

The Bend Bulletin

DAILY EDITION

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

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WEDNESDAY, JUNE 17, 1925

How to Conquer An Enemy:—When a man's ways please the Lord, he maketh even his enemies to be at peace with him. Proverbs 16:7.

ELK LAKE AND FISH EGGS

Scattered over the bed of Elk lake, near the game commission's egg taking station, there are scores of dead trout. Placed as they are one is forced to the conclusion that they are dead as the result of the handling they received when being stripped of eggs. Whether or not this is necessary we do not know; we suppose it cannot be so. It is most unfortunate, however, that these fish should be killed in this way and too bad that, having been killed, they should be left in the water of the lake. Probably there is no pollution caused thereby but it is an unpleasant condition. It leaves a disagreeable impression. It does not check with the out-of-doors ideal of a clean camp. In this connection one wonders if it would not be better not to take eggs at all from Elk lake. For various reasons this is a favorite resort. Unusual demands are made on its angling resources. If, in addition, there are quantities of eggs taken so that reproduction in the lake itself is lessened one of the attractions of the lake becomes less. There ought to be sufficient other places to take eggs to make it possible to leave lakes like Elk and Odell undisturbed.

The state highway department is foregoing. Already it has had the various highway signs lowered to meet the new conditions which will be brought about by the change in headlights which will be made in August. On the city streets, however, it seems to a good many that a mistake has been made. There is sufficient light on the corners where these signs are to make the lower signs unnecessary and, at the height they are, the signs are dangerous to children.

RADIO

KPO, Hale Bros. and Chronicle, San Francisco, 428.3 meters—5:30 p. m., children's hour; 6:15 p. m., baseball, stocks; 6:40 p. m., States restaurant orchestra; 7 p. m., Rudy Selger's orchestra; 8 p. m., vocal and instrumental music; 9 p. m., Silver-toned Cord orchestra; 10 p. m., Johnny Bulck's Cabirians.

KLX, Tribune, Oakland, 508 meters—3:15 p. m., baseball; 7 p. m., news; 8 p. m., program of music, books, styles and touring information; 9:15 p. m., Joseph Carey, California composer; 10 p. m., Tom Gerunovich's Ballroom Entertainers.

KGO, General Electric, Oakland, 361.2 meters—4 p. m., Hotel St. Francis orchestra; 6 p. m., Ben Black's orchestra; 7 p. m., news.

KFI, Earle C. Anthony, Los Angeles, 467 meters—5:30 p. m., Examiner; 6 p. m., nightly doings; 7 p. m., Nick Harris detective stories; 9 p. m., Examiner program; 10 p. m., Patrick-Marrs orchestra.

KHJ, Times, Los Angeles, 465.2 meters—6:30 p. m., children's hour; 8 p. m., "The Eyes," Dr. Mars Baumgardt; 8:30 and 9:30 p. m., programs; 10:30 p. m., Art Hickman's orchestra.

KNX, Express, Los Angeles, 327 meters—5:30 p. m., talk on insects; 7 p. m., Ambassador concert orchestra; 8 and 9 p. m., programs.

KFOA, Rhodes Store, Seattle, 455 meters—4 p. m., Times; 6 p. m., Hoffman orchestra; 6:45 p. m., program; 8:15 p. m., weather; 9:30 p. m., Times.

Tomorrow
KPO, Hale Bros. and Chronicle, San Francisco, 428.3 meters—4:30 p. m., Rudy Selger's orchestra; 5:30 p. m., children's hour; 6:15 p. m., baseball, stocks; 6:40 p. m., States restaurant orchestra; 8 p. m., popular music; 9 p. m., organ recital; 10 p. m., Johnny Bulck's Cabirians.

STOCKS AND BONDS

We solicit inquiries to buy or sell any marketable listed, local or unlisted securities. Active market for Durant, Star, Flint and Eickelbacher Motor Issues; Public Utilities. Prompt attention given all orders. Cash paid for purchases; no delay. Quotations furnished.

HOOD BROTHERS

8 Chamber of Commerce Bldg., Portland, Ore.



THE SLEUTH YARN

My nephew was reading a story, a tale of Sherlock sort; its pages were startling and gory, and blood was dispensed by the quart. I found him out there, in the stable, immersed in his truculent yarn, so thrilled he was plainly unable to hear when I entered the barn. Expecting reproaches he trembled, he looked for a kick or a blow, his face was so pale he resembled a statue of whitewash or snow. His eyes, they were anxious and pleading, and so I remarked, "Nephew mine, I'm glad, in selecting your reading, you've chosen a volume so fine. Some people, whose heads are defective denounce all these stories of sleuths, wherein the immortal detective is setting examples to youths. He's standing forever for justice, for law and the forces of right; I tell you, Adolphus Augustus, the sleuth is an uplifting sight. The villains are raging a-plenty, they romp through the mystery tale, but when you have reached Chapter XX, the law and detectives prevail. Then Nemesis camps on the sinner, who flourished around for a day; it shows you that virtue's a winner, that crime as a graft doesn't pay. The criminal heads for disaster in every good tale of the sleuth, the Sherlock is always his master, and falsehood succumbs to the truth. So read all you care to, my neevy, to fiction that's littered with dead, with something a little more heavy, to hold it in place when it's read."

