

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.

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Table with subscription rates: One Year \$4.00, Six Months \$2.50, Three Months \$1.50, One Month \$0.50.

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WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 12, 1925

Cursing or blessing?—Cursed be the man that trusteth in man, and maketh flesh his arm, and whose heart departeth from the Lord. Blessed is the man that trusteth in the Lord, and whose hope the Lord is. Jeremiah 17:5-7.

ROSES AND TRAFFIC

Unrivaled center of hospitality as it is, host this summer to an endless stream of conventions, its message that "For you a rose in Portland grows" broadcast to the far corners of the land. Oregon's biggest city can hardly be accused of indifference to the good will of its visitors.

Nevertheless, Portland is apparently ignoring a serious situation and mulling much of its carefully acquired reputation for the warm welcome, through its overly elaborate traffic system.

One way traffic on the downtown streets may have solved the problem of congestion there, and designation of main arteries of travel elsewhere in the city as "through" streets, requiring all other traffic to come to a halt before crossing or entering these streets, may have solved another serious problem—for Portland people.

But here we are talking about tourists and up state visitors. Portland saw early in the summer that its traffic system would cause some confusion, and Chief of Police Jenkins announced that visitors would not be arrested for minor infractions. The traffic squad was instructed merely to stop the visitors and explain the rules to them. The papers complimented Jenkins on his diplomacy, and concluded that the thing was settled.

But consider the visitor who enters Portland for the first time, or after several months' absence. He comes to an intersection and sees a neatly painted "stop" sign. How is he to know that it means coming to a full stop? He doesn't know that it deprives him of the ordinary right of way. Or perhaps there didn't happen to be a "stop" sign on that particular corner—perhaps it was night and the sign couldn't be seen. The visitor gets out into that "through" street, and his car and his life are in danger.

Probably he gets off with nothing but a narrow escape, but it is certain that one of Portland's vast army of self appointed traffic officers has seen him. These individuals are of all types. Some of them are civil and realize that not everybody lives in Portland. Others do not. Some ask if the offender is from out of town. Others proceed to "bawl him out" without asking any questions.

It may seem to Portland people that their traffic rules are simple and logical, but it is safe to say that no out of town motorist has visited that city this summer without having this experience at least once, either on incautiously entering a through street or inadvertently going in the wrong direction on a one way street.

The latter is an even more embarrassing mishap than the former, because it occurs downtown, and because the driver knows he is so conspicuous when he makes this mistake. "Hey there, can't you read?"

This salutation does not sound like Portland's much advertised friendly greeting, but it is the first notice that many a visitor gets—a "rise" instead of a rose.

The Anti-Saloon league announces that next year a United States senator and two congressmen are to be nominated and elected in Oregon. Someone has been mixing up the drinks for the league.

With forest fires burning all over Oregon and Washington it is a badge of honor for this section that there are none here.

RADIO

Today KPO, Hale Bros. and Chronicle, San Francisco, 428.3 meters—4:20 p. m., Seiger's orchestra; 5:30 p. m., children's hour, baseball, stocks; 6:40 p. m., States orchestra; 7 p. m., Seiger's orchestra; 8 p. m., program; 9 p. m., Silvertown orchestra; 10 p. m., States orchestra.

KLX, Tribune, 509 meters—7 p. m., news; 8 p. m., program. KGO, General Electric, Oakland, 361.2 meters—4 p. m., St. Francis orchestra; 5:30 p. m., Mr. Fix-It; 6 p. m., concert; 7 p. m., news. KFL, Earle C. Anthony, Los Angeles, 467 meters—5:30 p. m., Ex-

Rippling Rhymes by Walt Mason. CAMPING. We had journeyed in a flivver all the long and dusty day, and we camped beside a river as the dusk was growing gray.

aminer: 6 p. m., nightly doings; 7 p. m., Nick Harris detective stories; 8 p. m., All-American string quartet; 9 p. m., musical program; 10 p. m., Examiner. KHJ, Times, Los Angeles, 405.2 meters—6:30 p. m., children's hour; 7:30 p. m., program; 8 p. m., astronomical lecture; 8:30 p. m., program; 9:30 p. m., program; 10:30 p. m., Hickman's orchestra.

MAFALDA By John Goodwin. Mafalda perched herself on the table and looked at her sister; she swung one of her legs and looked as irresponsible as a cat.

God! Where are we going? He'd promised he'd take me home to see his mother, as soon as we had our marriage ticket; I'd always stood for that. But he said we were going to a hotel; we'd see his folks tomorrow.

"That finished me! I stopped the cab. I told him I was going to get out. And he tried to stop me. But my monkey was fairly up. You know what I'm like, then! I struck him across the face. 'I've done with you!' I said. And I got away from him."

"How?" Maffie grinned impishly. "There was a Deppford electric tram passing. I slung myself onto it, and I waved goodbye to Mr. Cecil Berkeley. That's all." Mafalda got down from the table.

"I went back to Aunt Millie—who knew no more about it than the dead! I kept on working at Cutter's. And I waited. 'He could have found me, if he'd wanted me. And I knew he did want me. But he never turned up. Not that I hoped he would—no fear! At the end of a week I'd most forgotten him, and I'd have given a year of my life never to have seen him! A year, well, it's 12 months ago, and I never set eyes on him all the time. I many times wondered if he was dead. Then, what do I do but drop into the former rooms with Pete—and there he is, the man who fooled me and left me. And making up to you—you, of all the girls on earth!'"

Maffie's eyes grew dark and luminous. She drew the long hairpin out of her hair and flung her hat upon the sofa. "That's my story, Jill. What do you think of it?"

