

Hard Luck

By S. O. S.

Did you ever start out
'Bout four o'clock on
A bright, beautiful
June morning
And believe that you
Were going to have
Great luck that day
And when you were out
About thirty miles you
Had a blowout, and it
Took you half an hour
To fix it, and you
Started again, and
When about ten miles
Further, you hit
A high center, and it
Took you an hour in
Which you did a lot of work
And other things that help
A lot especially if there
Are no ladies present,
And after you got on your
Way again you had another
Blowout and you had to do
It all over again, but
You fixed that all up
And got to the place
Where you were going
To fish, and you found
You had left your fly
Book at home in the coat
That you decided you wouldn't
Wear, and you waited for a
Friend to come along who
Loaned you a few he did
Expect to use, and you
Got started, and you saw
A pretty hole across the
River and you thought
That you would like to try
That one, and so you walked
Up the stream to where a
Log had fallen across and
You got about half way
Over and your foot slipped
And you fell in up to your
Neck, and the wind was
Blowing a little and when
You got out you were about
Froze, but you kept on
Just the same and you cast
Your fly into that hole and
Got a strike and played with
The unknown quantity for
Twenty minutes all excited and
Full of expectancy when
Your foot slipped and you
Jerked a little too hard
And your leader snapped,
And you cursed and thought
What a big one that must
Have been and how you were
Going to have to tell the
Boys about the 22-incher
You lost and you knew they'd laugh
At you, but you didn't care,
And then you rigged your pole
Again and re-crossed the river
And thought you'd stay there,
And you fished and fished and
It just seemed as if the fish
Had a grudge against you that day
But you just kept on,
And soon came to a brushy place
Where the water runs so deep
And smooth and you just
Felt in your bones that
If there wasn't a big one
There, well, there just wasn't
Any anywhere, so you tossed
In your fly and got a strike and
You came up with the strength
Of ten, because your heart
Was throbbing and your fly

Got caught away up in the next
To the top branch of a small
Aggravatingly thickly
Populated pine and you knew
That you had only two flies
Left and had to be sparing
About the way you destroyed
Them, so you climbed up and
Got all tired out in rescuing
That Blue Upright, and when
You got down you found
That your rod had fallen in the
Water and floated down about
One hundred yards with all the
Line run out and you had to
Get in that water about ten
Degrees above freezing to
Get it and then had to reel
Up 33 1/2 yards of line
And when you had done this
You had spoiled all the
Fishing in that hole
Because you had to splash
Around, but you tried to
Collect yourself and your
Belongings, and thought
That this tough luck
Couldn't last long
So you beat it up the
Stream and came to an
Open stretch which made
You feel good, so you
Cast in and, again, and
Again, and your hook
Caught mid-stream under
A rock or something.
Else and you thought
About that one fly you
Had left and you knew
You must not break this
One and you tied your rod
To a tree and waded out and
Got wet again and before you
Got to the rock which held
The hook the hook got
Loose and you waded back and
The line became tangled, and
About this time it became
Cloudy and began to rain
And you got soaking wet to
The skin and didn't have a
Fish and there was no shelter
And your lunch was all wet
And the matches you thought
You put in a water-proof box
Wouldn't strike, and you
Were stiff and cold and tired
And felt mean and didn't care
Just then whether you ever
Saw a fish and you felt like
Cussing everything that
Looked like fishing, and the
Fellows you went out with
Were two miles ahead of you
And had a good catch, so you
Started back and a nail worked
Up in your shoe and kept
Aggravating you the more you
Walked, and you sat down
And tried to pull it out, but
Couldn't, and finally you
Reached your automobile and it
Was just 1 o'clock and you
Found you hadn't put up the top
Of your machine and everything
In it was drenched and you just
Crawled under the car like
A shepherd dog does and
Said most unpleasant things about
Everybody and everything and
Swore to yourself that you were
Off fishing for keeps—well
If you've experienced these
You've had some hard luck.

WANTS COMPANY HERE

(From Saturday's Daily.)
Harry Shoults, who has recently
arrived in Bend from Minneapolis,
is anxious to find national guards-
men here with whom he can form a
company. Mr. Shoults is a cement

Auto is Fisherman's Beast of Burden Now



The growing numbers of automo-
biles in this locality is going to do
much to popularize the streams and
lakes of Central Oregon. Delightful
fishing grounds are now reached
within a few hours from Bend with
the use of the automobile. Previ-
ously these spots were not available
to lovers of the rod and line pastime
owing to the slow facilities for travel.
Now, it is out in the morning, a
day's good fishing and return early
in the evening, if desired.

