

COST HIM MORE THAN FIFTY

Mr. Travers Had Not Properly Estimated His Losses on That Little Fistic Encounter.

"I can't afford to lose \$50 on a prize fight," mourned Gelatine Travers an hour or so after the shock he received over the wires that fatal Friday afternoon. "But you have lost it, haven't you?" we asked, and he nodded disconsolately as he climbed aboard a homebound car. He must have felt a premonition as he mourned, for it is unlike Mr. Travers to regret his losses; and when he arrived home he broke the news to Mrs. Travers, along with the implied suggestion that a little economy for the next few weeks would not come in amiss. Mrs. Travers said nothing in her most sympathetic manner, and the evening's conversation covered topics wholly foreign to prize fights. At the breakfast table next morning Mr. Travers had no taste for anything the morning paper might have to say, and Mrs. Travers gained possession of it without the usual contest. Glancing through the paper rapidly Mrs. Travers tore out a square section from page 2, and another from page 11. Then at one of those unexpected moments every woman knows breakfast is replete with, said: "So you could lose \$50 on a prize fight. Well, well. Here is a safe I have been awaiting for a long time. And strange to say, here is another just across the street—one is on suits and the other on gowns. And the strangest of all, we happen to have accounts at both those stores. Fifty dollars, you say, you lost? Was it an even fifty?" And so it was that the breakfast dishes at the Travers' home went unwashed Saturday morning because Mrs. Travers was obliged to catch an early jitney downtown and commence operations.—Kansas City Star.

WILLING TO BE PUT WISE

Private Ready to Absorb Any Information Brigadier General Was Able to Impart.

In all the armies in the war discipline was lax in the service. Army men are at a loss to account for it, but without exception laxity was evident in all the air camps. The San Francisco Chronicle tells the following experience told by Brig. Gen. Benjamin Alvord when the latter was adjutant general of the A. E. F. The general had been sent by General Pershing to make an inspection about Colombey-les-Belles. He walked around without getting the attention the doughboys would show an officer of his rank. No one saluted him and no one noticed him. Once in a while a captain or a major would snap a salute, but not the enlisted men. It rather riled the general, who always scrupulously followed army regulations himself. Finally when a private passed him with a cigar in his mouth, and, although looking right at him, failed to salute, the general thought it was time to call a halt.

"Come here, young fellow," he called. "Say, what do you do in this camp when a general officer shows up?" "All right, I'll bite, what is it, old top?" parried the private.

Pipe Smitt Like a Cornet.

A tobacco pipe of unusual design has been invented by Warren Murray Enechtel of Hagerstown, Md. Every pipe smoker knows that the longer the stem of his pipe the cooler will be the smoke. Pipes with stems a few feet long have been in use in different countries for many years, but their awkward length precluded their use outside of the house. The inventor of the pipe circumvented the difficulty by coiling the stem of the pipe like the tube of a cornet or signal horn. The coils are connected at their lower end to form a dripping chamber for receiving the saliva which accumulates in the stem. Each coil has an independ-

ent opening into the dripping chamber and a screw cap at the bottom gives access to it for the removal of the accumulated saliva. The smoke, in passing through the coils of the stem, is drained several times of saliva and nicotine.

Prelude to Adventure.

"I have placed my will in my safety deposit box," grimly said J. Fuller Gloom. "My pockets are filled with condensed and desiccated foods. I shall attach the end of this stout cord to a convenient projection, light a candle and enter, crawling carefully among the stalactites and stalagmites, paying out the cord as I go, and—" "Great heavens, Mr. Gloom!" ejaculated an acquaintance. "Are you contemplating exploring some vast and dismal cavern?" "Yes. I am going into our Kansas City post office for the purpose of having weighed, purchasing stamps for, and mailing this parcel-post package."—Kansas City Star.

Liquid Accident.

Secretary Elmer Thompson of the Automobile Club of America said in New York the other day: "The automobile gets the blame for everything. A man lay in the middle of the road one evening, surrounded by a large crowd. An old lady pushed her way into the crowd and said: "Poor fellow! Poor young fellow! I suppose an automobile ran into him." "No, ma'am," said a policeman. "It wasn't an automobile that ran into him this time." "What was it, then?" said the old lady. "It was a keg, or maybe a keg and a half of beer," said the policeman."

Chinese Salvat'on Army.

