

Take
a
KODAK
with
you.

WE ARE
HEADQUARTERS
FOR KODAKS
AND SUPPLIES

Patterson Drug Co.

The **Jexall** Store

LOCAL NEWS ITEMS

H. B. Mutzig went to Portland last night.
A. M. Larp went to Portland Monday night.
Ross Farnham spent yesterday in Redmond.
D. E. Hunter left Sunday evening for Portland.
J. J. Kline expects to go to Portland tomorrow.
Mr. and Mrs. H. E. Allen returned Friday from Portland.
Cheryl Thomas of Crescent was a visitor in Bend yesterday.
The Bridge Club will meet with Mrs. Lara Friday afternoon.
A delightful lawn party was given Friday evening at the Ford home.
Mr. and Mrs. John E. Ryan came in Monday morning from Portland.
H. J. Parr of Portland, brother of Mrs. C. C. Everett, came in this morning.
A. S. Collins returned this morning from Portland and Willamette valley points.
J. C. Rhodes and Clyde McKay returned yesterday from their trip to Southern Oregon.
Chief Roberts reports that thus far \$99 has been collected in dog license fees this year.
L. M. Foss of the O-W. R. & N. Co., went to Madras Sunday night to attend the wool sale.
The local ice factory is running night and day to supply the demand for ice in Central Oregon.

F. Ewing Martin, who has been in Portland for several weeks, returned on Monday morning's train.

Mrs. G. B. Young went down to Gateway yesterday to visit her parents at their Trout Creek ranch.

R. E. Koon went to Portland Saturday on business connected with the sewer work. He returned this morning.

P. A. Marquam, Jr., who has been in Bend for a month or so for his health, returned to Portland yesterday.

Mr. and Mrs. Howard Palmer and little daughter left today on a trip to Klamath Falls and Southern Oregon.

Thomas Graham, a druggist of Corvallis, has been looking over the country about Bend lately with a view to locating.

Monday 24 carloads of sheep arrived and 25 cars yesterday, the animals being taken to the mountains for summer pasturage.

E. R. Post returned Friday from a six-day trip to Catlow valley with homeseekers. He was accompanied on the trip by Mrs. Post.

Mr. and Mrs. L. Gerlinger of Portland were here over the week-end at the Altamont. Mr. Gerlinger is a railroad and timber man.

Nine new valves have been installed in the uptown hydrants, making it easier for water to be turned on for filling the city sprinkler.

John J. Rupp of Saginaw, Mich., and C. P. Maginnis of Portland, who are interested in Central Oregon timber, came in Monday morning.

C. L. Smith, agriculturist of the O-W. R. & N. Co., spent Sunday night at the Pilot Butte Hotel, going to Madras Monday for the wool sale.

Dr. W. W. Faulkner left Monday for Roseburg where he will spend about ten days visiting relatives. Mrs. Faulkner went over last week.

Because of the rain Tuesday, the meeting of the Ladies' Library Club was postponed to Thursday at 3 p. m. All interested are urged to attend.

Hert Shuey and son Fred went to The Dalles Sunday morning and after visiting there will go to Portland, expecting to be away for about a week.

Water is now flowing through the North canal into the Pilot Butte canal, increasing the volume in the latter and giving the settlers to the north a greater head of water for irrigation.

J. C. Hogle, who spent five months here in charge of the engineering work in connection with the building of the new power plant, left Sunday night for Chicago.

Ralph Wortman, P. P. Wright and Dan W. Feeley, all of McMinnville, have been in town for several days looking things over and trying the fishing in the river.

Among those going out on the first night train Sunday were J. H. Wendland, Frank Kulp and John Elkins, leaving for Portland. Mr. Wendland got back this morning.

A party of six, in Walter Combs' auto, went to the Metolius river for an outing Sunday, leaving here at 1 a. m. Those going were Claude Mannheimer, Gilbert Smith, M. S. Latta, H. Kersten, Fred Fish and Mr. Gear.

RED MAN
BRAND
Collars
are Better

Mannheimer's

A dance was given Saturday night in Sather's hall by the Vandeventer boys and John Sather, a large number of young people being invited. Chester Catlow furnished the music.

Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Reed left yesterday for their home in Missouri, after a visit here of several weeks. Mr. Reed expressed himself as much pleased with the growth of the town since his former visit about a year ago.

Father Luke Sheehan made his first trip last Friday to the Silver Lake and Fort Rock country. At Fort Rock he held services at the home of John Nolan and was surprised to find a dozen Catholics in that community. A church may be built there.

The Pioneer Creamery here is now turning out more butter than at any time previous, averaging about 500 pounds a week. For the past two months the price of butter fat has been 25 cents. The creamery is also making from 10 to 20 gallons of ice cream a day.

John Schmeer, the well known horse raiser and rancher of the southeast country, passed through Bend last week, returning from Portland to his home. For six weeks he has been visiting his son in Portland. Mr. Schmeer has decided to sell his ranch and will retire, probably living in Portland.

