

NOTICE OF SPECIAL ELECTION.

Notice is hereby given that pursuant to an ordinance of the City of Bend, there will be submitted to the qualified electors of said city, a proposed charter, for their adoption or rejection, at a special election to be held for that purpose on Wednesday, November 22nd, 1911, between the hours of eight A. M. and seven P. M. of said day, said election to be held at the house house, the usual polling place in the City of Bend, and that C. S. Benson, (chairman), W. B. Sellers and H. A. Sather act as judges and C. D. Brown, J. D. Honeyman and Sylvester Staats act as clerks at such election.

H. C. ELLIS, City Recorder, Bend, Oregon, October 21, 1911.

Pert Personals.

They do say Upton Sinclair now feels like taking to the jungle.—Pittsburg Gazette Times. You can bat Cy Young out of the box, but not out of the hearts of his countrymen.—Boston Transcript. We are informed that the Kaiser is writing an opera. Evidently William intends to make Berlin howl.—Milwaukee Sentinel. When ex-King Manuel shook hands with Jack Johnson he must have wondered if kings ever come back.—Baltimore Sun.

Train and Track.

All people that are blind ride free of charge upon the street cars of Glasgow. The average number of locomotives per thousand miles of line in the United States is 245, and the average number of cars per thousand miles of line is 5,510. Mirrors in the rear of its electric cars are the latest innovation of the Southern Pacific railroad. It expects passengers to sight oncoming automobiles and vehicles by means of them and thus avoid accidents on alighting.

Sweet the Fly.

There was a maid in our town, And she was so drowsy was, She jumped into the dining room And swatted all the flies.—Chicago Tribune. And when the dining room was cleaned Of flies she got to feeling fine, To swat some more, so she killed All that were in the kitchen.—Los Angeles Express. And when she'd cleaned the kitchen up She felt quite aerobically, And with a myopic went atop To swat 'em in the attic.—Schenectady Union. And when she had the attic clear No one did have to tell her That she should finish up the job And swat 'em in the cellar.—Albany Observer.

And when she saw the cellar flies She thought she'd killed 'em all, Snow parsons are for smothering 'em, But she had missed the ball.—St. Louis Republic.

Division of Social Labor.

King George of England in his younger days visited Canada in company with the Duke of Clarence. One night at a ball in Quebec, given in honor of the royalties, the younger prince devoted his time exclusively to the young ladies, paying little or no attention to the elderly ones and chaperones. His brother reprimanded him, pointing out to him his social position and his duty as well.

"That's all right," said the young prince, "There are two of us, you and I, and God save your grandmother while I dance with the girls."—Ladies Home Journal.

The Test.

"Ah, sweetest," said the maiden youth, "What can I say, what can I do, To prove this one eternal truth—That boundless is my love for you?"

"Words are but common things at best, More common on the commonest day, Put me to love's severest test, There are no deeds I will not dare."

"Cut out the romance," she replied, "And drop your superfluous gab, If you would prove you love let's ride Back home to that there track."

Not a Superman.

Zeke was on trial for stealing Colonel Todd's chickens, and overwheating testimony had been introduced by the prosecution. Called upon for his defense, Zeke said:

"Well, suh, Judge, y' see, it disaway, Ef Colonel Todd wull keep dem coach an' 'chiny pullets what has yaller legs an' feeders down dey legs, an' he keep dem in dat houthouse which he smack on de alley, and de beuges jid droppin' from de do', an' he done fertit where is de podlock, y' can't blame me. I's jes' a hooman betn'!"—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

Days of Long Ago.

I cannot sing of long ago, When all the world, they say, was far, I'm rather glad that this is so, For it would fill my soul with care, If stalking past me there should come A playful negatiblerum.

I would not touch a trembling tyre In plaintive posthistoric lay—An instrument I might admire, But never should attempt to play—And wake the world with its song to see The kronosaurus in his glee.—Washington Star.

Matrimonial Repartee.

They were a young couple and talked in loud voices on account of the rattle of the elevated train. He was not in a good humor.

"I wonder," she said, "why the allowances of money made to wives by husbands are called 'pin money'?"

"I suppose," he explained crossly, "it's because it sticks the husbands."—Popular Magazine.

A Humble Romance.

"Fly with me!" her lover pleaded, As he pressed her to elope, But his wish, went unheeded, For she calmly answered, "Nope; Not while seven as at present, Are so apt to plunge and talk."

But, said she, "the weather's pleasant, Don't you think we'd better walk?"—Lippincott's.

