

# The Bend Bulletin

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TUESDAY, JUNE 24, 1919.

### THAT NAME AGAIN.

We may be right about that Bend name business after all. At any rate, Manager Chrisman of the Silver Lake Leader denies that he is our adversary in the discussion. In a letter received from Mr. Chrisman he says: "Editor Henderson just drew my attention to your editorial on the question of Bend not carrying her right name, or rather the name that she originally was called. Allow me to say that I was not the instigator of this dispute and I do not know any more about what goes in the Leader than that which goes into the Bulletin. Therefore, if you will accuse Editor E. K. Henderson of these old-time sayings you will be after the right one. He is one of the old timers here."

We suppose we shall be hearing again from Mr. Henderson, but in the meantime will not some of the other old timers give us the benefit of their knowledge?

Of the 28 presidents of the United States only eight have had middle names, which suggests that Leonard Wood has a big lead over the other Republican possibilities. Can you name the eight?

Speaking of coffee again. It is a bean, but when it gets to \$1 per pound, in many families it will be a has-been.

### LUCK AND CHANCE OF LIFE

Abundant Reasons Why Fighting Men Develop a High Degree of Fatalistic Reasoning.

As I tour the military hospitals, says a writer in a London paper, I hear strange stories from the ward sisters, from matron herself, and from men of all grades in the serried rows of beds. Poor M— braved all the terrors of war—wounded at Mons, and gassed at La Bassee—only to be ignominiously killed by an omnibus in the city street at home! Whole families of sons lie buried in France. But I know a case in which four sons and a son-in-law joined up in August, 1914, and went clean through the whole stupendous drama, without one of the five getting so much as a scratch! I know a heroic major, who had the maddest escapes from shot and shell, and was killed at last by a falling branch of a tree whilst at home on leave.

I know a chaplain V. C. who all but broke his neck on a flight of stone steps at Slighton Towers, where he was Countess Grosvenor's guest. I know a war correspondent, of many fierce campaigns, who met his death after all in a London air raid. And I talked with the sole survivor of a ship, who turned out to be the only member of the crew who couldn't swim! How shall we explain these vagaries? They made fatalists of our men; and one day in the hospital, I came upon a lad who was reading the Moslem Koran. He held up the page to me, and pointed to the verse: "No hap chanceh, but the same was written in the Book of Decrees!"

### TOOK LIBERTY WITH FACTS

Author of "The Luck of Eden Hall" Admitted That He Drew on His Imagination.

The author of the poem, "The Luck of Eden Hall," was Johann Ludwig Uhland, a German poet of the first half of the nineteenth century, who first put that romantic legend into verse and later it was dressed in English rhyme by Longfellow. As the story goes, the young lord of the manor during a night of drunken revelry, demanded the drinking glass called "the luck of Eden Hall." The butler "heard the words with pain," but brought the goblet which the tipsy nobleman smashed. Instantly flames cracked the ceiling and the persons surrounding the festal board became dust. The straightforward American poet explains at the heading of his translation that in spite of the tragic ending of the poem the glass is still in existence, and so it is today. It is six inches high, of pale green glass, exquisitely enameled in blue and white. Practical folk say that it probably came originally from Spain, where it was used as a chalice in communion service, but the original story goes that it was left at St. Cuthbert's well by a company of fairies.

Put it in "THE BULLETIN."

## RALPH DE PALMA, NOTED RACER, SAYS SPEEDING IN AIRPLANE LACKS THRILLS



De Palma Prefers Motoring to Flying.

Ralph De Palma thinks there are more thrills in auto racing than in flying in an airplane. One day last fall, while De Palma was serving as director of flying at McCook field, near Dayton, O., an aviation officer invited him to take a trip in his plane. The motor star accepted. He was somewhat new at flying then, and also dubious. But a director of flying is supposed to fly.

"Want to do a few stunts?" asked the officer, when De Palma was safely strapped in. "A nice question!" commented De Palma, afterward. "There was only one answer—we did them!"

### Service Was Brief.

De Palma's service in aviation was brief, as he enlisted a couple of months before the war ended. But it lasted long enough to give him a well-rounded experience in flying, both in the stunts which might be compared to the thrills of the speedway, and long distance flying, which is comparable to the long grind of automobile road racing. And the veteran star lost no time in getting back to his own game, firm in the conviction that it beats aviation for thrills.

### HOW "OLD ORDER CHANGETH"

British Miner No Longer the Grimy Individual He Has Been So Frequently Pictured.

A new type of miner is being evolved at Atherton, Lancashire through the growing popularity of the baths at Messrs. Fletcher, Burrows and company's collieries. At first only 10 per cent of the men used them; now the figure is 50 per cent. The miner now goes to work in tweeds and brown boots instead of his oldest clothes and clogs. He no longer benches the seats of tramways and railway carriages with the grime of his calling. Nor does he drive his wife to despair with the amount of work he brings into the house each day. He goes home spruce and well groomed, with no signs of the weariness so characteristic of the men "coming up."

"All the young men use the baths," said the keeper of the bathhouse. "Some of the older men don't."

"They are learning sense," volunteered an old miner. "And I wonder the women didn't teach it to some of them a bit sooner."

"Convenience!" His eyes twinkled, "Why, man, if I wanted to jazz I could bring my dress clothes here and be ready for the ball twenty minutes after I got out of the cage. No, I'm not going to start jazzing—not at my time of life. But I might be going to a directors' banquet one of these days."