KLX, Tribune, Oakland, 508 meters—3:15 p. m., baseball; 7 p. m., news.

KGO, General Electric, Oakland, 361.2 meters—4 p. m., Hotel St. Francis orchestra; 5:30 p. m., George W. Ludlow, "friend to boys"; 7 p. m., news; 8 p. m., De Grassi trio; 10 p. m., Henry Halstead orchestra.

KFI, Earle C. Anthony, Los Angeles, 467 meters—5 p. m., Examiner, 6 p. m., nightly doings; 7 p. m., dance orchestra; 8 p. m., KFI players; 9 p. m., musical program; 10 p. m., Examiner.

KHJ, Times, Los Angeles, 465.2 meters—6:30 p. m., children's hour; 7:30 p. m., insurance talk; 8 p. m., program; 10 p. m., Art Hickman's orchestra.

KNXX, Express, Los Angeles, 327 meters—4 p. m., Estelle Lawton Lindsay's travel talk; 6:30 p. m., 8 p. m., 9 p. m., programs; 10 p. m., Abe Lyman's orchestra; 11 p. m., campus night, U. of C., southern branch.

KFOA, Rhodes Store, Seattle, 455 meters—4 p. m., Hoffman orchestra.

Navy Nurses Are Acquitted On Liquor Smuggling Count

(U. P. Leased Wire to The Bend Bulletin) WASHINGTON, June 17.—The two naval nurses charged with attempting to smuggle liquor into the United States were acquitted today by a navy court martial board. After the official jurors returned a not guilty verdict in the first trial of Miss Ruth Anderson this morning, the same verdict was returned later in the day in the case of her companion Miss Katherine C. Glancy.

TO DEPART SAILORS

(U. P. Leased Wire to The Bend Bulletin) SAN FRANCISCO, June 17.—Fred Schunemann and Julius Hein-

richs, crew members of the German freighter Atto, were in jail here today awaiting deportation proceedings as result of a mutiny and riot aboard the vessel.

Will Give Instruction To Forest Fire Patrol

Fire patrols on duty in the Deschutes national forest this summer will go through a three day period of instruction, according to an announcement from the headquarters of the Deschutes forest today. This fire fighting "school" will start at the Crane prairie ranger station Thursday morning. W. O. Harriman, assistant supervisor of the Deschutes national forest, will be in charge. It is expected that 20 men will receive the instruction on fire control work.

Heart Failure Causes Death of C. F. Anderson

C. F. (Fritz) Anderson, 42 years of age and a resident of the Central Oregon, country for a number of years, died last night in a room at the old Bend flour mill. Cause of death was heart failure, Anderson is survived by a family in Minnesota. No funeral arrangements will be made until members of the family are heard from. Anderson was ill for several days prior to his death.

A large structure representing a feudal castle of the middle ages is being built in one of the downtown parks of Seattle to serve as headquarters of the great conclave of Knights Templar soon to be held in that city.

Steamships sail regularly from the port of London to 274 ports all over the world.

The Wall Flower

By MARION RUBINCAM

A DIFFERENCE

Chapter 68

"It's so silly," Gloria's voice came again. "To be cut up like this."

"It's only the shock, the news came suddenly—and you've had no details," George was trying to be reassuring.

"One might suppose—I cared for him a lot," Gloria's voice came again.

"Pan knew then she was crying. In fact, George said something about having a good cry of it and feeling better," which roused her at once to defiance.

"I'm not crying. I won't cry. I'm not the crying sort," she flung back, her voice quite choked with sobs.

"All right," George agreed, and called Pan.

The girl, in her nervous sympathy for her friend, was crying too. At least, the tears were running down her cheeks when she went into the room.

"Get some more of that coffee," George ordered. He was sitting on the edge of the couch, one hand holding firmly to Gloria's two hands. And Gloria was frankly sobbing, in spite of her verbal protests.

When she returned, Gloria was better. At least, she was wiping her eyes and laughing after the manner of women who are ashamed to have been caught crying. The laugh is always worse than the tears, but somehow it seems to cover them up.

"It's all right for you to advise," she was saying, "but I can't go on just as usual, as if nothing had happened. You never lost anyone you cared for awfully—"

"Only father and mother," George put in with his gentle cynicism.

"I know dear, I didn't mean that. I meant—don't you see, the love of a husband or a wife is different. We know that our parents are going to die in our lifetime, they're older than we, we expect it, though that doesn't soothe our grief."

"I used to wish Frank would die—years ago. It seemed the only way out, and he was so dreadful. Then I had to leave him and face the gossip of people who didn't understand. But—I can't explain it, he was a tie to an old life, a life that was very sweet in some ways, and heaven only knows how bitter in others."