To Bring Them Up Well.

Nursegril—Oh, ma'am, what shall I do? The twins have fallen down the well!

Fond Parent—Dear me, how annoying! Just go into the library and get the last number of the Modern Mother's Magazine. It contains an article on "How to Bring Up Children."—Town Topics.

A Query.

There was a man in our town Who was not always wise, He bought his wife a party gown All full of hooks and eyes, And when he had it all hooked up, With all his might and main, He wondered if he ever could Unhook that gown again.—London Opinion.

Beat Her at It.

"Does your wife often grieve because she threw over a wealthy man in order to marry you?"

"She started to once, but I cured her of it the first rattle out of the box." "I wish you would tell me how."

"I started right in to grieving with her, and I grieved harder and longer than she did."—Houston Post.

Force of Habit.

"Yes, he's a very nice young man, But always talking shop, The pointing miss professed, "And I cannot make him stop, For he's a car conductor, And when calling on me he's Persistently remarking, "Won't you sit up closer, please?"—St. Paul Pioneer Press.

Shattered Hopes.

"Bliggins goes through life in a state of chronic disappointment."

"Yes, The last time I saw him he was complaining because nobody ever nicker a cigar that tastes as good as the band looks."—Washington Star.

"You don't care much for life in a large city?"

"No," replied Farmer Cornmeal. "The population of a large city is composed too largely of folks that stay there 'cause they was broke."—Washington Star.

September soft, October gay, With leaves shift In bright array, November—stop! The rhyme must pause, It's time to stop For Santa Claus!—Washington Star.

"Hello, Debbie! You look like another man after your vacation."

"I am another man," retorted the individual addressed. "My name, sir, is Dingbat."—Washington Herald.

Oh, help this old world in its quest Of lighter light and sunnier sky, If you can't coin some gentle jest Just go home and do your best—Wear whiskers that are funny.—Washington Star.

"A man is a fool to introduce an attractive man to the girl he is engaged to."

"I think so too. Come over here a minute, I want you to meet my fiancée."—Houston Post.

There was a young lady named Sue, Whom lots of young fellows would woo, But every poor rover She'd look keenly over And say, "Without such you won't do!"—Baltimore American.

Sweltering Passenger on railroad train—This window sticks so I can't get it up.

Conductor—Yes; wood is swollen a little by the rain. It'll be all right in a few days.—Pathfinder.

De wuz' will rise ter glory, Ef it beeds de Providence plan, But de higher up de stairup goes De smaller looks de man.—Atlanta Constitution.

The Boneder—Look here! I must not be disturbed at night. Why, last night a rooster sat on the window sill and flapped his wings for hours.

The Farmer—Gosh, neighbor, that wasn't a rooster. Why, that was just a plain mosquito that got caught in the window screen, that's all.—Milwaukee Sentinel.

He moaned and aprinkled, Wet and lame, He tumbled and exanded down, So let his epitaph proclaim: "He had a lovely lawn."—Washington Star.

Mr. Crawford—The only way for me to avoid these payments is to put everything I own in your name.

Mrs. Crawford—Won't it be just love for me to have all that money to spend?—Judge.

The vest pocket vote decides, they say, But it won't be "it," you bet, In the coming times when votes are cast By the stylish suffragette.—Baltimore American.

He rejected—Then you regard me merely as a summer lover, a convenient escort to excursions and picnics?

She—That's about the case, George. I have looked upon you as a lover in the plenician sense only.—Boston Transcript.

Riches have wings, the wise-men say, But as the years have slipped Along some few have found a way To have those pinions clipped.—Washington Star.

"Every man ought to know how to swim."

"Right you are. If I had learned the art when a boy I wouldn't now be standing on the shore watching some other fellow teaching my girl how."—Detroit Free Press.

He was a prideful man and bet that he could run the town, And so the devil took him up and straightway took him down.—Dallas News.

Judge (severely)—How could you be so mean as to swindle people who put confidence in you?

Prisoner—Well, your honor, I'd take it as a favor if you'd tell me how to work them that don't.—Boston Transcript.

The railway agent sometimes sells a ticket in a strip So generous in length that it is longer than our trip.—Dallas News.

"Mr. Subbubs, your house is on fire. Hurry home and save your belongings."

"Nothing in the house worth saving. Everything we had is loaned out."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Adown the stream of life, they said, Together peacefully they'd float, But just as soon as they were wad They both began to rock the boat.—Life.

