

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.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES:

One year \$1.50
 Six months75
 Three months50
 (variably in advance.)

WEDNESDAY, NOV. 1, 1911

THE "AUTOMOBILE HOG."

New discoveries and inventions bring into existence new terms. The automobile added a long list to the dictionary and continues to add them. Though not used as much as some of these new terms, the phrase, 'automobile hog' has a large place in the auto category, for this species of animal is frequently seen driving a motor car.

If you have never noticed one of these freaks of an age of rush and recklessness, take a look at the next driver of an auto you see and perchance you may get an introduction. The main characteristic of this animal is the same as that of the swine that eats from a trough. He is selfish and greedy. He does not care for the rights of others, he being the self-constituted center of this little universe. The whole road was made for him alone, and when he travels it everybody and everything else must get afar off or take the consequences. Mr. A. H. is not bound by any "rules of the road." He goes at the highest speed the engine will take him. If there are turns in the road, he never blows his horn on approaching them, for what right has anyone else, he says to himself, to be traveling along the road that is his exclusively? If he meets a woman driving a team of skittish ponies to town to buy a few of the necessities of life, Mr. A. H. may stop his car if there be danger that the horses become frightened, and plunge into and damage it. Otherwise, he rushes past like a wild locomotive, in a cloud of dust, leaving the driver of the horses to control them and escape with her life as best she can. What right has the farmer's wife to dare use the highway that the government built exclusively for the use of Mr. A. H.?

By these characteristics, and others, you will know the "Automobile Hog."

Not only does he bring suffering to those who travel afoot or by buggy or wagon, but to those of his fellow drivers who are public-spirited and careful men and have respect for the rights of mankind. He is responsible for the fact that, in the minds of some people, all drivers of autos are placed in the same class, which is entirely unjust.

All the "automobile hogs" do not live in the Eastern hog states, for some are found in Oregon—and also in Central Oregon. In fact, a few of the ranchers around here declare that there are some of the species in Bend.

One farmer said only a short time ago that he was afraid to venture on the public highways lest he be run into and maimed or killed. With the State automobile laws violated as they are daily, he said that he felt sometimes like taking a six-shooter with him and going gunning for "fresh meat."

It may be that one of these days we will hear of an "automobile hog" being fattened on bullets.

SCHOOL ON WHEELS

A farm school on wheels is what the demonstration train is that is being operated this week over the O-W. R. & N. lines through Crook, Sherman, Morrow and Gilliam counties. The purpose of the farmers' train is to point out improved methods of agriculture and give the necessary instruction in regard to better crop rotation so as to secure the maximum production from the farms and at the same time preserve the fertility of the soil.

The subjects taken up are big ones and are of vital importance to the sections visited. Presented as

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THE COURTS.	
Circuit Court—First Monday in May; third Monday in October.	
County Court—First Monday in each month.	
Commissioners' Court—First Wednesday in January, March, May, July, September and November.	
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they are by Dr. James Withycombe, director of the experiment station at Corvallis, and other authorities from the Agricultural College, the discussions should be of great benefit to all practical farmers who can meet the train and hear them.

Ways and means of securing more and better livestock in the four counties, increasing poultry production, grain farming, introducing forage plants more widely, the conservation of moisture and general agricultural subjects are presented in a modern, scientific way.

Questions may be asked freely and the one in doubt may be sure of an intelligent answer that will leave him satisfied on the point raised. Seeds for trial crops are distributed from the train and arrangements made for prize contests between farmers who will try experiments along the new lines of agriculture in the districts visited. The demonstration train will be in Bend tomorrow for four hours.

Postmaster General Hitchcock is establishing a transcontinental airplane mail route. This is a very progressive and poetical thing to do—nevertheless the people of Bend would be well satisfied to have their letters and papers come in by railway.

An item in an exchange, relating how a man who was hauling wood was injured when the sticks moved forward and struck the horses, bore the following heading: "Had a Runaway Leg Broken." What caused the leg to runaway is not stated.