A new element has been added to the night life of Peking and Tien-tsin, strange and yet familiar to occasional sightseers from western countries. The "Chiou Shih Chun," or "Save-World Army," is conducting its open air meetings on the street corners of the Chinese cities, and the spectacle reproduces in China a scene that was equally strange in the great cities of England and America when the Salvation army first came into existence. For "Chiou Shih Chun" is Chinese for "Salvation army" in a land where the language has no exact verbal equivalent for "salvation" and must do its best by the combination "save-world." Less than three years ago the Salvation army made its start in China, and a party of forty officers from the West tackled the job of mastering enough of the language to begin operations. At present there are five corps of the "Chiou Shih Chun" in Peking, two corps in Tien-tsin, and fourteen scattered throughout the country as far north as the border of Mongolia. In organization the "Chiou Shih Chun" is identical with the Salvation army elsewhere and the Chinese salvation soldier lives under the same rules of discipline.—Christian Science Monitor.

Night Fly Fishing.

The question as to whether or not trout will rise to flies by moonlight is one that has long been discussed in the Adirondacks. A number of Adirondack guides have insisted that they have taken good catches of trout by moonlight fly fishing. Others of the woods brethren, however, have merely smiled when one speaks of snaring the speckled ones under the light of the June moon.

Some fishermen claim to have taken them that way, while others say it is merely a fish story. Apparently about the only way one can prove it to his own satisfaction is to go some moonlight night to waters where they know trout are and try it for themselves.

There is, however, no doubt regarding brown trout taking flies at night, at least not in some waters. Arthur Munsell Malone recently secured seven fine brown trout from Salmon river, whose waters were bathed in moonlight at the time.—Saranac Lake Daily Item.

NICK'S HARD FATE

One Romanoff to Whom Country Has Been Ungrateful.

Story of Great Russian Military Commander Most Amazing Romance of the War—His Splendid Generalship Is Recalled.

From March, 1917, till October, 1918, Grand Duke Nicholas Romanoff, former commander in chief of the Russian armies and one of the most brilliant generals of the great war, was a prisoner in the town of Yalta in the Crimea. He is now in Milan with his family, humbly housed. The story of "Big Nick" is one of the most amazing romances of the war, the Pittsburgh Gazette-Times states.

When the bolshevik gained control of Russia Nicholas was residing at Tiflis, where he had been governor under the czar and under the Lvoff regime. He was summoned to Yalta by the bolshevik authorities and obeyed the summons. His brother, his wife, his sister-in-law and other members of his family and his suite were imprisoned with him. Twenty-five bolshevik soldiers were detailed to guard the distinguished prisoners.

Late in the summer of 1918 it was decided by the Yalta soviet to execute all the prisoners. The bolshevik guards absolutely declined to permit the sentence of death to be executed and sent the firing squad back to headquarters. Three times thereafter executioners were sent to kill the prisoners, but in each instance the guard prevented the carrying-out of the sentence.

When the Germans came to Yalta Nicholas declined to permit the Germans to enter the house that had been his prison, declaring his utter loathing of all things German. Soon after this the allies took Yalta and Nicholas was rescued.

All the private fortune of the grand duke has been lost. His lands have been confiscated. At Milan he lives comfortably, but very unostentatiously.

Democracy owes much to Grand Duke Nicholas. He was, in fact, a staunch upholder of the old Russian absolutism. But first of all Nicholas was a Russian. He knew Russia's salvation depended on the vanquishing of Germany. He was a leader of consummate skill and it is more than probable that only his splendid generalship prevented Germany from winning the war in the early stages. His retreat before the tremendous attack of Mackensen and Hindenburg, which resulted in the saving of the Russian armies, was one of the most notable chapters of the war.

Between the bolshevik Russia of today and the old autocratic Russia for which Nicholas fought, practical students and statesmen find little choice, but it must be admitted that the autocracy produced great men, while the gutter communism has found only scoundrels for its leaders. In the awarding of justice there should be some provision for this gigantic Russian, who in 1914 and 1915 prevented Germany from marching to easy victory.

No Horses on Largest Farm.

