

# Advertising Feud Is Explained

Difficulties of Portland Papers Entirely Due to Generous Natures of Their Ad Managers

By W. J. Hofman.

I have long desired opportunity to clear my mind of an unjust public opinion directed against me. I have been credited with having attempted to keep the Oregon Daily Journal from obtaining advertising. This is not true. Any words I may have used in addressing advertisers were not, as has been charged, vilifications of the Journal, but merely professionalisms intended to make Messrs. Pitcock and Morden believe I was working my hardest for their Cheap Morning Squeak. As a matter of fact I have labored hard for the Journal. I assumed the awful burden as Chief of the Rotating Rosettes solely that the Journal might make important use of my distinguished name in its important columns and thereby gain standing. If I have put my life's unearned increment into a costly electrical burglar alarm system at my home it was not from fear, but in order that if any friend of the Journal came to see me late at night I would be instantly notified and thus immediately begin to sing the praises of that powerful paper. My well known reputation for sincerity, truth and veracity will I know support this statement.

By THOMAS J. MULLIN.

As I was not called upon to make a speech at Bend I am glad the producer of The Jack Rabbit has invited me to publish without charge, beyond the drinks and cigars for the staff, any thoughts I might have. I thank him for believing that I have any thoughts. As I look retrospectively into the rosiest past I discover that to furnish me an aura of purring contentedness and rely on my conscience I must mention the Oregonian. The duel between W. J. Hofman and myself was not because I wanted all the county advertising but because I wanted him to have all of it, and he insisted upon dividing. I realize now that I should have been more generous. I found myself thrusting out my jaw to a prominent angle, letting my ordinarily mild blue eyes blaze menacingly, and saying such nasty things as that he should know better than to try to impoverish his splendid publication by diverting all the really cash business to the paper colloquially known as the Evening Disease which I represent. So far as I am concerned there is the best of feeling between us and Fred Johnson has agreed to arbitrate any more of our friendly differences, taking as fee any business that may be in dispute for the Telegram, sometimes wrongfully called the Portland Josh.



THE GUY WHO STAYED AT HOME

colic, ringworm and pip." "Stay here a while and it will do your liver good." "After six weeks you won't need a liver. You can feed it to the dog." "I know one guy who gained ten pounds just riding through town—he came in to buy groceries." "The death rate in Bend is so small that the undertaker started to death and there was nobody to bury him; so he dried up and the wind blew him away." "Never had an epidemic in town since Frank McCrillis brought the first Ford here; now everybody has 'em, but they don't last long." "Finest fishing in the world right here in Bend; have to lock the doors every night to keep the trout from sneaking in the house and eating up the children."

Doc. Breittling said the same thing and didn't give us any cigar or offer to buy us a drink, so Doc's name will not appear in our valuable paper.

Leote Hamig had a stomach ache last week, but he doctored it up in time to eat anything our hosts may have to offer in the way of sustenance.

## PORTLAND PAPERS COMBINE IN RESTRAINT OF WAR NEWS

(Special to the Jackrabbit.)

PORTLAND, Sept. 6.—For the convenience of their readers the Portland papers have adopted a standard form for battle news from Europe. It will be altered in each edition to suit the desires of readers.

"Paris, or Brussels, or Berlin, (as the case may be).—Another notable victory over the enemy was scored by a French (or Belgian or German) infantry regiment at a point somewhere between Iceland and Sicily. Our troops were outnumbered four to one, but our guns carried four times as far as the enemy's artillery and fired four times as fast. They retired with a loss of six thousand men. Our own losses are three men killed and seven wounded, owing entirely to revolting treachery on the part of the enemy. After a desperate encounter the country was cleared of the enemy. Prisoners report that the enemy has no stomach for fighting. Bridges thrown across the river were repeatedly shattered by our artillery. This makes our victory over the enemy twenty miles this side of the river all the more remarkable. Maneuvering skillfully between a mountain and a river, both of which we assure our readers, are to be found in any respectable atlas, our men made repeated charges through the corn-fields and well beyond into the vineyards which recur at regular intervals between Rotterdam and Lisbon. Similar victories are reported from along the entire front, which we can go so far as to say is facing the enemy without venturing to specify where the enemy is."

