

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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THURSDAY, AUGUST 6, 1925

Perfect safety—Fear thou not; for I am with thee; be not dismayed; for I am thy God; I will strengthen thee; yea, I will help thee, yea, I will uphold thee with the right hand of my righteousness. Isa. 41:10.

FOR CLEAN ELECTIONS

Whatever may be the result of today's election we believe that every citizen interested in the proper conduct of civic affairs will agree that steps should be taken to safeguard future elections against all that has been possible today and against some of the things that have actually occurred. It is of the greatest importance that our elections be kept free from any taint of fraud. Honest partisans of either side would not want success won by shady or dishonest methods.

Being a special city election for which no particular rules have been set by the council other than the designation of judges, polling places and hours, today's election is being conducted without the enforcement of any requirements as to registration or precinct residence. Anyone may vote anywhere and there is nothing to hinder. With no registration lists in use there is no check on those who may claim the right to vote and with no precinct boundaries being observed one may vote at all three voting places without hindrance.

At any election, of course, held by the state or county, registration lists are used and residence within the precinct where a ballot is sought to be cast is required. It would not be a difficult thing to establish precincts for a special city election nor to make up poll or registration books that would give the same safeguards as in a state election. There would be some expense but it would be worth while.

The thing that has occurred that should be frowned upon by all who are interested in decent election procedure is the circulation of hand bills which conform in no particular to the requirements of the corrupt practice act. Possibly this act does not apply in the case of city elections. In that case an ordinance covering its chief provisions should be enacted.

It is as important that city elections be kept clean as those of the state or county.

The New York boxing commission is trying to get Dempsey to fight. When you remember that even Uncle Sam could not force him to do that you don't look for very speedy results in New York.

That was an odd fire in Prineville that damaged all but the tender part of an engine.

Wat'er life, wat'er life.

Many to Enjoy Picnic Of Grange Next Week

Several hundred people from all parts of Deschutes county will be in attendance at the grange picnic to be held at the Plainview community hall August 12. It is the belief of those in charge of the program.

The morning session, starting at 10:30, will be for the grange members, the afternoon session will be open to the public and the evening session will be for the Pomona grange members. W. D. B. Dohson, secretary of the Oregon State Chamber of Commerce, and P. L. Ballard, O. A. C. farm specialist, will be present. It is possible that the congressional delegation, coming to Central Oregon August 12, will visit the picnic.

Shenandoah to Carry Machine Gun Battery

WASHINGTON, Aug. 6.—The navy dirigible Shenandoah will be filled up this week with a machine gun battery of 10 guns and a trained crew to operate them, the navy department announced today.

Two will be set up in the forward gondolas, two aft, two mounted on top of the dirigible and one in each of the power cars.

The installation was made for experimental purposes.

Plans are being completed for the Shenandoah's western trip about September 1, the department announced. Although the detailed itinerary has not been approved, it is stated the ship will visit Detroit, Minneapolis, St. Paul and Des Moines, Ia.



SPASMODIC THRIFT

Not all the weeks that journey by are thrift weeks in our home; we put the kopecks down in lye, and watch the liquid foam. The grandsire has his bank account, each member of the clan salts down a large or small amount, and seals it in a can. No wolves are yapping at our door, in gaunt and hungry ranks; they're chasing weary wights who bore no bundles to the banks. There is a thrift week every year when workers are implored to shun the course that costs them dear, and save a little hoard. Good men and great rear up and show, by means of tongue and pen, that every one should save the dough, the seeds, the iron men. But when the week of thrift is spent the voices die away, and there is none to brace the gent who saved coin—for a day. "Twould take a million years," he sighs, "to fill the smallest bin; so like a phoenix I will rise and blow my savings in." A week of saving now and then won't make your assets climb; men garner picayune and yen by saving all the time. At first it seems a dismal chore, too beastly slow, you wot; "Far better seek the Racket store," you say, "and burn the lot." But if you grimly persevere that thought will pass eftsoons; and when you've saved, perhaps a year, you'll view the bright doubloons; you'll look with awe upon the same, the doubloons fair to see; and saving then becomes a game that's fraught with endless glee. You have the buck the plunk, the bone, safe in your little poke; and half the troubles you have known will fade away like smoke.

