

# Beasley's Christmas Party

By BOOTH TARKINGTON

The maple-bordered street was as still as a country Sunday; so quiet that there seemed an echo to my footsteps. It was four o'clock in the morning; clear October moonlight misted through the thinning foliage to the shadowy sidewalk and lay like a transparent silver fog upon the house of my admiration, as I strode along, returning from my first night's work on the Wainwright Morning Despatch.

I had already marked that house as the finest (to my taste) in Wainwright, though hitherto, on my excursions to this metropolis, the state capital, I was not without a certain native jealousy that Spencerville, the county-seat where I lived, had nothing so good. Now, however, I approached its purlieus with a pleasure in it quite unalloyed, for I was at last myself a resident (albeit of only one day's standing) of Wainwright, and the house—though I had not even an idea who lived there—part of my possessions as a citizen. Moreover, I might enjoy the warmer pride of a next-door neighbor, for Mrs. Apperthwaite, where I had taken a room, was just beyond.

This was the quietest part of Wainwright; business stopped short of it, and the "fashionable residence section" had overlapped this "forgotten backwater," leaving it undisturbed and unchanging, with that look about it which is the quality of few urban quarters, and eventually of none, as a town grows to be a city—the look of still being a neighborhood. This friendliness of appearance was largely the emanation of the homely and beautiful house which so greatly pleased my fancy.

It might be difficult to say why I thought it the "finest" house in Wainwright, for a simpler structure would be hard to imagine; it was merely a big, old-fashioned brick house, painted brown and very plain, set well away from the street among some splendid forest trees, with a fair spread of flat lawn. But it gave back a great deal for your glance, just as some people do. It was a large house, as I say, yet it looked not like a mansion but like a home; and made you wish that you lived in it. Or, driving by, of an evening, you would have liked to stop your car and go in; it spoke so surely of hearty, old-fashioned people living there, who would welcome you merrily.

It looked like a house where there were a grandfather and a grandmother; where holidays were warmly kept; where there were boisterous family reunions to which uncles and aunts, who had been born there, would return from no matter what distances; a house where big turkeys would be on the table often; where one called "the hired man," and named either Abner or Ole) and cracked walnuts upon a flatiron clutched between his knees on the back porch; it looked like a house where they played charades; where there would be long streamers of evergreen and dozens of wreaths of holly at Christmas time; where there were tearful, happy weddings and great throwings of rice after little brides, from the broad front steps; in a word, it was the sort of a house to make the hearts of spinners and bachelors very lonely and wistful—and that is about as near as I can come to my reason for thinking it the finest house in Wainwright.

The moon hung kindly above its level door in the silence of that October morning, as I checked my gait to loiter along the picket fence; but suddenly the house showed a light of its own. The spurt of a match took my eye to one of the upper windows, then a stender glow of orange told me that a lamp was lighted. The window was opened, and a man looked out and whistled loudly.

I stopped, thinking he meant to attract my attention; that something might be wrong; that perhaps someone was needed to go for a doctor. My mistake was immediately evident, however; I stood in the shadow of the trees bordering the sidewalk, and the man at the window had not seen me. "Boy! Boy!" he called, softly. "Where are you, Simpledoria?"

He leaned from the window, looking downward. "Why, there you are!" he exclaimed, and turned to address some invisible person within the room. "He's right there underneath the window. I'll bring him up." He leaned out again. "Wait there, Simpledoria!" he called. "I'll be down in a jiffy and let you in."

Puzzled, I stared at the vacant lawn before me. The clear moonlight revealed it brightly, and it was empty of any living presence; there were no bushes nor shrubberies—nor even shadows—that could have been mistaken for a boy. If "Simpledoria" was a boy. There was no dog in sight;

there was no cat; there was nothing beneath the window except thick, close-cropped grass.

A light shone in the hallway behind the broad front door; one of these was opened, and revealed in silhouette the tall, thin figure of a man in a long, old-fashioned dressing-gown.

"Simpledoria," he said, addressing the night air with considerable severity, "I don't know what to make of you. You might have caught your death of cold, roving out at such an hour. But there," he continued, more indulgently, "wipe your feet on the mat and come in. You're safe now!"

He closed the door, and I heard him call to some one up-stairs, as he arranged the fastenings:

"Simpledoria is all right—only a little chilled. I'll bring him up to your fire."

