

The Bend Bulletin

DAILY EDITION

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MONDAY, JULY 27, 1925

Lord sees all—For the eyes of the Lord ran to and fro throughout the whole earth, to show himself strong in behalf of those whose hearts are perfect toward him. 2 Chron. 16:9.

MOUNTAIN VIEWS

We said a little the other day about the variety of opportunity for mountain climbing or enjoyment of mountain scenery in this vicinity. Now while there is the satisfaction of achievement that comes to one who climbs the higher and more difficult peaks hereabouts, there is another and possibly greater pleasure to be had in the ascent of many of the lower summits that can be reached with less difficulty.

There is the satisfaction of achievement, we say, in getting to the top of the high or difficult peaks. There is the delightful sense of physical well-being that follows the exertion and the testing of one's muscle and lung capacity and there are the views to be had of all the country.

On the lesser eminences there is the same opportunity of trying one's physical powers, not as extended but no different otherwise, but the great difference is in what one may see. The high mountains around here are pretty much all bunched up together. The views from them are extensive. One may see a lot of country, but there is lacking a sense of intimacy and detail that is had from some of the lower mountains and the buttes.

From Bachelor, Tumalo, Triangle hill, the hill above Swampy lake, the plateau above Three Creeks lake, and most of the high points on the side of the Tumalo canyon there are views that one never gets from the Sisters. There is forest and mountain park, meadow, the irrigated plain in the distance and from most of these the close-up view of the Sisters themselves. It is all very much worth while.

If this section is to hold its own in attractiveness for the tourist the sportsmen's association must see to it that for every mile of newly improved road there are planted 50,000 trout fry in the lakes and streams.

Before all the dates were taken we are glad that one day was set aside as "Friendship Day." There are a lot of people one should keep in touch with and if this day acts as a spur it will be a good thing.

Now at last—and we say this with all respect—Bryan knows all about it.

BEND MONDAY AUGUST 3

Advertisement for BARNES BIG 4 RING CIRCUS featuring POCAHONTAS and QUEEN ANNE. Includes details about the show, dates, and location.



NEEDLES

The grand old town of Needles has sizzling summer days; the coppers and the beadies perspiring go their ways. The brazen sky evinces no promise of a change; and clerks and merchant princes are fried, as on a range. The mercury is rising while yet the morn is new, to altitudes surprising, say ninety-one or two.

The Wall Flower

By MARION RUBINCAM

A QUEER LETTER

Chapter 104

In spite of Pan's good resolutions about not wanting a new home, nor even—as she went so far as to say in her first enthusiasm—wanting to change anything in the apartment, she found herself weakening after 10 days or so.

First of all, there was the matter of the bedrooms. The apartment was so arranged that most of it was studio. This room was the height of the two floors, after the usual manner of artists' flats. It was very large with a great studio window to the north, and two low ones at the side, big enough to swallow up the easel and model stand, the grand piano and divans, and so arranged that many people could dance when the furniture was pushed back to the walls.

The long hall that ran up to it, turned so it was possible, by shutting doors, to close off the room from the rest of the flat, an ideal arrangement for undisturbed work. It opened onto the hall, and the dining room, to reach which one crossed the foot of the stairway. The dining room was big, but half the height of the studio, and with its tapestries and old oak, Pan thought it perfect. Pantry, kitchen and servants' rooms completed the floor.

But up the short stairs was a little room or rather balcony, possessing its own bright window, but opening to the studio. As Pan wanted a separate little living room, and did not want to bother George at work, she had sent home one day two huge curtains of golden color brocade, which toned well with the rich browns of the studio, which were added to deepen sound and which, when hung at the balcony, made it a really separate room.

"I told you so," said George, who had prophesied changes.

Pan explained her reasons. "Before, you could hear everything from other rooms, which is bad for you when you work and bad for your sisters. It was all right before. You hadn't a wife and adopted child about to make a lot of noise."