The forenoon cruise taken by the newspaper men was conducted by an old sea salt named "Barney Oldfield" Ferrell, sometimes called "Doc"—no relation to Yak. Barney had many opportunities to drum up business for himself by smearing up old women and children walking along the dusty road but he never hit anything. In fact he controlled his highly courteous and sociable donkey engine with great finesse. As a result, the boys were enabled to enjoy the scenery and absorb the five or six cold bottles which George Palmer Putnam had thoughtfully concealed in the tonneau before starting out. "Doc" got lost several times but it turned out luckily, after all, because he was able to succor seven straggling Ad Clubbers, with one or two bottles, after they had walked about eleven miles following a sad accident in which their tubercular gas burner coughed a couple of times, curled up and died on the side of a hill. "Doc" and C. S. Hudson, the bank chauffeur, brought the derelicts back to civilization and the boys expect to memorialize Congress with a petition urging that "Doc" be brevetted with the title of Colonel of the Donkey-engine Fusiliers.

"BILL" CAN "SHUFF" SOME. "Billy" Staats drove the newspapermen home from the Tumalo Project in his little old left-handed, animated cock-roach and he certainly knows how to "shuff." His speedometer locks at 360 miles an hour as the boys didn't know just how fast they came in but Wrecks Lappman said it would sure make the lightning sore to see "Bill" in action. That little stump-puller of his grubbed out about seven acres of yellow pine stumps, cleared a quarter section of juniper roots, stacked 18 or 20 sling loads of lumber down in the yards, scattered a six-carload over the landscape and scattered the Deschutes river out of its bed only because he had to throw her into the intermediate to make the hill. After dropping the boys off at the "Jackrabbit" office, "Bill" apologized for the bad condition of the roads which prevented him from letting her out.

HEARD ON TODAY'S TRIP. "Ain't the air great?" "Great country for asthma, teber-

## FINANCIAL COLUMN

H. W. Metzger reads his bible every night before retiring. Last night he discovered an overdraft of \$5.

"Bill" Adams came to Bend with all the lead nickels and plugged dimes he has taken in since he was elected to office. He expects to unload the junk on local merchants who are hereby warned to look out for a large upholstered gent with a heavy overhang well-lined with coin.

Charlie Berg tipped the porter four bits and the smoke came back and kicked and said the half dollar didn't have no hawk on one side. Berg took the 50 cents back and gave the dime two lead quarters.

H. J. Blesinger runs a large poultry ranch out near Rose City Park. He has 60 chickens and only gets 60 eggs a day. The other chicken is his bookkeeper.

Foreign exchange is still uncertain. Fred Larson traded a suburban lot last week to Gus Kuhn for a suit of cloths.

After L. H. Wheeler had acquired several cool millions he suddenly started to burn them up buying a newspaper.

O. C. Bortzmeier says his bank is receiving sugar, hams, bacon and imported cheese as deposits in the savings department, just like real money, and is getting rich at it.

"Chet" Whitmore tried to get several of the boys into a poker game during the trip so as to defray his expenses for the junket. He had very little success and it is understood



JETER FOGG SAYS

I WOULD OF COME IF I HADN'T SET IN A LITTLE GAME O' DOMINOES LAST NIGHT.

that he has already borrowed \$50 which the porter made in tips off of Walter Kich, George Lee, Bob Atkinson and Walter Guild.

Emery Olmstead who got crazy with the heat when he was elected to the Board of Governors of the 1915 Rose Festival and gave the Board about \$1,000 worth of office rent for nothing, has been sent out to Bend by the owners of the building so as to let the cool, invigorating air blow across his brow and bring him back to normal. He executed another coup de mazuma just before leaving home. He extracted the \$20 for the excursion out of the safe while the directors were out to lunch and then asked the board to declare a moratorium. This will enable Emery to hold out the "twenty" till he gets his next pay check.