MAFALDA

By John Goodwin

For the life of her Mafalda could not help practicing what she called a "closeup" of her fire-lit face in the glass. It was dark over the hearth, and the reversed lighting from the fire, as becoming as the reflected light of snow to all young faces, intrigued her.

Slowly she smiled at her reflection, showing her perfect teeth. Then she gently turned her head from side to side, scowled and narrowed her eyes, till her face bore a sinister and cruel aspect.

She turned around suddenly. "It was a Talmadge film," she said. "Good?" asked Gareth. "Oh, Norma did her best; 'twas pretty fair. See here!" Gareth, standing at Jill's side, watched the girl's face in the fire's glow, half lost in admiration of what was a truly remarkable and precocious control of facial expression.

Mafalda, standing before him, almost without moving, skimmed one of the reels of the film. Langour, pride, dimpling smiles, pensiveness, hate and plotting, all flitted across her face. Then a terrible expression of fear made Jill break silence.

"Don't look like that, Maffie!" she pleaded. "You look awful!" Mafalda's face immediately composed itself. She smiled a gratified smile.

"Did I scare you, old Mops and Brooms? That's just what I wanted to do!" She nodded to Gareth. "It's those tragic expressions are the most diff to get. I know that any fool can look sweet and lollipoppy. But I tell you, kid, when I hit the movies, I'm going to show 'em the real stuff. I'll put it over in the big parts. The Bara girl and Mary Pickford will have to look for their jobs then. I know it! I can beat 'em to a pair of dolls!"

Gareth Pembroke did not tell her she was talking nonsense. "I don't know much about the movies," said he, admiringly, "but I do know you'd make the finest facial model I've ever seen, and my brother Owen would give his head to sketch you! He'd have those expressions of yours down on paper so that you'd mistake them for yourself. Look here, will you let him? Will you come round to our studio some time and have him draw you?"

"Will a duck swim!" said Mafalda quickly, and she held out a slim olive paw to Gareth, letting it rest for a moment in his hand. "Shake on that!" The boy turned to Jill. "Miss Seaton, it's a sin to let a voice like yours lie idle. Won't you come, too, and let me help you? Come round to tea, both of you—say to-morrow!"

"Two birds with one stone!" said Mafalda. "Of course she'll come!" "I—I don't know—" stammered Jill confusedly. "Don't you—I do! Here, why not stop and have tea with us here, now!" Gareth glanced at the clock. "I'd love to, but Owen's waiting for me. Got to run. You'll come, won't you?" he pleaded, turning to Jill.

"I'll bring her!" said Mafalda. And the next moment Gareth Pembroke was gone. Maffie threw herself in the broken armchair and, fixing her eyes on Jill, broke into a peal of impish laughter. "You Puss!" she exclaimed, "standing there as if butter wouldn't melt in your mouth. Who'd have thought it of you? For a week past I've meant to know that boy if I had to throw a brick at his head—and

here you've been and clicked ahead of me!"

"Maffie, don't talk like that!" pleaded Jill.

"Oh, cut it out! I'm not picking on you—I'm as pleased as you are. You've done pretty well. After all there's two of them. His brother—"

"What do you want to know them for?"

Maffie's eyes narrowed.

"Several reasons," she said. "The first is—they're swells."

"Swells? What do you mean?" "I mean what I say. I've kept my eyes and ears open; I've picked up all the talk I can about them. There's a mystery about those Pembroke boys and I like mysteries."

"I don't!" said Jill. "No, you're too big a fool. See here, can't you tell with shut eyes that they're not the same clip as the fellows we know? One's only a painter, and the other makes songs, and they're shabby as tramps—but they're class! I saw a Lancaster limousine car pull up at their door last week, a car that cost ten thousand at least, and a girl got out of it wearing a frock that wasn't bought for thirty guineas—she was all dolled up like a society star on the pictures. And she went up to the garret. I saw her at the window. Their name's Pembroke. There's a rich guy in the city by that name—Sir Something Pembroke—I saw his picture in the Mirror. Those boys are something to do with him."

"You have films on the brain, Maffie," said Jill impatiently, "and you are talking nonsense. If they have rich friends, what are they doing in a garret down this way, where nobody lives if they don't have to?" Mafalda rose.