I went on my way in a condition of astonishment that engendered, almost, a doubt of my eyes; for if my sight was unimpaired and myself not subject to optical or mental delusion, neither boy nor dog nor bird nor cat, nor any other object of this visible world, had entered that opened door. Was my "finest" house, then, a place of call for wandering ghosts, who came home to roost at four in the morning?

It was only a step to Mrs. Apperthwaite's; I let myself in with the key that good lady had given me, stole up to my room, went to my window, and stared across the yard at the house next door. The front window in the second story, I decided, necessarily belonged to that room in which the lamp had been lighted; but all was dark there now. I went to bed, and dreamed that I was out at sea in a fog, having embarked on a transparent vessel whose preposterous name, inscribed upon glass life-belts, depending here and there from an invisible rail, was "Simpledoria."

Mrs. Apperthwaite's was a commodious old house, the greater part of it of about the same age, I judged, as its neighbor; and the late Mr. Apperthwaite had caught the Malaria fever of the late Seventies, and the building disease, once fastened upon him, had never known a convalescence, but, rather, a series of relapses, the tokens of which, in the nature of a cupola and a couple of frame turrets, were terrifyingly apparent. These romantic placements seemed to me not inharmonious with the library, a cheerful and pleasantly shabby apartment down-stairs, where I found over a substratum of history, encyclopedias, and family Bible) some worn old volumes of "Godey's Lady's Book," an early edition of Cooper's works; Scott, Bulwer, Macaulay, Byron, and Tennyson, complete; some old volumes of Victor Hugo, of the elder Dumas, of Flaubert, of Gautier, and of Balzac; "Clarissa," "Lalla Rookh," "The Alhambra," "Beulah," "Uarda," "Lucile," "Uncle Tom's Cabin," "Ben-Hur," "Tribby," "She," "Little Lord Fauntleroy"; and of a later decade, there were novels about those delicately tangled emotions experienced by the supreme few; and stories of adventurous royalty; tales of "clean-limbed young American manhood"; and some thin volumes of rather precious verse.

'Twas amid these romantic scenes that I awaited the sound of the lunch-bell (which for me was the announcement of breakfast), when I arose from my first night's slumbers under Mrs. Apperthwaite's roof; and I wondered if the books were a fair mirror of Miss Apperthwaite's mind (I had been told that Mrs. Apperthwaite had a daughter). Mrs. Apperthwaite herself, in her youth, might have sat to an illustrator of Scott or Bulwer. Even now you could see she had come as near being romantically beautiful as was consistently proper for such a timid, gentle little gentlewoman as she was. Reduced, by her husband's insolvency (coincident with his demise) to "keeping boarders," she did it gracefully, as if the urgency thereto were only a spirit of quiet hospitality. It should be added in haste that she set an excellent table.

Moreover, the guests who gathered at her board were of a very attractive description, as I decided the instant my eye fell upon the lady who sat opposite me at lunch. I knew at once that she was Miss Apperthwaite, she "went so," as they say, with her mother; nothing could have been more suitable. Mrs. Apperthwaite was the kind of woman whom you would expect to have a beautiful daughter, and Miss Apperthwaite more than fulfilled her mother's promise.

I guessed her to be more than Juliet Capulet's age, indeed, yet still beneath that and the perfect age of woman. She was of a larger, fuller,

nore striking type than Mrs. Apperthwaite, a bolder type one might put it—though she might have been a great deal bolder than Mrs. Apperthwaite without being bold. Certainly she was handsome enough to make it difficult for a young fellow to keep from staring at her. She had an abundance of very soft, dark hair, worn almost austere, as if its profusion necessitated repression; and I am compelled to admit that her fine eyes expressed a distant contemplation—obviously of habit not of mood—so pronounced that one of her enemies (if she had any) might have described them as "dreamy."

Only one other of my own sex was present at the lunch table, a Mr. Dowlen, an elderly lawyer and politician of whom I had heard, and to whom Mrs. Apperthwaite, coming in after the rest of us were seated, introduced



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me. She made the presentation general; and I had the experience of receiving a nod and a slow glance, in which there was a sort of dusky, estimating brilliance, from the beautiful lady opposite me.

It might have been better manners for me to address myself to Mr. Dowlen, or one of the very nice elderly women, who were my fellow-guests, than to open a conversation with Miss Apperthwaite; but I did not stop to think of that.

"You have a splendid old house next door to you here, Miss Apperthwaite," I said. "It's a privilege to find it in view from my window."