A 200,000-acre farm, the largest in the world, which is the direct result of the government's efforts to stimulate the growing of wheat, is described by Robert H. Moulton in Everybody's. "The farm is devoted entirely to wheat, and if it produces somewhere around the country's average of twenty-eight bushels per acre, which is practically certain, it will add approximately 5,650,000 bushels to the 1919 wheat crop," says the writer. "All of the work is being done with tractors. Last fall when the first ground was broken, there were fifty monster machines at work tearing up the prairie sod. They plow on an average of one acre a minute for the working time. A record was made one day of 1,580 acres turned and broken. All the seeding, harvesting, etc., will also be done by tractors, and then, of course, there are the thrashing machines. Hence, the absolute no-accountness of horses about this place."

Price of Labor.

An Indiana suffragist, who is a widely-known speaker, went to her door the other morning to buy some blackberries of a young country woman, reports the Indianapolis News. The berries were fine, but the suffragist wished them at a lower price than they were offered. "Why, they just grow along the roadside so plentifully that all you have to do is to pick them," she told the woman. "Don't you think you are charging a rather exorbitant price for your labor?" The country woman put her boxes back into her basket. "I've known of higher-priced labor," she retorted testily. "Words are more plentiful than blackberries and yet our club had to pay you \$25 last winter for putting a bunch of them together."

His Resolve.

"It is better to do your losing early in the season." "I know that axiom," said the baseball manager, "but if I happen to win a few games I'll endeavor to bear it with resignation."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

No Loss of Animation.

"I suppose Crimson Gulch is quieter since the bar closed." "Not yet," said Cactus Joe. "All you've got to do is to say 'prohibition' and everybody begins to argue at the top of his voice."

What He Didn't Understand. Joe had been spending his first vacation on a farm. When for the first time he saw the chickens all lined up on the roost he exclaimed, "How do they ever stick on to that grand stand while they are asleep?"

Classified Advertisements

Classified advertising charge per line 25 cents for 20 words or less. One cent per word for all over 20. All classified advertising strictly cash in advance.

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WANTED—Girl for general housework. Mrs. H. A. Miller. Phone 2091. 59-85tf

WANTED—By school girl of 16 who is not afraid to work, a place to work for board and room with some pay. Hazel Ramsay, Box 641, Bend, Ore. 47-84tf

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WANTED—At the brick yard, a few good \$5 a day men. Bend Brick & Lumber Co. 77-42tf

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TO TRADE—Piano for cows, calves, horses or pigs. A. C. Kirtsis, 3 miles north of Tumalo. 48-84-7p

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FOR SALE—Beau de Oregon pears and peaches. Bargain prices. 146 Greenwood avenue. Office hours, 1 to 5 p. m. 64-85p

FOR SALE—2 milch cows, \$75 each. Phone 13F33. 54-85-6p

FOR SALE—One light 2-wheel trailer, cheap for quick sale. See Sheffield, at Carmody Bros. 57-85-90p

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FOR SALE—New Buick. Inquire Central Oregon Realty Co., Bond St. 41-84-6p

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FOR SALE—By owner, Chevrolet 490; reasonable. Write Box 57, Bend, Ore. 63-75tf

FOR SALE—Two new modern five-room bungalows on Delaware avenue. Inquire J. Ryan & Co. 70-64tf

FOR SALE—2 houses on Broadway, \$650.00 cash, balance same as rent. Inquire at Hanson's Store, Broadway and Arizona Ave. 21-81tf

FOR SALE—40-acre ranch; 36-acre water right; 20 acres in alfalfa; 4 milch cows. Will sell at a sacrifice. Joe Warnstaff, 2 1/2 miles east of Bend. 19-81tf

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FOR SALE—Ninety-seven acre ranch on Tumalo project. 83-acre water right, 40 acres under cultivation, small house, good barn and outbuildings. One cow, 2 horses and 2 wagons. Four thousand dollars takes all. Will accept improved city property in part payment. Terms. Inquire Bulletin. 8-80-5p

FOR SALE—6-room house, close to mills, \$2400. See J. Ryan & Co. 7-80tf

FOR SALE—1917 Overland, good mechanical condition. Owner, Peter Byberg. Car can be seen at Pioneer Garage. 3-80tf

LOST

REV. CORNELIUSSEN has mislaid a pair of trousers, in parcel, probably in one of the Bend stores. Please leave at Bulletin office. 62-85p

LOST—Lady's coat on La Pine road about three miles from Bend. Return to Bulletin. Reward. 60-85p

FOUND

FOUND—Set of furs on road between Bend and Deschutes. Inquire Bulletin. 63-85c

Put it in The Bulletin.

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