"Considering everything, the financial situation looks very much all right," declared Banker Olmstead to the financial editor. "I hope to report the situation even more promising after I have gotten a little better acquainted with 'Doc' Coe and some of the other easy financial marks in Bend."

"Bob" Schmeier is not so German as his name looks. He will take any kind of money just so it draws interest, war or no war.

Judge "Bill" Colvig, the dirt expert of the Southern Pacific is ready to fight at the drop of the hat, on either side and at a moment's notice. He prefers to take on the two guys that got on each side of his berth in the sleeper last night and snored in all modern languages all the way from the mouth of the Deschutes to the yard limits of Bend.

Jimmie Dunn hasn't said much about where he stands in the great struggle on the other side of the big drink. "War is nothing but a shell game, according to all reports I have read," he remarked wearily, last night as he drew on his mauve pajamas.

Otto Metchan, a charity inmate at the Imperial Hotel, was asked to contribute something to the relief of suffering citizens of Paris, by the National Red Cross Society and he at once sent four tons of Paris green by parcel post, prepaid, and announced that if any more was needed he knew where he could get it and advised the Red Cross people to spare no expense to see that the proper people got the stuff.

Dave Mossesohn says he is ready to rally to the colors as soon as he can get some made. He says there are none in stock just now but he understands the United States Treasury is about to issue another large supply of his national flags.

Harvey O'Bryan has asked the neutral powers for an old age pension, his young son Ernest having saved a human life, and Harvey has talked himself to permanent total disability about it.

Julius Meier and Aaron Frank are sore because they are not in Paris at the present moment. "I consider there is the best place in the world for holding one of our ever-popular 'Removal Sales,'" explained Julius bling off another finger-nail.

"Doc" Emerson, M. L. Bowman, H. G. Whip and N. A. Hoese are greatly elated over one of the peculiar turns the war has taken. It has developed that when the nations at war called for reserves, nearly all the opera stars and musical artists were included and that removes so much competition that there will be

a chance to pick up a little more loose change over here. The boys have therefore worked out the following new scale of prices for all musical entertainments in the future. Solos advanced from nothing to 50. Duets advanced from nothing to 80. Quartettes advanced from nothing to 150. Encores, one verse, solo advanced from nothing to 20. Encores, two verses, solo advanced from nothing to 30. Encores, one verse, quartettes, solo advanced from nothing to 90. Encores, 2 verses, solo, advanced from nothing to 180. The old scale will apply while the boys are in Bend, but not elsewhere. W. J. Hofman is getting light and bald-headed trying to find some excuse for raising advertising rates during the war but he says it is an excuse (deleted by censor) to get anybody to advertise in the Oregonian that he is afraid to take the chance.

**Painless Parker**  
 PEERLESS PEDDLER OF  
 PEBBLED PUFFLE  
 Persistent Puller of Pesky  
 Prouns.  
 Paining Portland Populace  
 With His Persistent Presence  
 at Present, but Willing to  
 Pursue the Patriotic  
 Pence and Filthy Phenig  
 any Place this Side of Purgatory.

**For Sale**  
 Marvelous, unprecedented,  
 splendid, entrancing, fascinat-  
 ing, startling, dabbargasting  
 bargains.  
 ONE BREWERY by L. H. Hamig  
 ONE CITY HALL by O. C. Bortzmeier  
 ONE GOLD MEDAL by Harvey O'Bryan  
 ONE HANG-OVER by E. S. Higgins  
 ONE JAY BOWERSMAN, brother-in-law, by E. A. Pierce  
 ONE RAILROAD SYSTEM by William Erin McMurray  
 ONE EMPORIACAL STORE by Aaron Frank and R. D. Carpenter  
 ONE CABBAGE CROP suitable for Havana manufacture by Charles H. Hill  
 ONE MAMMOTH TRAINED BULL, trained by O. M. Plummer, by William H. Daughtrey.



The editors desire to apologize for the way the above cut is drawn. Those guys up on the table are doubled up like a mess of green cucumbers or sour apples and the drawing was made before the Portlanders had had a chance to stick their feet under the various festal boards scattered all around Crook county from

## DOC WITHYCOMBE IN RECEPTIVE MOOD

Says Smith Lured Him But to No Avail.

