

THE BEND BULLETIN

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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, JANUARY 22, 1913.



Some folks are complaining about the weather. Too much snow, too cold, they say. Of course that's entirely natural, for everyone grows about the weather, everywhere. Only let these things be considered: How cold is it, and has it been, in Chicago, New York, Buffalo, Detroit or Boston? How much snow has fallen in these cities? How many inches of rain have descended, and how many inches of mud and "slap" will remain on the ground for several months to come? In every one of the cities mentioned, there have been days and weeks when the thermometer has registered far below zero—once this winter the mercury has got as low as zero at Bend. In all of them there has been an abundance of snow—snow enough to make Bend's several storms seem insignificant. In all of them there will be slush for many months to come, not to mention a February and probably a March replete with zero weather, blizzards and near-blizzards. And closer to home one may consider the recent frosts that have devastated southern California—the "land where it never freezes"—or the almost unbroken months of rain that our own Western Oregon and Washington cities are experiencing. Altogether, even a winter that is exceptionally disagreeable for Bend is none too bad, and decidedly good when compared with a vast portion of the United States.

SCHEME NOT SUPPORTED.

The Bend Bulletin ought to know what it is talking about when it discusses the proposed scheme for a survey of the Deschutes, through which the state is to be asked to appropriate \$50,000 for cooperative effort with the United States government; for The Bulletin is printed along the banks of the dashing Deschutes, and can see for itself every waking hour that its waters are all its own, and that nobody has interposed or offered the slightest successful resistance to their progress.

So far as The Bulletin implies that The Oregonian is supporting the Deschutes survey scheme, involving a state appropriation of \$50,000, it is utterly mistaken. The Bulletin has seen nothing in The Oregonian in any way justifying its complaint. To comfort the disturbed soul of our too-excitable contemporary, we would say that The Oregonian is not at all convinced that the expenditure by the state of so large a sum for the survey of a particular project is warranted.

Such is the substance of an editorial in the Portland Oregonian of January 19.

The Bulletin is delighted to learn that the Portland paper is not supporting the proposed appropriation for the proposed investigation. Not unnaturally, it supposed such support existed, basing the supposition on the fact that The Oregonian devoted so much space to what seemed eulogistic description of the enterprise.

Now that rural carriers are obliged to carry eggs under the parcels post, it is said that the yolk is more than many can bear.

BILL HANLEY'S WAY.

(Portland Oregonian).

In his Eugene address William Hanley said to the students: "You can't make yourself big by making another little!"

From Mr. Hanley this advice comes with greater force because he has in his own life exemplified that very theory. When he was getting his start as a poor boy in Central Oregon there were two great cattle companies

less there fighting each other for supremacy—and yet unitedly fighting against the coming of the homesteader and the poor workman to their ranges. These great firms thought they owned Central Oregon. The man who wanted a little piece of land for a home was, according to their code, not only an intruder, but an undesirable citizen. "What right has a man to take up land if he has no cattle to put on it? None; so we will drive this fellow off." That was the theory of these men. It was a creed as old as the open range.

They succeeded for a time. Finally one ranch manager came to his death at the hands of one of these insignificant homesteaders. He was shot down on the range with a dozen of his range riders at hand. Yet nobody tried to prevent the killing or to arrest the killer. "The system" had not been conducive to making friends. The cattle king's hand was against every man; every man's hand was against the cattle king and against his possessions.

If his life was not safe, how about his cattle on the range? Did the settlers ever go hungry for meat? Yes, often, for many of those settlers were beyond being driven into dishonesty. But many others argued that it was no crime to take meat from those who had more than they needed. So they considered all of the circumstances and helped themselves.

Meanwhile Mr. Hanley was plodding along, making headway slowly but surely. He spent no time worrying about the big cattle companies or the big cattlemen. He was mighty busy endeavoring to become a big man himself. In the course of events he got an option on the French-Glen holdings, put in his own ranch and cattle, secured the "OO" (Double O) ranch and became a partial owner and the manager of this greater company—became the greatest factor in the cattle business that Oregon has ever known.

At the very outset of his career as ranch manager Mr. Hanley decided to make friends and co-workers of the small landowners and the small cattle owners, and he set about to do it. An opportunity occurred very soon. Two of the range riders came into headquarters with the hide of a 2-year-old heifer with the report that they had witnessed the killing and skinning of the brute by a homesteader. The hide bore the French-Glen brand; there were two reputable witnesses who would swear they had seen the settler skin the heifer bury the hide and then pack the meat home.

Mr. Hanley told the riders to keep the matter to themselves cautioning them that if he ever heard the mat-

ter mentioned he would discharge them both. Then he took the hide to the friend and neighbor who had committed the deed. Driving up to his ranch Mr. Hanley threw the hide out and told the offender to burn it so there would be no evidence of the crime. "And," went on Mr. Hanley, "whenever you or any of your neighbors are out of meat, come to me. Don't kill a fine heifer—just come to me and I will have the boys kill a good beef for you. And remember, Hank, nobody knows anything about this little incident, nobody ever will know. You forget it and I will forget it and we will be just the same good friends we always have been."

"You can't make yourself big by making another little." How true it is! But it is wonderful how rapidly you will become "big" by trying at all times to assist others. That is the reason that Mr. Hanley is not only a "big" man at home, but a "big" man wherever he is known.

List your farm and city property with me. I will make an honest effort to sell it. C. V. SILVER—Adv.

The Bulletin has for sale a new swinging typewriter stand. Can be attached to any desk and is a handy and convenient office fixture.



Jan. 22, 1913

Dear Friend:

Lots of bananas that mamma used to send me for tasted green when we got them, or they were almost rotten. That was because we traded at the grocery that didn't care much about its customers. You know it is nice to trade at a place where they treat you nice. If you go to the right place you can get A dozen bananas for 35c A dozen oranges for 35c These fruits will always be good too.

Your friend,
Jacob.

P.S.—When mamma wants fruits and other groceries and vegetables she sends me to

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