

### The Bend Bulletin DAILY EDITION

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THURSDAY, JUNE 25, 1925

More than conquerors:—A 11 things work together for good to them that love God. If God be for us, who can be against us? Who shall separate us from the love of Christ? Romans 8:28, 31, 35.

#### PROMISES FOR THE FUTURE

Prosperous as Bend now is, a still greater degree of prosperity is assured for the future through the new industries that have been recently announced and the promise of other activity to come. First there was the shade roller factory news. This had been generally known for some time to be in the wind. It was a satisfaction, however, to have a definite statement. Now we can look forward to the development of an industry here that will mean considerable employment and a substantial increase in the business of the town.

On Tuesday there was the news of a by-products plant to make use of the wood waste at the Shevlin-Hixon mill. To begin in a small way as the shade roller factory is to begin, this should ultimately be an important factor in the prosperity of Bend. The news is to be welcomed as well as marking a step forward in the lumber industry.

Then there is the prospect of railroad construction out of Bend in the near future. We have previously pointed out what may be expected in the way of general development through a southern rail connection. There will also be a tremendous stimulation to local business during the construction period.

Finally there is the business that will be brought to Bend by the tourists as soon as the state highways in this section are finished. We predict that there will be business from this source in an amount beyond the wildest dreams of any today. That will start coming next year.

All in all Bend is going to be a very busy and prosperous young town.

We trust that we will not be butting in on the Prineville party for the American Legion if we offer a welcome to the visitors on behalf of Bend. Prineville is the convention city, it is true, but many of the legionnaires will visit Bend while they are in Central Oregon. Both Bend and Redmond joined with Prineville in seeking the opening of the McKenzie pass for the legion and may be said to be, as it were, associate hosts. We are glad to see these visitors here. We know that Prineville is going to have—is having—a good show for them and that those who are seeing Central Oregon for the first time are going away with a lot of new ideas and pleasant memories.

### Fire Danger Is Growing Through Wooded Areas

"Continued low humidity with variable winds Thursday and Friday."

This is the telegram received this morning by H. L. Plumb, supervisor of the Deschutes national forest from the weather bureau in Portland.

It means, Plumb explained, that the forest litter already very dry from several days of low humidity, two more days of the same atmospheric conditions will make the forest material almost explosive and will greatly increase the danger of crown fires, always much harder to fight than surface fires. With the forest litter so dry, the slightest spark lighting in it is sure to cause a blaze, says Plumb.

All of the fires started last Saturday and Sunday afternoons in the Deschutes forest are under control and all of them are out except the fire on Cullus mountain, west of Crane Prairie. Two men are still working on this fire and expect to have it out and be able to leave it today.

### La Follette Will Give \$39,000 For His Widow

MADISON, Wis., June 25.—Former Senator Robert M. La Follette left an estate valued at \$58,800, according to his will, which was filed in county court here today.

Indebtedness of \$29,000, including a mortgage of \$20,000 on the Maple Bluff farm home, will reduce the value of \$39,000.

Mrs. La Follette is named as sole beneficiary and also becomes executrix of the estate.



**Rippling Rhymes**  
Walt Mason

**IN COMPANY**

I would not mind one fell disease, if it would come alone and swat me roundly in the knees, or in the collarbone, I'd take my pills, as large as peas, and heave no bootless groan. Today I catch a little cold, the common, garden kind; I feel the ailment taking hold, and I relieve my mind of language opulent and bold, severe but unrefined. For well I know the cold will fetch more ailments in its train, and they my writhing form will stretch upon a bed of pain, and there, a weak and weary wretch, I must for days remain. I've had diseases forty-three, while I've been growing old, and all these ills come back to me, when I have caught a cold; the Spanish flu and housemaid's knee, and aches and pains untold. They come from out their secret lairs, to punish and exhaust, they climb upon me unawares, and make my life a frost; they come at me in raging pairs, and do not mind the cost. Forgotten ailments, troop by troop, come back to take a hand, the mumps, the whooping cough and croup, and ills I thought were canned, come back and riot in my coop, until they must disband. And so I hate the common cold of which men lightly speak; it brings back all those pangs of old, which make our hinges creak; it flattens out the strong and bold, and leaves them pale and weak. No sympathy do you receive when you've a cold on deck; men haven't time to sigh and grieve o'er trifling things, by heck; and yet you know that cold will leave your form a dreary wreck.

## The Wall Flower

By MARION RUBINCAM

#### IDLING

##### Chapter 75

Pan's heart sank, though she wasn't entirely sure what George meant.

She thought a while, then answered: "I don't know what I'd do if Gloria married again. That would all depend—perhaps—he—wouldn't like it." She couldn't bring herself to say "her husband."

"She'd need someone to look after Frankie for a few years in any case, even after he starts school next year. And she needs someone to run her house, as I've been doing—even if she had a large house with a lot of servants. She's often said she would keep up her business no matter what happened, once she'd been independent, she'd hate to be anything else again."

