

The Bend Bulletin DAILY EDITION

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ROBERT W. SAWYER, Editor-Manager HENRY N. FOWLER, Associate Editor

An Independent Newspaper, standing for the square deal, clean business, clean politics and the best interests of Bend and Central Oregon.

Table with 2 columns: Subscription Rates, By Mail, By Carrier. Includes rates for One Year, Six Months, Three Months, One Month.

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WEDNESDAY, MAY 13, 1925

He that will love life, and see good days, let him refrain his tongue from evil, and his lips that they speak no guile.—1 Peter 3:10.

THE BEND GLACIER COUNTRY

A new name was added to the geography of this vicinity when Dr. Hodge christened one of the ice fields on Broken Top as Bend glacier.

Bend glacier is one of the two glaciers existing on Broken Top. There are snow fields on the east and west sides; two glaciers are on the north and the south slopes.

The glacier on the north slope—Bend glacier—is harder of approach. It may be reached by a long walk across the mountain plateau that one comes out on after passing up through the last belt of hemlock on the Broken Top road or by a still longer and more difficult walk to the Green lakes and so on around the mountain.

From this point one has merely to climb up to the rim over the lake—whence, by the way, there is a remarkable view—and then proceed across the neck that separates the Three Creeks from the Squaw creek basin.

To us this is the finest view in this country. We hope it may become familiar to many and that the naming of this glacier will lead to the exploration and mapping of as interesting a section as there is about here.

Moonshine mash has killed chipmunks and birds in the forests of



HOME INDUSTRIES

In Punktown there's a little mill producing concrete candy, and I contend, with right good will, the product is a dandy. "We use the finest of cement in all the goods we're making," so says the manager, a gent who has no use for faking.

Coos county. Must have been making squirrel whiskey. If this is the result the stuff gives, why not have it turned over to the biological survey for use in its rodent poisoning campaigns.

Pomona granite of Yamhill county

has resolved that no taxes shall be collected from agriculture or livestock until 1940. Bruce Dennis proposes that there be no income or inheritance tax until then, and we suggest the elimination of all taxation on newspapers and printshops.

The Wall Flower

By MARION RUBINCAM

A NEW LEAF

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS

Pandora Nicholson is shy to a painful degree. She is an odd little, sensitive, neglected girl who lives as a sort of poor relation with her Uncle Peter and Aunt Maude, and their daughter, Gladys, who is loud voiced and popular.

No one understands or cares for Dora except her father, who also lives there. Dora is afraid of people, cannot talk to them, never knows what to say. A quiet little friendship begins with Morton Newberry, who is shy too, when Gladys suddenly decides she wants him, though every other boy but Morton had been devoted to her.

She had begun a friendship with Gloria Gates when that rather exotic lady was visiting Norris City. It is broken off when Mrs. Gates returns to New York. Gladys and Morton are married.

Chapter 37

The wedding over, Aunt Maude returned to the farm.

"It's a shame you didn't come," she told Dora. "The men could have managed. It was a grand affair, and she looked fine. None of your pale and fainting brides for her. I never saw such color, and all her own."

Dora had a sudden vision of her cousin, with a smile of triumph as she had her way at last, in the most important event that had happened to her so far.

"I don't know if she'll be happy, though. Morton ain't so lively and

interesting." Aunt Maude went on meditatively. Whatever ideas she had, she always expressed aloud. The result was that Peter, Gladys, Grandma White, and now Dora, were made the confidants of her innermost thoughts.

"Oh, she'll be happy," Dora answered with the slightest ironical accent upon the "she."

"Oh, do you think so?" Aunt Maude was not capable of understanding irony. "Well, it's real generous of you to say so."

Dora smiled to herself—the bitter sort of smile that hurts. Gladys would be happy—it wasn't generous of her to say that. Would Morton be happy, she wondered?

The days slid past into weeks. Gladys was still away. Norris City's largest photographer had been called in to take pictures of the bride, the bridegroom, the two together—Gladys with not a triumphant smile as Dora thought, but a pleased and self-conscious expression. There was a large picture of the whole wedding party too.

"Her dress took grand," Aunt Maude reflected out loud. "And the

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flowers too. She made Mort send to the city for a real nice bouquet. It cost a lot, I expect—the whole wedding and trousseau was something awful in price. But it's only once in my lifetime, I suppose I shouldn't grudge an extra hundred or so."

Certainly she never expected Dora to marry! She gave Dora all details of the ceremony—who was present and what each wore and the probable cost of each wedding present. Then she took Dora in one day to make the new house ready for the couple, the day before they were to get back. There was no way of getting out of this task.

