

The Bend Bulletin

DAILY EDITION
With Which is Consolidated
CENTRAL OREGON PRESS

Published Every Afternoon Except Sunday
By The Bend Bulletin (Incorporated)

Entered as Second Class Matter, January 8, 1917, at the Postoffice at Bend, Oregon, under Act of March 3, 1879.

ROBERT W. SAYWER - Editor-Manager
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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.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES
By Mail
One Year \$5.00
Six Months \$2.75
Three Months \$1.50

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 discontinued.

Make all checks and orders payable to The Bend Bulletin.

SATURDAY, MAY 21, 1927

LIGHT IN DARK PLACES

The Pullman porter has not had enough to do. All that was required of him was to make and unmake 20 berths, fetch and carry for indolent passengers, lug ladders for portly gentlemen to ascend to their bunks under the roof and descend from them.

The Portland Chamber of Commerce has recognized that George has not had enough to do. A member who put George through his catechism the other day as to the glories of Portland, its sights, scenery, attractions, places of interest, resources, business opportunities and what not, learned that the colored man was sadly lacking in the qualifications which would be demanded of any commercial club secretary.

So a protest was filed with the Pullman company, and now porters will be supplied with complete information regarding Portland, and will put in their spare time serving facts, figures and fancies to inquisitive passengers.

By the time all the rest of the towns in Oregon have followed Portland's example and furnished sufficient booster literature to fill the vestibule of the standard or tourist, it is expected that the genius of the Pullman will no longer be forced to chafe at the destiny which has made his life one of aimless ease and luxury.

Al G. Barnes' press agent is a man of discernment. When the utrens hits Klamath Falls he notes lack of accommodations and plants a yarn that the showman will build a spacious hotel there. The number of curios he sees in Portland prompts him to promise the Rose city a three million dollar museum. At the last appearance in Bend, he carried favor with the wets by killing a camel.

What next? American Medical association urges beneficial use of whiskey. If the request is granted, booze benefits will become more numerous than ring benefits for braisers, the old soak hastens to proclaim.

Unless the soviet government is given official recognition by the economic conference at Geneva, its delegates will withdraw, they have announced. Threat or promise?

To live up to the nickname of "Hutch" which young Coolidge's witty Amherst classmates have bestowed upon him, the president's son should cut 'em dead.

Traffic authority says the moron is the safest driver. As the race grows older it becomes moron more difficult for a man of brains to get along.

Bend high seniors who lost the citizenship cup to the freshmen may allege class prejudice.

REALTY DEALS TODAY

Wanda L. Campbell and Arthur W. Campbell to B. J. Henniker, lots 4 and 5 block 18, Redmond Townsite company's first addition to Redmond; lots 1, 2, 3 and 4 block 3, Mountain View addition to Redmond, deed.

August Dreyer to W. B. Daggott, Vol. 17, page 216, mortgage.

O. C. Henkle and Ada B. Henkle to A. C. Kirbisa, part SW 1/4 SE 1/4 Sec. 29-17-12, deed.

Hattie Murrin to H. E. Goodman, lot 8 block 8, Aubrey Hts., deed.

H. E. Goodman and Geneva Goodman to Ralph A. Dunn and Mildred Dunn, lot 8 block 8, Aubrey Heights, deed.

J. A. Easton and Lorena M. Easton to J. Laura Shaw, lots 19 and 20 block 5, River Terraces, deed.

First National bank of Redmond to Jess Tetherow, Vol. 20 page 140, chattel.

First National bank of Redmond to Jess Tetherow, Vol. 20 page 621, chattel.

Let's Hope They Live Happily Ever After



DAUGHTERS OF MIDAS

By Owen Gustin
THIS HAS HAPPENED

T. Q. CURTIS, millionaire department store owner, selects three girls from his establishment to come into his home as wards for one year, because he believes they have worthy ambitions which he wants to help them further.

BILLY WELLS is the only one of the three that is sincere. She wants to become a concert violinist. NYDA LOMAX and WINNIE SHELTON are enjoying the old man's generosity under false pretenses.

Billy overhears Mr. Curtis say he is going to adopt one of the girls as his daughter when the year is up, and in order not to have an unfair advantage over the other girls, she tells them what she has heard. A battle immediately begins for the prized place. Billy is disgusted with the obvious deceit of the two girls and would drop out of the race but for her realization of the fact that to be adopted by old Curtis would give her an advantage with DAL ROMAINE, with whom she is infatuated. In spite of her infatuation, Billy tenderly remembers CLAY CURTIS, son of her benefactor. Clay has disinherited himself and is boarding with Billy's mother, in the poor part of the city, working in an automobile factory in the day and writing music at night.

Nyda and Winnie feel that Billy has the upper hand of them, because old T. Q. loves to hear her play the violin. Winnie, who is studying secretarial work, offers to do his work for him in the evenings. Old Curtis arranges for the cook and housekeeper's children to take private kindergarten lessons from Nyda. He fits a room up for the purpose. Although Nyda loathes children, she conceals the fact and thanks old T. Q. Billy is neglecting her music because of her infatuation for Romaine. She has agreed to cut a music lesson and spend the day with him.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY CHAPTER XXX

Dal Romaine called for Billy Wells the next morning at 10 o'clock, drove her in his long, lowslung, cream-colored roadster to the business district of Colfax, waited discreetly at the curb while she cashed her monthly allowance check for \$500, then, smiling mysteriously and refusing to answer her questions, turned into West Seventh, which was becoming the most fashionable shopping street in Colfax.