"That's the cry of the modern woman," George said cynically. "But most of them forget it after they marry. Why not?" And he went into a discussion of marriage as a partnership to which the woman contributed other things than cash.

Pan listened. But her mind was only half on what George was saying. "I must confess I'm not keen on the independent woman," George ended. "She sacrifices a certain charm—"

Pan wondered what charm—Gloria certainly sacrificed nothing when she became a business woman.

She said something of the sort. "Well, Gloria, yes!" George murmured. "Gloria's always a contradiction to any theory of mine. Certainly independence suits her."

He was walking along, head lowered, swinging a stick—he never carried a stick in New York, but he fell into the habit at once when he reached the land where most men go about with canes. They were going along Piccadilly. Pan had dozens of questions she wanted to ask about the big clubs that lined the street, but George looked absent minded.

Frankie was running along the path of the park, separated from them only by the high iron fence. He was almost within touching distance but had a beautiful feeling of independence. He was pretending to be very big and quite without need of a nurse as he went alone—though he was as careful not to lose sight of Pan as she was not to lose sight of him.

"Yes, independence suits her," George repeated. "It doesn't suit you. Your charm is your very lack of that."

Pan laughed a little and said nothing. They had apparently talked around to a full stop of conversation. George, glancing down at the slight figure in its boyish blue suit, the small featured face that was pretty because of a certain planness and delicacy and thinness, the dark eyes that were too often veiled because of shyness, thought that Pandora's dependence was a very charming quality indeed.

"Come along," he called to Frankie, "we'll all take a cab and go sightseeing. How about the Tower of London, Frankie? That's where they used to chop off people's heads and it's a long drive."

"All right," Frankie acquiesced cheerfully, "then we'll have ice cream."

panelling of a fine old Tudor mansion that some family had to sell. This she had crated and shipped.

And Pan and Frankie wandered around London, Piccadilly Circus, the City with its law courts and the Abbey and then St. Paul's—its huge dome rising to a superior height over everything in London, the art gallery and the portrait gallery with paintings of almost everyone Pan had read about, the winding Thames and the quiet, prim looking squares with incredibly huge houses, in the smart quarters.

Pan adored sightseeing and would have been perfectly happy. But—Gloria was jumpy and nervous to an extent she had never known before. Gloria was worrying over Santley.

Santley had not been heard from. "Mrs. Meighan is a frightful old gossip and quite unreliable, but she says Santley is engaged to this girl," Gloria confided. "Ordinarily I would not believe her. I mean I wouldn't believe anything she said, but she happens to know the girl's friends. That explains things—he was out of town when I wired, but certainly his office forwarded my wire. He probably intended to write me about this affair, but either felt self-conscious because of his old protests of love for me, or else is waiting to see me and tell me personally, or else is waiting to see what my attitude is, now I'm free again."

"Anyway, we'll go to Paris day after tomorrow, if George will come then." This dependence on George was something new and inexplicable.

##### Chapter 76

In life even more than in fiction, people often work at cross purposes and make a muddle of days and weeks that might pass happily with mutual understanding.

So with George and Gloria.

And so was Pan deceived. Gloria was in a curious mood. Pan had never known her to react in any unusual manner before. When the average woman is worried half to death she is irritable or depressed or on the edge of tears.

When Gloria was worried, she flew to an excited gaiety, false of course, but most deceptive. When she was tired and things were going wrong, she went from occasional bursts of temper into an exaggerated patience.

It was never Frankie's naughtiness that annoyed her, his pranks and disobedience amused her, his little impudences made her laugh. She grew impatient now and then over a long period of angelic goodness on his part—over the days when he preferred a book and the couch to play, when he was good to the point of meekness.

"I want a tomboy, that's my trouble," she apologized once when she told him sharply to be a real boy and go out and play with his friends.

But Gloria these days had the normal reactions of the most ordinary sort of woman to everything that happened.

Frankie's "I'm a run away locomotive, mother," accompanied by shrieks as piercing as only a small child can make them, brought a sharp:

"Stop that, Frank, or I'll send you to bed."

This rebuke so astonished the boy that he forgot his locomotive entirely and retired to play mouse and cat with himself in the next room.

Pan went to the hotel phone and called for tea. Gloria laughed then and said:

"Are you going to soothe me with hot drink and food? I am a cross patch today, Pan as usual, you're an angel. I suppose I'm tired and I'm wretched too. Did George say he was coming around?"

Pan said yes—for George was around every evening and often for dinner as well.

"Darling George! My temper worries him. I'll try to be decent by the time he comes. I don't know what any of us would do without him."

"George is awfully in love with you," the girl observed. She wondered if Gloria would tell her anything about this.

