

The Bend Bulletin

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FRIDAY - APRIL 24, 1903

RAILROAD PROSPECTS.

Mr. T. B. Wilcox, committee-man from the Portland board of trade and chamber of commerce to confer with Harriman about a railroad to Central Oregon and also to investigate the difficulties which cause the delay in the settlement between the Columbia Southern and the Harriman people, returned to Portland on Sunday. While in New York City Mr. Wilcox and Mr. Harriman had a conference in which Central Oregon was promised a railroad as soon as arrangements could be made. The railroad specialist on the Oregonian immediately conjures up a tale of the O. R. & N. building a line up the Deschutes river.

The Deschutes route is a very feasible one, but our private opinion is that some O. R. & N. official told this to the Oregonian man in order to bluff the Columbia Southern into coming to their terms. We believe that the O. R. & N. Co., rather than build about seventy-five miles of new line, will absorb the line now owned and operated by the Columbia Southern, and will extend it over the route now surveyed and mapped out to Bend and Central Oregon.

The Portland merchants should now get in and see to it that Harriman keeps his promise. It will be the means of making the most fertile, most resourceful and largest part of Oregon tributary to Portland and its merchants, and will also make the people who have been hanging on in this country for the past few years by their eyelids rich beyond their present wildest dreams. This is very good news for Central Oregon, and it is up to the people of Portland to make it good and receive our business. As Artemus Ward says, "You scratch my back, and I'll scratch yours."

Dr. Rosenberg is to be commended for taking steps to inform the citizens of the spread and progress of smallpox in Prineville. The doctor is city physician, and he issues a bulletin every day, which is distributed over the entire county, informing the public of the exact condition of the patients, who the suspects are, and in some instances the treatment employed. It is needless to say the reports are greatly appreciated out at Bend; not a line in the little printed sheet goes unread. It is shameful—nay, almost criminal, to hush up the fact of the existence of smallpox, or any contagious disease, in a community, and the step taken by Dr. Rosenberg is well timed. Country newspapers generally hesitate about telling the truth in such cases for fear of giving their town a black eye, and the result is that what is left undone by the papers is attended to with a vengeance by the traveling public; and reports from the latter source lose not a tittle of their magnitude while in transit.

In compliance with instructions from the general land office, registers and receivers of the various land offices may compel attendance of witnesses in land cases. They are authorized to issue subpoenas for attendance, and any failure to comply with the same subjects the recipient thereof to an indictment

before the federal grand jury. His fine shall not exceed two hundred dollars, or imprisonment not to exceed ninety days, or both. Registers and receivers, or either of them, when requested in writing by either party to a cause pending before them, will issue a subpoena for such witnesses as the applicant may desire to testify in his behalf at such hearing.

In a characteristic "editorial" appearing in the Prineville Review this week, the editor displays his vulgarity and training, and also places us in an unfavorable position before the very few who take his article as the truth. Far from making sport of the smallpox epidemic in Prineville, we simply printed last week a series of daily reports as they were brought to us by people who were scared almost to death; and as this happened before Dr. Rosenberg began circulating his daily bulletins we of course heard all manner of exaggerated tales about the spread of the disease—a great deal more, in fact, than was published. If we unwittingly offended any of the people in Prineville we earnestly sue for pardon; but we should like to hear from others besides the editor of the Review, as we feel that intelligent people will not misunderstand our article on the smallpox in Prineville. It is only people who wear a number 5 hat and a number 14 shoe, like the Review man, who pick flaws where there are none, and who froth at the mouth every time the wind changes direction.

The advertisement of the Columbia Southern Irrigation Co., which appears elsewhere in these columns, is of interest to the people in this community, and shows, despite the efforts of knockers, that the segregated area west of the Deschutes is very apt to have water before the land on the east side.

Chas. E. McDowell Dead.

The sudden death on Saturday of last week of Chas. E. McDowell, the proprietor of the Hotel Prineville, was the greatest shock this community has sustained for a long time. Mr. McDowell was one of the best known and most popular men in Crook county, and the sight of his genial countenance in the Hotel Prineville will be greatly missed.

Mr. McDowell's sickness was short and his death very sudden and unexpected. It seems that on Wednesday of last week he rode a horse down to his ranch, about three miles from Prineville, and assisted in branding some calves. He was taken sick on Thursday, and on Friday Dr. Woods Hutchinson, of the state health board, assisted by several of the Prineville doctors, performed an operation on him for appendicitis, from which he was unable to rally, and he peacefully passed away on Saturday evening.

It hardly seems just to take away a man like Charley McDowell, whom everyone liked, and who was a good-hearted, whole-souled, generous man, just in the prime of life, when there are so many people in the community who have no object in life and simply live the existence of a human sponge, whose departure for "that undiscovered country" would not attract general notice nor comment.

Mr. McDowell had an influence for good over every one with whom he came in contact, and his place cannot be easily filled.

Mustaches and Beards.