"Here we are!" He parked the car before a small but exclusive looking shop. Small gold letters inconspicuously placed on the plate-glass window informed the elect that it was the establishment of "Madame Dubois-Gowns".

"It looks frightfully expensive," Billy worried, as she followed Dal Romaine. "Don't you worry about that," Dal smiled down at her. "The only important thing is for you to have the dress. It really was made for you, Mignon. I had Madame Dubois take it out of the window and promise to conceal it until I could bring you to see it. We wish to see Madame

happening to her, Madame Dubois had sold her the smartest of spring suits and a crushed blue velvet hat which exactly matched it. And they all insisted that a bronze-colored satin-crepe afternoon dress, embroidered in nasturtium-colored silk, a frock which made her look slim and tall, must not be permitted to go to waste on some other girl whom it could not possibly become so well.

She was frightened and helpless at last, but quivering with pleasure that Dal had chosen her clothes for her. She felt, in them, as if she were wrapped about in tangible evidence of his love, as if, by wearing the dresses that he had consecrated with his approval, she were somehow in his arms. And it was in his arms, his actual arms, that she wanted to be, wanted so acutely, so feverishly, that she could not sleep an hour without dreaming of him.

She heard Madame Dubois' charming, slightly French voice telling her that the total bill was \$310. She tried to do mental arithmetic as her fingers froze around the roll of bills in her pocket. A hundred and fifty for her mother, thirty dollars a week for Professor Navratil—four times thirty is a hundred and twenty, plus a hundred and fifty is two hundred and eighty—

"All ready, Mignon? We're going to have the rest of the day entirely to ourselves," Dal Romaine bent over her to whisper, while Madame Dubois looked discreetly away.

Billy's cold fingers draw the roll of bills out of her pocket-book, automatically almost, as if they were under compulsion entirely outside her own will. May be she had counted up wrong—and Professor Navratil really didn't want her to take three lessons a week and—she—she was no good at subtraction anyway. Five hundred dollars was an awfully big sum of money. It couldn't melt to nothing so easily—and Nyda and Winnie had such exquisite clothes—

"Three hundred and ten," she peered the bills from the roll with trembling fingers, then smiled almost impudently into Madame Dubois' beaming, red-brown eyes. "I believe that's right?"

She was wearing the bronze-colored crepe, because she could not bear to take it off. In it she belonged so wholly to Dal Romaine, he helped her into the moteskin coat, his hands gentle upon her shoulders.

As they were leaving the shop, the girl who evidently acted as "receptionist" to Madame Dubois' clientele, opened the door for them.

"If you see Miss Shelton today, Mr. Romaine," she spoke softly, in the intensely refined voice that the place demanded, "tell her that the coral chiffon that you helped her select is ready for a fitting."

A shade of anger settled on Dal Romaine's face, like the passing shadow of a bat's wing. He did not answer beyond a curt bow from the waist, and he did not look at Billy until they had sped for at least five minutes through the downtown traffic.

When he did turn his smoldering black eyes upon her, her mouth was tight with pain, her eyes steel blue, stark, bleached with the corrosive of jealousy.

"You're thinking," he said gravely, deliberately, "that I said the same things to Winnie that I've said to you today. Try to believe me when I tell you that I didn't. We were passing that shop and she asked me to go in, with her. I had seen that lace dress in the window, visualized you in it, would not let her go, went in with her and made her buy it, because I wanted it for her like a coral chiffon better. Winnie is a charming, brainless little clinging vine, to whom I owe every courtesy because of Aunt Lucia, but you—oh, Mignon!" His voice deepened, vibrated, thawed the ice that had been creeping upward to her heart.

Billy laughed shakily, her eyes luminous with the fever which he could send racing through her veins at will. She had been of that fever for a month now, and she had gone beyond all effort to think rationally, to remember that she really loved Clay Curtis. Curiously, her love for Clay remained beneath the turmoil, the pain, the fever. It was cool and steady and strong, that love for Clay, but she did not dare look at it. It had become an absolute necessity that Romaine should care for her, want her as she wanted him.

His voice broke into her thoughts. "We're in the country now. I'm going to slow down. We have the whole day, Mignon—hello, did you see who that was?" his voice was mildly astonished. "Nyda on the front seat of a limousine, with her head on the chauffeur's shoulder."

"It must have been Eddie Banning," Billy conceded, but she

was too dazed, too feverish, to wonder or care what Nyda was doing with Eddie Banning, whom she professed to despise. "She's supposed to be in school," she added dreamily, her eyes watching the play of brown, slim fingers on a polished steering wheel.

(To be continued)

Dal takes Billy to a country house, which, inside, proves to be a little bit of mystic India. Only a Hindu servant welcomes them.

Oregon Editorials

Recent studies of the McKenzie river highway by engineers indicate that with the present road it is impossible to keep it in passable condition through a winter season even by a continual use of snow plows. The reason is that in several places on the summit cuts have been made through the lava and rock allowing the road to follow straight line and eliminate grades. These cuts are useful for such a purpose but during the winter season serve as places for the accumulation of snow. A snow plow cannot work with any amount of efficiency after the snow level rises above eight or ten feet, and drifts in these passes become much higher. In wintertime the winds sweep across barren stretches and even though the snowfall may be relatively light the winds soon bank snow into cuts. The only remedy for this condition would be to change the roadbed and eliminate these cuts. This would increase the length of the highway slightly but would make possible year around travel if snow plows were used consistently. While the McKenzie highway has a reputation as one of the most beautiful tourist roads in the state its practical value would be greatly increased were it open all year.—Eugene Guard.

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LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE: The Tempter Again

