

Bijou Theater

Latest Moving Pictures

FIRST SHOW 7:30
SECOND SHOW 8:30

Change of Program Sundays, Tuesdays, Fridays

Admission 15c
Children 10c

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION

Department of the Interior,
U. S. Land Office at The Dalles, Or.,
September 19, 1910.

Notice is hereby given that
Anne B. Mackel,
whose postoffice address is Bend, Oregon, did on the 5th day of February, 1910, file in this office her own Statement and Application, No. 2920, to purchase the swamp and meadow, sec. 20, T. 27 N., R. 12 E., W. 3, and the timber thereon, under the provisions of the act of June 3, 1898, and acts amendatory thereto, known as the "Timber and Stone Law," at such value as might be fixed by appraisement, and that, pursuant to such application, the land and timber thereon have been appraised, the timber estimated to be worth \$100.00, and the land \$40.00, that said application will file final proof in support of her application and sworn statement on the 6th day of December, 1910, before H. C. Ellis, U. S. Commissioner, at his office at Bend, Oregon.

Any person is at liberty to protest this purchase before entry, or institute a contest at any time before entry, by filing a copy of the protest or contest in this office, alleging facts which would defeat the entry.

C. W. MOORE, Register.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION

Department of the Interior,
U. S. Land Office at The Dalles, Or.,
September 20, 1910.

Notice is hereby given that
Mona Newinger,
whose postoffice address is Bend, Oregon, did on the 7th day of June, 1910, file in this office her own Statement and Application, No. 2921, to purchase the swamp and meadow, sec. 20, T. 27 N., R. 12 E., W. 3, and the timber thereon, under the provisions of the act of June 3, 1898, and acts amendatory thereto, known as the "Timber and Stone Law," at such value as might be fixed by appraisement, and that, pursuant to such application, the land and timber thereon have been appraised, the timber estimated to be worth \$100.00, and the land \$40.00, that said application will file final proof in support of her application and sworn statement on the 6th day of December, 1910, before H. C. Ellis, U. S. Commissioner, at his office at Bend, Oregon.

Any person is at liberty to protest this purchase before entry, or institute a contest at any time before entry, by filing a copy of the protest or contest in this office, alleging facts which would defeat the entry.

C. W. MOORE, Register.

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THE COURTS
Circuit Court—First Monday in May; third Monday in October.
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COMMISSIONERS' COURT—First Wednesday in January, March, May, July, September and November.

JEFFERSON SCHOOL DISTRICT No. 15
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DRAWING A TOOTH

Tushmaker's Pulling Machine Was a Wonderful Invention.

KILLED HIS FIRST PATIENT.

But That Simply Couldn't Be Helped, and the Autopsy Showed Why the Victim Lifted His Right Leg Each Time the Lever Was Turned.

Mr. Tushmaker was never regularly bred as a physician or surgeon, but he possessed naturally a strong mechanical genius and a fine appetite, and, finding his teeth of great service in gratifying the latter propensity, he concluded that he could do more good in the world and create more real happiness therein by putting the teeth of his inhabitants in good order than in any other way, so Tushmaker became a dentist.

He was the man who first invented the method of placing small cog-wheels in the back teeth for the more perfect mastication of food, and he claimed to be the original discoverer of that method of filling cavities with a kind of putty which, becoming hard directly, causes the tooth to ache as grievously that it has to be pulled thereby giving the dentist two successive fees for the same job.

Tushmaker was one day seated in his office in the city of Boston when a stout old fellow named Hyles presented himself to have a back tooth drawn. The dentist seated his patient in the chair of torture and, opening his mouth, discovered there an enormous tooth on the right hand side about as large, as he afterward expressed it, "as a small piggy bank." "I shall have trouble with this tooth," thought Tushmaker, but he clapped on his heaviest forceps and pulled. It didn't come. Then he tried the turnerover, exerting his utmost strength, but the tooth wouldn't stir. "Go away from here," said Tushmaker to Hyles, "and return in a week and I'll draw that tooth for you or know the reason why." Hyles got up, clipped a handkerchief to his jaw and put forth.

Then the dentist went to work, and in three days he invented an instrument which he was confident would pull anything. It was a combination of the lever, pulley, wheel and axle, inclined plane, wedge and screw. The castings were made and the machine put up in the office over an iron chair rendered perfectly stationary by iron rods going down into the foundations of the granite building.

In a week old Hyles returned. He was chained into the iron chair, the forceps connected with the machine attached firmly to the tooth, and Tushmaker, smothering himself in the rear, took hold of a lever four feet in length. He turned it slightly. Old Hyles gave a groan and lifted his right leg. Another turn, another groan, and up went the leg again. "What do you raise your leg for?" asked the doctor.

"I can't help it," said the patient. "Well," rejoined Tushmaker, "that tooth is bound to come out now."

He turned the lever clear round with a sudden jerk and snapped old Hyles' head clean and clear from his shoulders, leaving a space of four inches between the severed parts. They had a postmortem examination. The roots of the tooth were found extending down the right side, through the right leg and turning up in two prongs under the sole of the right foot.