DO YOUR VERY BEST.

And Then Be Sure That You Are Satisfied With Yourself.
It is not what people say about you—it's what you are that counts. The one person in all this world whom you should aim to satisfy is yourself. You alone know yourself. Other people know your outward appearance, your actions, your deeds. You, and you alone, know your motives, your ambitions, your thoughts.

Are you satisfied with yourself? If a year ago you were not, are you now? Are you satisfied that you are doing the best you can in your work, that you are making the most of your time? Are you confident that your conduct toward your family, your friends, your neighbors, your employer, cannot be improved?

Look yourself straight in the face this morning in your mind's looking glass. Ask yourself whether it is what people say about you or what you are that counts. Analyze your own conduct in all matters.

Put yourself in the other fellow's place and try to see your actions through his eyes. Imagine that you are your employer instead of yourself. Answer honestly whether if he knew as much about you as you know about yourself he would discharge you or would raise your wages. If you do this conscientiously there are many things you will do differently.

Remember this, too—other people's opinion of you is based on your own opinion of yourself. Are you self-respecting? Other people will respect you. Are you truthful? The world will believe you. Are you honest? Every one will trust you.

But weigh yourself frequently. Weigh yourself carefully. Be certain that your own opinion of yourself is justified. Be satisfied with yourself.—William Johnston in American Magazine.

CRABBE, THE NEGLECTED.

A Poet Whom Byron Called Nature's Best and Sternest Painter.

Paints was a great traveler and the greatest poet impressionist who ever wrote. He describes a landscape in a line so that it stays with you forever. He uses the fewest possible number of words, hardly any adjectives, and the picture leaps up before you, immortal and unforgettable. Who can do this among the moderns? Keats could. Tennyson gives you English landscape. If you read "In Memoriam" you have lived a year in the English country and seen the march of the English seasons. Crabbe can do it. Who reads Crabbe? Nobody. And yet he is a wonderful poet, as realistic as Tolstoy and Arnold Bennett. Byron called him the best painter of nature—"Nature's sternest painter, yet her best."

He writes about the poor as they are, without sentimentality and without exaggeration, and as a painter of English landscape he still remains the best. He may not be read by the modern generation, but he is not forgotten. A Frenchman wrote a long and excellent book about him not long ago. He is safe in the temple of fame, which place you have entered and can't leave. And this temple is like a wheel. It goes round and round, and some of its inmates are in the glare of the sun, and sometimes they are in the shade, but they are there, and they never fall out.—Maurice Baring in Metropolitan.

SCARED THE LEOPARD.

A Blow With an Umbrella Routed the Savage Brute.

A remarkable encounter with a leopard is related in "Sport on the Nilgris," Mr. F. W. E. Fletcher.

"One April afternoon I had been over to see a friend about four miles away, and shortly after I left his bungalow on my return home it began to rain. As riding was uncomfortable in the wet, I got off my nag and gave him to the housekeeper. After a mile the rain stopped, and the sun came out, but I shut my umbrella and determined to walk the rest of the way home. Before me trotted five little terriers, behind me came the syce leading my horse. We reached a sharp bend in the road, and the doggies had disappeared round it when I saw the whole pack rushing back full tilt, with a leopard at the heels of the hindmost dog.

"Just as they reached me, the leopard seized Flirt, and at the same moment I 'lashed' him a blow on the head with all my force with the umbrella, which flew into splinters. The leopard dropped the dog, but his impetus was so great that he could not stop, and rushing past me, he knocked my syce clean off his legs. Then he jumped into the grass bordering the road.

"The change that came over our peaceful procession in that one instant was astounding. There stood I in the road, flabbergasted, with a broken umbrella handle in my hand; my syce was roaring blue murder on his back; my horse was bolting for home like a runaway engine, and my five little dogs were silencing at my feet. I picked up Flirt and carried her home. She was badly bitten in the neck, but frequent applications of phenyl soon made the wounds heal, and in a fortnight or so she was well again. But she was a 'chained dog. She would come out with me, but she always stuck to my heels, and nothing would induce her to enter the scrub or join the other dogs in a hunt of any kind."

BUILDING UP A WORD.

It Appears to Be Something of a Fine Art in Germany.

The following is the authentic history of a formidable German word: Among the Hottentots (in German, Hottentotten) many marsupials are found. The works on natural history do not reveal this fact, but the story is as good as if they did.

Whenever the marsupials are caught they are put into a cage, there known as Kotter, provided with a cover to keep out the rain (the cover is called in German Lattengitter). The cage then becomes known as Lattengitterwetterkotter, and the marsupial after his imprisonment in one of them is a Lattengitterwetterkotterbeutelratte.

One day an assassin (in German, Attentater) was arrested for an attempt on the life of a Hottentot woman, the mother of two stuttering and stupid children, who was called on this account Hottentottenstottertröttermatte. The malefactor was confined in a marsupial's cage, whence he escaped. He was recaptured by a Hottentot, who put him in a safe place and came to the chief of the nearest German South African station and said, with beaming eyes, for he thought he had mastered the German tongue:

"I have captured the Beutelratte."
"What Beutelratte?" asked the chief.
"We have several."
"The Attentaterlattengitterwetterkotterbeutelratte?"
"But of which Attentater are you speaking?"

