

The Bend Bulletin

DAILY EDITION

Published Every Afternoon Except Sunday
by The Bend Bulletin (Incorporated)
Entered as Second Class matter January 2,
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
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THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 3, 1925

A very needful prayer:—Show me thy ways, O Lord; teach me thy paths. Let integrity and uprightness preserve me; for I wait on thee. Psalm 25:4-21.

SHOWS AND SHOWGOERS

Not many years ago with the birth of the super feature film it was freely predicted by theater managers that the movie would shortly crowd the spoken drama out of existence. The prediction has not come true. While the moving picture has generally developed amazingly and has made possible a high grade of entertainment in places where its vocal kin could not survive, the flesh and blood actor continues to hold his place before the audiences of the country.

The perfection of the illusion of three dimension pictures, and of the synchronizing of lines spoken over radio with the actions of the screened figures may possibly, however, enable the better grade movie production to crowd the inferior stage play off the boards. If this is achieved, a composite statue of all the film producers who contributed toward the result would deserve a large reservation in the hall of fame.

Shows are peculiar things; so are showgoers. As most of us go to shows, that statement covers a wide territory, but let it stand.

George Cohan, probably America's best loved showman, is authority for the statement that not until the opening night can the director of a new play tell with any degree of certainty whether his show is going to be a "hit" or a "flop." It is on this uncertainty that angels continue to gamble.

But there are certain rules on which the showman may expect to hold good in a majority of appearances. Of these the most reliable is the popularity of profanity. We have seen crowds gather from miles around to hear a wandering actor say "damn," when most of the audience could have heard it enunciated with equal fervor in the bosom of their own families. The off color story, told with just the right degree of suggestiveness, runs a close second, but "damn" continues to be the one best bet. Why this is so is a secret which the actor hugs closely to his heart.

While certain facts of this kind are known, and are taken advantage of by the manager of company or playhouse whose ambition is the acquisition of a fat bankroll rather than elevation of the drama, rules which make for success of the moving picture are not so well known. The picture play as such has existed for a scant two decades against many centuries of the spoken play. There has not been the time for such thorough study.

But in the next few weeks Bend has an opportunity to place its approval or disapproval on various types of moving picture plays. This may not aid the producers materially in deciding on how or what they are going to put out, but it will aid the local theaters in deciding what billings they are going to make. Upon comparative attendance at these varied types of plays depends the type which will be screened here in the future. It is for the people to show what they want.

In accordance with the best business practice, the Central Oregon irrigation district is beginning a program of retrenchment just as it enters into a period of prosperity. This without eliminating any expenditures necessary to keep the district operating at a high point of efficiency.

Grand Army Men Adjourn After Wearing Meeting

(U. P. Lensed Wire to The Bend Bulletin)

GRAND RAPIDS, Mich., Sept. 3.—The tired, white haired, blue garbed veterans of the Civil war, meeting here in their 59th encampment, were to elect officers, consider a few resolutions and break camp today.

After Wednesday's mile tramp over heated pavements by the "old boys" that took one more casualty, a veteran who fell dead, the grand army met in a business session and selected Des Moines, Ia., as its next meeting place.

Nothing reveals the stuff that is in a man quite so surely as the efforts he puts forth to accomplish the thing he sets out to do.



GETTING EVEN

George Ginger scarr'd my cellar door, and put my cow in pound; I said, "I'll even up the score before a year rolls round. I always pay my debts in full, the good ones and the bad; and vengeance I will surely pull upon that erring lad." With endless patience I will wait until a chance I find to visit wrath upon the skate who smote me from behind. And so I watched that Ginger jay, while weeks and months rolled by; I knew that on some fateful day my chance I would espy. At last this George was stricken down by sickness fell and dire, and from his fetlocks to his crown his tendons seemed afire. His little savings soon were gone, and want was at the door, his halidom was put in pawn, and all the clothes he wore. "This is the chance," I softly said, "for which I've waited long; I'll visit him, and though in bed, he'll pay for every wrong." I called upon him then and there, a basket in my hand, and it was filled with viands fair, with victuals fresh and canned. There were nine brands of standard soups, and pies like mother made, and eggs just gathered in my coops, and jars of lemonade. And there were doughnuts crisp and brown, and prunes and tripe and kraut, for I had combed the blessed town for things to please this scout. And his emotion was absurd, he blubbered fit to kill, when I gave him, without a word, a large ten dollar bill. "I put your old roan cow in hock," he muttered, through his tears; "Be still," I said, "you mustn't talk of old roan cows or steers."

