

# Our Soundest Savings Bank

The following article, written by G. P. Putnam, of Bend, secretary to Governor Withycombe, appeared in the National Sunday Magazine, of May 14. The magazine is the Sunday feature of about 20 of the largest newspapers in the east, and as has a combined circulation of over 3,000,000 copies the publicity value of the references to this country are evident.

### The Best Saving Bank.

The warden of a western penitentiary recently checked over a list of crimes charged to the inmates of his institution. He found that money-hunger got 75 per cent of the prisoners in trouble.

Being a common-sense sort of man, he went directly to the convicts, asking them questions like these: "Have you ever saved any money? Did you ever try to build up a bank account? Did you ever own property?"

Nearly all the men maintained that at times they had accumulated something. About one half boasted having been bank depositors—including several accomplished bank robbers. But out of the four hundred odd prisoners queried, less than fifty had ever purchased property.

These men, whom money hunger had lodged behind prison bars, lacked the foresight (often too, the opportunity) to insure their future by banking upon the fundamental asset of American progress—land.

But for that matter there are hundreds of thousands of competent men and women, with records clear as sunshine and honesty everlasting, who plod along totally oblivious of the axiom—the law of rising land values—and of the opportunities for legitimate profit which it offers them. The rainy days may approach, but so long as a patch of blue sky shows overhead, they ignore the umbrella bargains. And when the down pour comes (as it does at times in all our lives) they're distressed to find others have snatched up the best bargains and they must take the culls or pay double prices.

Today from the very nature of things, it is in the regions where people are fewest where the rainy day investment offerings appeal most to those who have eyes to see and intelligence to foresee. Where population is scantiest now, the comparative growth of the next decade will be most notable—and the opportunities proportionate. And, of course, that means our West, which hasn't yet been tapped, comparatively speaking.

Take the seven northwestern states for example—the Dakotas, Montana, Wyoming, Idaho, Washington and Oregon. In 1910 their average population was 6.8 persons to the square mile. Washington is the "crowded" state of the group, with 17.1 citizens to each square mile, while Wyoming granting the space occupied by Yellowstone Park, averages only one and a half persons to each of its 97,594 square miles. And, just for comparison's sake, think of Massachusetts with four hundred and eighteen persons living together in prosperous plenty on a similar area, or New Jersey with three hundred and thirty-seven.

Further, the population-to-area-figures of these northwestern states are twice as large for 1910 as they were for 1900. Just as the actual proportionate increase in population has been greater since 1900 than it was from 1890 to 1900. And it is getting greater all the time. The West is speeding up miraculously.

What accounts for this ever-increasing ratio of growth? Why does the proportionate gain of the western country each year grow greater?

Once, whirling across the wheat lands of the Dakotas, I put those questions to the president of the transcontinental railway upon whose observation car we rode. "Transportation—better, quicker transportation," said he. "That's the answer. Just look at the new cities along the line of any western road and see it yourself. In the old railroad days this northwest country was a couple of thousand miles from the population centers and the markets. Compared with conditions

then, everything from Dakota to Oregon is now next door to Chicago and New York. Modern transportation has shrunk this old continent ten fold. It's a day or two as against a month or two, and fifty dollars goes further than did \$500 when we were served by mule teams instead of moguls. In the matter of getting returns, the new transcontinentals, bigger, faster locomotives, finer passenger equipment, improved road beds—everything that spells progress in transportation, means miracles in the upbuilding of the modern west. It's because all this is happening so quickly that the country is now coming into her own as never before—it's being discovered."

Nor is there the slightest doubt that shortly most of the railroads of the West, where legions of potential waterpower are wasting away to the sea unused, will glean their motive power from the streams along their right of way. This new epoch, now dawning, marks another stupendous stride in western development, for it spells unparalleled efficiency and economy in transportation which in turn mean vastly enlarged and improved service for all the Westland. And such development brings with it new plowed fields and homes and mines and manufacturing plants, and more and bigger towns and—always a greater demand and a greater legitimate value for the land upon which must be built the homes and factories and cities.

