



The JACKRABBIT

(It goes some and gets there) Bend, Oregon. A yellow journal devoted to the dissemination of truth. Our motto: Pitiless Publicity. Entered at Bend, Ore., postoffice as Class A matter. Subscription Rates. How Much You Got? That's it. How to Remit—Send anything that's real money. Beans, canned corn, cigars, shoes, and hats accepted as money from old subscribers only. Advertising rates. Same as Subscriptions. See above. News columns open to anybody that has the price. Items suppressed on sufficient monetary inducement. News columns not controlled by business office, advertisers, theatres, except on the editor's approval. Passes of all kinds gratefully received.

DIRTY TARTAR STIFFS. Marshall Nuts Dana, William Punk Strandberg, Wrecks Lampman, Sam Bull Evans, Rotten Writer Sawyer, Going Putrid Putnam.

CORRESPONDENTS AT THE SEAT OF WAR

Belgium—Frederick Sitting Palm. Paris—Richard Perfect Davis, Berlin—Alfred Howling Lewis, Petrograd—Irving Fanny Cobb, London—Samuel Gabby Blythe, Portland—Ned Hivhe. (Note—Because all our war correspondents are playing poker today, we are unable to give any fresh news from the front.)

SALUTATORY

As it never hopped before and hopes never to hop again The Jack Rabbit fully realizes its duty to tell everybody how it feels about everything. In politics it is strictly indeproh-demorepurgressive. Among the candidates for United States Senator it calmly realizes the suavity of Chamberlain, the would-be-ness of Booth and the sweet, sage brush flavor of Hanley. It is similarly undivided and unperplexed as to the gentlemen who are dedicated to the supreme sacrifice of being governor. It is heartily in favor of Withycombe because it believes in more cabbage, partition to Smith because the name is uncommon and loyal to U'Ren because of his system. It earnestly hopes that the prohibition amendment will carry by a splendid majority without disturbing the business of any busy brewer, delightful distiller, somnolent saloon keeper or brave bartender, or the weeping wives and chattering children dependent upon them. Not having any of it's wife's relatives in the present gov, European conflict, The Jack Rabbit hereby gives permission for this conflict to cease. Comment is unnecessary on the business situation. This paper has no business end; its editors and reporters are never troubled by change. The only thing it desires to protest against vigorously is the character of its readers.

THE JACK RABBIT.

In rapping at the front gate of American Journalism, we desire to observe that The Jack Rabbit is here For Speed and Action. We know how to Go and How to Get There. The Jack Rabbit is the hardest working member of the original Cascaet family. When the Jack Rabbit opens up all six cylinders, throws her into the high and sets down to business he is the world's greatest example of industrious application. He can have the lightning arrested for blockading traffic and is the most high-powered triple-action, hurry-up proposition in history. That is why we have chosen the name "Jack Rabbit" for this publication. Not only do we propose to leave all competitors behind, but we don't want the public to judge the length of our leaps by the length of our ears. You can't do that with any Jack Rabbit. Furthermore, the Jack Rabbit is the real pioneer of Central Oregon. He was discovered here frolicking in the rough and wilderness, romping through the juniper and sage brush ages before the whoop of the cowboy rudely shattered the ear of the primal calm. We desire to add that the Jack Rabbit is always on his job. So we shall be. Our patron saint is modesty personified. That's us too. The Jack Rabbit is an amiable bird and that is likewise our aim. The Jack can live in peace and amity with rattlesnakes, muskrats, gophers, real estate agents, politicians, newspapermen and almost anything. He will have nothing on us in that respect. The Jack Rabbit is the world's most adaptable form of life. He can live on hay. We will do that if we have to. He can live in a warm or a cold country; so can we. He can flourish in the most thrifty desert or in lands of softest, greenest verdure. By the same token, we don't give a ham sandwich whether Oregon goes wet or dry. What Oregon needs most is population. The Jack Rabbit is the greatest lit-

BEND'S OPTIMIST



The man pictured here is called The Taboo. Whose pleasure in life is to give pleasure to you; He's cheerful and kindly and smiling and clever, An optimist always, a pessimist never.

At this particular place, we desire to point with pride at everything in sight, but we strongly urge that you take an inventory of your silverware and linen after we have departed so that you will have no cause to view our visit with undue alarm. In the last analysis, we repeat, and summing everything up, we are powerfully glad that we have been able to stretch our legs under your table. Selah.

