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

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MONDAY, MARCH 21, 1927

A NEW CITY PARK

Since a recent editorial in The Bulletin suggesting that expenditure of any considerable sum of municipal funds on the city auto park, to effect a lease for private operation, would be unwise, various rumors, both semi-official and unofficial as to the course which the council would pursue, have become current.

The first is hardly to be taken seriously. It would certainly be strenuously opposed by the citizens who voted bonds for the purchase of the scenic tract along the river for public park purposes.

The second, while perhaps being considered with a certain degree of favor by a majority of the council, would be almost equally ill advised, we believe. It would take for a development that is certainly no emergency virtually all the money appropriated in the budget to meet actual emergencies, for which no other provision has been made.

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Going back to the private management idea, a municipally operated camp stands effectively in the way of the opening of a privately owned enterprise of the same nature.

Once the city has definitely withdrawn, and withdrawal can be made definite only by sale of the property or by putting it to other uses, there would be no further obstacle to private capital being invested in what would be then a strictly private enterprise.

Given the outlook for sufficient volume of business, private capital can be relied on to enter the field when municipal competition is removed. Without sufficient volume for a legitimate return on the investment, private capital would probably stay out.

The plan presents the opportunity to give Bend a splendid park at little cost, and at the same time to get out of the hotel business.

Back in Chicago one Alfred Jones reproduced the labels of rare old whiskies, and did it so beautifully that he fooled himself into drinking some of the poison his labels designed. When he got out of the hospital he began on a series of reproductions of American currency. Hardly enough field for true genius here, so he put out a \$15 banknote. And federal officers promptly put him out of business.

Artists are so impractical. Last year the show motor failed to get across McKenzie Pass, and we were told that it

The Only One Who Ever Clubbed His Way In



was because there was insufficient snow. This winter it failed again, and we are informed that it was because there was too much snow. Seems it's snow motor after all.

After an epidemic of letter writing to newspapers on the vital question of dogs, Portland has finally got down to business and is solving the problem in the only way it can be solved—by

turning loose the dog catchers and taking up every unlicensed dog which can be found. More time for letters after non-paying dog owners have passed out penicillin and license fees.

Lion cubs for Coolidge are to join Rebecca the raccoon, two dogs, an owl, rabbits, cats, and other White House pets, says a news story. More likely the pets will join the lion cubs.

What do you want to say to me?"

"How do you know?" and Tubby gaped his admiration.

"Oh, well, when a boy looks as if he'd just naturally bust if he didn't get something off his chest, I assume that it's a weighty matter. And when the said boy looks at me furtively now and then, yet with the expression of a dying fish, why, then, I just call him over and demand the truth."

"Well, you see, Mr. Riggs, I know sompin'."

"You do! Really?"

"Now don't kid me. I mean about this here now murder business."

"Tite Riggs became grave at once. 'That's no matter for jesting, son.'"

"I know it. I ain't jestin'."

"Well, then, what is it that you know? And why haven't you told before?"

"Well, I didn't know it before. And I dunno as I know it now. It's just a—"

"A suspicion?"

"Not even that. More like a—"

"A surmise? An indication?"

"No, no. I mean more a hint, a clue, a—a way to look."

"Ah, a way to look! That's fine, Tubby. Now, careful, tell me about it."

"They were in a corner by themselves and, with lowered voices, ran small chance of being

overheard. "Yes, but, Mr. Riggs, if—if it is any good—if it does help you—"

"Will you be paid? Yes, Tubby, you will. But only if it's good evidence or a real clue. Or a true way to look."

"Yes, sir. But if it is all those things, will you—"

"Yes," a little impatiently, "yes, I'll see to it that you get paid. My Lord, Tubby, what a school for young grafters a big hotel is! Well, go ahead."

"It's only this. You've been all through Mr. Folsom's papers and letters, ain't you?"

"Pretty much. There's some of that work still to be done. Why?"

"Oh, only that Mr. Pelton has a big suitcase full of papers and letters and important looking documents—"

"And you think they're connected with Mr. Folsom's estate?"

"They's lots of 'em addressed to Mr. Folsom, and some of 'em in Mr. Folsom's writing."

