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DAILY EDITION

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THURSDAY, JULY 23, 1925

The third commandment—Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain; for the Lord will not hold him guiltless that taketh his name in vain. Exodus 20:7.

YOU NEVER CAN TELL

(Eugene Register)
Hugh O'Kane of Bend was in Portland the other day, and while there he talked to the reporters. Being a loyal Central Oregonian, his conversation turned naturally upon his home town and he began to speak well of it—as Oregonians will, when away. Bend, he told the waiting scribes, will have a population of 25,000 in three years.

That, he should say, is a fine, upstanding, optimistic guess. It outdoes considerably a recent guess by this writer, who in a moment of more or less inflated optimism predicted that Eugene's population will be 50,000 in 10 years. Bend claims at present to have in the neighborhood of 10,000 inhabitants, and Eugene is insulted if anyone rates us at less than 20,000; so in order to reach the figures named each will have to multiply itself two and a half times. But while this writer gave himself 10 years of leeway, Mr. O'Kane gets right down into the present and names three years hence as his limit. He has real nerve.

But if any city in Oregon can make a good prediction like that, Bend can. It is young, with the strength and enthusiasm of youth. It is rich, being dowered by nature with one of the finest stands of pine timber that ever grew out of the ground. And it is strong in its faith in its own destiny—anyone who doubts that should go and talk to its people.

From 10,000 to 25,000 in three years! That will indeed be growing some. But far be it from us to scatter doubts. If anyone had said 20-odd years ago, when the present site of Bend was only an unmarked section in the sage brush, that a modern city of 10,000 people would be standing there now, he would have been stretching his bow a lot farther than is Mr. O'Kane. The beauty of this country is that you never can tell.

An auto bus ran into a Southern Pacific freight train the other day and injured three passengers. Will these railroad people never learn that they cannot block the road and get away with it?

Tribes Sue Government Alleging Land Is Taken

(U. P. Leased Wire to The Bend Bulletin)
WASHINGTON, July 23.—A suit for \$68,707,343.47 against the United States has been filed in the United States court of claims here by Indian tribes of Montana, Wyoming, Idaho and Washington, for land alleged to have been taken from them by the government. It was announced by the department of justice today.

The Blackfeet, Blood, Piegan and Gros Ventre Indians of Montana and the Nez Perce tribe of Idaho and Washington charge the government took their hunting grounds from them without their consent and without compensation in violation of treaties.

The next Olympic rowing regatta will be held at Amsterdam in 1928.

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READING

The reading habit, if acquired by voters when they're young, will be a solace when they're tired and old, their withers wrung. All other pleasures wilt and fade when one is growing old; the three-ring show, the street parade, grow stale and lose their hold. The loud diversions of the night amid the noise and glare, seem rather seedy to a night whose scalp is getting bare. "I've seen it all," the old man sighs, "I've seen it ninety times; there's nothing new the dotard buys with all his store of dimes." The old man makes a doleful sound, his life seems bleak and gray, if he can only stand around, and watch the others play. But if he loves the heavy tome that's full of red hot stuff, he sits and reads it in his home, and he is gay enough. He's carried back to other days, to knights and ladies fair, to hoary minstrels and their plays, to scraps beyond compare. Once more the world is all serene, the aches of age are gone, and every damsel is a queen, and every goose a swan. I pity much the ancient man who finds a book a bore, who views with scorn the fiction fan, who scoffs at printed lore. If he would find a quiet nook, select some verse or prose, and spend an evening with a book, he might forget his woes. But he's forever looking on, at games he cannot share, recalling old days dead and gone, and sighing in despair.

The Wall Flower

By MARION RUBINCAM

ON THE WAY

Chapter 102

"This is really beginning life," said Pan as they settled themselves in a hotel suite in the city after their brief trip to the "farm."

"Why do you wait until now to say life is beginning?" George asked with some amusement, watching her unlock a suitcase and deftly place piles of garments in a bureau drawer. "You've been married more than a week. Life is at least that old for me."

"Oh, that was only a honeymoon!" Pan dismissed it lightly. "That wasn't being really married. This is much more like it. We've three rooms all to ourselves, almost a home, in fact."

"Almost," George laughed, lounging against the window and watching her work. "Which reminds me that I must cable my aunt the day of our arrival, so she'll have time to settle herself."

"Settle herself!" Pan perched herself on the arm of a chair, looking distressed. "Of course! But I'm depriving her of a home—that seems so dreadful. Couldn't she stay? She's looked after you for years. She'll hate me now, putting her out."

"She won't!" George assured her. "She things all men are superfluous, though I'm less so than the average. Her ideal of life is a manless home, all tabby cats and spinsters, with occasional lecture tours to women's clubs. The only times she finds men useful are as railway porters."

