

The Bend Bulletin DAILY EDITION

Published Every Afternoon Except Sunday by The Bend Bulletin (Incorporated) Entered as Second Class matter January 3, 1917, at the Postoffice at Bend, Oregon, under Act of March 3, 1879.

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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.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES By Mail One Year \$5.00 Six Months \$3.25 Three Months \$1.75

By Carrier One Year \$6.50 Six Months \$4.25 Three Months \$2.50

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MONDAY, JULY 13, 1925

A much needed prayer:—Create in me a clean heart, O God; and renew a right spirit within me. Psalm 51:10.

A WONDERFUL REGION (Eugene Register)

After long years of waiting, the McKenzie highway is finally nearing completion. It is not finished yet, but it is so nearly finished that anyone who is at all accustomed to driving away from the paved highways can travel over it in comfort and without danger—without any more danger, that is, than is encountered in all driving in these days of heavy traffic.

Even in the highway's present unfinished condition, the trip from Eugene to Bend is one of the most delightful in the west. The hardships that were formerly an accompaniment of it are gone, and the only discomfort involved is a short trip over the unsurfaced section at the summit.

Gone are the heavy grades of Dead Horse hill that strained the stoutest engine and provided the passenger with an opportunity to earn his way by pushing. Gone are the tire destroying boulders of the lava beds that made the excursion a costly one even for the most careful of drivers. The climb from Lost Creek ranch to the summit flat is now made by a series of easy loops and a new route has been cut across the lava beds and sub-surfaced with dirt. There remains only the task of surfacing this with rock, and with good luck that ought to be finished this fall. The end of a long task is in sight.

The McKenzie highway opens the way to an outdoor country whose natural beauties are unexcelled anywhere in America. Its charm is so great that none who have seen it can ever lose the desire to come back and see it again. The time will come when it will be a great popular playground, visited annually by thousands where now only hundreds come.

The lover of Oregon's outdoors says this with a trace of sadness. A part of the charm of the McKenzie country is its unspoiled and primitive wildness. This particular charm will disappear when there are tourist camps and dance halls and jazz bands and yesterday's newspapers and tin cans at all the beauty spots that now are remote and wild and lovely.

But all of that is a part of the price of progress. We can not have our cake and eat it, too. We can not attract tourists to Oregon in vast and profitable numbers and still retain the solitude and the unspoiled grandeur of the present.

To know the McKenzie and Sisters country is to love it. Its high, clear, stimulating air lends a vividness to living that the dweller in the lower altitudes does not know. Sleep in that air is dreamless and deep, and waking is a wonderful experience. There is a thrill to every hour.

The attractions are as varied as human desire. Great, white mountains are on every side, inviting the climber. Wild, rough lava fields and the craters from which they flowed challenge the student. Flower spangled meadows invite the idle dreamer to wander through them, dreaming away the hours in calm enjoyment. Lakes and streams lure the angler on, and reward him richly with sport of the gods. The game trails beckon the hunter.

The summit of the Cascades is the dividing line between different worlds. On the western side, the undergrowth is as dense and green as a tropical jungle. Just over the line to the east, the undergrowth disappears and the great trunks of pines rise from a smooth and almost unobstructed floor.

On the west, the foothills stretch away for miles, obstructing the view of the mighty peaks, but have a charm of their own that is indescribably luring. To the east, the rugged backbone of the range, clothed in perpetual snow, rises almost sheer from the floor of the high central plateau. To the west are sage and vine maple; to the east sage brush and chaparral.

Even the chipmunks are different. Those on the western side are slim and dark, while their cousins on the eastern slope are lighter in color and inclined to be built on the lines of a portly captain of industry whose appetite has not been greatly denied.



ANCESTRY

If I'm descended from an ape, I am not much depressed by that; I shed no tears, I pin no crape upon my coat sleeve or my hat. If some gorilla was the sire of my proud race, I do not care; I'm nobly toiling at my lyre to settle for the bill of fare. I herd my hens and plow and sow, and do not care a tinker's oath what ehanced a million years ago to either apes, or men, or both. I do my work in proper shape, I milk the cow and spray the tree, and if my grand-sire was an ape it surely cuts no grass with me. I worry over many things connected with the present day; my flivver has two broken springs, I've found some mildew in my hay. The hair is falling from my dome, which makes me murmur and repine; my aunt is coming to my home, to visit for six weeks or nine. The chair I sit on falls apart, and lets me down and makes me swear; the cost of living fills my heart with indignation and despair. When I have concrete griefs like these, why should I fill the air with wails because my forebears sat in trees, or swung from branches by their tails? I strive to dodge the bogie, debt, when buying things I pay the dough, and let the four-eyed savants sweat o'er problems of the long ago. It may be they are talking bunk, it may be what they say is true, but there's no prehistoric monk can stop me when I've work to do.