On a trip of several hundred miles you may be making speeds which would be terrific in an auto—140 miles an hour. But at the height of a mile or more you have no realization of speed, and sitting up there in the wind and noise is lonesome work. The stunts are more exciting, of course—but there is no competition, no audience, no applause. Hurdling over the ground at Daytona Beach in a racing car at two and one-half miles per minute, with 50-foot leaps from the ground, or whirling around the Indianapolis Motor Speedway track in the 500-mile race, with competitors contesting every lap—that's very different stuff! Every minute has its problem and its thrill. I prefer to be down on the ground, smelling the gas, eating the dirt, in contact with my rivals and the crowd."

### Lonesome Work.

Why do you spend your days and nights on these pictures?" asked the wife of the struggling artist. "You don't get enough for them to pay you for the paint you use."

"I know, my dear," he answers; "but think! Rembrandt and others painted pictures and sold them for trillions, and they are now the masterpieces of the world and bring millions of dollars! I am not painting for us. I am painting for our descendants."

### Discouraging Art.

"Why do you spend your days and nights on these pictures?" asked the wife of the struggling artist. "You don't get enough for them to pay you for the paint you use."

### Strategy.

"Making friends is all very well, but a man should be careful about the kind of friends he makes," remarked Mr. Gadspar.

"My sentiments exactly," said Mr. Duhwalte. "Whenever a newcomer moves into my neighborhood and looks as if he might want to borrow my garden tools three or four days a week I find out what his political views are and take the opposing side."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

## WROTE OF LIFE AT HARVARD

Author Now Forgotten Conceded to Have Been the First to Depict Undergraduate Days.

Harvard graduates, the world over, have long believed that the earliest pictorial record of undergraduate life at the oldest college in the United States was made when F. G. Attwood drew his pictures of college life for the first volume of the Harvard Lampoon. The Lampoon was the forerunner of humorous journalism to America; Attwood became a famous humorist; and his "Manners & Customs of the Harvard Students" was established as a classic. The discovery of a blue-stained book in a New England farmhouse reveals an earlier draftsman, whose "College Scenes" antedated "Ye Harvard Students" by about a quarter of a century, but were soon generally forgotten. Of N. Hayward, the artist, no record remains but the bare fact that he was then in college. The discoverer, however, had a rare afternoon when he found the volume in a dusty chest, where it had been packed away with a lot of contemporary textbooks and an old Harvard diploma.—Christian Science Monitor.

### Historic Strasbourg.

In establishing the administration of the restored provinces of Alsace-Lorraine in the city of Strasbourg, the people of France have regained a richly historic ground, says the Boston Transcript. Its cathedral, whose building engaged the services of famous architects and decorators for the period of four centuries before reaching the completion in which it stands today, is one of the marvels of the world. Its great university has a library of a million volumes and before the war its students numbered more than 2,000.

These are the local glories, but a universal fame has been gained by the products of its more intimate talent. Thus, Alsatian wine has had world-wide recognition since the middle ages; Strasbourg beer was known before America was discovered, and as for that delicacy so prized by the fastidious taste of gourmards, the pate de foie gras, the name of Strasbourg is the certificate of extreme excellence.

### Improved Oil-Burner.

A new oil-burner for the kitchen stove, announced from Cairo, Egypt, is attachable by a special flange to the grate door, and it neither requires alteration of the solid fuel stove nor prevents the use of solid fuel. The nozzle projects about an inch into the grate, the oil tank being mounted on a suitable rack outside the stove. A small fire heats the fuel oil to about 180 degrees Fahrenheit, and as the oil passes from the nozzle, a jet of compressed air or steam converts it into a spray that burns with a continuous smokeless and odorless flame. In Cairo, it is noted, compressed air is supplied in lines to houses.



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**A Muddled Moujik.**  
 Mr. Tower, former American ambassador to Russia, told this story of a typical moujik entering a railroad station and inquiring when a certain train would leave. He received the information and departed.  
 A little later, however, he was back again, asking the same question.  
 "Why," exclaimed the agent, "I told you that only a minute ago."  
 "You did truly," the moujik answered, "but it isn't myself that wants to know this time, it's my mate outside."—Boston Transcript.

**Her Words of Cheer.**  
 Mary was writing a letter to her Uncle Peter, who had almost lost the use of his legs by having rheumatism. "Be sure to write a cheerful letter, Mary," admonished her mother; "you know Uncle Peter has been sick."  
 An hour later Mary showed this letter to her mother: "Dear Uncle: I am so sorry that you have been sick. Why don't you go to heaven? They will give you a pair of wings there and you can rest your poor tired legs."

**An Old Sad Story.**  
 "This scenario," said the eager author, "is about a girl who waited for months for a letter of forgiveness from her lover and then married another man who—"  
 "Wait a minute," exclaimed the movie manager.  
 "What's the matter? Too old?"  
 "No. Too modern. We're not going to roast the government. The post office has had criticism enough."

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ONE of the queerest things about some people is that they will not follow GOOD ADVICE when they KNOW they OUGHT TO. Perhaps we are all more or less that way. All the wise men of all ages have urged their fellow beings to PUT AWAY SOMETHING for a RAINY DAY. Good old Benjamin Franklin's sayings on economy and saving alone ought to make a bank book holder of EVERY ONE. If you have DELAYED, suppose you act HONESTLY with YOURSELF RIGHT NOW.

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