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THE JACKRABBIT

IT NEVER CRAWLS

"ALL THE NEWS UNFIT TO PRINT"

VOL. 1, NO 1. PUBLISHED EVERY TIME THE AD CLUB COMES TO BEND. WATCH FOR THE NEXT ISSUE!

Mortal Combat Now Under Way

TITANIC STRUGGLE RAGES BETWEEN INK POTS AND WHITE PAPER

"TED" PIPER AND "SAM" JACKSON GO TO THE MAT IN A BATTLE OF EXTERMINATION.

European Conflict is Mere Tempest in a Teapot Compared With Internecine Battle.

(By Assinited Press.)

PORTLAND, ORE, Monday, Sept. 7.—At last the world's greatest crisis has been reached. The event that all nations have dreaded for 30 years is at hand.

"Ted" Piper has donned his brass cuirass and "Sam" Jackson his Uhlan helmet.

"Ted" has ordered 40,000 ton of white paper for his ammunition chest and "Sam" has laid in all the red and green ink in the United States, Canada and Washougal.

The battle between the two tall towers has begun. Piper let loose with a heavy volley on his editorial page using half a roll of paper and announced that:

"Doc" Smith is a horse-thief."

"Bob" Booth used to suck eggs," rattled the Journal with a tremendous splatter of red.

"George Chamberlain drinks highballs," screamed the Oregonian.

"Withycombe is corked," thundered "Sam" Jackson emptying another barrel of red ink on the ink rolls.

"Joe Knowles is on the level," blustered "Ted" heaving six rolls of paper into the press-room.

"Know Joles is the regular devil," roared Jackson busting in the head of another ink barrel.

"Down with the Rivers and Harbors bill; its' nothing but fat pork," stormed Piper stealing all the white paper the Telegram had in the safe.

"Hipocrite, Liar, Scoundrel, Whelp, Parctic Mattoid, Ossified Parsnoic," fusilladed Jackson, red in the face with ink smears.

"The Republican party is reunited," volleyed Piper growing apoplectic.

"Like hell it is," raged Jackson swallowing a bucket of the green in his choleric spasm.

"I got more advertising," battled Piper.

"I got more circulation," enfiladed "Sam."

"I got more pages," fired Piper showing the effects of battle.

"I got more news," replied Jackson, with fatigue.

"Yuh hain't."
"I have."
"Yuh hain't."
"Yuh're a liar."
"I hain't."
"Yuh are."
"Yuh are."
"Bah."
"Pish."
"Tuah."
"Pooh, Pooh."
"Piffle."
"I kicked yuh."
"Yuh didn't/"
"I did."
"Yuh can't."
"I can."

"Say," yelled Piper's pressman, "we're out of paper."

Hey," hollered Jackson's ink slinger, "the barrel's empty."

"AMONG THOSE PRESENT."

The full crew of the "Portland Ad Club Bend Brigade" is as follows:

