

The Bend Bulletin

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ROBERT W. SAWYER, Editor-Manager
HENRY M. FOWLER, Associate Editor
C. H. SMITH, Advertising Manager
RALPH SPENCER, Mechanical Supt.

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 the square deal, clean business, clean politics
 and the best interests of Bend and Central
 Oregon.

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TUESDAY, DECEMBER 21, 1920.

IN HIS NAME

Suppose that, on Christmas morn-
 ing, the children of your family
 found the following presents await-
 ing them from Santa Claus:

One piece of soap, unscented.
 One chocolate cake so tiny that it
 could be covered by a small fist.
 Can you guess what the result
 would be for the day? You wouldn't
 expect peace, good will and a general
 atmosphere of delight. You would
 expect, rather, roars of indignant
 wrath. And you'd get them with-
 out the least doubt in the world.

Yet in Europe, when they distrib-
 uted exactly these gifts among the
 kiddies, the little faces were
 wreathed in enchanted smiles.

Pretty soft, satisfying these fore-
 eigners, says young America, elevat-
 ing its pampered nose!

It might be easy to please you,
 happy children of the United States,
 if you, too, had gone hungry and un-
 washed for several years.

Do you know that there are chil-
 dren in Europe, born during the war,
 who have never tasted sugar, much
 less candy? Do you know that there



Mince Pies

My Aunt Jemima used to rise when wintry
 weather came, and make the grandest old mince
 pies! She was a queenly dame; she had blue prints
 for pies and cakes of old colonial times, compared
 with which our modern fakes in cookery are crimes.
 My Aunt Jemima bakes no more, no more with me
 she dwells; she journeyed to the other shore, where
 she is wearing bells. There's no one now to make
 me pies like Aunt Jemima made; the housewife to
 the grocer hies for mincemeat that's decayed. Oh,
 now and then a female cries, "You're talking
 through your lid, for I can make as gorgeous pies
 as e'er Jemima did. Come, eat with us tomorrow
 eve, and I shall have a pie that will your yearning
 soul relieve, and squelch your hopeless sigh." And
 I loom up for grub on time, beneath that dame's
 roof-tree, and find her mince pie is a crime, just as
 I knew 't would be. Then I must like a statesman
 lie, to save her from despair, and I assure her that
 her pie was right side up with care. I'm homesick
 for the old time plans, old days, serene and sweet,
 when housewives didn't open cans for everything
 we eat; when stuff like mincemeat wasn't tinned,
 or sold in paper sack, but all my sighings are as
 wind—the old times don't come back.

are children who have never drunk
 fresh milk? Do you realize that
 there are 3,500,000 children who
 will have to do without food of any
 kind and who will die, unless you
 help Mr. Hoover to feed them?

They are scattered over Central
 and Eastern Europe, these children—
 in Poland, Austria, Hungary, Czecho-
 Slovakia. You can pick out any in-
 dividual, or any group of them, in
 any of these countries you choose,
 and the European Relief council will
 undertake on your behalf to see that
 the child or children do not starve.

For the kitchens of this council
 honeycomb these countries. And
 from them they distribute the soups,
 stews and cocoa on which young Eu-
 rope has been living now for years.

Try to remember this when you're
 arranging your Christmas expendi-
 ture. Try to remember what Christ-
 mas really means. Then you won't
 begrudge just a little to that child
 whose birthday you're about to cele-
 brate with gifts and feasting, for—

"Inasmuch as ye have done it unto
 one of these little ones," said that
 child when He had grown to man's

estate, "ye have done it unto Me."

COMMUNICATIONS.

AGAINST DANCE MATRON

Bend, Dec. 21.
 To the Editor: Whomsoever ven-
 tures forth on a dance floor in the
 city of Bend, Ore., should immedi-
 ately be "called" by "the esteemed
 matron!"

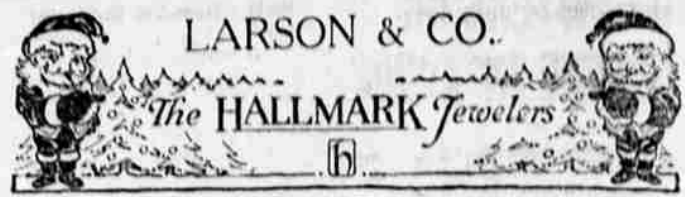
Do you people who enjoy dancing
 realize that the city council does not
 approve of dancing? Do you know,
 in their estimation, that if you dance
 in public, it is equal to "hugging in
 public?" Is it any marvel that peo-
 ple are "called" on a dance floor—
 and the people "called" may be in-
 nocent of any wrong—when our
 council insists that nothing but the
 "rough element" attend public
 dances, and must have a matron, one
 who is perfectly capable of handling
 the "rough element." And the more
 the dancers are insulted, the more
 pleased is our council.

Since the city council does not ap-
 prove of dancing, why do they per-
 mit people to hold dances? Would
 it not be better to stop dancing en-
 tirely in the city of Bend than to let
 people dance, charge them for going
 to them, and then having a matron
 there who insults people every time
 they get on the floor?

Now, you, who do attend public
 dances, know what the sages in the
 city council think of you; you know
 why you are "called" at the dances,
 and why you have a matron there.
 If dancing, in the first place, is vul-
 gar, then most certainly anyone dol-
 ing the one-step or fox-trot is be-
 yond all bounds of decency.