Pan laughed a bit. George's aunt did herself very well when she traveled, she was a fashion as well as a social and educational event to the club she lectured in. Pan had once seen her departure for a tour, with two trunks, two suitcases, a small valise and a blanket roll, a maid and the maid's luggage and an army of porters.

"She won't mind. She's always wanted to live at a woman's club," George went on. "Her conscience bothered her about me. That's one reason why she stayed on."

"Well!" Pan was partly satisfied. She returned to her unpacking, directing her attentions to George's luggage.

"It seems odd to handle masculine shirts and collars," she said. "Yours

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her and her wishes and sayings, a certain elfin quality he vainly longed to paint, her complete, almost eager giving of herself to him—a current of thoughts like those flowed on steadily under his conscious thinking, and made him happier than he had ever been, and at last, completely contented. When he came back, Pan was giving Frankie the latest news of horse and dog friends in the country.

"And I've arranged for a large and expensive dinner party for all our friends the night before we sail," she told him. "This is really being married, isn't it—giving dinners and being called 'madam' by the waiters."

"Is it?" asked George smiling. "Being married is coming home to find you waiting."

On the ship they found the same two critical women who had gossiped about Gloria. It was the only unpleasant touch, for Pan felt their eyes boring through her whenever she passed with George. She guessed that they knew she was newly married. But they were not so kindly. Their idea was that the "woman with the dyed hair" as they referred to Gloria, had deserted her child. They had covered Europe in this short time, and were going back with a jumbled impression of cathedrals and castles, cities and mountains, peasants and strange restaurants and the firm idea that all "foreigners" were queer.

It was when Pan stood in the studio, watching trunks being carried into bedrooms, that she remarked again:

"We're really home now. This is beginning life, isn't it, dear?"

Tomorrow—The New Plan.

Fifteen Years Ago

(From the Columns of The Bulletin of July 20, 1910.)

The Pilot Butte Development Co. sawmill, recently brought here from Gist, was put in operation yesterday. It takes the place of the one destroyed by fire last April.

A movement is on foot to collect funds to build a road to Sparks lake. The generator and dynamo for the new electric light plant are now on the road from Shanika.

C. S. Wood today began construction of a theater building on Bond street.

A. T. Frame, a contractor and builder of Colville, Wash., is looking over the Bend country and it is probable that he will locate here permanently. He was one of the first settlers at Great Falls, Mont., 20 years ago.

The late Chronicle of Laidlaw has risen from the dead and is now in operation at Redmond. Its name will be the Redmond Spokesman.

Twenty-seven automobiles are now owned and operated in Bend. The owners are: E. C. Coe, Central Oregon Auto Co.; 5; Crook County Realty Co.; H. H. Davies, H. C. Ellis, Espey Auto Co.; 4; B. Ferrell, J. N. Hunter, J. Goodfellow, Home Land Co.; Henry Linster, J. M. Lawrence, C. W. Merrill, Merrill-Wilkinson Co.; Radcliffe Bros. Auto Co.; 2; Frank Robertson, W. H. Staats, Carlyle Triplett and Creed Triplett.

Floyd Dement reports that yester-

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Morgan Hand Admitted In Nickel Plate Deal

WASHINGTON, July 23.—One loan from the firm of J. P. Morgan and company to the Van Sweringen interests was admitted by O. P. Van Sweringen under examination today before the interstate commerce commission, which is inquiring into his billion dollar Nickel Plate merger.

Van Sweringen said that the loan was secured by railroad stock and that he was held to customary rates of interest.

The evidence was divulged under questioning, in an attempt to link Morgan interests with the merger.

Bandits Raid, Kill, Rob At Laundry In Chicago

(U. P. Leased Wire to The Bend Bulletin)
CHICAGO, July 23.—Bandits today raided the Cascade laundry, killed one employe, battered three others until they became unconscious, and escaped with an undetermined amount of cash.

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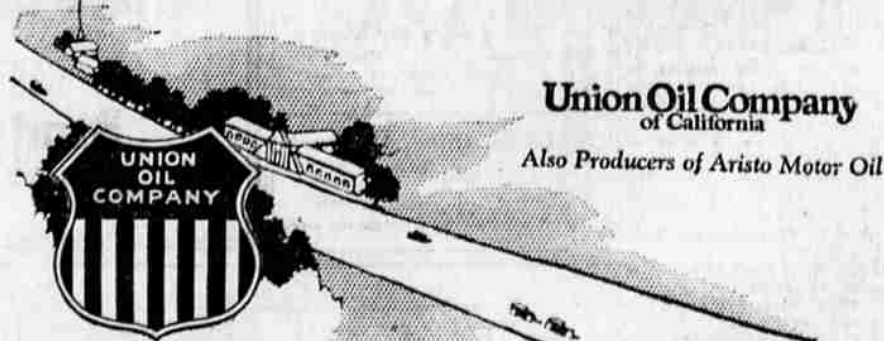
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