George made a little motion with his hand, and she obediently swallowed some of the coffee Pan was holding for her.

"I thought then that he was dead—as far as I was concerned. If I were the sort to wear weeds, I'd have worn them then—I can't explain this sudden collapse of mine."

She drank some more and was calmer.

"He did die for me years ago, George. This only, somehow, confirms it and brings it up again. I think that's it."

"That's it," George echoed. He was lounging back in his deep chair again. And now, feeling the crisis was past, he lit a cigarette, took one puff, and let it, as usual, lie limply between his fingers.

Pan took one of Gloria's hands, and held it. And they began to talk more quietly—he was wondering what had caused it, whether he had been drinking, whether it was an illness.

"You'll sail as planned?" George asked.

"Yes, I suppose so," Gloria answered. "I've only this one order to carry me over the summer. My business is dead in hot weather as you know."

Then she smiled a little. "I used to say that I never wanted to set foot in Europe again, while— he was there alive. It seems I'm to have my wish."

"You'll reach Paris Sunday evening. Better write this week for hotel reservations," George advised.

Their boat was to sail the following Saturday, and took only seven days to cross.

Gloria was silent. "I think I'll go on to Southampton," she said presently, "and up to London from there. I've some things I'd like to attend to there—I used to think London was much too small for us both—but now—"

"I know. I think that will suit me as well. I've several people I'd like to see in London too."

Pan looked up suddenly. George had decided to go with them, he had vaguely talked of getting back to Paris all winter. But his aunt had come home from a strenuous lecturing tour quite done up, and George hesitated to leave her. He had talked of seeing them in Paris during the summer.

She sat passive, but inwardly excited and happy, while they planned. She was to see George every day for a week on the boat then! As he rose to leave, he held Gloria's hand a moment.

"This—this makes all the difference, doesn't it?" he asked, his voice all gentleness and tenderness.

"Yes," said Gloria softly.

Tomorrow—A Puzzle.

Of Canada's population of 9,250,000, nearly 2,200,000 are attending school.

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If you will take adjustments and not expect to get well too quickly—
He will make you healthy and he will keep you healthy. This is your opportunity. Embrace it!

HERBERT B. MALLETT, D. C., Ph. C.
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Dorothy Perkins Will Escape Death Penalty

(U. P. Leased Wire to The Bend Bulletin) NEW YORK, June 17.—Dorothy Perkins, 17 year-old telephone operator, who is accused by the state of shooting and killing Thomas Templeton, a youthful admiral last Valentine's day, will escape the electric chair.

Assistant District Attorney MacDonald, summing up for the prosecution, announced he did not ask a verdict of murder, but of manslaughter in the second degree. The girl's counsel pleaded that she be acquitted and the judge charged the jury late this afternoon.

New Stage Line Starts From Bend On Saturday

Start of a stage line between Bend, Eugene and Portland on Saturday, June 20, was announced today. This line will be managed by M. A. Reed. The first stage for Portland, by the way of the McKenzie pass, will leave Bend Saturday morning at 7:30. A regular schedule will be maintained by the stage company through the summer.

EIGHTEEN MINERS DIE

SOFIA, June 17.—Eighteen miners were killed today in an explosion in the Prince Boris mine at Klatzkohol, the greatest mine disaster in Bulgaria's history.

A Personal Letter

Everybody Listen In

I have sold my home on Drake Road and have taken up my residence at the Pilot Butte Inn where I expect to be permanently located. I am going to remain in Bend. I am going to give all the energy, ability and service that I have in me to my business. No one expects a business man to run a house, mend his socks, pick up the family wash and then do a day's work in a store! Being a mere man he can't do it, so why expect it of the female of the species?

I shall take my buying trips, as I always have because that is the one way I can have a distinctive line of merchandise.

I buy from factory representatives in glass, cards, pottery, silver and many other lines, making the prices the lowest possible, consistent with the quality of goods.

By devoting myself exclusively to the jewelry store, I can assure the people of Bend and vicinity that I shall do all in my power to retain their confidence and give the greatest possible service in return, because confidence in me has kept the store to its high standard established by Mr. Larson.

For this confidence I am extremely thankful, and take this means of expressing my gratitude.

Mrs. A. F. Larson
of
LARSON & CO.



DAD—

Always smiling, never complaining—just always a-wondering as to how he can make your life and my life happier. With mother—a pal to us. One to whom we can confide and whose word we respect when we're in tears. He—like mother—works to make us smile. And when he succeeds, you can't help but feel "Isn't he the grandest Daddy in the world!" Let's honor him on—

FATHER'S DAY--Sunday, June 21

We suggest for a remembrance
Bill Folds Mottos
Box of Cigars Pipes
Cigarettes Greeting Cards
Ash Trays Fountain Pen
New Fiction Books

And many other articles too numerous to mention.

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