MAFALDA

By John Goodwin

Gareth had to strike a chord on the piano to get her attention, and his encouraging smile brought Jill to her senses and her song. The first bar of the accompaniment heralded no exotic music from Spain or Italy, but the sweetest and simplest ballad in the language. Jill's contralto floated through the room, and the first lilting line held the audience spellbound: "Of all the girls that are so smart, There's none like pretty Sally! She is the darling of my heart And lives down in our alley; There's not a lady in the land That's half so sweet as Sally, She is the darling of my heart, And lives down in our alley!"

The voice was exquisite in its sincerity. There was laughter and tears and understanding in it at once. And while the golden voice held them, the audience were swept with one inquiring glance of clear blue eyes. "It was a child—saying its piece delightfully. But a child with genius. One could have heard a feather drop in the packed salon when the first verse ended. Gareth, at the piano, gave the astonished audience time to recover, but carried Jill along with just the little pause that comes between one wave crest and another.

"Of all the days that's in the week I dearly love but one day! And that's the day that comes between Saturday and Monday. For then I'm dressed in all my best To walk abroad with Sally; She is the darling of my heart, And lives down in our alley!"

The song ended. There was a moment's dead silence, and then such a hurricane of applause as Grosvenor Terrace had not heard for many seasons. Only one person in the room was not applauding. This was Owen Pembroke. He stood rapt, as one who sees visions.

There was no respite for Jill. They would not let her go. The crowd of blue Mayfair flaneurs and city mannaes seemed to be transformed into 500 Oliver Twists clamoring for more. There were calls from every side and the clapping rose to a storm. It hushed suddenly as the piano answered to Gareth's touch.

Jill looked at them with wet eyes and laughing lips. She could hardly believe in her own success, yet she knew she had captured her audience and held them in the hollow of her hands. They had come to listen to an average Mayfair entertainment, of which they were hardened critics. But she was showing them the birth of a star.

Her voice rose true and sweet as Gareth led her into the old Scots folk ballad, and a sigh passed through the audience as they felt the fragrance of the song. Jill's treatment of it was even more masterly than the first. They settled down like children to listen to a true fairy story.

"I could range the world o'er For the sake o' somebody . . ."

Jill stepped down from the dais at the finish, unheeding the clamor of the crowd for her to continue. She was trembling a little, and there was a lump in her throat. Gareth had risen from the piano, and Owen was waiting, with hands outstretched, to help her down from the platform while the room still rang with applause.

CHAPTER XVI Mafalda's Encore

Sir Tufnell took Jill's hands in his as she came down among the guests. "My dear!" he said huskily. "My

Jill found herself overwhelmed with congratulations on every side. Her head was swimming. A theatrical magnate with a swarthy and perspiring face introduced himself to her and began to talk to her eagerly about training. Jill could only smile at him and shake her head. The ponderous alderman, Sir Bingham Bruce, suddenly appeared at Sir Tufnell's side.

"Who is the young lady who sings so charmingly?" he asked, regarding Jill with kindly, watery eyes. "Miss Jill Seaton," said Sir Tufnell. "A chip of the old block, isn't she, Tufnell?" asked the old gentleman in surprise. "Why, there's more than a look of your poor wife in her—a resemblance?"

He shook Jill heartily by the hand, as one who greets an old friend.

"I'm no relation at all," said Jill, smiling. "It's just an accidental likeness, perhaps."

