.....J. H. Small  
.....H. E. Allen  
.....O. W. Stone  
.....M. J. Kelly  
.....W. B. Sellers

Drops and Minims.

Drops vary in size according to the conditions under which they are produced. Some are large and some are small, some long and some short. The drop of the druggist is called a minim, of which 480 go to make a fluid ounce and 76,800 to make a gallon. An actual experiment in filling a one ounce measure will probably show that 400 drops make a fluid ounce. The average drop is 20 per cent larger than the minim.

Too Big a Pill.

The man in bed had never been sick before. The doctor, wishing to ascertain his temperature, pointed the thermometer at him and commanded, "Open your mouth, Jim."  
"Wait a minute doc," objected the patient. "I don't believe I can swallow that."—Judge.

Will Trade

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Wall Street, BEND, OREGON

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Will arrive at the Union Depot in Bend October 5th

Within Three Blocks of this Union Depot we are selling Close-in Residence and Business Lots 50x140, 60 and 80 Foot Streets and 20 Foot Alleys.

Prices \$200 WITH CITY WATER AS-SURED BY JAN., 1st, 1912 ALSO ELECTRIC LIGHTS IN A SHORT TIME Terms \$10 Per Month

As well as other improvements FREE to our customers. Certified abstract furnished FREE upon first payment.

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301 Buchanan Building, - - - Portland, Oregon

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Want to sell your ranch or farm lands?

If so write us as we have plenty of buyers waiting. If you want to sell, write us at once giving full description and all detail information, your price and terms.

The NEWLON-KOLLER CO. (Inc.)

301 Buchanan Building, Portland, Oregon

LOOK! LOOK! SPECIAL

All Family Wines must be sold at once, as our stock is large, and owing to the fact that the railroad is here we are compelled to sacrifice at the following prices:

Musk Sherry  
Blackberry Wine  
Royal Port  
Port Wine  
White Port  
California Sherry  
Muscat Wine  
Blackberry Cordial

FORMERLY \$4.00 PER GALLON.  
NOW \$2.00 Per Gallon or 50c PER QUART.



The SILVERTOOTH

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