The mustache will probably survive every other form of the beard, because it is the most flattering to the vanity of the young. It is on the upper lip that the down of adolescence, fair or dark, first ap-

pears, and gives the world assurance of maturity. The boy with a mustache feels himself a man, and many of the sex who do not wish to wear mustaches themselves but are sometimes obliged to do so accept him at his own estimate. It helps him to look old, and the look of age is useful in business, and inspires confidence. The youth of twenty-one looks thirty with a mustache, and without it he would look sixteen. This is a real reason, and about the only one for wearing it. In age, the wearer is keenly alive to the fact that if he cut it off at sixty he might appear a blooming youth of fifty, but he is helpless for the cause already given, and can only sigh, and advise his posterity never to grow a mustache. For himself, he can indeed reduce it to the smallest size, as is now much the fashion. The flowing mustache, the up-and-out-branching, deeply-drooping, neither of these is now any more the mode than the mustaches which used to meet the fringing whiskers; and the barbers have even got a name for the close-cropped mustache which remains. They ask you if you want it stubbed.

The flowing whiskers have long vanished; the beard that once streamed meteor-like upon the wind now streams only from the cheeks and chins of rustic sages; the imperial and the goatee are rarer than the mutton-chop whiskers; the square-cut chin-beard has ceased to be significant of our nationality, it is so inadequate to our numbers; all other dots and dabs of hair upon the human countenance have been gathered confluent into the full beard, or have perished before the remorseless sweep of the razor. The gain of manly beauty through the fashion of clean shaving has not as yet, it must be confessed, been very great. Those who had not grown beards of course remain as they were, in their native plainness; but it is in the case of those who had worn beards that the revelations are sometimes frightful; retreating chins, blubber lips, silly mouths, brutal jaws, fat and flabby necks, which had lurked unsuspected in their hairy coverts now appear, and shake the beholder with surprise and consternation. "Good heavens!" he asks himself, "is that the way Jones always looked?" Jones, in the meanwhile, is not seriously troubled. He is pleased with the novelty of his aspect; he thinks upon the whole that it was a pity to have kept so much loveliness out of sight so long. As he passes his hand over the shapeless expanses, with the satisfaction which nothing but the smoothness of a freshly shaven face can give, he cannot resist the belief that people are admiring him. At any rate he has that air.

Perhaps they are; and yet to our own taste, we think he mostly looked better in his beard. Of course it was foul; a beard cannot really be kept clean; but it was natural, and it was dignified. It hid certain things, certain features, expressions, that were best hushed up. That smirk, that sensual pout, that bulldog clinch, they were all mercifully hidden or they were at least so much palliated that they remained a dark suspicion, and not this dreadful conviction with which they now afflict the spectator. It can be said that there is a gain for honesty if not beauty in the new fashion of shaving, and this cannot well be denied. But it appears that the Creator could not trust the human countenance to itself, at least as it was given to men, and found it best to hush it up in a jungle of hair. Women were fashioned so fair that they could be allowed to look what they really were; but with men it was another story.—Harper's Weekly.

Z. F. MOODY,

General Commission and Forwarding Merchant
SHANIKO, OREGON.

LARGE AND COMMODIOUS WAREHOUSE.

CONSIGNMENTS SOLICITED.

Prompt attention paid to those who favor me with their patronage.

Shaniko-Prineville Stage Line

G. M. CORNETT, MANAGER.

SCHEDULE:

Leave Shaniko 6 p. m. Arrive Prineville 6 a. m.
Prineville 1 p. m. Shaniko 1 a. m.

First-Class Accommodations for the Traveling Public

PASSENGER AND FREIGHT RATES REASONABLE.

CHAMP SMITH

BOOK CLERK

SMITH & CLEEK'S

RECEPTION

Wholesale and Retail Liquor House

PRINEVILLE, OREGON.

Finest Brands of Liquors and Cigars.

Two Doors South of Bank.

PRINEVILLE-SILVER LAKE STAGE LINE.

DICK VANDEVERT, Prop.

Carrying U. S. Mail and Passengers.

Leaves Prineville Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays. Freight and Passengers waybilled for Bend, Lava, Rosland, and Silver Lake. Good rigs, careful drivers.

C. I. WINNER, Agent.

Sanford's Cash Store

CARRIES A BIG LINE OF

General Merchandise,
Groceries, Clothing,
Furnishing Goods

CALL ON HIM. PRICES RIGHT.

SHANIKO, OREGON.

Hamilton Stables

PRINEVILLE, OREGON.

BOOTH & CORNETT,
Proprietors.

& Redby Feed Barn

Stock boarded by the day, week or month.

Fine Teams and Rigs, and Reasonable Rates.

First-class Facilities for Handling Locators and Commercial Travelers.
Quick Service and Satisfaction Guaranteed.

Columbia Southern Hotel.

SHANIKO, OREGON.

RATES FROM \$1.50 UP PER DAY.

Hot and cold water on both floors.

Baths for the use of guests.

Every modern convenience at hand.

The dining room, under the direct supervision of Mr. Keeney, is a very model of tasteful, spotless elegance, and the service is equal to any in the state.

All stages arrive at and leave the Columbia Southern.

J. M. KEENEY, Proprietor.