"Then let me tell you, my dear," wheezed the alderman, "you are like a very good and a very beautiful woman—a woman equally beautiful in face and soul, whose old friends never forget her, though she's been gone many a long year. And that is a better thing even than your delightful singing."

Jill was flustered and happy. How kind these people were! She was reconciling the fairy tale with life. Maffie, standing a little way distant by Gareth's side, looked at her sister askance.

"Gee! hasn't she clicked!" exclaimed Maffie rather viciously. "She put it over them all right, with her squalling. Your old man seems to have taken to her! Look at that old chap with the blue ribbon round his neck, bowing over her hand. This is Jill's night out, and look at your brother Owen. You'd say somebody had given him a roll of money for nothing!"

"I think Jill reminds the Governor of our mother, more than a little," said Gareth quietly. "Owen was saying so to me. I've never seen Dad take to anyone like that before."

"I wish he'd take to me!" said Mafalda rather bitterly. "I'd like to be his blue eyed kid who can't slip up, and that's how old Jill is looking now. But there"—she added with an effort—"don't take any notice of me, Gareth. I'm a bit jealous. Jill is beautiful tonight. Even I can see that—and she's more—she's good. Do you know, Garry—I sometimes get near hating Jill because she's so good—I'm a beast, that's what I am—a grudging cat! Can't help it. It's the Dago blood in me that talks."

Gareth placed his strong white hand on hers, and felt it quiver.

"Don't," he said. "There's nothing in it. You are more beautiful than Jill, in your way. And you are much more temperamental—that's all! It is the artist in you that cries for self expression—I know all about that, and I understand you."

"Well, you see," said Maffie with determination, "I'm going to express myself tonight somehow. I may never have such another chance in my life. Is there a head from the movie business among all these gold bugs here?"

There's Hyams Ross, who owns the Tottenham studios. He's the most progressive cinema magnate in London, I believe, but a pretty hard poble. Yonder he is, by the palm. He looks sort of natural under a palm tree, doesn't he?"

Maffie's eyes dwelled on a middle-

aged man with dark and unmistakably Hebrew features, as impassive as a mask, to whom the stout Lady Bingham Bruce was talking in animated fashion.

"I'll watch him," said Maffie nodding. "I'm going to put it over tonight. I want to knock those people that I'm something. Madame Modjeska used to make 'em cry by saying the alphabet in Polish—but she said it the right way. I'll get 'em. You see me, Gareth."

Maffie's blood was afire. She sat through a long and clever program, on tenterhooks, waiting her turn. It came presently, and the right moment was chosen by Gareth, who came forward to the front of the platform.

"Ladies and gentlemen, silence please, for Miss Mafalda Seaton!" In a quiet carrying voice that stilled the buzz of talk.

"She will present a cinema sketch—translated into terms of flesh and blood."

The audience stared inquiringly at the orange and black vision of Mafalda, that faced them on the platform. There was none of Jill's shrinking timidity about her. She looked at them confidently, smiling, motionless, deliciously impudent. And instantly she had their attention.

She made no announcement, she did not even open her lips, nor give her performance a title. It needed none. She turned away from the audience as though she had suddenly forgotten them. In a moment they had recognized her for exactly what she intended they should recognize. She was a girl in evening dress—awaiting the arrival of her lover.

Her head was slightly lifted, her eyes expectant. They saw her listen for his knock, at the front door below.

Every effect that she gained was won by the sheer artistry of facial expression. They saw what she wished them to see. She stole through a door, and was peeping over a stair rail into a hall below. She shrunk back again quickly. Every eye was on Mafalda's face, which lightened as her lover entered.

"My word!" murmured a young man in the audience, watching her with bated breath. "Shouldn't mind being the boy!"

The marvel of it was that though the boy was imaginary, the audience was as convinced of his presence as Mafalda intended they should be. They could see him and sympathize with him. It was the most difficult of all effects, a play with more than one character, yet acted by a single player.

