

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.

ROBERT W. SAWYER - Editor-Manager
HENRY N. FOWLER - Associate Editor

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 \$3.00
Six Months \$2.00
Three Months \$1.00
By Carrier
One Year \$4.00
Six Months \$2.50
One Month \$1.00

All subscriptions are due and PAYABLE
IN ADVANCE. Notices of expiration are
mailed subscribers and if renewal is not made
within reasonable time the paper will be dis-
continued.

Please notify us promptly of any change
of address, or of failure to receive the paper
regularly. Otherwise we will not be responsi-
ble for copies missed.
Make all checks and orders payable to The
Bend Bulletin.

THURSDAY, AUGUST 13, 1925

Went about doing good—And
Jesus went about all Galilee,
teaching in their synagogues, and
preaching the gospel of the king-
dom, and healing all manner of
sickness and all manner of dis-
ease among the people. Mat-
thew 4:23.

ON WEDNESDAY'S VISITORS

Central Oregon was honored yester-
day by the visit of four of the five
men comprising the state's delegation
to congress. In their journey over
the irrigated lands of this valley they
saw much to interest them and, it is
safe to say, the cause of reclamation
for the lands that are now dry was
measurably advanced.

Those who were fortunate enough
to hear Nick Sinnott's speech at Mad-
ras last night came away with a re-
newed appreciation of the worth of
the district's representative in con-
gress.

Disappointment, delay, postpone-
ment—none of these can dishearten
Harry Gard, who has worked so long
and so hard to get water for the
North unit. If he ever has any mo-
ments of discouragement he keeps
them to himself. He is always work-
ing for his dream and always ready
to give himself in any way to advance
the cause of reclamation in central
Oregon.

The grange picnic at the Plainview
community hall was a model for all
others to pattern after. It was well
organized and well conducted. Those
who were in charge did a good job
and the women who provided the
food have very fortunate husbands.

The pall of smoke that has hung
over the mountains since Saturday
disappeared enough in the afternoon
to let the visitors have a view of the
skyline.

Senator Stanfield cast an apprais-
ing eye over the several bands of
sheep that he saw in the course of
the day. While no longer owning
the number of sheep that were once
his, he still is in the business with a
goodly number.

Senator McNary was pleased to
find that he could drive from Salem
here with so little effort.

State Engineer Luper driving a car
with two carburetors, according to
his assistant, H. M. Chadwick. He
does not waste any time on the road.

Representative Crumpacker begins
to know central Oregon very well.
He attended the legion convention at
Prineville and had been a visitor to
Bend several times before.



THE KILLERS

The sheriff said, "It makes me nervous to string up hale
and stalwart men, but when they have received this service,
they'll never kill a man again. I hear the kindly man de-
claring against the rope and gallows tree, it's barbarous,
our culture shaming, it makes the law a thug, says he.
The kindly man I've oft saluted, and oft indorsed his gentle
plan; but when a guy is executed he'll never kill another
man. Let murderers be put in prison to linger there while
life endures; the kindly man has often risen to argue this
and kindred cures. I've pondered o'er the deeps and shall-
ows of all such schemes, and still say I, the man who once
swings from the gallows will never kill another guy. I am
not cold or callous hearted, but all my sympathies are placed
upon the delegate departed, whom killers slaughtered and
defaced. I place the victim on a litter, and say aloud to
fellows, 'The skate who butchered this poor critter should
never kill a man again.' Let sentimental folk harangue
him, and take sweet posies to his cell, but I would take him
out and hang him, and see the job conducted well. If he's
turned over to the warden of yonder pen, to serve for life,
in seven years he'll draw a pardon, and buy himself a
butcher knife. The killers may again be springing their
dastard crimes when once turned free; I think they'd all
be better swinging in bunches from my gallows-tree."