"No wonder," said Tushmaker, "he raised his right leg."

The jury thought so, too, but they found the roots much decayed, and five surgeons swearing that mortification would have ensued in a few months, Tushmaker was cleared on a verdict of "justifiable homicide."

He was a little shy of that instrument for some time afterward, but one day an old lady, feeble and dazed, came in to have a tooth drawn, and, thinking that it would come out very easy, Tushmaker concluded, just by way of variety, to try the machine. He did so and at the first turn drew the old lady's skeleton completely and entirely from her body, leaving her a mass of quivering jelly in her chair. Tushmaker took her home in a pillowcase. She lived seven years after that, and they called her the "India rubber woman." She had suffered terribly with the rheumatism, but after this occurrence never had a pain in her bones. The dentist kept them in a glass case.

After this the machine was sold to the contractor of the Boston custom house, and it was found that a child of three years of age could, by a single turn of the screw, raise a stone weighing twenty-three tons. Smaller ones were made on the same principle and sold to the keepers of hotels and restaurants. They were used for boning turkeys. There is no moral to this story whatever, and it is possible that the circumstances may have become slightly exaggerated. Of course there can be no doubt of the truth of the main incidents.—John Phoenix.

He Told Her.

Mr. Economic—Did you write to the man who advertises to show people how to make puddings without milk and have them richer?

Mrs. Economic—Yes, and sent him a dollar.

Mr. Economic—What did he reply?

Mrs. Economic—"Use cream."

To dread no eye and to suspect no tongue, is the greatest prerogative of innocence.—Dr. Johnson.

LOW CASTE MANGS.

Hindus Not Only Despise Them, They Fear and Hate Them.

By his fellow Hindu the Mang, one of the lowest of all Indian castes, is not only despised, but even feared and hated. A writer in the Times of India says: "To be cruel is to be Mang hearted"; to fly into a passion may be expressed in Marathi idiom as having a Mang within one. When on the occasion of an eclipse fears are awakened for the safety of the sun or moon, it is the Mang whose help is sought. He goes among the people claiming their propitiatory gifts, saying: "Give your gifts that the grasp may be removed. For are not Iahu and Ketu, the enemies who have hid evil hands on the heavenly bodies, themselves Mangs? Similarly, to their recognized relation with 'dark' worship and with subterranean and demoniac influences is to be traced the making of offerings to Mang women on Dasera day and the sinister fact that there are few great buildings erected in pre-British days in this part of India that have not—whether they be temples or forts or palaces—Mang victims built into their foundations.

"The peculiar place that these popular superstitions have given to the Mang community is seen especially in the ceremonies that are sometimes performed for the removal of disease. Frequently when some one has fallen ill a Joshi is consulted and explains the illness as due to the influence of some evil spirit. The one effective prescription in such a case is to call a Mang and give him a dinner. This is not by any means an act of friendliness toward a despised community, but has as its object apparently the propitiation of the demoniac power and the removal of the source of the disease from the sick man to its proper habitation.

"With this end in view practices of sympathetic magic, which can be paralleled in the folk lore of many peoples, are employed. Portions of the finger nails or, it may be, fragments of hair of the invalid are secretly mixed with the food to be given to the Mang, and before the sugar water of which he is to partake is given to him the sick man must see his face in it. In this way the evil is supposed to be passed back to where it properly belongs and the disease removed.

STAGE REALISM.

Why Jefferson Didn't Have a Dog Schneider in the Flesh.

It was the privilege of the writer years ago to attend a reception at which Joseph Jefferson spoke on the drama. His treatment of the subject was interesting, the utterance of a man who knew the art of which he spoke. But the most interesting part of the hour came after the completion of the formal address, when an opportunity was given to the audience to ask any questions they wished of Mr. Jefferson. Soon the familiar topic was introduced, the effect of the modern elaboration and realism in stage setting. Mr. Jefferson at once rose to the question. He spoke somewhat rapidly with a quaint humor and sympathetic charm that were irresistible. He characterized the modern fashion of stage setting as "a tribute to the weakness of the human imagination."

"I am of ten asked," he went on, "why I do not have a real dog Schneider. But if I did none of you would be satisfied. You would go home saying, 'Well, Scheider never looked like that dog! You love Schneider because you have made him out of a piece of your own heart. And then,' meditatively, 'if I had a real Schneider some one in the gallery would probably whistle to him at the critical moment, and he would bark and spoil the play, while if he knew his part perfectly and did just what Schneider ought to do'—pausing and with his delightful smile—"Schneider would be the hero and not Rip!" Then, with a twinkle of the eye, he summed up the whole matter with the quiet remark, "Realism with a tail to wag in the wrong place is a dangerous thing."

—New York Post.

Debbling de Crabs.

