

Aubrey Heights

Lots in this Addition
---50 by 125 feet---

Corners \$300
Inside \$200

40 by 105

Corners \$200
Inside \$150

TERMS:

\$10 Cash and \$10 Monthly, or on two lots \$15 Cash and \$15 Monthly

Real Estate

J. A. EASTES

Insurance

Office on Oregon Street, Bend, Oregon.

City Property

BUSINESS LOTS
RESIDENCE LOTS

In all parts of
the City and
its Additions.

INSURANCE

Fire and Automobile

Agent for the

HOME
CONTINENTAL
AETNA

The Three Leaders

Aubrey Heights

The Future High Class Residence District of Bend

This beautiful tract lies on the west side of the River and begins about six blocks from the BUSINESS CENTER OF BEND. AUBREY HEIGHTS rises gradually to the west and has a

COMMANDING VIEW

of the business district and the Deschutes River.

Farm Lands

Irrigated and Dry Farming Lands
HOMESTEADS
All classes of Farm Property.

Timber Lands

Am in a position to deliver a large number of claims. Correspondence of buyers and sellers solicited.

Aubrey Heights

This will be the most Desirable Residence Property of Bend, having a view of the business district and River that cannot be shut off. New Steel Bridge near the property. City Water, and will have Electric Lights in short time. Will be glad to make selections for those who cannot visit this place, and we guarantee you SATISFACTION.

UNIQUE LUNCH BOOSTS BEND

THE SEATTLE AD CLUB APPROVES

Influential Ad Organization Puts "O. K." on This Community at Unique Hallowe'en Affair Handled by Bend Park Company.

Bend, Oregon, is a new town, but it has a boosters' club that knows its business. Tuesday's session of the Seattle Ad Club, at which the Emblem Club, of Bend, was the guest of honor, was a revelation in advanced methods of publicity. As was once said of Seattle, Bend is a "hummer" and a "comer."

On Oct. 29, at Seattle, Bend was singularly honored and advertised. The Seattle Ad Club, one of the largest and most influential publicity and business organizations in the West, was the sponsor of a regular Ad Club luncheon, at which the Emblem Club of Bend was the official host of the day, represented by the Bend Park Company, to whom belongs the credit for the arrangement and the financing of what was characterized as the most unique and entertaining event of the kind yet seen in Seattle, a city noted for such "stunts."

There were 265 Seattleites at the long tables in a special room of the Rathskeller. More than 200 were Ad Club men. Some thirty ladies were present, setting a new precedent for the Seattle club's luncheons, which hitherto have been exclusively stag affairs. There were, in addition to Ad Clubbers, the members of the Bend Park Company's force, and a number of invited guests, men interested, in one way and another, in Bend.

The luncheon was, first, last, and all the time, a Bend boosting affair. During the hour and a half of its duration this town received more unique and substantial publicity than has ever before been accorded any community in the Northwest. Every other week the Seattle Ad Club has a luncheon. Each is turned over to some firm, among its members, to be conducted by the hosts of the day, who are privileged to pull off any special features they wish. Last Tuesday was the first time that a real estate firm ever has been given the conduct of the luncheon, and the first time that the Seattle organization ever has turned its official attention to an enterprise outside of the state of Washington, or has put its "O. K." upon a small town, and especially one in another state.

In a lengthy report of the festivities, the Seattle Post-Intelligencer said, in part:

In the gloaming of artificial twilight, accentuated by heroic silhouettes of witches astride broomsticks on the walls, jack-o'-lanterns of papier mache on the tables and paper caps of white, black and yellow on the heads of the hosts and guests, the Emblem Club, of Bend, Ore., yesterday entertained the Seattle Ad Club at a Hallowe'en party and luncheon at the Rathskeller, and sung songs and made speeches, in which the fame of Bend was linked with the destinies of Seattle for a lively hour and a half.

Bend Runs the Program.
Acting President J. Fred Braid

relinquished the chair to Frank B. Poor, general manager of the Bend Park Company, who marshalled the speakers and directed the musical program.

Mr. Poor spoke enthusiastically of the cordial relations that exist between Bend and Seattle, reminding his hearers that they who had seen Seattle grow could understand the wonderful development that lies before Bend, and setting forth, in a few forceful sentences the resources that make Bend the "one best bet" among all the smaller cities of the

Northwest.

Then Mayor George Cotterill of Seattle told of Seattle's progress, past and future, predicted great things for Bend, and offered the heartiest hand of good fellowship and cooperation from the metropolis of Puget Sound to that of the Deschutes.