MAFALDA

By John Goodwin

At the sound of Jill's breathless
laughter, Maffie suddenly became
herself again. She put her arms
around her sister, drew her on to the
sofa and kissed her.
"There, old girl!" said she. "Don't
get scared. Don't you worry about it
at all. It'll all come right—leave it
to me! I can take care of myself.
I've done it ever since I was ten!"

Jill came down from her bedroom
an hour later. There was a deter-
mined expression on her face; she
took her hat from the peg on the door
and put it on. Mafalda had lit the
lamp and was sitting before the fire
staring into the glow of the coals,
apparently lost in thought.

"Where are you going?" she asked.
"I am going to see old Dakers, the
lawyer, in Ferry road," replied Jill
abruptly. "His office will be shut,
but I know he'll see me; he did me a
good turn once before, and I like him.
I shall tell him about this wretched
business and ask his advice."

Maffie shrugged her shoulders.
"What good will that do?"
"I don't know. He ought to be
able to do something. If he won't,
then I'll take it in hand myself,"
said Jill. "I feel that the whole af-
fair is too dangerous to let it drift.
It's got to be faced."

Maffie sat up and looked at her
sister curiously. Jill was very pale,
her eyes shone, and her lips, usually
curved like rose leaves, were com-
pressed to a tight line.

"Why, what's come over you?" said
Maffie, surprised. "You look as if
you'd got your monkey up; I hardly
know you. You look regular hard!"
"Do I?" said Jill lily. "I darsay
this thing has made me hard. I have
been offered the worst insult a man

can offer a woman; I'm beginning to
understand what men of that sort are
like! And the way he has treated
you! Such men ought not to get off
as easily as they do, and leave other
people to bear all the misery of it!"

Maffie looked at her a little un-
easily, then she giggled.
"How funny you are, Jill—who'd
have thought you had it in you? It's
as if a dove had ruffled up its feath-
ers and showed fight! You often tell
me I've got a temper—now you know
what I feel like when my rag is out.
You'd make a good title for a fifth
reel—The Worm That Turned! I feel
like getting out of your road!"

"Don't be silly," said Jill im-
patiently, "where are my hatpins—this
wretched thing won't stay on!"

"Take mine. I chucked them over
there on the what-not," said Mafalda.
Jill was in a hurry. She snatched
up the hatpin, a sander thing than
she usually wore, for it had an onyx
head set in a ring of tiny diamonds,
doubtless sham stones, and a long
pin. She jammed it through her hat
and went out. Maffie glanced after
her, noticing a glint of that hatpin's
head as Jill passed through the door.
For a while Maffie sat pensive.

"That's one of the pins that beast
gave me," she said reflectively. "I
wish I'd chucked it away long ago."
She picked up the fellow to it from
the what-not. "All the same, the
stones are real. A jeweler told me it
didn't cost less than three quid."

Mafalda stood by the fire, finger-
ing the pin thoughtfully. Her slim
finger touched the sharp point.

"I think," said Mafalda slowly.
"I'll take a turn outside, too. I shall
get the hump sitting in here alone."

CHAPTER VII
An Ill-Used Man

It seemed to Tatham Brough that
fate did it on purpose. No man ever
suffered from such undesired bad
luck. Do what he would, peering al-
ways with the best of motives, he in-
variably found other people conspir-
ing to make trouble for him and up-
set his plans.

His brow was like a thundercloud
and his nose was on one side as he
pushed open the swing doors of the
first house of refreshment that lay
in his path, the Eagle, on Erith road.
He was in really serious trouble this
time; his world threatened to crash
about him in ruins, and he needed a
stimulant.

Tatham bought himself a double
whiskey at the bar. The saloon was
nearly empty, for the hours of res-
triction were only just over. Tatham
took his glass and passed into the
small recess at the end of the saloon;
he was not inclined for company.

A man who was standing at the bar
followed him with interested eyes.
"Know who that chap is?" he mur-
mured to his companion. "That's old
Brough's son of the Galloons Works.
Often used to see him at Beakhead
last year. Wondered what had be-
come of him."