C. F. Berg, president Portland Ad Club; C. A. Whitemore, general chairman; C. H. Moore, vice chairman; R. H. Atkinson, chairman transportation; Portland Ad Club quartette, Dr. R. M. Emerson, M. L. Bowman, Charles F. McCulloch, F. B. Newton; Press, W. P. Strandborg, Marshall N. Dana, Rex Lampman; Wm. McMurray, D. N. Mosessohn, Wm. Adams, T. J. Baldwin, H. J. Blaesing, Wm. L. Boyd, O. C. Bortzmeyer, W. H. Brandes, Dr. George E. Breitling, F. H. Bronner, L. W. Buckley, W. L. Campbell, John F. Carroll, Frank Case, C. C. Chapman, Wm. H. Colvig, W. H. Crawford, Wm. H. Daughtrey, W. L. J. Davis, A. H. De Golyer, C. M. Dewey, Harvey L. Dickinson, Jimmy Dunn, A. E. Eckhardt, Sam Evans, John C. Foley, Aaron M. Frank, Edgar E. Frank, O. C. Freeman, H. Friedman, Judge Gantenbein, W. L. Graham, Perry C. Graves, G. B. Green, W. H. Guild, Bill Hanley, L. H. Hamig, H. K. Hank, C. E. Hask, Henry R. Havek, J. A. Hermann, S. S. Hewitt, Chas. H. Hill, Leon Hirsch, W. J. Hofmann, C. A. Hunter, E. J. Jaeger, O. K. Jeffrey, Will Knight, Waldo Koch, Gus Kuhn, W. E. Lambert, J. Fred Larson, Geo. D. Lee, J. H. MacKenzie, "Pete" Mayer, Frank McCrillis, A. W. McFall, Otto Metschan, Henry Metzger, F. L. Moreland, Clay S. Morse, E. W. Mosher, L. H. Moomaw, O. W. Mielke, Thos. J. Mullen, Harvey O'Bryan, Clarence Olmstead, S. D. Parker, Dr. Z. A. Pierce, E. R. Pelton, N. G. Pike, Merrill A. Reed, T. W. Reed, Harry Richey, E. B. Rutherford, C. S. Russell, E. C. Sammons, R. W. Schmeer, John H. Scott, J. Schemanski, M. E. Smead, John O. Vincil, G. M. Vinton, Clayton Wentz, Ed Werlein, L. R. Wheeler, W. A. Williams, C. K. Zilly, F. M. Zilly. Train crew: Supt. O.-W. R. & N. Co., W. H. Guild; Conductor, Dalrymple; Pullman conductor, Geo. N. Carey.

HERE FOR A PURPOSE.

John H. Scott, who blew so much cash for the Telegram for years that Pittock finally had to sell out, is with the party. He heard somewhere that the Big Bendians were going to blow in $2500 and wants to get around and stand in the breeze when it hits the coin.

—o—

LOOKS YOUNG BUT IS WISE.

L. R. Wheeler looks almost too boyish to own a calm, old pioneer newspaper like the Evening Telegram, but his friends say he is wise as an old maid's parrot.

—o—

JACK RABBITS NEXT.

Clay Morse says he used to raise welsh rabbits on a cheese farm he used to own over in Tillamook county but he never tried jack rabbits although he has often thought he would like to. Go ahead Clay, we're with you morally and spiritually.

—o—

COULDN'T WAIT FOR IT.

Clayton Wentz and T. W. Reed heard that the "Jack Rabbit" would be out yesterday morning and they sat up all night and rented their berths to some fellows that played poker all night. When they found the paper would not appear till this morning, they slept all day yesterday and missed all the fun. Some folks are always laying in rotten luck.

—o—

DANA'S SMART SON.

Marsh Dana has a bright little son and he asked his father if it was right to say "I watered the horse." Marsh told him it was. Then the boy said: "Well, Dad, I guess I'll go and milk the cat."

—o—

DON'T MISS JIM'S STORY.

"Jimmie" Dunn has a brand new story that he has never told. He is saving it for today and if he is properly approached he may tell it in front of everybody, although that isn't the kind he usually tells.

—o—

WHY FRED CAME.

Fred Zilly hadn't figured on being here but he came anyway to see that his big fat brother Cal didn't hog everything on the table like he does at home.

—o—

GETTING DOWN TO CASES.

The case of Case is very clear,
For he declares with solemn look,
"With all of this excursion here,
I'll Bend, but I won't be a Crook."

—o—

HARVEY'S CROOKED ROUTE.

Lounsburg, servant of the corporations,
At work, at play or on vacation,
By every man is freely cussed
For working for two streaks of rust;
For human woe is always canned
When there are railroads to be panned.

—o—

BEAUTY NOTE.

When Marshall N. Dana went to bed last night his hair wouldn't lie down and go to sleep but stood up and acted mad, so Marshall sat up with it all night and neither he nor his hair got any rest.

—o—

HITTING THE PIKE.