Doc. Withycombe was on the station platform this morning when the Portland-Bender train whistled in. As he shook hands all around, constituting himself a moving reception line and welcoming them all to "his city," it was the general conclusion that he had come to stay, but suddenly he swung aboard the down-bound train.

"Doc, aint you goin' to stay?" wept the excursionists. "Sash, hist, halt, listen," he expostorated mysteriously. "I got in ahead of Doc. Smith. He found me here. He invited me to get in his car and ride down through the country with me. I knew he had treacherous designs upon my campaign, so I gave him a judas kiss and left. While he was putting in his time at the Alphonse-Gaston turn I was sewing all the crooked votes of Crook and Bend in my sack and now I'm on my way." (Paid Adv. by C. C. Chapman.)

## DOC SMITH SHELLS OUT FOR PUBLICITY

Democratic Candidate Says Coyotes are Menace.

Dr. C. J. Smith, who is a candidate for governor temporarily residing in Bend, has requested the editor in chief to give him a little space.

"You'd better be careful about going to Sisters," quoth the doc-guy. "I was over there last night and they told me there were a lot of dangerous coyotes killing the bears and bulls whether from Portland or the stockyards."

"But we observe you got back unheated," came the witty retort from the cub reporter.

Just then a youngster came parading by proudly dragging the dead body of a coyote.

"Yes, and you see what I did to 'em," exclaimed the former president of the Pendleton school board and the state board of health as quick as a flash, or, at least, he says it was quick as a flash. "And that," he continued, quoting himself, "is how all my opponents will look after election." (Paid Advertisement by C. J. Smith.)

## AUTOMOBILE COLUMN

"BARNEY OLDFIELD" AT THE TILLER

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## The Jackrabbit's Friend



Because the Jack Rabbit is the only fair, square and unbesmirched paper in the world occasion is taken to forward the claims of William Hanley for United States Senator. (We have only called him William since he ran for office.) He is a farmer among farmers. In fact while he is among them he knows how to make them work. He can sit down in a settler's cabin, just as common as anyone, and eat while talking, all the food on the table. He has slept under every juniper bush and knows every Jack rabbit by his first name. If he spends his time in the city it is not because he is fascinated by the glitter of the Third street lights, nor because he needs to increase his city acquaintance, any more than his Central Oregon, but because it's so blamed cloudy in town he doesn't know when to start away. It is unnecessary to state that Bill hates artificiality. He has never indulged in anything so artificial as a watch. He keeps time by the good old Central Oregon sun and when the sun doesn't shine—how can he keep his appointments? Put him in the United States Senate and he will not run by the capitol clock either. He will be always on the job. If any of us want anything he will get it and send it to us. He will transport his ranch home to Washington so all his old friends can drop in any time. He's not going to forget how to smile nor shake hands and he's for the use of natural resources. Be for him as he is both for you and himself. (Unpaid advertisement—Not signed by A. J. Moore nor written by O. Clark Leiter.)

## SAY, YOU MUTS

Don't Forget the Big Show in the Dark Woods at Noon Today.  
 Bend's Foremost Citizens Will Be Initiated.  
 The Torture Chamber is Ready.  
 Death Will Be Made as Easy as Possible.  
 Special Announcement  
 Judge William M. Colvig Will Confer  
 "THE DEGREE OF EQUALITY"  
 Watch Out For The Big  
 "SIGN OF THE DOUBLE CROSS"  
 And all other parts of the Third Degree.  
 All Portland Muts who have not taken the "Works" Will be put through with the Bend Bunch.  
 These are Official Orders and Must be Obeyed.  
 By order of  
 BILL STRANDBORG,  
 The Big Mut.

**WE BUILD  
 Railroads and Lumber Mills  
 on Short Notice**  
 SATISFACTION GUARANTEED. We have constructed more railroads and mills than all our competitors in Central Oregon.  
**THE BEND BULLETIN**