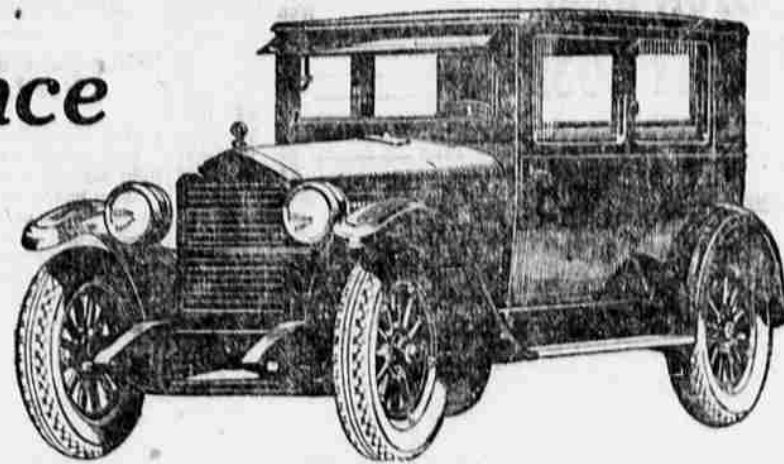
"Is he, though?" said the other
thoughtfully. "Then by what I've
heard of the old man he'll have to
cut out this sort of thing. Brough
won't stand for it; he's a hard nut
to be up against."

"He's straight, anyway. Used to
hear some funny tales about the
young 'un. Suppose he'll come in for
the money. John Brough don't look
to me like a first class life, and he's
getting old."

Tatham, having passed out of view
into the recess, half emptied his glass
and sat down to overtake events.
The incredible perfidy of women!
He had done everything a man

Your Old Hudson-Packard-Essex is Still in Style

Performance
Price--



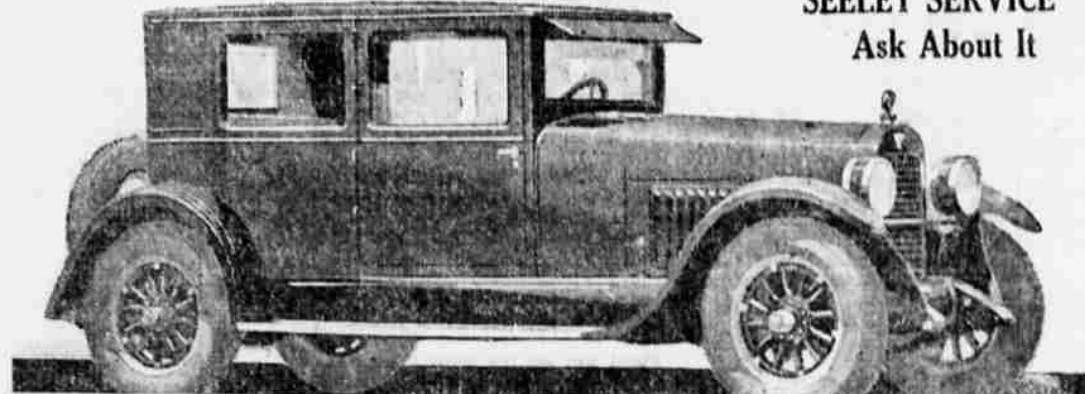
After that—
DURABILITY
LOW UPKEEP AND
OPERATION COST

Hudson Coach, \$1475.

Essex Coach, \$1010

DELIVERED IN BEND
EIGHTEEN MONTHS IN WHICH TO PAY

SEELEY SERVICE
Ask About It



You'll
Like
Seeley
Service.
It Cuts
Down
Auto
Costs.

NOW
133
Greenwood
Avenue

Call 435
SEELEY'S GARAGE
L. E. Seeley, Prop.
Hudson—Essex—Packard

SOON
2 Greenwood
Avenue
Our New Permanent
Home

ought to do by Mafalda Seaton, and
indeed a great deal more. She had
required marriage and he had mar-
ried her, like a quixotic fool as he
was. And now to hear her anybody
would think that she had a grievance
instead of Tatham. He did not want
her and apparently she did not want
him, yet she must descend upon him
like a bomb explosion, bring all sorts
of trouble and danger on his head
and abuse him into the bargain.