"That," she said quietly, "is just what I'm going to get onto. I'll find out. We'll keep that appointment." She stretched herself. "Got five shillings, Jill? I'll pay you Saturday."

Jill sighed. She knew what Maffie's Saturday meant.

"You can't be going to the pictures again tonight, Maffie!"

"I am if you've got five bob," said Mafalda. Jill gave her the money.

"Thanks, old dear. You're a good little sort and you shan't lose by it," said Mafalda gratefully. "Pete's coming for me at 5. He's out of a job, poor kid."

Travel

Although not every man travels all the way to Egypt to see a camel, everybody takes a trip sometime, if only to a neighboring state.

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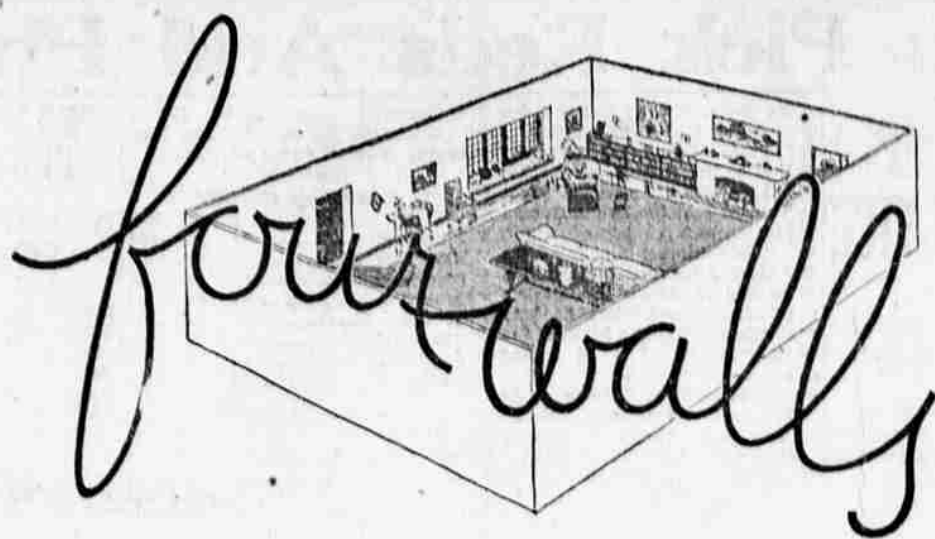
NEW VICTOR RECORDS

August 7, 1925

- 19712—I Wonder If We'll Ever Meet Again, Dear Old Gal of Mine—Tommy Lyman —Montmartre Rose —Tommy Lyman 19710—Row! Row! Rosie—Fox Trot—Vocal refrain—George Olson and His Music —Say Arabella—Fox Trot—Vocal refrain —George Olson and His Music 19714—The Prisoner's Song—Waltz—Vocal refrain —International Novelty Orch. —After the Ball—Waltz—Vocal refrain —International Novelty Orchestra

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A. J. GOGGANS

148 Oregon Ave.

Phone 36-J

Telephone Company Stock To be Sold Locally, Plan

Announcement is made by J. L. Gaither, local manager for the Pacific Telephone & Telegraph Co. of a thrift plan whereby investors will be permitted to purchase stock in the corporation on partial payments. The Bend office will be a branch of the Bell Telephone Securities company to receive applications for stock purchases.

BOOZE OWNER FINED Elmer Richards, arrested Tuesday night when police found him with a

MRS. V. A. SMITH Agent for Nubone Rubber Corsets and Silk Lingerie Men's and Ladies' Hosiery Phone 303-M P. O. Box 40

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bottle about his person, was given a fine of \$25 in recorder's court this morning on a charge of liquor possession.

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STAGE LINES BEND TO

KLAMATH FALLS LEAVES DAILY

Bend to Klamath Falls, 9 A. M. Bend to Odell Lake and railroad points, 8:15 Connections made with other stages in Bend and Klamath Falls

PHONE 134-J—OFFICE FRENCHIE'S SERVICE STATION

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Dr. Herbert B. Mallett Chiropractic Specialist 151 Minnesota Ave. Phone 428