They show their kinship, however, by the fondness they display for the other side of the road.

Eugene and Bend are the patron cities of this wonderful region. One is located where the McKenzie highway joins The Dalles-California highway, and the other where it meets the Pacific highway. One is the gateway at the east and the other the gateway at the west. They are mutually interested in its development.

The McKenzie highway is one of the finest drives in America. As time passes and its beauties become better known, it will become one of the heaviest traveled roads in Oregon. Its fame will spread until every long distance tourist will want to see it. When that time comes, Eugene and Bend will profit greatly and the coming of the time depends almost wholly on their own efforts.

Farmers of Jefferson Fight Fire, Save Wheat

(Special to The Bend Bulletin) MADRAS, July 13.—Fighting desperately under the unshaded mid-summer sun, half a hundred Jefferson county farmers first checked, then subdued a grass fire which for a time threatened to wipe out the first real wheat crop which the Agency plains has had since 1916. Three hours the fire fighters battled with the flames before the issue could be certain.

Starting in the canyon along the Mecca grade, presumably the result of match or cigarette cast aside by some fisherman, the fire burned unnoticed at first, then as it gathered speed it climbed the steep hillside, over the edge of the hill, and settled

down for a nice, easy spur across the plains toward the nearly ripened wheat beyond. Five hundred acres of pasture had already been burned over, and several thousand acres of wheat lay just ahead.

But the storm had been spread, and every man and boy in the country was on the job, and stayed on the job until any possibility of danger was a thing of the past.

At the beginning of the picture, Beery is a servant in Cortez's castle high up in the Pyrenees. One day Cortez brings the pretty English girl, Dolores Annesley (Miss Goudal) to the castle, a captive. Beery is thrown out of the place for trying to help Dolores escape.

Later on Dolores gets lost in the mountains and is decoyed to a bandit stronghold where Beery is in command. Some of the real action of the story is contained in the scenes that follow.

"The Spaniard," opening a three day run tonight at the Capitol theater, is an adaptation by J. T. O'Donoghue of the immensely popular British novel by that name by Juanita Savage.

Beery, bold, bad bandit in film at Capitol. Noat Beery is again preying upon the poor, honest, hard working people of the country—this time it happens to be in the role of the bandit chief, Gomez, in the Raoul Walsh production for Paramount, "The Spaniard," in which he has a featured role with Ricardo Cortez and Jetta Goudal.

MOVIES

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GEORGE COMES BACK

Chapter 90

"Doesn't Frankie miss his mother?" Mrs. Clarke asked as they sat under a gigantic red and white striped parasol stuck into the green lawn. It was the latest part of Sunday afternoon. Mr. Clarke and Ned had gone off for a tramp; Frankie with his watchful little nursemaid was across the lawn. Frankie's whole hearted shouts as he played had attracted their attention.

"No, he doesn't seem to," Pan answered. "He's without her a great deal of the time, so he's used to her absence—she must be away all day at her office."

"After all, I'm inclined to think that's the best way; it teaches a child self reliance," Mrs. Clarke said. Her fingers, always busy at something, were making deft motions with knitting needles. Pan could see the lacey shawl growing in her hands.

"Frankie's the self reliant sort," Pan explained. "I imagine he inherits his independence from his mother. I wish I had as much as he."

"But you've been quite marvelous," Mrs. Clarke told her. "We've all admired you—stopping here alone and looking after the child, to give Gloria a chance."

"Ah, but she deserves her chance," Pan was so earnest in her defense that she interrupted eagerly. "She deserved it—you don't know all she's been through. She did think of taking Frankie with her—with them—but it seemed so odd to take a big boy like that on a honeymoon—besides, I wanted to keep him, he's been company."

"She deserved it—you don't know all she's been through. She did think of taking Frankie with her—with them—but it seemed so odd to take a big boy like that on a honeymoon—besides, I wanted to keep him, he's been company."

"And even had it been a trouble, I would have been so glad," Pan went on. "She's done so much for me—"

Mrs. Clarke led her on, Pan told her some of the little story that was so commonplace, so unexciting, and so pathetic because of that. She could easily picture the dull farm, the work, the child whose sensitive little soul was bruised and hurt by rudeness and stupid misunderstanding.

"But now she is married, will she live here—and what of you?" Mrs. Clarke asked.

"I think they'll live in New York. Santley wants to go back," Pan said. "And as for me—well"—she looked over the long stretch of grass, dappled with golden coins of sunlight falling through the trees. "It will be two years or more before Frankie goes away to school, she'll need me that long—so much has happened in

one year—"

"That a great deal will happen in two more," Mrs. Clarke finished. "And you're young and attractive, Pan, though you don't think so. That's part of your charm—you think only of others, and not yourself." Pan laughed at that.