THE JACK RABBIT IS FOR HANLEY

Having looked the field over carefully, we have decided to support Hanley for United States Senator, at least during this trip, he being the only candidate present. We have a further reason which involves a number of professional considerations which we need not dwell on further than to say that we have large families at home to support, and so forth. There are many things in "Bill" Hanley's platform that we don't like, but when we come close to a large pile of money we are not so particular what kind of a platform we stand on so long as we don't slip off the plank and get a ducking. Further than this, we have it first hand that "Bill" Hanley never aimed a gun at a Jack Rabbit, no matter what the provocation, and knowing as we do that the favorite pastime of many persons in public life is to take a pot shot at offensive

editors now and then, we feel that reason and sanity compels us to endorse B. Hanley's candidacy with some sang froid and considerable bon homie. While it is true that "Bill" plays Billie-be-damned with the English language and wears an old slouch hat, worse things than Bill have smuck into the halls of Congress. Up to the present time we have eaten a number of meals and smoked several pretty rotten ropes at Bill's expense without committing ourselves on one side or the other in the impending battle. So far as the cigars are concerned we would naturally be opposed to supporting his candidacy for anything except a fumigating plant, but as stated, other considerations enter into the sanguinary issue and have converted the "Jack Rabbit" to his cause, temporarily at least. (Paid Advertisement.)—B.F.C. (The above is a paid adv. if "Bill" Hanley comes through as he agreed to. Otherwise it is straight reading matter.)—B.F.C.

LITERARY NOTE.

John F. Carroll, editor of the "New Policy" Evening Telegram, which has recently been granted an absolute divorce, without alimony, from the Tall Tower, late last night, dictated a telegraphic editorial of the Joe Pulitzer type on "The Origin of Species of Evolution," to his bright and breezy little newspaper. We think John has some fine thoughts on the subject as the following sentences taken at random from the epoch-making screed will indicate: "Instead of being a mammalian elaboration of the primate plan as many of the Darwinian evolutionists and other cork-centered nuts avow, I hold that man has been shedding effulgent excrecences and translucent superfluities, and even hair, until he has become the comparatively rudimentary creature that now jords it over creation. Entrinsic apparatus have been deleted from his megaloceros until he can be reduced to a protoplasmic speck no larger than the held spot on "Eddie" Mosher's head. But, at the same time, the great, pulsating, tumultuous, narrowing human soul is inordinate to genetic rules and biologic calculations and I'll be damned if I can make head or tail out of the whole cussed business, but, at the same time I firmly hold that the human race was created for the primary purpose of taking this trip to Bend and I don't care a heluva sight who knows it."

Marshall N. Dana says the war has been a splendid thing for him. It has added 62 per cent and a fraction to his already long-sided vocabulary.

GRAVES FOR ALL.

With P. C. Graves and W. F. Graves it does look grave, we comprehend. But still, ye editor, he raves: "They are two doggone lively Graves— And, the only Graves in Bend."

Loole Buckley requested especially that his name be mentioned a few times, here and there in the "Jack Rabbit." We smoked one of his cigars and said "all right." Buck said there was another smoke in it on the way home.

"Pop" Hunter of the Rock Island offered to pay us a little for something if he could get a nice write-up in the "Jack Rabbit." We took the small change on suspicion and then he told us that when he was a boy out in the large brush, they used to lead Jack Rabbits by the ears, but the Jacks hung back so they stretched their ears out to the limit and their hind legs dragged behind until they got long and that is why the rabbit looks so well balanced both fore and aft, if what Hunter says is true.

"Bill" Daughtrey heard what Hunter said about Jack Rabbits and he being up pretty well on all sorts of vermin and livestock said that the Jacks always travel in paths and that in the old days the early settlers from the East just followed the tracks blazed by these thoughtful animals and naturally reached the Coast where they built up Oregon.

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WHAT IS DOING IN SOCIETY

"Doc" Emerson gave a "bridge" party in his office yesterday and among those present were Will Knight, George Breitling, Henry Richey and Fred Davis. The refreshments consisted of concrete and amalgam fillings, with a fine set of burglar tools for decorations, chloroform and laughing gas were the favors. The affair was a very pleasant one to the genial host who netted about \$80 for the afternoon. Hence he is with us and has enough to get back home with.

It is quite the fed now to change names as society has observed in recent events over in St. Petersburg. There is some talk in exclusive circles that Otto Mielke and Henry Harek, will visit Petrograd and see if something won't happen to them.

"Far smart set styles this Fall it is vurr-ry, vurr-ry de vigeur to effect modified basque modes," says Leon Hirsch, the Worth and Paquin of the Ad Clubber's special. "In fact I am thinking some of appearing at the dinner this evening in one of the new distinctive Halmacuan weskits. For chilly Bend evenings, the smart thing is a slip-on redingote, as you will note if you watch me on my way from the banquet to my sleeping compartment on board the train."

M. E. Smead wears a wrist watch when he works; it has an alarm clock attachment which wakes him up every afternoon when it is time to quit for the day. He says he wouldn't be without one.

Frank McGriffin has issued invitations for a Thursday afternoon electionary conversatione in which the "con" will be by himself, and if he is in good voice, he will recite "Case On a Hat," in DeWolf Hopper's inimitable style.

Ed Mosher brings the latest society gossip from Pittsburgh in which the ruling passion is to have the hair trimmed so as to make the head look like a Bermuda. Observe Mosher's bean.

At an exclusive little affair over in Altina last Monday evening, Percy Ariett talked the wing off of one chicken and ate the leg off of another.