Lady Visitor (to temperamental looking prisoner)—Did you ever go in for poetry?

T. L. P.—No, ma'am; this is me first offense, and the charge was larceny.—Brooklyn Life.

To lynch a negro with a rope, some say, Is no disgrace, It simply is an effort made to elevate the race.—Dallas News.

Her Father—I told you that you could mngery my daughter when you could write a check for \$50,000. Have you written it?

Her Sultor—Yes, sir; it only awaits your signature.—Philadelphia Evening Telegraph.

The whippoorwill beneath the moon, Like some fair fain would past with, Keeps taking encores at a tune That wasn't much to start with.—Washington Star.

Fresh oysters, crabs, lobsters, any and everything to eat. Oregonian Grill.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION

Not coal lands Department of the Interior, U. S. Land Office at Lakeview, Oregon, October 2, 1911. Notice is hereby given that Charles S. Weaver, of Bend, Oregon, who, on April 2, 1909, made Homestead Entry No. 170, for 640 ac., sec. 6, 34 1/2 N., 24 W., section 7, Township 28 S., Range 11 East, Willamette Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make Final commutation proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before H. C. Ellis, United States Commissioner, at Bend, Oregon, on the 14th day of November, 1911. Claimant names as witnesses: George G. Caldwell, of La Pine, Oregon; William F. Vandert, Herbert G. Caldwell and William F. Haworth, of Bend, Oregon.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION

Department of the Interior, U. S. Land Office at The Dalles, Oregon, September 29th, 1911. Notice is hereby given that Alvin Mueller, assignee of Joseph L. Byrne, who was assignee of James Ferguson, of Bend, Oregon, who, on May 27th, 1902 made desert land entry No. 557, Serial No. 9774, for 640 ac., sec. 13, Township 12 South, Range 11 East, Willamette Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make final desert land proof to establish claim to the land above described, before H. C. Ellis, U. S. Commissioner, at his office, at Bend, Oregon, on the 14th day of November, 1911. Claimant names as witnesses: Charles D. Rowe, William J. McCallister, William F. McNaught and Levi D. West all of Bend, Oregon.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION

Department of the Interior, U. S. Land Office at The Dalles, Oregon, September 29th, 1911. Notice is hereby given that Donald S. Mackintosh of Bend, Oregon, who, on November 29th, 1907, made Homestead entry, No. 1550, Serial No. 667, for 640 ac., sec. 13, Township 12 South, Range 11 East, Willamette Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make final desert land proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before H. C. Ellis, U. S. Commissioner, at his office at Bend, Oregon, on the 14th day of November, 1911. Claimant names as witnesses: Hugh H. Davie, Rene H. West, George Brosthouse and Michael Kefley, all of Bend, Oregon.

I. O. O. F.

Bend Lodge No. 218 Reg. Meetings every Monday night Visitors welcome N. P. Weider, N. G. H. J. Eggleston, Secretary.

BEND LODGE No. 139

A. F. & A. M. Meets on Thursday on or before the full moon of each month. Visiting brothers always welcome. H. C. ELLIS, Secy. C. M. REDFIELD, W. M.

M. W. of A.

Pilot Butte Camp No. 9794 Meets every Tuesday in hall over postoffice. Visiting Neighbors always welcome. C. I. Boszell, V. C. W. W. Orcutt, Clerk.

Deschutes Lodge No. 103

K. of P. Meets every Wednesday evening at 8 p. m. in Castle Hall, post-office Bldg. Visiting Knights welcome. Chas. D. Rowe, C. C. E. M. Ladewig, K. R. & S.

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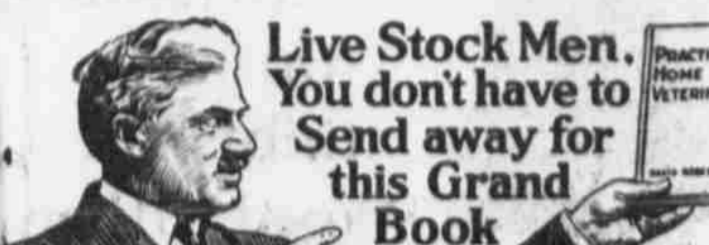
Announcement

The Jones Warehouse Company

HAS secured the contract to handle all the freight of the Oregon Trunk and Deschutes Railroads at Bend. The Moody system at Shaniko will be employed, and merchants of Bend and interior towns will get their shipments without inconvenience. Have your freight consigned in care of

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