"Besides," and George laughed at this feminine reason, "I bought this material for half price from some people Gloria deals with. It was the end of a piece, and then I had it made up through her firm, so she'll get a commission on it."

After that, she gave her attention to the bedrooms, which always worried her. George had done his with a simplicity that may have been Spartan, but that looked bare to his wife. His aunt, though she did herself very well in the way of clothes, had nothing feminine about her surroundings. A straight wooden bed, handsome but plain as she could find, straight chairs a stinky sized mirror, one arm chair by a table and shelves for her books—the third room was fitted with odds and ends and Frankie had it now.

Pan spent days among furniture stores, seeking inspiration and combining an idea here with another idea there, a hint from a magazine, something suggested by the pattern of a chintz—then boldly swept out the lot and put in the dark mahogany and quaint crotches she loved so, carved pedestal tables, a desk with low, gracious lines and the inevitable "secret" drawer, "tip top" tables to hold old silver candlesticks—and finally all she lacked was the oval braided rug that she felt necessary to complete the rooms.

"Quaintness" one paid well for in the city. Such rugs were prized so

high she refused to purchase. "At home they still make them—I helped Aunt Maude often when I was a child," she told her husband. "I think I'll write there and ask Aunt Maude to sell me some, or get some for me in the village."

So she wrote—she had written from London, simply announcing her intended marriage and adding practically no details, beyond a brief description of what George looked like and what his profession was. It was in this way that she picked up her almost broken connection with her family. For Aunt Maude answered as volubly as she talked.

"I got three rugs the size you wanted, though one has to be added to make it large enough," the letter said. "You'll have to pay high for them. Everything has gone up so since I bought. Seems to me the cheapest thing would be for you to make them, but as Gladys says, it takes years to collect rag strips enough and I suppose you've got everything new in your house."

Pan smiled a little at this, remembering her long hunts for properly aged furniture and the training she had had from Gloria to make her distinguish real old from fake old. "Anyway, they would have been \$10 apiece, but I told them they were for you and as you'd married an artist you probably couldn't afford that much, so I got \$5 off. And then we decided that as we hadn't given you a present and you were our niece, we'd give you one of these."

"I don't suppose you'll be able to afford going away next summer, as you're furnishing a house, so we thought you could both come here, to the farm. It would be a change for you anyway—and you can work as you did, so you needn't pay board, and probably George could make himself useful too—we always need extra hands. Gladys says he can paint the barn as he's a painter, I told her he wasn't that sort, but she said she supposed he could do plain painting anyway."

Pan in disgust, suddenly threw the note into the fire.

Monday—Gloria's Return.

Pomona Grange Picnic Planned At Plainview

Announcement that the Pomona grange of Deschutes county will hold a picnic at the Plainview grange hall on August 12 was made yesterday by Vern Livesey, a member of the committee making arrangements for the picnic.

The afternoon session of the grange picnic and meeting will be open to the public, and a general invitation is being extended to people in all parts of the county to attend.

Several out of county speakers, in all probability including several O. A. C. specialists, will attend the picnic. Names of these speakers are to be announced later.

Willys-Knight and Overland Owners ATTENTION

We now have our own shop, and would appreciate your patronage.

Willys-Overland Garage

COOK SICKNESS BRANDED FALSE

Imprisoned Explorer Ir-rated at Yarn Lack of Truth In Reports Irks Man Who Claimed North Pole Discovery

By Donald A. Higgins (United Press Staff Correspondent) LEAVENWORTH, Kan., July 27.—Dr. Frederick A. Cook's ill-health, like his polar hikes and alpine attainments, has been slightly exaggerated. The "doc" (federal prisoner No. 23118) said so himself. In fact, he denied reports that he was sick, or even indisposed, or suffering from aurora borealis or what not. And "doc" turned from his work at the prison hospital sterilizer long enough to ask just who cooked up this new discovery—just who would message such a rumor without having the established facts.