The Seattle mayor was followed by Bend's mayor, G. P. Putnam. He gave a brief description of Bend's resources, particularly dwelling upon the progressiveness of the men who are working for Bend and for the development of Central Oregon. He especially thanked Seattle for the

great interest it is showing in Bend, and the Ad Club for its hospitality at the luncheon.

W. D. Cheney, president of the Bend Park Company, and originator of the day's entertainment, had a few words to say, chiefly of the Ad Club's interest in the town for which he was working. Introduced by him, there then followed forty-five minutes of vocal fun making—songs, yells and special "stunts"—that kept the big gathering in an uproar of enthusiastic applause. The songs, humorously and seriously narrating the delights of Bend and of Seattle, the yells, and especially the final performance of the Bazo Band, already known in Bend, made the biggest kind of a hit.

"It was the most unique affair ever

attempted in Seattle. Also, it was the best advertising effort ever seen here," was the way one prominent Ad Clubist expressed the general opinion. A direct result of the good time is that Seattle is talking Bend today even more generally than ever before—and everyone in Seattle seems to know a lot about Bend.

BIG SURPRISE TO MANY IN BEND

Local people are surprised at the QUICK results received from simple buckthorn bark, glycerine, etc., as mixed in Adler's-ka, the German appendicitis remedy. The Patterson Drug Co. states that this simple remedy antiseptically cleanses the digestive system and draws off the impurities so thoroughly that A SINGLE DOSE relieves sour stomach, gas on the stomach and constipation INSTANTLY.

(Advertisement)

Patterson Drug Co. exclusive agents in Bend for the famous Libby cut glass.—Advertisement.

Clover Leaf Dairy

PURE MILK AND CREAM

TELEPHONE and we will deliver

S. L. STAATS, Prop.

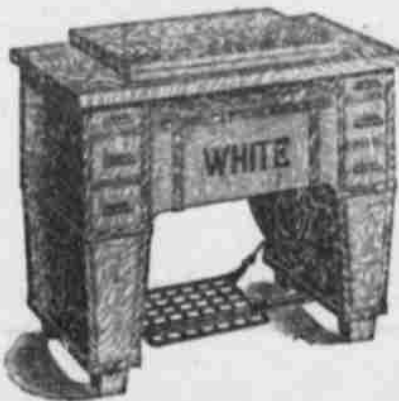
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- WORKING SHOES
- RUBBER SHOES
- GERMAN SOX
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The MEN'S TOGGERY

THE WHITE IS KING



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A PLEASURE TO ANSWER QUESTIONS
ASK ANY AGENT OF THE O-W-R&N TO HELP OUTLINE YOUR TRIP

BOY WANTED.

Bound to be a broker, bright Cambridge twelve-year-old sees sign and captures job.

Boston, November 25d.

The drop in the market last week has brought to light a number of odd stories of sudden shifts of fortune. One of the queerest is that of a sixteen-year-old employee of a prominent firm of brokers.

Six months ago he organized a pool of brokers' clerks and ran up their pocket money to \$50,000. Convinced that he could turn this \$50,000 into \$100,000, the young manipulator marshaled all the pool money on the bull side of the market. When the crash came last week he took account of stock. His pool of \$50,000 had shrunk to \$29,841, leaving a balance of \$159 to be divided among the dozen members. This wasn't it, no enough to gamble with and they decided to eat it up. They bought the best dinner that Young could serve to a dozen disappointed speculators for \$159. Horace has been telling the patrons of the hotel the details of this dinner in installments. The sixteen-year-old leader of this fierce assault on the market is a seasoned banker of four years' experience. At the age of twelve he played hooky from his Cambridge school, trudging into Boston, and found his way to a broker's office at the head of State street, where two things caught his eye. A sign "boy wanted" and the entrancing vision of a clerk behind a wire-screened window shoveling five-dollar gold pieces into the scales. He presented himself before the broker and with rare presence of mind announced that he was the boy wanted, and would like a job shoveling gold—

He has been shoveling gold ever since

This was forty-three years ago. This boy was THOMAS W. LAWSON, who grew up in the banking and brokerage business; saw all its ins and outs until Stock Exchange methods became as familiar to him as the air he breathed; but always in the back part of his head he was turning matters over—weighing, considering, deducing, and slowly making up his mind, and hardening his resolution for the day when he would attack the gambling end of the Stock Exchange, and put the whole truth of its subtle and insidious dangers before the American people. He is doing it now. It's an amazing story, an interesting story, and a necessary story. To neglect it or to sneer at it is to be blind to your own interests.

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