Dora had to go through the house, lay wedding present sheets on a wedding present bed, unpack and put away the trunks of clothes that had been sent there, dust and straighten so everything should be in readiness.

She felt hideously uncomfortable and unhappy, as though she had been forced to look in upon the intimacy of their life together. But Aunt Maude had no such sensitiveness as she unpacked Morton's shirts and clothes and laid them away in bureaus and closets.

"Such bad taste and quality," she observed, holding up a striped shirt. "Gladys will change all that."

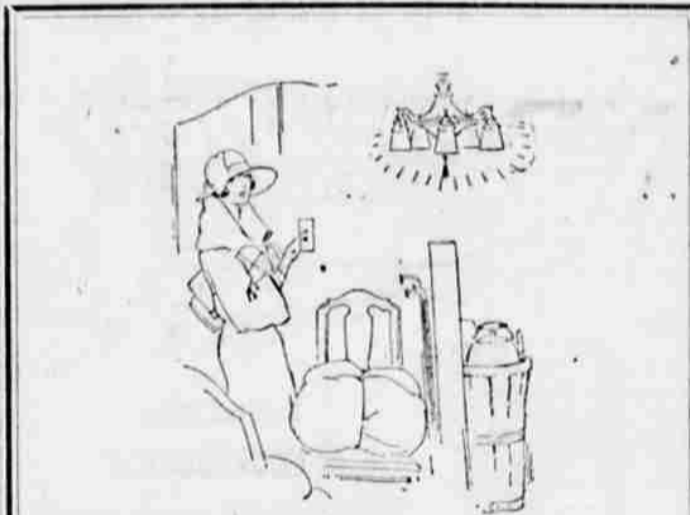
Dora actually blushed a little—and hurried with the dusting so as to be through and out of the house.

It wasn't the sort of house he should live in, she thought as they drove home. She pictured a tiny home, filled with the dark mahogany and quaint old pieces of the now empty farmhouse. She thought what fun it would be to have broken arms and legs and backs mended, and to rub and rub at the old wood with beeswax and turpentine until the graining showed and the dark surface gleamed from proper care.

It should be the proper home she had read about, but had never seen in Norris City—with quaint diamond windows and rosebud patterned chintzes and old prints and mirrors and mahogany, with a library filled to the ceiling with shelves crammed with books. In such a home Morton would be appreciated! Gladys had selected everything as new and ornate as possible, with patterned carpets and patterned curtains and a great deal of what she called "cheerful red."

Once to console herself, Dora wrote a letter to Mrs. Gates. But week after week passed without an answer.

"Why should she write?" she ar-



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We must know when you're going to move and where, and how we can get into the new house to see the meter. If it's a newly built house the electric wiring must also be inspected.

Call on us at once so that we can give you uninterrupted electric service on the day you move.

Bend Water, Light & Power Co.

Be careful of fire when in the timber. A country denuded of timber is never prosperous.

Remember we will need a country to live in after men now grown are gone.

Central Oregon Scouts

This space contributed by The Shelvin-Hixon Co.

THE SPINE OF METHUSELAH

METHUSELAH lived 969 years. Chigger as a sparrow in his nine hundredth year. Imagine! BUT, then, he didn't have to spend vital energy worrying about germs or anti-toxins or appendicitis or anything like that. And it is doubtful whether he was ever pestered by a life insurance agent.

DID you ever wonder about the sort of bodily machine Methuselah must have had?

MAN'S body is a machine. It must be kept well oiled, elastic, smooth running. Elasticity is life. Rigidity is death.

THE motive power of the bodily machine is nerve force. The main artery of the nerve system is the spinal cord. As they branch away from the spinal cord, all the trunk nerves must pass through and between the movable bones of the spine.

AS LONG as the spinal bones stay in their proper place they don't annoy the nerves carrying the body's motive power. But let some of these bones get out of place, even a little, and the flow of nerve force is interrupted. Then the bodily machine suffers.

IT WOULD seem reasonable to suppose that the bones in Methuselah's spine stayed put. HOWEVER, that was before the days of pavements, cement sidewalks, juggy street car tracks and automobiles. It was in the day when a man would just naturally have to jump up and down on a rock or something in order to jar the spinal bones out of place.

TODAY, our spinal bones WON'T stay put. They get out of place, bother the nerves, and our bodies suffer because of the interruption of nerve force.

THE science of Chiropractic concerns its solely with adjusting spinal bones so that nerve force can flow freely. Then the body is care of itself. It retains elasticity—the greatest foe.

GO TO a Chiropractor today. Let him adjust your spinal bones. It doesn't hurt and it gives you a new lease on life.

AND will you then live as long as Methuselah? Probably not. You've got a lot of the content with that he didn't have. But life span will be considerably lengthened.

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