There was a faint stir as of some consternation in the little company. The elderly ladies stopped talking abruptly and exchanged glances, though this was not of my observation at the moment, I think, but recurred to my consciousness later, when I had perceived my blunder.

"May I ask who lives there?" I pursued.

Miss Apperthwaite allowed her noticeable lashes to cover her eyes for an instant, then looked up again. "A Mr. Beasley," she said. "Not the Honorable David Beasley?" I exclaimed.

"Yes," she returned with a certain gravity which I afterward wished had checked me. "Do you know him?"

"Not in person," I explained. "You see, I've written a good deal about him. I was with the Spencerville Journal until a few days ago, and even in the country we know who's who in politics over the state. Beasley's the man that went to Congress and never made a speech—never made even a motion to adjourn—but got everything his district wanted. There's talk of him for governor."

"Indeed?"

"And so it's the Honorable David Beasley who lives in that splendid place. How curious that is!"

"Why?" asked Miss Apperthwaite.

"It seems too big for one man," I answered; "and I've always had the impression Mr. Beasley was a bachelor."

"Yes," she said, rather slowly, "he is."

"But of course he doesn't live there all alone," I supposed, aloud, "probably he has—"

"No. There's no one else—except a couple of colored servants."

"What a crime!" I exclaimed. "If there ever was a house meant for a large family, that one is. Can't you almost hear it crying out for heaps and heaps of romping children? I should think—"

(To be continued)

## UPTON IS CONFIDENT OF SENATE VICTORY

Although some doubt as to whether Jay H. Upton of Prineville will be elected president of the Oregon senate at the coming session has been expressed, Upton now feels confident that none of his supporters will desert to the enemy's camp, he stated while in Bend last week.

Bulletin Want Ads bring results—try them.

## HOTEL OWNER ASKS CLEANUP

### Must Renovate or Close, Says Boyd—Holiday Arrests Many

In conditions at the Wright hotel are not as they should be, Police Chief Willard Houston has written instructions from the owner of the building, D. A. Boyd of Seattle, to make the present management "clean house" or to close up the place. The letter was received by Houston in reply to one sent Boyd advising him of frequent arrests made at the hotel recently.

Three more were added to the list Sunday night when officers found two "John Does" and John Nelson grouped about a bottle in room 24. None of the three laid claim to the bottle, but they did furnish \$100 cash bail, which was forfeited when they failed to appear in city court this morning. They constituted three of the nine arrests made in Bend over the holidays.

A Prineville man who gave his name as J. D. Crane, was arrested Sunday night for drunkenness, and forfeited \$25 bail, and two more from the Crook county seat, arrested at the smoker Monday afternoon after they had been refreshing themselves from a quart bottle between hours, put up \$50 each and vanished.

Stinging Lecture Given  
John Wilson was headed for the smoker, but the liquid cargo he carried was too much for him and it was necessary for police to take him in town as he reached the entrance of the gymnasium. He forfeited \$25 cash bail.

Jim Connan, arrested Saturday night for drunkenness and disorderly conduct, told Recorder Farnham a touching tale of how he had spent all his money but five dollars on his family, and how he had reserved the five for his own pleasure. He was allowed to go without sentence after a scathing lecture from the court.

W. J. Stitt was arrested Saturday night for drunkenness.

## CALIFORNIA CHURCH GETS BEND PRIEST

### Father Gabriel Harrington, Transferred to Los Angeles, Leaves by Stage for South

With the arrival of Father John O'Connor from Cork to join the Catholic clergy in Bend, Father Gabriel Harrington, for more than a year assistant pastor at the church of St. Francis of Assisi, is transferred to Los Angeles. He left Friday morning, making the first lap of his journey on the Silver Lake stage.

Friends gathered at the parochial residence Thursday night to bid farewell to the departing minister.

## WILLAMETTE DRIVE PROVES SUCCESSFUL

### Bend Contributes \$3,000 of Million and a Quarter Needed by Methodist School

Willamette university's endowment campaign was successful last night in raising the required amount, \$1,250,000, it was learned last week by Rev. F. R. Sibley, local chairman. Bend contributions amount to \$3,000. A message thanking all who took part in the campaign or who contributed, was received by Rev. Sibley from the heads of the university.

The amount of \$1,000,000 will constitute endowment, the remainder being used for building a gymnasium to replace the old one which burned to the ground 18 months ago, and other buildings, and to defray expenses of the university until the endowment becomes available.