John F. Carroll attended a little dinner party last week where the decorations were plink gladioli and the piece de resistance was broiled squab. He ate the decorations and wore the hors d'oeuvre off home as a bontoniere.

Dr. E. A. Pierce held a The Dancesant the other afternoon. He was passing the new Orpheum Theatre building and a workman dropped a brick on his toe. "Doc" demonstrated all the latest modern steps; the decorations were in black and blue.

Fred Larson will be the mottif of a very smart al fresco affair, next Wednesday evening when he gets his first load of Winter wood to put in the basement.

Judge Gantenbein had a coming out party last May and expects to give a large going in party in November.

L stands for Larson and also for Lee. Both of 'em deal in publicity; Larson sells land, Lee lots of space—Larsony charges stare both in the face.

M's for McMurray, a prince of a chap. Who sees to it Oregon's right on the map. He's a king among boosters, a wise railroad man And railroads the Ad Club whenever he can.

N stands for Noyes, What all the girls say. When they see Marshall Dana coming their way. The Ad Club Beau Brummel, he always looks well "Oh fudge!" cry the maidens, "Ain't he the swell!"

O stands for Oh! With Poisons and Pills he keeps in condition. Prescriptions for Admen who are seeking to mend Perigrinations to the City of Bend.

P is for Pierce, Portland Physician. With Poisons and Pills he keeps in condition. Prescriptions for Admen who are seeking to mend Perigrinations to the City of Bend.

Robinson hails from Portland too. He's a rosey city booster, His lusty crew would make Crusoe Look like a bantam rooster.

S stands for Hill, which may seem confusing, But Strandberg's the rest of the title he's using. He's well known to fame, and as king of the nuts Is hailed as factotem by the Order of Muts.

T is for truth, to be told in the main. By Commercial Club workers, whenever the strain. Chapman writes ads that sure have the pull Tho' immigrants marvel at Oregon's bull.

U is for all of you Kings of the Coast. Who ever once know you Will love you the most.

V is one quarter the price of your trip; What better investment for making care slip?

W's the initial of a man of double view Who's partially a printer, and an Ad Club booster too, Whitemore, you're a worker; your peers are precious few— What a boon 't would be to Portland if we could double you.

X always represents The quantity unknown; In short, the brains or those Who foolishly stayed home.

You clearly comprehend, of course. The value of Mazuma; Admanager Hoffman does so too, Says "most persistent rumor."

Z's for bright Dean Collins Adversmith not forgotten. If Dean had written those They wouldn't be so rotten!

AN AD CLUB ALPHABET

A is the Ad Club you see And perhaps you have seen hadder But I'd just as lief to be a Bee As to be a Portland Ader.

B's the initial of Charley's last name Glovingly, lovingly, always the same. He's the man with the mustard The kid with the kick, The guy with real gold Wrapped up in his trick, He's the one who put ad in the word "advertisement" And extracted brain food from selling pink ties Glovingly, goingly, always the same name Charley's a booster and Berg is his name

C stands for Clark Who dally grows brighter; Since Bill Hanley got him Bill's troubles are Letter.

D is for David Neither fleshless nor wan With the "Oregon Country" He Mossesohn.

E is the way to start Educator. Among them is Alderman, great of renown. Scholarly facts erupt from his cravat And spread information all over the town.

F, of course, stands for Frank Who accompanies the excursion He says it's money in the bank To share in such diversion.

G is for George Parrish, another physich. A medicine man and full of ambish. Obstetric, gyn'ology's his speciality, so To George with your symptoms you'd better go.

H stands for Hanley Beloved of us all Perhaps he'll be Senator After this Fall.

I do not think among Admen There's any wisdom ripen. Than trickles from the fountain pen Of our own Edgar Piper.

J is for Jimmy Who sells people duds, He's against prohibition And can handle some suds.

Know Joles may not a member be Of Portland's aditorium, But his attentions, seems to me Deserve that commendation.

K is for King, Portland's King of the nuts. He's well known to fame, and as king of the nuts Is hailed as factotem by the Order of Muts.

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Going Up



JIMMY DUNN AT LAST GETS "UPSTAIRS"

Jimmy had a little pet Called "Prices Always Low;" Above a modest height, you bet That pup did never go. When Jimmy came to Bend, alas The raise it was too high, The altitude got Jimmy's pet— The shock caused him to die.

By HARRY RICHEY

Bend, Bend, Bend. Bend if it breaks your back. Bend till you touch your neighbor's hand And never draw your back.

Bend, Bend, Bend. Bend till you touch the shore Of that land of hospitality And leave it nevermore.

Bend, Bend, Bend. Bend till you can see Naught else but the pleasure at your feet Which Bend deals out so free.

Bend, Bend, Bend. Bend till you reach your mark Bend till Bend is bended And we'll all go home in the dark.

But home has lost the flavor It used to have of yore. Since we have all been bending, We want Bend and nothing more.