At least, such is the physical condition and interrogatory frame of mind the doctor is in, if the official report of Deputy Warden F. G. Zerbst cannot be discredited.

Disturbed by telegraph and telephone queries as to the physical well being of the discoverer of north poles and Texas oil wells, Zerbst decided that surely the doctor himself could truthfully establish the latitude and longitude of his own physical chart. Accordingly, he asked Cook if he wasn't his same old mountain climbing, seal hunting self, to which, in substance, the discredited discoverer replied that if he was a sick man he sold whale oil stock and discovered the north pole.

The whole thing, from the prison hospital attendant's point of view, reads like an ill famed arctic log. He maintains his health is in Eskimo pie order. In truth, the doctor is here to tell the world, as well as to settle certain accounts with the federal government, that he intends to keep his health while in prison. That was his assurance when he left his friends in Fort Worth, Texas.

Meanwhile, he dresses "tools" for the prison's three operating rooms, in recompense for unhealthy oil ventures, passes prison routine with a knitted brow, while he embroiders time with the fascination of his own needlework. On one hand a grand hoax—on the other a pathetic old man of 60, whose land of midnight sun has turned to nothing but "a patch of blue."

Confession of Murder Repudiated by Sailor

(U. P. Leased Wire to The Bend Bulletin) SEATTLE, July 27.—Repudiating his confession, Lloyd L. Hudson, 29 year old sailor, has denied that he wantonly shot down C. E. Anable, for hire car driver, on a lonely road on the Fort Lawton military reservation Wednesday night. Hudson denied that he shot Anable either for revenge as he first claimed, or to pilfer the pockets of the young war veteran driver, as the widow and police declare.

Regardless, however, of his protestations of innocence, the accused man must face trial in federal court since the killing was done on a military reservation. Conviction of murder under federal statutes carries the death penalty unless a jury specifically recommends life imprisonment.

O'Donnell's Market

The largest market in Central Oregon with Greater Buying Power Better Facilities and Offering Greater Selection Phone 286

The Other Fellow's Car

No question about it; there are a pile of automobiles on the streets these days. You realize that when your own machine is laid up for repairs, and you have to dodge the wheels of the other fellow's car. In a recent year 2,311 Travelers accident policyholders were hurt while they were walking in the streets, and 18.5% of all the accident claims filed were based upon injuries received by pedestrians.

J. C. Rhodes

"Insurance in All Its Branches"

The Car that put the War in Warren

Jim Warren bought a car—the "Ginger-bread Six."

Never heard of it before, but he happened to be walking along Automobile Row and during a lapse moment his foot slipped—he stepped inside.

"Nifty boat," said the salesman.

"Not bad," said Jim, as paint and doo-dads got in their hypnotic work.

"But why isn't it advertised?" asked Jim.

"Don't need to advertise a job like that," was the forearmed reply. Sounded logical. But—

Six months later Jim had a collection of bolts and grease-cups and broken springs and disjointed steering mechanism and a motor that almost ran.

"Never again!" said Jim. "The car that's little known and never advertised hasn't much responsibility; little to live up to. Before I buy another car—or another anything—I'm going to get the facts. I'm going to read the advertisements about automobiles—or whatever I'm buying."

Advertisements are an invaluable guide to intelligent buying. Read them regularly

Babe Is Found Smothered When Its Mother Arouses

(U. P. Leased Wire to The Bend Bulletin) SAN FRANCISCO, July 27.—Some unknown force dragged Mrs.

Jay H. Upton Attorney-at-Law

Baird Bldg. Phone 284 J Bend, Oregon Office next door to Sheriff's office

DR. G. W. WINSLOW VETERINARIAN

Residence 44 Irving Phone 118

DR. J. W. THOM Physician and Surgeon

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HUBBLE BLDG. Office Ph. 97; Home Ph. 73 J Office Hours 9 to 12 2 to 5; Evening, 7 to 8

Little Everly Lee Cook, aged three months, had smothered to death under the covers on her crib.

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