## CREAMERY WILL BE MOVED SOON

### Present Bulletin Building Secured by Farmers' Company

Moving to a more central location, the Central Oregon Farmers' creamery will early in the year occupy the building now used by The Bulletin. It is announced by R. B. Yates, manager of the creamery, who has just concluded arrangements for the leasing of the building. The creamery will be in its new home shortly after February 1.

Moving of The Bulletin plant into the brick block on Wall street erected by T. H. Foley and R. W. Sawyer has already started, with erection of the new press expected before the

end of the week. It is now expected that the change from the old building to the new can be made on New Year's day, leaving the old structure immediately available for the creamery.

As soon as The Bulletin is in its new home, a number of changes in arrangement of the interior of the old structure will be started to fit the building for its new tenant. These changes and transfer of butter making equipment can be completed by February 1, it is thought.

The creamery company's refrigeration needs were being looked into yesterday by H. O. Peck of Portland, representing the Edwards Ice Machine Company.

## AMERICANS PROVIDE COBLENZ CHRISTMAS

### Santa Claus Appears in German City Because War Veterans Arrange Dinner and Gifts

(By United Press to The Bend Bulletin.)  
COBLENZ, Germany, Dec. 26.—The poor German kiddies of Coblenz were happy today because an American Santa Claus, with a khaki uniform beneath his red and white duds, helped to make Christmas something like it was before the war.

Christmas in Coblenz was turned into a real holiday, and cheer was spread by the aid of the committee of the Rhineland Post No. 700, Veterans of Foreign Wars.

The Christmas menu was drafted and included all the fixings, from "soup to nuts." At least 250 poor children of the Coblenz district were made to realize that Santa Claus—this year at least—is not a "fable."

After the dinner, Santa Claus appeared in person and distributed gifts to the needy ones. They consisted mostly of children's clothing, underwear and shoes, donated by the American colony here.

Following the appearance of St. Nick, the kiddies were entertained by a real vaudeville show, given by the best German talent available.

## SUPPLY OF POULTRY TOO BIG FOR FAMILY

After making a big bag of ducks and geese near Pringle Falls, Dr. J. C. Vandeventer returned to his home Friday night, laden with game, to find that a turkey and a goose ordered respectively for his Christmas and New Year's dinner, had been delivered simultaneously.

On the hunting expedition Dr. Vandeventer was accompanied by Ernest Melville. Together they shot five honkers and 10 ducks.

## RATIOS ARE RAISED FOR FIVE COUNTIES

Deschutes is one of five counties in Oregon in which the ratio of assessed valuation to actual value of taxable property have been advanced this year by the state tax commission, Assessor August A. Anderson states. The ratio in this county was raised from 54 to 55. The other counties named are Columbia, Lane, Polk and Washington.

## HIGH WIND LEVELS POLES OF B. W. L. & P.

Sunday was a busy day for Bend Water, Light & Power Co. linemen, for high winds in the morning brought down six poles in Wiestoria. These were replaced before evening. A pole on Highland boulevard was broken off, but was held up by the wires Sunday, and another pole on the same street fell this morning when an automobile collided with it.

## Legal Holidays in Alaska.

Alaska has ten legal holidays—New Year's day, Lincoln's birthday, Washington's birthday, Decoration day, Independence day, Labor day, Alaska day (November), Thanksgiving, Christmas and general election every two years in November.

## Lines to Be Remembered.

Guard well your spare moments. They are like uncut diamonds. Discard them and their value will never be known; improve them and they will become the brightest gems in a useful life.—Anonymous.

## FRANCE MAKES DRASTIC PLAN TO GET MONEY

### Economic Guardianship to Be Kept of Policy

## RUHR VALLEY IS EYED

### American President Soon to Make Known Attitude on Borah Resolution for Conference to Solve Europe's Problems

(By United Press to The Bend Bulletin.)  
PARIS, Dec. 26.—At a premiers' conference here on January 2, France will announce drastic plans for making Germany pay her reparations. The scheme is now being worked out in detail.

Economic guardianship of the Ruhr valley and not its military occupation is contemplated, it is announced.

## HARDING TO TELL STAND

WASHINGTON, Dec. 26.—President Harding within 24 hours will reveal his attitude toward the Borah proposal asking that the executive call an international economic conference to solve the critical European situation, it was indicated at the White House today.

The president will state his attitude in a letter to Senator Lodge when the debate on the Borah amendment to the naval appropriation bill starts tomorrow.

## Daily Thought.

How many things, both just and unjust, are sanctioned by custom.—Terrence.

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