We rode here on a special car,
We rode to Bend, a distance far,
Because we could not if we like
Be 'lowed to hit the N. G. Pike.

—o—

CAMPBELL'S THIRST.

Our Campbell here, we shipped him far—
All crated in the baggage car.
Nine days, or so the experts think,
Can camels go without a drink.
But be humane, Bend fellow, dear,
And do not make him do it here.

—o—

JAEGER'S CARATS.

Jaeger may not be a grocer,
It is very true,
Yet he sometimes—you should know sir,
Sells some carats, too.

—o—

"RUMMY" FREEMAN.

Freeman, Freeman, foxy Freeman
Hooked up with the rummy demon,
Where would he be, by and by,
If they'd vote the darned state dry.

—o—

ROB. ON DECK.

If Walter Evans were to die
Or croak or pass away,
Oh, who would there be left to try
The cases every day?
And Charlie Robison, says he:
Why, I've got the answer! Me!

W. STRANDBORG HAS STRAYED!

HUGE REWARD IS OFFERED FOR HIS RETURN

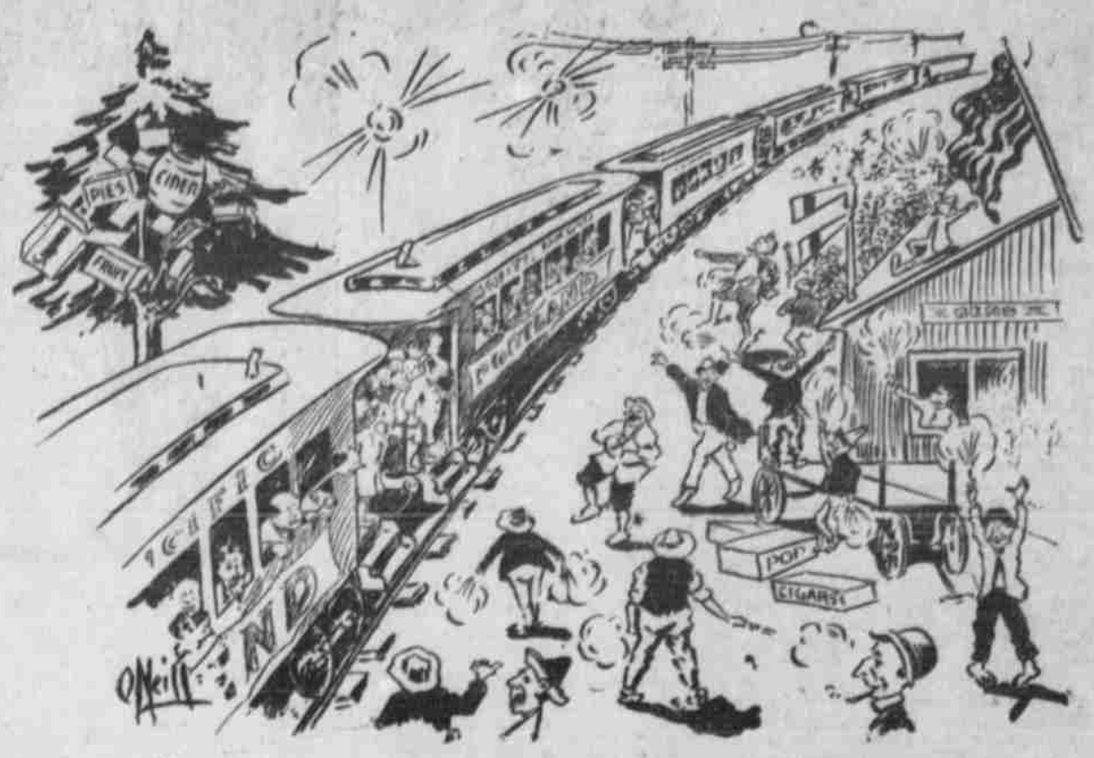
Falls Out With His Wife Over Going to War—She Wants Him to Enlist—Thinks She is Joshing and Then Discovers the Truth.