"Is he?" And Gloria laughed. "He's certainly never said so. I'm afraid I've known George too long and too well for him to fall in love with me. He's much more likely to fall madly in love with you, darling. You're his type."

"With me? No, he likes clever people."

"Oh does he? He also likes to be much the cleverer of any clovered. And he adores ordering people around—oh, he does it nicely, of course, but he does it just the same. I find even myself falling into the way of taking directions from him—"

"It's fatal, we all do it more or less. George likes the soft, sweet, yielding type of woman—your type, Pan, I shouldn't be in the least surprised if he wasn't already a little smitten."

Her quick eyes searched Pan's face for any sign. But Pan was simply in earnest when she said quickly:

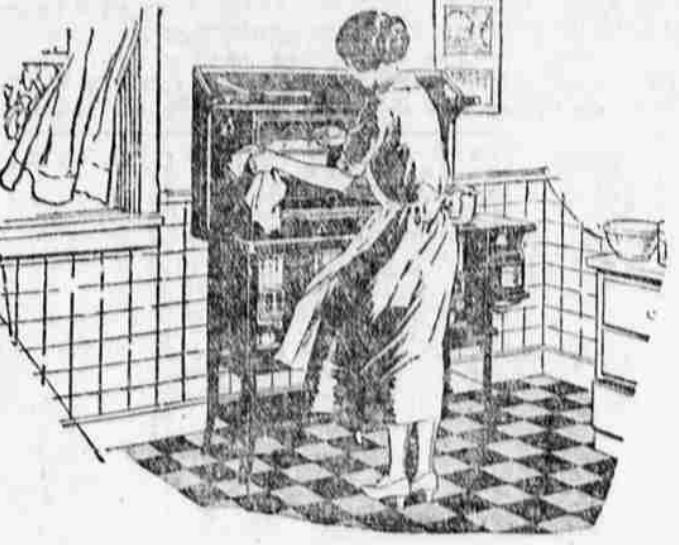
"Oh no, I know better."

"Well, you are awfully young, of course—though there's only 11 years difference between you. George seems a bit older, you a bit younger than your real years."

"He thinks I'm still in love with—"

"I know. Of course, that would put a man off, though we've all assured him you've quite forgotten Morton. Lord, Pan, what a different person you are from the scared rabbit who came to live with me last winter."

"I know, it's all due to you—and a little to George," the girl answered and touched Gloria's hand lightly for a moment. "I feel as though the sun came out last winter for the first time, and began to warm me through."



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She went on:

"I don't know what I'd do without you. But George says you're apt to marry—I shouldn't go back to the old life. I'd get a position in the city—"

"So George is having me married, is he?" Gloria was quick to resent.

"In view of everything that's happened, he's a little quick with his judgment. But even if I should, Pan, and I don't intend to now, I'll tell you that—even if I should, you must stay with me. If you need me for my mental stimulation, I need you for the physical comfort you give me and my home and the care you take of Frank, who adores you, and for the mass of details and worry you save me."

That was Pan's reward and all the reward she wanted.

That was her niche in life, to serve others. And she had found it with Gloria, she was satisfied—or thought she was. She wanted Gloria happy

—even if she married George—  
Tombrow—Paris.

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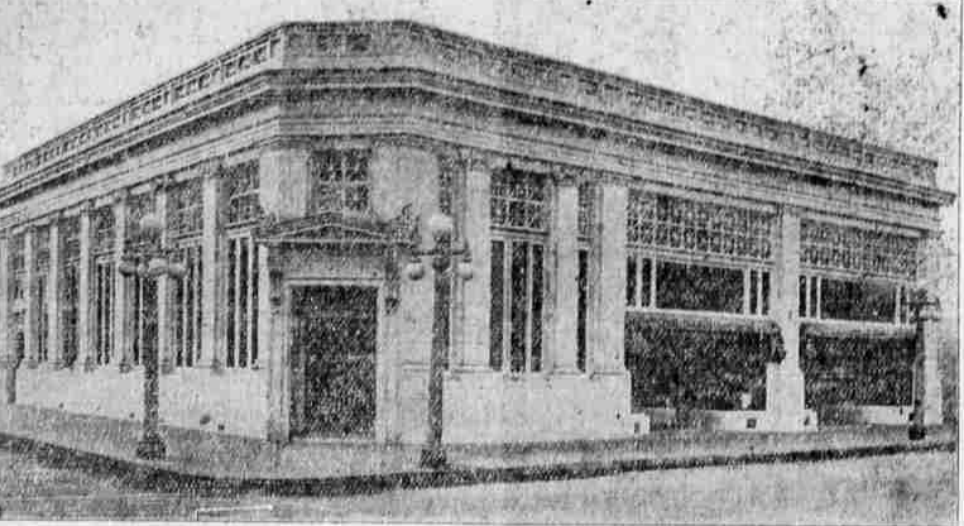
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