Hillman, Smithrock, Terrebonne—the same town. Also Wesley, Centralo, Deschutes—another Crook county town overburdened with names.

Printers Attention.

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Base Deceiver.
 Professor John Dewey of Columbia was talking about a legislator who had turned traitor to the suffrage cause. "A man who could be so mean to woman," he said, "must be the original of the Clayton jail story." "A convict in the Clayton jail, you know, managed to do a little flirting over the wall. He flirted for some weeks with a girl who milked the cows in a field adjoining the jail, and one evening he called to her, and they struck up a conversation. "Every day after that for a year or more the girl came to the wall. Then the convict, getting tired of her, told her it was no use waiting for him, as he was in for life."—Washington Star.

Royal Amovities.
 Off on a royal visit he went, the great ameer. He met a neighboring sultan and reveled in good cheer. But liquor made them grouchy, like brawlers at a bar. The monarchs talk grew personal; they really went too far. "You durned, insulting sultan!" one stated, with a snarl. The other said, "I won't take that, not from a new ameer!"—Kansas City Star.

A Bit of English Humor.
 The night train was approaching Blackheath, outside of London, and two Americans, unacquainted with the locality, were in doubt as to the station. One peered out through the window into the unresponsive darkness and sank back to his place. The other did precisely the same. "Is it Blackheath?" inquired the first. "The Lord only knows," replied the other in a hopeless fashion. A small, apologetic, shrinking sort of Englishman, sitting next, spoke up. "I beg your pardon," he said softly, "for intruding upon your personal and private conversation, but as I happen to share that knowledge with the Almighty permit me to say that it is Blackheath."—Lippincott's.

Worry.
 To worry is to show your hand To ev'ry fellow in the land To worry is to let folks know You think you hail a fighting' show. You can't win fame or even self Unless you sort o' bluffs yourself Into believein' that you be Plum failure proof, an' don't select A pile o' dirt where gophers sit An' make a mountain out o' it. An' don't forget this sayin' true: There's millions more worse off than you.—Popular Magazine.

The Inexpensive Life.
 They tell of an official at Washington known by his friends to be a rather close man, who has many a passage of arms with his wife, all by reason of the very closeness.

On one occasion a friend had the misfortune to enter just as the pair were ending an argument touching some question of household expenditures. He was just in time to hear the husband say:

"See here, Marie, you cannot hoodwink me in these matters. Do you think that I have lived all these years for nothing?"

"I shouldn't be at all surprised," was the wifely retort.—Harper's Monthly.

Expensive Tastes.
 No jewel fair With wondrous glow To envy moves my heart. The colors rare Its prisms show No vain ambitions start. Though radiant gleams Through it may stir, 'Tis but a smart device. When August steams I much prefer A simple chunk of ice.—Washington Star.

Ethics of Visiting.
 The two children were playing in the yard at the home of Constance. She remembered the teaching of her parents, but she wished to play a certain game, and Taylor desired to play another game.

"You ought to play my game," said Taylor, "because I'm your visitor, and you ought to do what I want to do."

Constance realized the truth of this, yet she did not wish to give in to her little friend.

"Let's go over to your house, Taylor," she said.—Indianapolis News.

Banished.
 While watchful science standeth by Along the road they come With measured step and downcast eye They march to beat of drum And all the people fiercely bow! As slowly hand in hand The common cup and ruler towel Are driven from the land.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

A Dangerous Spot.
 "Where was he struck by the automobile?" asked the coroner. "At the junction of the dorsal and cervical vertebrae," answered the surgeon.

Recessional—Toward the Surf.
 The shouting and the tumult dies; The women and the trunks depart. Bill stands the night broke sacrifice, Contentment in his guilty heart Comrades of poker, phone him yet, Lest he forget, lest he forget.—Judge.

Superior.
 Tourist—You must get some business here, advertising "all the comforts of home for one dollar."

Rural Landlord—We did until the fellow opposite opened up with "none of the comforts of home for two dollars."

The Candidate.
 The candidate with solemn pride Works half a day And then is photographed beside A load of hay.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

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