"This is interesting. Where is this suitcase?"

"Up in Mr. Pelton's rooms. The rooms Mr. Folsom used to park in."

"How did you come to spy them out?"

"Tubby looked duly and properly insulted. "Nothin' like that, sir. I saw them when I took up some ice water."

"Oh, I see. I beg your pardon. Very careless of Mr. Pelton to have them in sight when you came in. Well, never mind, you did right to mention it, Tub, and if anything comes of it, I'll remember you."

"Yes, sir; thank you, sir." And the bellhop went off and left Riggs to his cogitations.

It was a pleasant place to muse. The comfortable chair was placed just at a point where Riggs could command the boardwalk or could let his gaze go farther afield, and view the wide expanse of blue ocean.

But with a little sigh of regret, he rose from the big wicker rocker, and betook himself up to Dan Pelton's rooms, having first acquired information by telephone that he was there and alone.

"I thought at first, I'd go for a confab with your aunt," Riggs said, as he took the seat and the cigar that Pelton offered. "But I felt that these first hours after the services for her brother, she ought to be left in peace."

"I see you don't know Aunt Stasia," Pelton responded, with a little smile. "She could go to the funerals of all her relatives, an detail be fit for any sort of interview with anybody. Shall I call her, or shall we go to see her?"

"Presently. Perhaps we might have a little chat by ourselves first. You're with us, Pelton? I mean with your aunt and me in this search for her brother's murderer?"

"Of course, Riggs—sure I'm with you, in that I want you to find him if you can. But I'm not so keen to have him found as Aunt Anastasia is."

"Why not?"

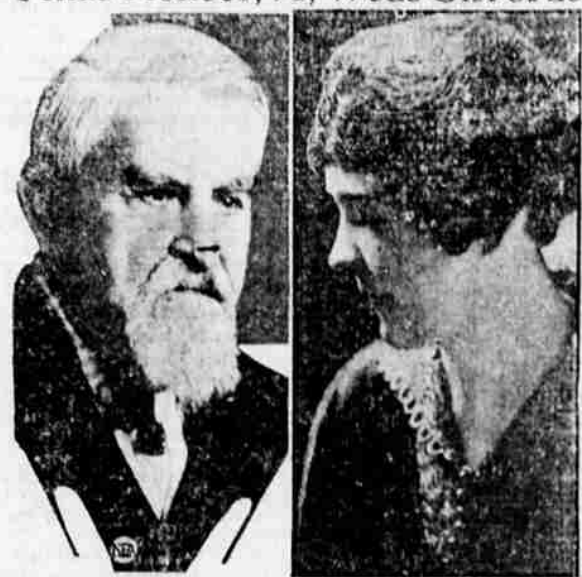
"For a very simple reason. Because I fear if the motive for

Twins Born to Sisters Same Day



Two sets of twins were born in Buffalo on Friday, March 4—but the extraordinary thing about it is that the mothers, Mrs. William T. Wright and Mrs. Emile L. Frigon, are sisters. Mrs. Wright and her daughters Jean and Janet are shown in the upper photo, Mrs. Frigon with son Earl and daughter Ervena below.

Texas Pioneer, 91, Weds Girl of 26



At 91, Colonel Charles Goodnight, ranchman of Clarendon, Texas, has just married Miss Corinne Goodnight, 26, of Butte, Mont. Miss Goodnight, a telegraph operator, read of the colorful life of the colonel, a noted southwestern pioneer, and wrote to him. The romance resulted.

Uncle Garrett's death, or if he be discovered, it—well, it might identify his murderer should react unpleasantly on the—

"ALL AT SEA" by Carolyn Wells. COPYRIGHT BY NEA SERVICE, INC.

WHAT HAS GONE BEFORE

Death strikes GARRET FOLSOM while bathing at Ocean Town, N. J. It is thought at first he is a stroke victim, but investigation shows he has been stabbed to death beneath the water.

Folsom's swimming companions had been ROGER NEVILLE, a business partner; MRS. HELEN BARNABY and CARMELITA VALDON. It is established that Folsom just before his death, had been standing next to NED BARRON, known as the copper king.