Follow, for instance, one of the northerly transcontinental railways. You'll see wheat in the Dakotas until your eyes ache; cattle and sheep and mines in Montana and Idaho, not to mention a great many other things which go to making cities; timber, farm and fruit lands and limitless waterpower, fisheries and deep sea harbors in Washington and Oregon, until you wonder how it happens that so many people are grovelling about "lookin' for a chance."

True enough, it isn't a get-rich-quick country. Not by any means. Success depends upon the individual. Just as it always does. The old, old four-lettered word w-o-o-r-k is the key to prosperity in the modern West, as it is most everywhere else. But somehow in the sunset country it's a trifle easier to pick the lock of Dame Fortune's treasure house, because there are fewer folk on the job and better tools to work with.

The good old days in the West are just as good as they ever were. In fact, they are better. The wild and woolly trimmings of auld lang syne have disappeared except upon the moving picture screen, and with them to a great degree, have gone the bonanza features of the fifties in California and the seventies in the Northwest. But whoever entertains the notion that the red blood has ebbed from the veins of the Westland, and that its opportunities are less numerous and less potential than of yore, should shake the cobwebs from his brain, cast off his blue spectacles and essay a continental trip. Seeing, he will believe.

A very few years ago there was in Central Oregon, for instance, the largest area in the United States without a railroad. Most of New England could have been dropped into it without making a ripple. It was a great big bottled empire. For all the good it was doing itself and the rest of the country it might as well have been in Tibet—industrially it was stagnant. Then the railroads came. The two greatest systems in the West raced each up a hundred-mile long canyon which opened the way to the hinterland. After twenty years of very watchful waiting they threw twenty million dollars into the fight in less than two years. And at the end of the twenty four months they had two first class railroads built into the heart of that neglected land.

Picturesque? It was indeed! That road building episode goes down in history as the merriest bit of spectacular constructive railroading recorded in all the rich annals of the profession. And that was only five years ago!

Also it was instructive from an

economic standpoint. Where the terminal of those roads is today a few years ago there was an unpopulated waste. The greatest power producing stream in the Northwest idled past, totally undeveloped. The largest body of western white pine in the world extended to the south and west, undisturbed. Enough farmland to build a metropolis lay unproductive. And now? Well, the terminus is a city—a real sure-enough city, growing like a rolling snowball. The stream is harnessed. Hundreds of carloads of lumber and byproducts are shipped from the mills. The sage brush ranges are transforming into grain fields, and the magic hand of irrigation is causing scores of blades of grass to grow where none grew before.

It is a typical new city, and therefore worth consideration. There are many like it where the railroads have come and are coming, and they all bear watching. Mind you, a community such as this isn't a boom town. It isn't a balloon which will collapse at a pin prick of adversity. On the contrary, it—and a hundred like it—is founded firmly and is sure to grow as its adjacent resources are developed and it shares the benefits of the population increase inevitable throughout the West.

"Be American First," is every bit as good a slogan as "See America First," declare the men who are making the West today. And they add that a prime good way to be a real American and to profit properly by it is to spend some of our Yankee dollars, whether we can spare few or many, out into the big growing Westland where dollars do double duty and by the same token bring double return. They argue that although we may not be able to follow Horace Greeley's advice and grow up with the west country, we can at least investigate the feasibility of sending our currency westerly to do the growing.

"When all is said," remarked my friends the railroad president, as the through car reached tidewater on Puget Sound, "thrift is the keynote of success—thrift coupled with ability to utilize the fruits of thriftiness. It's investing which counts quite as much as saving. To my mind investments in land are the soundest in the world, and the most profitable if they are in growing communities. And when it comes to growth . . . he smiled as he thought of his own two thousand miles of road which began from nothing at all but the determination of a young man who believed he could see ahead . . . "why, when it comes to that the West is the one best bet!"

When you buy a sack of outside flour you hinder the development of Central Oregon's farm resources. Make it a practice to buy the home product. Every sack guaranteed, adv.

Clean up and paint up. See Edwards.—Adv.

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**She Told Her Neighbor.**  
"I told a neighbor whose child had croup about Foley's Honey and Tar," writes Mrs. Rehkamp, 2404 Herman street, Covington, Ky. "When she gave it a couple of doses she was so pleased with the change she didn't know what to say." This reliable remedy helps coughs, colds, croup and whooping cough. Sold everywhere.—Adv.