"I think too much of myself—oh did. I need to be so sorry for my self."

The knitting needles clicked rapidly and a bit more of the shawl took shape.

"Ned's a nice boy," Mrs. Clarke observed, apparently apropos of nothing.

"Isn't he?" Pan agreed with impersonal enthusiasm.

"He'll inherit a charming home and a good income some day," Mrs. Clarke went on. "You'll adore his home—which he evidently means to show you. He's taken a great fancy to you."

Even Pan recognized the match-maker.

She felt sorry the otherwise tactful Mrs. Clarke had said this; it was sure to introduce an element of self-consciousness into a pleasant friendship. She didn't know what to say in answer, so wisely said nothing at all.

Mrs. Clarke sensed this. But so as not to seem to drop the subject too hurriedly, she talked more of Ned and his home. And presently the bell from the village church began, a thin sweet jangling sound, calling to the early evening service. Mrs. Clarke rolled up her shawl and put on her hat.

They followed a path through the meadow and crossed a stile and a brook, a short cut that brought them soon to the village. The church was a diversion, they were both a little embarrassed by the mention of Ned.

Mrs. Clarke was wondering whether Pan, whom she thought the merest child, could really be interested in George—she knew George had come over with them. But she said nothing and after church gathered a few friends from the village and they trooped back together over the meadow and the stile and to the gaily striped umbrella where the two men sat at a table set for tea.

It was so different from the flat and unlovely life of the old farm, and so restful after the somewhat hectic afternoons with Gloria—it was quite perfect, Pan thought. Her self-consciousness was gone completely; she wondered how she ever could have been afraid of life and of living. Even Tuesday and the city only meant a change of people; she was

picking up new friends of her own—Gloria would be back in a week or so. And George—she wondered if Gloria's marriage had hurt him, though he'd pretended it hadn't. Business might keep him away longer—but when she reached London on Tuesday afternoon, she found a note from George postmarked London.

"I'm coming around for you at dinner time," was all it said. But that was enough to make her heart pound.

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Report of Condition of The Central Oregon Bank At Bend, Oregon, at close of business June 30th, 1925. RESOURCES: 1. Loans and discounts, including rediscouunts shown in items 29 and 30, if any... \$570,849.46 2. Overdrafts secured and unsecured... 1,581.15 3. U. S. government securities owned, including those shown in items 20 and 25, if any... 298,999.00 4. Other bonds, warrants and securities, including foreign government, state, municipal, corporation, etc., including those shown in items 20 and 35, if any... 27,547.62 5. Stocks, securities, claims, liens, judgments, etc. 8,249.74 6. Banking house, \$41,246.48; furniture and fixtures, \$6,669.00... 47,915.48 7. (a) Cash on hand in vault and due from banks, bankers and trust companies designated and approved reserve agents of this bank... 146,614.07 8. (c) Net amounts due from other banks, bankers and trust companies... 2,681.18 9. Exchanges for clearing house and items on other banks in the same city or town as reporting bank... 10,890.21 10. Checks on banks outside city or town of reporting bank and other cash items... 1,820.16 11. Total cash and due from banks, items 5, 7, 8, 9, 10 and 11... \$162,006.32 12. Total... \$1,027,049.77 LIABILITIES: 16. Capital stock paid in... \$ 50,000.00 17. Surplus fund... 25,000.00 18. (a) Undivided profits... \$ 49,825.79 19. (b) Less current expenses, interest and taxes paid... 27,898.09 12,926.80 20. Reserved for taxes, interest and depreciation... 8,249.74 21. Net amounts due to other banks, bankers and trust companies... 5,555.01 22. Demand deposits, other than banks, subject to reserve: 23. Individual deposits subject to check, including deposits due the State of Oregon, county, cities or other public funds... 626,403.03 24. Demand certificates of deposit outstanding... 3.00 25. Cashier's checks of this bank outstanding payable on demand... 15,070.21 26. Certified checks outstanding... 463.90 27. Total of demand deposits, other than bank deposits, subject to reserve, items 23, 24, 25, 26... 641,940.14 28. TIME AND SAVINGS DEPOSITS, subject to reserve and payable on demand or subject to notice: 27. Time certificates of deposit outstanding... 52,496.68 28. Savings deposits, payable subject to notice... 229,882.00 29. Total of time and savings deposits payable on demand or subject to notice, items 27 and 28... 282,378.68 30. Total... \$1,027,049.77 State of Oregon, County of Deschutes, ss. I, H. M. Stephens, cashier of the above named bank, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief. H. M. STEPHENS, Cashier. CORRECT—Attest: W. L. O'DONNELL, E. P. MAHAFFEY, Directors.

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