The city council's attitude toward
 dancing and dancers is a disgrace to
 the followers of Terpsichore. Any-
 one with the average mind knows
 that dancing is an art; it tends to
 give one confidence, and to become
 graceful. Dancing is a clean pleas-
 ure and those who say it is only
 "hugging in public" are evil-minded.

The element that attends public
 dances do so because they enjoy
 dancing. They go to enjoy a clean
 pleasure, and it is an insult to them



The Story of The Christmas Tree



Year after year sees the story repeated—
 The pines, cut on the snow-clad hills, felled by
 ringing axes, hauled merrily home to the music
 of Yuletide sleighbells, soon to blossom out
 with shining candles and dazzling tinsel—and
 then, after a few days, stripped of their holi-
 day fruit and tossed aside.

So with many—too many—of the gifts they
 bear—flimsy knickknacks, carelessly chosen, to
 perish with the forgotten tree. Such Christ-
 mas gifts are not worthy of the name.

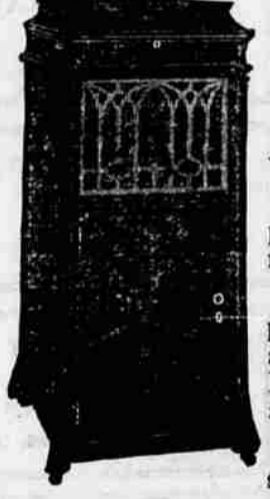
In selecting pictures of gifts to illustrate
 this pictorial story of the Christmas tree, we
 have chosen carefully from the most popular
 and beautiful models of these worthy, enduring
 gifts—Watches, Diamonds set in Rings, Bar
 Pins, Brooches, Gentlemen's Scarf Pins, Ladies'
 La Vallieres, Sheffield Silver, Clocks of all
 Kinds, and numerous other useful gifts,—
 Gifts that last!

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 Jewelers and Watchmakers
 At the Sign of the Big Clock
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We make it so easy to purchase a Phonograph this Christmas that there is no reason why any Bend home should be without music.

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THE PHONOGRAPH WITH A SOUL PLAYS ALL RECORDS
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 The only instrument that perfectly matches the human voice.
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Is the Master Musical Instrument of the Twentieth Century.
 Catering to the demands of the most exacting and discriminating in all that constitutes musical art.
 Now is the time to select your Xmas Phonograph.
 Come in and decide for yourself. It will be a genuine pleasure for us to demonstrate either of these machines.
 No obligation to purchase. We want you to know the difference and superiority of these two Phonographs.



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Articles of Pyralin Ivory that are both beautiful and useful. You will have to look a long time before you will find anything more suitable for gifts, more beautiful.

Cuticle Knives	Hat Brushes
Nail Files	Bonnet Brushes
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Shoe Horns	Perfume Bottles
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A commendable selection to choose from, prices ranging from \$1.00 to \$15.00.

For The Children
 Dolls from the smallest sizes to the kind that walk.
 Books, suitable for every member of the family, including the famous Volland series, so popular for the little folks.



to have a matron watching every move and looking at you all the while as though you were committing a crime, then to have that same matron rush up to you and tell you you're not conducting yourself properly, when propriety is foreign to her, and she imagines a good dancer has stooped about as low as he can, or else he wouldn't be a good dancer.

Do you, who enjoy dancing, intend to submit to these insults. It's been going on for some time. You have continued to be insulted because you enjoy dancing. You know now—it's the city council that made those insults possible; you know now why it was done. Do you want to be stepped on all your life? You surely have something to say, or do you belong to that class who say, "Excuse me for living?"
MRS. ALBERT GASPARD,
 A Dancer.

Partial to Gloves.
 When Elizabeth was queen of England she was very partial to fine gloves as presents, giving them to her friends and enjoying it very much when they were given to her.

Medium of Exchange.
 Coconuts are the common form of exchange among the natives of the Neobars. For instance, a box of matches is worth 20 coconuts, while for needles the price is one coconut each.

Civics Explained.
 Mrs. Profitier, says "Beauchamber," in the Daily Express, was very proud of the stunts they were doing at the smart private school to which she had sent her daughter. "My dear," she said to her friend, "she's learning civics, if you please." "What's civics?" asked the friend. "Civics? My dear, don't you know? Why, it's the science of interfering in public affairs."

Test in Acoustics.
 To test the acoustic properties of a hall, the lecturer proposed counting the number of seconds the clapping of the hands could be heard; if five or six seconds, the hall is unfit for public speaking, for which it must be reduced to two or three seconds, but for musical purposes a little longer may be allowed. Draping the hall is the best way to reduce the reverberation, belief in the efficacy of stretched wires being a mere relic of superstition.

Rule of the Road.
 There is some conflict of opinion about the rule of the road. In the matter of the walking public, the rule in England has always been "keep to the right." In France it has always been "keep to the left," and those who have spent the best part of the last five years on the continent have got into the way of keeping to the left. In driving this is reversed, and some difficulty was experienced by those who had been brought up upon the old adage, "When you go left you go right, and when you go right you go wrong," in driving.—Christian Science Monitor.

Cashman

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