In the service of a Baltimore family is an old negro cook known as Aunt Sally, and not the least of her achievements is the preparation of sea food. In the kitchen one day Aunt Sally's nephew, a nine-year-old lad from a point where crabs are seldom seen was watching in breathless interest the old lady's deviling of a dish of such crustaceans.

"Aunt," asked he after much reflection upon this mysterious point, "does debbill crabs come from de debbill?"

"No, chile," promptly responded Aunt Sally, "but dey is de debbill to make."

—St. Louis Republic.

The President's Oath.

The oath of office taken by the incoming president of the United States is the shortest and the simplest required of any ruler on earth. It is prescribed by the constitution and is as follows:

"I do solemnly swear (or affirm) that I will faithfully execute the office of president of the United States, and, to the best of my ability, protect, preserve and defend the constitution of the United States."

Her Cooking.

The Doctor—How is your appetite? The Patient—Wretched. The best meal my wife cooks doesn't tempt me. The Doctor—Um—er—er—do you ever try a meal in a restaurant?—Chillicothe Herald.

A TARCOOLER FUNERAL.

Wood Was Scarce, but They Managed to Rig Up a Coffin.

In some of the mining districts of South Australia there is a great scarcity of wood. Consequently, if you are so foolish as to die there you must not expect to have a coffin, but must be content to be wrapped in a sack before being deposited in Mother Earth.

However, when a certain very prominent resident of a mining camp died the other people of the settlement—by the way, it was called Tarcooler, though coolness was unknown and Tarcooler would have been a more suitable name—determined that he should be buried in style. So they set about getting a coffin. They made one of a sack, placed a lid on it and laid it (with the deceased inside) in an empty tent for the night.

Next morning the lid of the coffin was missing. It was afterward found that it had been stolen to make the tailboard of a butcher's cart.

However, in spite of this trifling loss the funeral was conducted with great solemnity. The coffin was much admired. It had been made out of the boxes in which the dynamite was sent to the mines. Some people might have considered that the obsequies were marred by the fact that the coffin bore in large letters on one side the legend "Keep dry," and on the other "Stow away from boilers," but that did not trouble the simple minds of the Tarcooler-ians.—London Tit-Bits.

WORSE THAN WAR.

Infernal Regions of the Buddhists and Mohammedans.

The infernal regions of Buddhism are horrible. They comprise a great hell and 135 lesser hells. In these hells, according to the scriptures of the Buddhist temples, men are ground to powder and their dust turned into ants and fleas and spiders. They are perished in a mortar. The hungry eat, red-hot iron balls. The thirsty drink molten iron.

Islamism says of the infernal regions: "They who believe not shall have garments of fire fitted for them. Boiling water shall be poured on their heads and on their skins, and they shall be beaten with maces of iron."

In the Scandinavian mythology, the mythology of Odin and Thor, we are told that "In Nastrand there is a vast direful structure, with doors that face the north. It is formed entirely of the backs of serpents, walled together like wickerwork. But the serpents' heads are turned toward the inside of the hall, and they continually send forth floods of venom, in which wade all those who commit murder or forswear themselves."

Her First Poem.

She was one of those soft eyed maidens, sweetly innocent, shy and gentle. She was unaccustomed to newspaper offices, but, being ambitious, she managed to find enough courage to try winning an editor's sympathy, sympathy to be expressed by the acceptance of her poem.

"I have here," she said demurely, "a little verse I've composed. I really don't know what you'll think of it. You may not like it at all, but it's my first—that is, the first I've ever written for a newspaper—and I'd be very pleased indeed if you honestly thought it was good."

The editor kept at his work, now and then scowling, but not at the young woman especially.

"It's about a maiden tripping o'er the sea," she continued.

"What was the trouble?" asked the man behind the paper. "Couldn't she lift her feet?"—Philadelphia Times.

Slightly Mixed.

He wasn't good at conundrums, but when his turn came to ask one at a little social party he thought he could remember a good one he had heard. It was the old riddle:

"Why is a woman like the ivy?"

The answer, of course, is the gallant explanation:

"Because the more you're ruined the closer she sticks."

But he got it mixed and asked:

"Why is the ivy like a woman?"

None of the ladies present could give an appropriate reply, so he himself ventured this maladrofit solution:

"Because the closer it clings the more you're ruined."

Spoiled It For Him.

Mr. Clarke's butler had asked for a night off, for the purpose, as he explained, of attending a ball in the village. The next day Mr. Clarke asked him how he had enjoyed himself.

"Oh, pretty good, sir, thank you," was the response. "It would have been better if it hadn't a-been for the women. I can't abide women at a ball."

—New York Press.

A Beautiful Thought.

A little girl absorbed in gazing at the starry skies being asked of what she was thinking said, "I was thinking if the wrong side of heaven is so glorious what must the right side be!"

A Surprise.

Immature Conductor (to clarinet player)—See here, Mr. Schlag, why don't you follow my beat? Veteran Clarinet (solemnly)—If you don't look owd I will!—Puck.

Bad men excuse their faults; good men will leave them.—Johnson.

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