The audience saw before them as pretty and passionate a little love scene as imagination could conceive; original and daring, and suddenly lightened by the breath of comedy. They saw Maffie draw aside, her hand clasping her lover's arm to her waist while he opened a door for her, and the two passed through. No word was spoken, but the piano whispered under Gareth's touch to a catchy little air better known than it deserves . . .

There they are. The pair of them on their own. They're in the parlor. Alone, alone, alone! And he's given me half a crown To run away and play . . .

The audience began to ripple with laughter, Mafalda, absent scarcely three seconds, emerged from behind a screen, a black cloak over her shoulders, a feathered hat on her head, her face transformed with sly and mischievous curiosity.

She was the parlor maid, dressed for her evening out, but pausing as she became aware of the proximity of the lovers. All the curiosity of Eve was in her eyes, her lips parted in a wicked little smile, as she stole on tiptoe to the parlor door and placed her ear against it to listen. She dropped softly on one knee, and applied her eye to the keyhole . . .

The audience watched the play of successive emotions on the parlor maid's face. That was all they saw. And it was enough.

(To be continued)

Imported Booze Taken By Life Saving Crew

(U. P. Lensed Wire to The Bend Bulletin)

ASTORIA, Ore., Sept. 3.—The big seagoing troling boat Soldier, manned by two men and carrying a cargo of 100 cases of imported liquor, was seized by the Cape Disappointment life saving crew under Captain A. Rimer at 11 o'clock last night as the smuggler was entering the mouth of the Columbia river.

The coast guard crew was cruising in the entrance of the river, prepared to render assistance to any distressed craft, when she encountered and

halled the rum runner. Suspicious of the craft, Captain Rimer ordered her to lay to for boarding. The life savers found the contraband immediately. Clyde G. Simpson and J. A. Champe, the two men aboard, submitting quietly to arrest. Both men live in Astoria.

CAMP REVENUE LESSENS

Receipts of the Bend camp ground during August were much greater than those of the same month in 1924, the report of Caretaker C. H.

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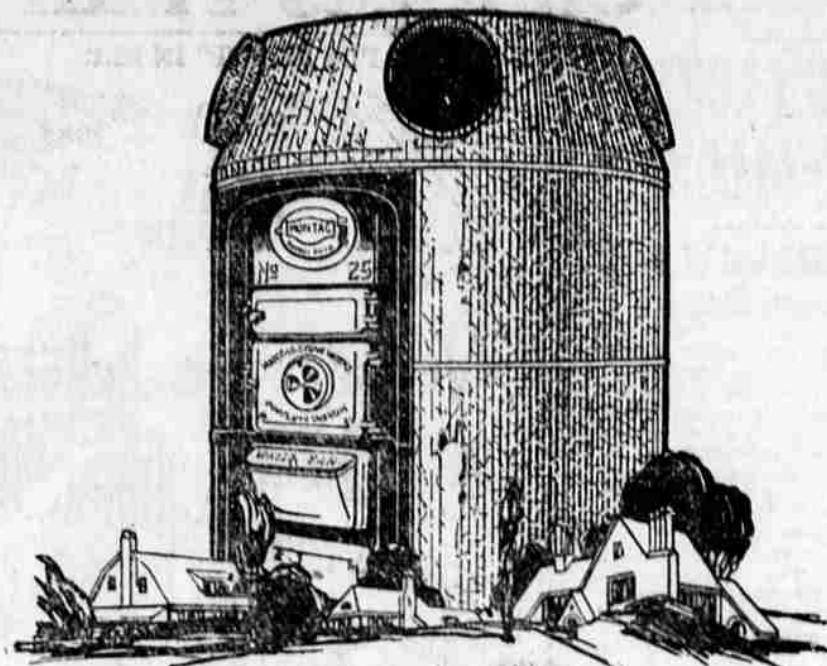
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TRAIN KILLS DRIVER

ALBANY, Ore., Sept. 3.—Orville Brennaman, 19, son of Rev. and Es. M. E. Brennaman, was killed last night when his automobile was struck by a Southern Pacific gravel train near Tangent, Oregon.

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