A Few Hours' Catch on the Metolius



One day last August, Ralph Poin-
dexter was obsessed with the bee.
The weather was fine, and Poin-
dexter believes himself a fairly good
prophet when it comes to weather
and good fishing. So he conscripted
Joe McKay, who was visiting with

him that day, and called across the
street to Ray Lamberson and the
trio went over on the Metolius. The
above illustration shows the hatch
they got with only a few hours' pleas-
ure. Poindexter says that along with
other things, the Metolius Rainbow
have a "kick in them."

worker by trade and at present is
in the employ of Frank Miller. He
served on the border as a member
of Company L, First Minnesota.

When a resident of Oregon several
years ago, Mr. Shoults was a member
of the Third company of coast artil-
lery at Eugene.

See J. Ryan & Co., for farm land
loans.—Adv.

SWIFT ESTABLISHES A BANK AT CRANE, OR.

(From Thursday's Daily.)

In connection with their recent
purchase of an interest in the Cen-
tral Oregon Bank, of Bend, the fol-
lowing report of the establishment
by Carleton B. Swift and associates
of a state bank at Crane is of inter-
here.

The report is taken from the

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THE GOOD JUDGE MEETS A DISCONTENTED WESTERN MAN



NEIGHBOR, YOU LOOK AS IF YOU HAD LOST YOUR LAST FRIEND—ANYTHING I CAN DO FOR YOU?
LOST MY LAST AND BEST FRIEND! THAT WAS A POUCH OF W-B CUT TOBACCO. YOU KNOW A LITTLE CHEW LASTS AND CONTENTS A MAN.
IF HE GETS A CHEW OF W-B TOBACCO, IT'S CERTAINLY GOING TO GET ONE TOO.

WHO is there that's got the heart to refuse a man a little chew from his pouch of W-B CUT Chewing—especially if he's a gentlemanly fellow who would appreciate rich tobacco? Once a man gets used to real tobacco, it goes mighty hard with him to swing back to the ordinary over sweetened kind. W-B has cut in two the amount he tucks away in his cheek.

Made by WEYMAN-BRUTON COMPANY, 1107 Broadway, New York City

Crane American, and is as follows:

"Carleton B. Swift arrived from
Portland Wednesday and is in the
city negotiating for town lots and a
building preparatory to establishing
a state bank in Crane. Although
not prepared to give out definite in-
formation as to where the bank build-
ing will be located, and the date
fixed for throwing open the doors
to the public, Mr. Swift gives the as-
surance that steps will be taken at
once to consummate the establish-
ment of a bank.

"In February articles of incorpo-
ration were filed at the county seat
authorizing a state bank at Crane,
with Carleton B. Swift, W. P. Dickey
and E. W. Rumble as the incorpora-
tors. The appearance of Mr. Swift
at this time is to carry out the in-
tention of the incorporators and add
another enterprise to Crane, the ben-
efits and impetus to business activity
to be far reaching."

RED MEN TO MEET.

Members of the Improved Order
of Red Men will hereafter hold their
regular weekly meetings on Satur-
day evening in the Labor Temple.

VISITORS HERE

(From Monday's Daily.)

Because so many of their mem-
bers were to be in attendance on the
meeting of the county court to be
held here today the Redmond Com-
mercial club voted at its meeting last
week to hold their meeting today at
the Pilot Butte Inn in Bend. Accord-
ingly Redmond men to the num-
ber of 12 were present at luncheon
this noon, while at an adjoining table
an equal number of Tumalo resi-
dents were seated.

For sign painting see Edwards.—
Adv.

See Edwards for good house paint-
ing.—Adv.

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IF YOU TOIL FOR A LIVING READ THIS:

Do you know that the State of Oregon has spent approximately half a million dollars in reclaiming several thousands of acres of the best land in Deschutes county, so that YOU may have a place to call home, and at the same time be independent of boss or landlord?

There is absolutely no guesswork as to the value of these lands. Loan companies are right now making loans on lands in this project, and placing a value of \$75.00 per acre thereon. This means that every acre which carries a water right is actually worth \$100.

The State of Oregon is today offering 40, 80 or 160 acres at \$40 per acre for land that is irrigated; one-tenth down, the balance spread over 20 years, and with two full crop years coming between the first and second payments.

COME TODAY and make application. I assure you that the offer cannot long remain open, for the lands to be sold this year will soon be taken.

JUST THINK! First class IRRIGATED LAND, seven to ten miles from Bend, for \$40.00 per acre. This is an opportunity that will present itself only once in a lifetime.

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