A huge reward of $.125,678,923 has been offered for the discovery and return of W. (Bill) P. Strandborg. He has been missing from his accustomed orbits for more than three hours. When last seen he was bidding his weeping friends good-bye. He assigned no reason for his departure and none is known. There had been, it is true, a call for him to join the Hessians and make war against the Scandinavians. To this call he gently turned a deaf ear, after briefly explaining for a day and a half that it would break his wife's heart for him to go to war.

When he went home to tell her of his brave deed for her sake, he found her absent and by strange coincidence she was at the moment filing with the federal court her voluntary permission for him either to go to war or swallow a stick of dynamite with a percussion fuse attached and then join the Ad Club excursion. All of his friends had felt sure before that Mrs. Strandborg must love her Bill but this was taken as proof positive of her heroic temperament. But aside from these considerations all who knew Mr. Strandborg were unwilling for him either to go to war or disappear. Not long ago he unanimously elected himself Chief Mut of the Ancient and Legal Order of Mendicants United to Steal. He was to have organized a chapter in Bend. It has been hinted that his native modesty suggested flight, but if so his bashfulness is deplorable. Without his ruddy smile and chubby youthfulness no event would be complete and no installation could be held. Searching for him the Ad Club and the Emblem Club have abandoned their Sunday and Monday program; flags are at half mast in Bend and Portland. Churches and saloons are kept open and the fire departments of 57 cities have united in the struggle to win the reward.

(Ed. Note—Bill wrote this himself, and marked it Page. 1.)

SEPTEMBER MORN AT BEND



THE AD CLUB ARRIVES

WAR NEWS

LARSON SAYS PARIS IS SAFE

J. Fred Larson, the great expert authority on defensive operations has just completed a careful survey of the fortifications of Paris. Fred says they include 190 pousse cafe parlors, 1886 cognac foundries, 6754 cocktail resorts, 40,000 chorus girls, large herds of broilers, flappers and several regiments of premiere danseuses.

"Paris is extremely well fortified for a protracted siege of almost any length," declared Strategist Larson as he boarded the Bend special.

BRINGING UP A BIG REAR

Cal Zilly has been ordered to the front by the Kaiser. The German army will bring up his rear, and, all who have observed Zilly's rear will admit that this will be task enough for any army, the Kaiser has told his men to stop at nothing and be prepared for anything.

ED WERLEIN ON A WAR DIET.

Ed Werlein, the champion heavyweight and long-distance food consconsumer of the Ad Club has been placed on war diet since the European conflict broke out and has been reduced to nine square meals a day with buffet luncheons between times. He has lost several pounds but doesn't think the war will last long. All persons having food or other perishable articles in Bend will kindly double the outer guard while Ed is in town.

WAR IS NOT A LAUGHING MATTER

C. C. Chapman offered to enlist in the allied armies until he heard that it was no laughing matter. Chapman insisted that if he went his laugh would have to go too and the French commander refused to risk the handicap.

ALL LINES REPORTED BUSY BY MOORE

Charles H. Moore says the German advance through France reminds him of the telephone service his company gives the public. All the lines are busy all the time.

"DOC" PARRISH HAS LAST HIS LEG SAW

"Doc" Parish enlisted for war at the very start of military operations and was preparing to join the Hospital Corps in Belgium, but at the last moment declined, because he discovered that Henry Hayek had borrowed his only good saw to use in getting in his Winter wood.

REFUSES TO ENLIST BUYS FORD INSTEAD

William McMurray has flatly refused to go to war. He has bought a Ford and says he will run it himself. He was therefore excused by the recruiting officer who expressed sympathy. McMurray will keep a complete casualty list.

BORTZMEYER IS RECRUITING "PONIES"

O. C. Bortzmeyer, formerly floorwalker of the Moulin Rouge, Paris, has been ordered to supply the German army with a full cavalry troop of little "fillies." He will look over the Bend market and girls applying for service in the Bortzmeyer regiment will observe the following rules:

Ponies, 5 feet to 5 feet 3 inches.
Mediums, 5 feet, 4 inches.
Show girls, 5 feet 5 inches, to 5 feet 10 inches.