ANASTASIA FOLSOM, eccentric and masterful sister of the dead man, arrives and takes command. At the inquest it is learned that the death weapon was a pichaq, an Oriental knife, and that it had been bought on the boardwalk.

It is also established that one CROYDON SEARS is a fancier of curious knives. Anastasia engages TITUS RIGGS, an architect, to work on the case. DAN PELTON, the dead man's nephew, arrives, and takes over Folsom's rooms.

MYRTLE, a chambermaid, and TUBBY, a bellboy, sneak into the rooms and Myrtle is enthralled by the strange French dolls that had been Folsom's. Pelton later accuses Myrtle of opening his luggage.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY

CHAPTER XXV "No, sir," and Myrtle's eyes, raised to Pelton's face, fairly shone with truth. "No, sir, I didn't touch your luggage or your things at all. I did pick up the dolls and pet them, but, honestly, I didn't touch another single thing."

Myrtle was telling the truth, of course, and it rang in her voice, and Dan Pelton believed her.

"If there's one thing I can do," he said, "I can always tell when people speak truthfully. And I know you did. So, that that."

"How queer. Can you always tell, Mr. Pelton?" "Yes. Nobody can lie to me, and get away with it."

"And—and did you say—something about—" her courage gave out and she looked at the dolls in mute appeal.

"Did I say I'd give you a dolly?" he laughed. "Well, I half said so, didn't I? Which one do you like best?"

"This one," and Myrtle pointed to the dark-eyed one, the one with the lure of a siren in her sweet, haunting face. "That's the one Mr. Folsom liked the best."

"Oh, he did, did he? Then

take it! I'm glad to be rid of it. Take it, girl, and now, clear out. Don't look so hesitant. I've a right to give away the doll. They're all mine now. Take that one, and go."

"Yes, sir. Thank you, sir, very much."

And clasping her precious gift to her heart, Myrtle hurried away, almost afraid the donor might regret his act and ask the doll back again.

As ill luck would have it, she met Miss Folsom just coming toward her nephew's rooms.

"Here, you," the lady said, sternly, "what are you doing with that doll? It is my brother's doll!"

"Mr. Pelton gave it to me, ma'am. He—he told me to take it."

"Well, you come back here with me, till I make sure of that."

Her sharp knock gained her immediate entry, and Dan Pelton scowled to see Myrtle and the doll back again.

"Get out," he cried, crossly. "What are you doing back here?"

"Hush, Dan," said Miss Folsom. "I brought the girl back. She says you gave her that doll."

"Yes, I did. Now I'm sick and tired of hearing about the doll. Go away, Myrtle. Come in, Aunt Stasia. Yes, I gave the poor child the doll, as she seemed to want it so much. I don't suppose she ever had a doll in her life."

"She never had one like that, surely. Why, Dan, those dolls cost an awful lot."

"I don't care. I don't admire them myself, I find, and if you want the rest of the bunch, you're welcome to them."

"Well, I'll see about them later, but don't give any more away to servants. She didn't select the best one."

"No, she said she'd choose the one Uncle Garry used to like the best. Fancy her being sweet on Uncle!"

"I don't believe she was. But she thought it must be the most valuable."

Meanwhile, the astute Tubby, who had long ago learned to distinguish between the sides of buttered bread, was out on the hotel deck hanging around the chair that contained the portly person of Titus Riggs.

Privileged in many ways, Tubby was allowed free access to the deck, but he was not supposed to speak to the guests unless on an errand.

At last Riggs noticed the unassuming little chap, and called him to his side.

"What's it all about, sonny?"

Shop Talk NO. 4 For Spring Motorists. A NEW TELEPHONE DIRECTORY FOR BEND WILL GO TO PRESS APRIL 1, 1927. The Pacific Telephone and Telegraph Co.

LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE: Masks Off



the family dignity. If not—honor. (To be continued)

Testimonials Given by members of the Bend Memory Class, February, 1927

"Mr. Aldrich's presentation of the Hamley Memory Course has seemed to me to be well worth many times the charge made, supplying as it does a practical means of memorizing which the ordinary mind can master." "The system is surprisingly simple and practical." "Worth many times its cost." "This memory course is well worth the cost, and will help anyone."

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