Tatham carried his mind back to
those hectic weeks a year back, when
Mafalda had been such an obsession
to him that nothing else seemed to

matter. He could hardly realize it
now.

Just before the climax and that
foolish clandestine wedding in Dept-
ford, things had suddenly gone
wrong. Some meddling observer had
carried a tale to his father. People
were always doing that sort of thing;
nothing could induce them to mind
their own business. Pity it had not
come a little earlier, and then he
would probably not have married Ma-
falda at all. But he did, and then
following the extraordinary and out-
rageous behavior of the girl.

(To be continued)

Wild Rose
sweet
and
pure

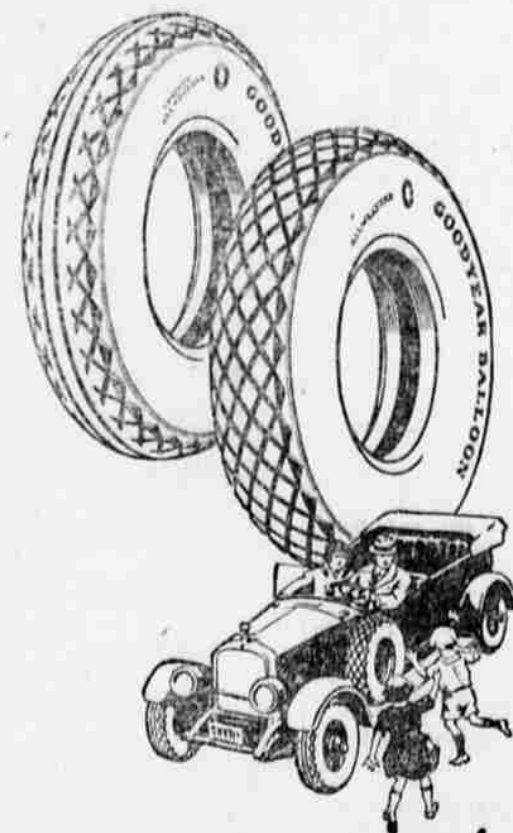
If you could see the great sheaves of leaf lard and
rich back fats from which Wild Rose Lard is re-
fined, you would understand why this popular
shortening gives cooking that good, old-fash-
ioned richness of flavor.

Keep a pail of Wild Rose Lard in your
cooler ready to bake flaky-crusteds pies,
biscuits, and fine-flavored bread. Use it
for economical deep fat frying. You can
buy it also in convenient one-pound
cartons. You will find



A Perfect Shortening for Every Purpose

Frye's MEAT GUIDE is an invaluable aid to the selection and cut-
ting of all meats and contains more than 100 tested recipes. Send 2c
for postage to Frye & Co., Seattle.



A Revelation in
Riding Comfort

If you have never had a ride in a Goodyear
Balloon-equipped car, come down and ride in
ours. It's a regular stock car, but it rides
like a canoe. Your car will be just as easy
riding when you put on Goodyear Balloons—
and it will cost you less to run.
Whether you have in mind putting on balloons
now or not, come down and take a ride with us.
There will be absolutely no obligation.

Goodyear Means Good Wear

Bend Garage Co.

Catty-Cornered from Pilot Butte Inn
Open All Night Phone 103

TAKE THE BEAUTIFUL CENTURY
DRIVE TO ELK LAKE

Boating — Bathing — Fishing
Meals Served at the Lodge

PHONE FOR RESERVATIONS

ELK LAKE LODGE

BE CAREFUL!!

When in the forests be careful. Watch
your campfire, matches and smokes.
This is the most dangerous season
of the year.

THE SHEVLIN-HIXON CO.