"Of the Hottentottenstottertröttermatteattentater."
"Ah! Then why do you not at once say the Hottentottenstottertröttermatteattentaterlattengitterwetterkotterbeutelratte?"

Whereupon, and naturally, the Hottentot fled in dismay.—Chicago Record-Herald.

Restoring Rubber.

People using articles made of rubber that frequently lose their elasticity through oxidation may restore the material to its original condition by a simple process. Soak the part in a mixture of one part of ammonia to two parts water. This is said to be particularly well adapted to the restoring of rubber bands, rings and small tubing which are ready to become dry and brittle.

DENVER'S MASSIVE MINT.

It Would Take a Burglar Fifty Years to Break Into It.

If a man twenty-five years old started to rob the Denver mint he would be seventy-five before he finished his task of tunneling and drilling, if he ever reached the vault. When he did reach the massive cage he could never get at the money without detection.

He would have to bring his diving suit along, as there is water several feet deep under the foundation of the mint. He would first have to go through a wall four and a half feet thick of brick and portland cement. The boilers and coal bins are far underground. They are on the Evans street side and more strongly protected than a man-of-war. They are at least twenty feet below the surface and surrounded on the top, side and floor with a concrete wall four feet thick.

Supposing our young boring friend got through that wall, when he emerged he would find another just as thick and just as strong. The lower portions of the mint building are divided into compartments. They are separated, each compartment with its own defense.

The thief or thieves would find a real problem to get into the storage vault. He would first have to break through a steel door weighing seven

When you think of
Corsets
Do Not Forget
WARNER'S
—THEY'RE RUST PROOF, have double skirt and double boning and they give double wear.
Sold in this store at the same price you could buy them anywhere for.

POPULAR PRICED MODELS FOR
\$1.00, \$1.50, \$2.00, \$3.50
We also carry Warner's Brassieres, priced at
50c and \$1.00
Agents for the Gossard Lace Front Corset
\$3.50 to \$20.00

Watch for our **JULY SALE**
A Sale that Everyone Will Profit By

Mannheimers
"The Store for All the People"

OREGON THUNK.

- Arrives 8 a. m.
- Leaves 8:30 p. m.

O-W. R. & N. CO.

- Arrives 8:15 p. m.
- Leaves 6:45 a. m.

STAGE LINE SOUTH.

- Arrives 5 a. m.
- Leaves 8:30 p. m.

AUTO LINES.

- Cars daily to Burns and points south and southeast.

POSTOFFICE HOURS.

- General delivery open daily 10 a. m. to 6:30 p. m.
- General delivery open Sunday 10:30 a. m. to 11 a. m.
- Railway mail closes 7 p. m.
- Stage mail closes 6 p. m.

TELEGRAPH HOURS.

- Western Union daily 6-12; 1-6; 7-10.
- Western Union Sunday 8-10 and 4-6.

TELEPHONE HOURS.

- Pioneer Co. daily 7 a. m. to 9 p. m.
- Pioneer Co. Sunday 8-12; 5-8.

A classified ad in The Bulletin is read by hundreds and brings the advertiser good returns for the money invested.

If you expect good bread, you must use Bluestem Blend flour. Your grocer will have it.—Adv. 15tf

CORRETT

Fisherman's Lunch

Put up neatly in boxes that are light and easily carried.

INDIVIDUAL LUNCHES

25c
or
50c

CORRETT

Fix up the porch you can use it in the house this winter too.

Dear Amy:
You just ought to see the way John and I have fixed up our porch. We have a new settee, new chairs and a tea table. You and Bob come take tea with us and see our new porch furniture. You'll fix up yours too. We bought the sensible kind of summer furniture—the kind we can use in the house, too, when winter comes.
How I do love a nicely furnished home! Don't you, Amy?
Always with love,
Lou.
P.S.—What tempting summer furniture you can buy from
E. M. Thompson
Where Your Dollar Does Its Duty.

JUST BEFORE YOU TAKE YOUR VACATION LOOK OVER FISHING TACKLE!

OURS IS THE FINEST EVER

DID YOU EVER LOSE A FISH? TACKLE OUR FISHING TACKLE AND YOU WILL TACKLE THE BEST. THEN WHEN A FISH TACKLES YOUR TACKLE HE WILL BE YOURS.

BASEBALL FANS WILL FIND A FULL SUPPLY OF THE BEST BATS, BALLS AND ALL KINDS OF BASEBALL PARAPHERNALIA AT OUR STORE.

OUR GOOD SPORTING GOODS WILL MAKE YOUR SPORT GOOD.

We will give a \$5 casting rod for the largest trout caught this season.

Skuse Hardware Company.
We Repair Guns of All Kinds.