FRANK WARREN

Portland, Oregon (Special).—"The paramount question before the coming Republican National Convention at Chicago is 'Who can lead the Republican Party to Certain Victory in November?'" says Frank M. Warren, of this city, who has filed as a candidate for Delegate-at-Large from Oregon to the convention.

Few, if any, of the young men of Oregon are more widely or more favorably known than Frank Warren. Although like many of the delegates already chosen from other States he has not been active in national politics heretofore, he does represent that "new blood" which promises to bring about a healthy reorganization of the Republican party, and restate it in power next November. While he has not heretofore striven for political honors he has shown his readiness to be of public service by his good work on the Oregon State Fish and Game Commission.

Before leaving for the East on a business trip, Mr. Warren gave his views on the Republican situation briefly, saying: "The Republican Convention must name a man who will have the instant and nation-wide approval of the people, and if the convention will take that consideration as its sole guide, it can make no mistake. I hope to have the honor of being a member of the Oregon delegation, and if I am elected in the forthcoming primaries, the Oregon voters can feel assured that my vote will be cast for the best interests of the nation, of the people of Oregon and of the Republican party."

—Pol. Adv.

**SUNG AT PRINEVILLE.**  
The following verses were sung at the Prineville meeting last week to the tune of "Reuben:"  
"Redmond, Sisters, Terrebonne and Bend  
What a fine world this would be  
If the quarreling, snarling would end  
And we worked for Harmony.  
"La Pine, Powell Butte, Tumalo, Sisters.  
If we'd thiek together stand  
Work until we all had blisters  
We could grow to beat the band."



My motto is "Economy and Equal Assessment for All." If I am nominated and elected I will make an earnest, honest effort to conduct the assessor's office as it should be, and in a manner indicated by this motto. paid adv. R. D. KETCHUM.

No waiting at the Metropolitan for that shave or hair cut. Four chairs now ready.—Adv.

For sign painting see Edwards.—Adv.



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# Frank M. Warren

OF MULTNOMAH COUNTY

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to the  
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—Pol. Adv.

# National Defense and International Peace

## What the Engineers are Doing

THIRTY thousand American engineers are making a card index survey of American industry so that it may be prepared for its vital part in defending the Country, if need comes.

The past eighteen months have taught us here in America what lack of industrial preparedness has meant to some of the countries now at war. These nations had the ships and they had the men; but when the hour struck, their factories were not able to furnish the colors with arms and shells and powder. Their factories were not prepared. And our factories are not prepared.

But it is not enough to draw a moral. In the United States five great Engineering Societies—Civil, Mining, Mechanical, Electrical and Chemical—have pledged their services to the Government of the United States, and are already working hand in hand with the Government to prepare industry for the national defense. They receive no pay and will accept no pay. All they seek is opportunity to serve their country, that she may have her industries mobilized for defense.

All elements of the nation's life—the manufacturers, the business men, and the workmen—should support this patriotic and democratic work of the engineers, and assist them cheerfully when asked. There can be no better national insurance against war.

The Associated Advertising Clubs of the World, representing all advertising interests have offered their free and hearty service to the President of the United States, in close co-operation with these five Engineering Societies, to the end that the Country may know what the engineers are doing. The President has accepted the offer. The Engineers have welcomed the co-operation.

This advertisement, published without cost to the United States, is the first in a nation-wide series to call the country to the duty of co-operating promptly and fully with the Engineers.

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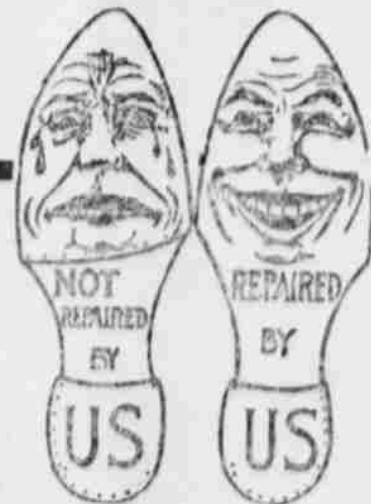
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