SCARE IN THE ROYAL CHAMBER

BERLIN, Sept. 6.—The Algemeiesh Germeinishkiyer, official organ of the radical wing of the Teggledaberistrober, states that a terrific panic was created among the Kaiser's household last night when a French vessel was found beneath the royal bed in the royal palace at Potsdam.

AWFUL LOSS IN BELGIUM

Antwerp, via Rotterdam, Amsterdam and Givendam, Sept. 5.—(Delayed in transmission)—The terrific slaughter of Belgian Hares has been one of the most pitiful incidents of the fighting. After the war is over Belgium will be practically hairless.

During the occupation of the capital of Belgium thousands of acres of Brussels sprouts were exterminated.

WHAT BECAME OF EMERY?

Emery Olmstead first said he couldn't come to Bend: then he said he could and paid for his ticket: then he renegged and got his money back and once more changed his mind and made his reservation and then Herbert Fleishhacker came to town and Emery changed his mind and nobody has seen him on the train or in Bend but if he changed his mind again he is probably running up the track somewhere near Redmond and will be here in time for lunch.

DOUBTFUL NEARLY DONE TO DEATH BY DANGEROUS DUTCH

Dare Devil Dicky Delineates Dread of Doom Near Dusseldorf—Does Disaster Double Price of Dishes

By DICKY DARLING DOUBTFUL

(Copyrighted by the Ladies Home Helper and The Jackrabbit.)

LONDON, Sept. 6.—Twice today my valet and I were mistaken for spies and narrowly escaped execution.

The situation on the continent is as follows: The armies (the next seven paragraphs were blue-pencilled by the censor.)

An economic effect of the war here in London, and especially at the Cecil where I make my headquarters, is an enormous increase in the price of Welsh Rarebits. A Royal Commission has undertaken to probe the matter, alleging the existence of a trust. The rise is accounted for, apparently, by the fact that all able bodied men in Wales have been called to the colors, so that the fields are no longer cultivated and it is impossible for the rabbits to secure proper sustenance.

Wrecks Absence is Mourned

Wrecks Lampman, proprietor and publisher, also printer's devil of the Monday Crawfish of Portland had set his heart on being in our mongst. But everything went wrong. First, his only clean flannel shirt came back from the laundry shrunk at the neck so he couldn't get it on and no new subscriptions came in so he could buy another. And Rex refuses to appear in public surmounted by a biled shirt.

Then he had trouble with his staff. The office boy demanded Labor Day off and Rex had to stay on the job all day yesterday to get out the paper. Besides all this, Rex is jealous and envious of the success of the "Jack Rabbit" and we understand that he has gone to the length of besmirching and flinging mud at us, but all we care to say is that the "Crawfish" is nothing but a little fly-by-night, ham-strung, flea-bitten, pock-marked and wholly scarillous and putrid rag, wet-nursed by the Morning Oregonian.

While we understand some members of the party regret that Rex is not with us, the editorial staff of the "Jack Rabbit" is entirely satisfied with his absence.

Later. Wrecks stuck onto the train at last minute, but we had to fill the above space so the story goes as originally writ.

THE WEATHER.

PORTLAND, Midnight.—Forecaster Beals has just cast the following forecast: The temperature has fallen since the Ad Club left and currents of hot air are discerned over Central Oregon. The barometer is normal but sugar is still rising. Unless it rains the dry spell will continue.

NO, THESE ARE NOT THE CROWNED HEADS OF EUROPE; THEY ARE THE DOMES OF FOUR AD CLUB PRESIDENTS

THE FIRST
C. A. Whitemore

THE NEXT
D. N. Mosessohn

THE LAST
C. H. Moore

THE PRESENT
C. F. Berg