Jill sat silent, her hands clasping and unclasping. "Maffie," she said, "don't ask me what I think of it. You are that man's wife."

"Am I?" said Mafalda, turning on her. "I don't know even that! Do you call a trick like that a marriage, in the sight of heaven or earth? I left him half an hour after the 'old clerk at the desk wrote our names down, and told us we were man and wife, and wished us happiness!'" Maffie laughed hysterically. "He could have found me if he'd wanted. He's deserted me a year, Jill; do you

think the law would let him claim me—?"

"What do you mean? You married him—?"

"Look here! He married me under a false name. He married me as Cecil Berkeley. I don't even know who he is, but I'll swear that is not his name. And what about me? A kid of 17—hadn't even got my people's consent—gave my age as 21—Cecil put it all through; I left it to him. Why it was a tangle of lies, the whole thing. I'm no lawyer, Jill; I know nothing about those things. Is a marriage like that a good one—or is it nothing but a string of lies put down on paper?"

To Jill the situation seemed terrible; it was worse than she expected. And yet the tinge of doubt that clouded it brought a sense of relief, despite herself. To Jill, marriage was something holy. She could not help seeing reason in what Mafalda said. Such a marriage contract as this was worse than a mockery. It appalled her to think of Mafalda the wife of a man like Tatham Brough.

As she looked at her sister she realized there was one thing she knew which Maffie did not. A gleam of inspiration told her that, deeply as Maffie detested Tatham Brough, it was as well that she did not know she was the wife, even in name, of a rich man's son. On the spur of the moment Jill determined that it was wisest not to tell her that. Right or wrong she thought of Mafalda first, and she made the decision.

"I wish he was dead!" said Maffie suddenly. "I never cared for anyone but Pete!"

Jill rose. "You can have nothing to do with Pete!" she said quickly. "You bear another man's name. You must have no dealings with Pete."

"Must?" exclaimed Mafalda, "do you tell me—?" "Yes, I tell you! If you do I can prevent it, and I will!"

Mafalda stared at her, almost too astonished for anger. "I suppose you're right," she said quietly. "But if that man stands between me and Pete—"

"Maffie, what did Pete say to you after you went away with him? Tell me! I was scared of what might happen. I saw Pete's face—"

Mafalda turned to her triumphantly. "Pete!" she said. "I'm all to the good with Pete. He had it out with me. He was killing mad at first. But Pete's a man! He's worth three of that big, crooked dude. Why, it all happened before I ever knew Pete at all. I had to tell him about the marriage. I told him everything. I let him know how that man treated me, first and last!"

Jill was frightened. It seemed to her that she saw Pete's face, hovering between them, as if in a mist, and a little shiver ran through her. "You are crazy!" she exclaimed. "Maffie, what do you suppose Pete will do?"

Mafalda, laughing and defiant, faced her. "Do! I don't care what he does, nor what either of them do. Something'll happen, I suppose. I like rows! I like men fighting for me. That's what you see on the five-reel films, Jill—it's an Ivor Novello part!"

She shook with impish laughter. "Jimmy! It was the real thing, in that tea room, Jill! Worth paying three bob and the entertainment tax for. It was straight stuff with the red blood in it— Ingram couldn't have produced it better. Cecil's eyes, when he looked up from squeaking your hand, an' saw me standing there—see here!"

Maffie's attitude and expression changed as if by magic. Mockingly, but with remarkable skill, she reproduced the wrath and confusion in Tatham Brough's eyes, the swift flitting of emotions that contorted his features; it might have been Tatham Brough himself who stood before them.

She gave an amazing facial representation of the scene in the tea room and all the actors in it, her expression fading and changing so swiftly that it held even Jill spellbound. She stepped forward into the ray of sunlight that straggled through the casement, and it lit up her face.

"Pete!" she said, and the burning, suppressed rage in the face of Pete, the dangerous light in his eyes lived again before the horrified gaze of Jill, who cried out in protest.

"Don't, Maffie! It's horrid—you're making me feel faint—"

"Faint—bah! What about you?" said Mafalda mockingly. "You were in it! You were the funny stuff. Standing there with a milk-and-whisky face, all wobbly eyed and your mouth open—"

She copied, to the very life, Jill's gaping fright and dismay; the effect was so funny that in a few seconds Jill's fears vanished, and despite herself she began to laugh—laughter with a touch of hysteria in it, but it seized her and shook her, and cleared the horror out of her brain. Maffie's lightning change into comedy was masterly.

(To be continued)

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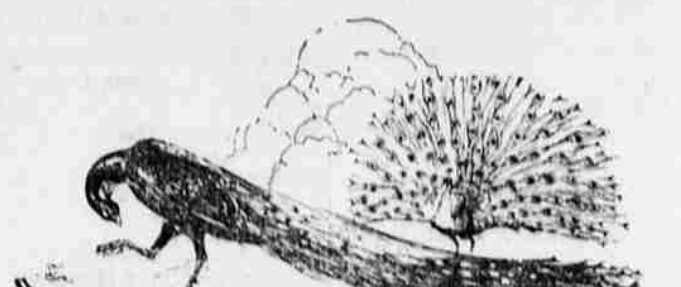
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IF not, why, when he looks at his legs, does he always lower his tail? Medieval nature-fakers puzzled over this and other entertaining superstitions. Today we know better, and we are fast getting away from other popular superstitions, as, for instance, that there is something mysteriously "better" about "eastern" motor oils merely because they cost more and are made in the east.

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SMALL FIRE SIGHTED National forest lookouts this morning reported a small fire burning in the timber east of Waldo lake. All other blazes in the Deschutes National forest are under control. The

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