

The Daily Bulletin

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ON TAXES.

Today's report that the amount of the state tax had been set and that Crook county's share had been fixed at some \$31,000 comes about one week late. Of course it is news, having happened today, but as a financial fact of any value its possibilities were exhausted when the county court adjourned after having decided on the levy for next year.

In the same way the failure of the state tax commission to announce the value of the county public utilities, before the county budget meeting, is a matter of embarrassment in the county, and even the city and school district tax situation.

The difficulty arises through the provisions of law requiring budgets to be advertised and tax levies set by certain dates, when there are no time limits set, apparently, for the state commissions to do their work. A little attention to this matter on the part of the coming legislature, requiring the state tax and the utility valuations to be made known, before the budgets are made up, would simplify the tax levying procedure tremendously.

It's worth remembering, Mr. Subscriber and Mr. Advertiser, that the cost of everything that goes to make a newspaper has risen, except the subscription and advertising rate.

The lawyers say that it is harder to unscramble the new county than to prevent scrambling. There will be another scramble now—for office.

United we stand; divided we progress.

THE FIRST BEND DAILY

(Salem Statesman.)
 The first daily issue of the Bend Bulletin, which is owned by George Palmer Putnam, appeared yesterday. It is the first daily to be published in Central Oregon, the nearest daily on the south being at Klamath Falls, 160 miles distant; the nearest on the north being at The Dalles, 150 miles away; the nearest on the east at Baker, 200 miles from Bend airline, and on the west at Eugene, 190 miles in a direct line. The publication will appear each evening except Sunday, and will carry a regular telegraphic news service.

Preserving Spiders' Webs.

Naturalists employ an ingenious method of preserving all kinds of spiders' webs. The webs are first sprayed with an atomizer with a thin solution of artists' shellac, and then should they be of the ordinary geometric form, they are pressed carefully against a glass plate, the supporting strands at the same time being severed. After the shellac solution has dried the plates carrying the webs can be stored away in a cabinet. Even dome shaped webs may be preserved in their original form by spraying them with shellac and then allowing them to dry before removal from their supports. Many spiders' webs are very beautiful, and all are characteristic of the species to which they belong, so that from a scientific standpoint their permanent preservation is very desirable.

Survival of the Fittest.

The expression "the survival of the fittest" grew out of the publication of Darwin's "Origin of Species," in which he shows that animals, which were fittest to survive in the given conditions under which they lived, did survive in the struggle for existence, while the weaker—namely, the species less fitted for the struggle against their surroundings—died out. This is also applied to human species and has been generally applied to races, nations and civilizations, as well as individuals, those that survive being fittest to cope with conditions within and without.

A Blind Painter.

"The wonderful sixth sense supposed to be possessed by the blind is not a fable. I know a blind musician. He is a genius.
 "That's not so remarkable. I know a blind painter."
 "Impossible."
 "Not at all. His work is perfect."
 "A blind painter? His work is perfect? Why, what does he paint?"
 "He paints blinds, you chump."
 Cleveland Plain Dealer.

COUNTING HEADS.

The First Census Was Taken by Moses in the Wilderness.

There is a record of a census in China as far back as the year 2042 B. C. and of one in Japan in the last century before Christ. Under the constitution of Solon the citizens of Athens were divided and registered in four classes, according to the amount of their taxable property or income. The Roman census was burdened with more statistics than any of these, however. It had its origin under Servius Tullius, sixth king of Rome, and was an affair of much solemnity. Every citizen had to appear upon the Campus Martius and declare upon oath his name and dwelling and the value of his property under the penalty of having his goods confiscated.

The most ancient statistical record of a census is found in the Bible. The census was taken by Moses in the wilderness, and, as shown by the first chapter of Numbers, the enumeration must have been very simple. "Take ye," said this account, "the sum of all the congregations of the children of Israel, after their families, by the house of their fathers, with the number of their names, every male by their polls: from twenty years old and upward, all that are able to go forth to war in Israel; thou and Aaron shall number them by their armies." This census was an affair that must have been soon over, lasting no longer than a day, being merely a counting of the heads of the fighting men. The women and children and cripples and the old men were not included; "neither were the Levites numbered among them." These who did stand up to be numbered totaled 603,550.

FIFTH AVENUE THE JOYOUS.

Sparkle and Vivacity of New York's Famous Thoroughfare.

Perhaps the chief impression which the metropolis makes is of the vivacity of its life. It is the completest expression of our national joie de vivre. And it is pleasant to record that for the most characteristic moment of this quality you would not cite Broadway at night, but Fifth avenue by day. The sparkle of this famous street is perhaps largely due to the New York climate.

Climates are never perfect, but among the world's great cities the American metropolis is singularly fortunate. It is flooded with sunlight, and on its best days the air has a crisp and tonic quality. By a tacit understanding ill dressed and sad people keep off Fifth avenue. On a bright morning there is no resisting the street's gay intoxication. The most expensive shops in the world are close at hand, the best restaurants near by. Brave men lounge at the windows of exclusive clubs, and fair women cut coupons at fashionable banks. Life seems indeed worth living. The whole town is gay. Even children and nursemaids in the park seem more engagingly clean and innocent and spirited than elsewhere, as if they, too, felt the call of happiness.

It is worth while noting the clearness of much of New York's air, doing justice to the clean and simple liveliness of much of its enjoyment, because its prominence as one of the world's chief centers of dissipation and pleasure seeking has done its reputation bad service with many people of virtue and good taste.—Harper's Magazine.

Africa's Gold Coast.

The Gold Coast is a British colony on the west coast of Africa. Its climate is notoriously unhealthy, the heat and moisture being excessive. The coast is lined with unhealthy swamps and shallow lakes, while the peculiar rock of the country is said to give off, under the influence of the air and moisture, large quantities of hydrogen gas. The native towns are crowded and dirty, intermittent fevers and other diseases being always present. These are peculiarly fatal to Europeans, though the natives do not suffer so much. The whole region is more or less a gold producing country, but at present the value of the territory is chiefly due to the profusion of vegetable products supplied by the rich soil.

Shrub Perfume.

The perfume of commerce known as "cassie," manufactured for the most part in France, is found in abundance in the Philippine Islands in the Acacia farnesiana, a shrub which grows on hundreds of acres of land near Manila and throughout the dry parts of the entire islands. This shrub has small spiny leaves and produces a short black pod. The flower from which the essence is obtained is golden yellow.

No Help Needed.

Johnny (a small brother)—Mother, quick. Send for the doctor! Mother (anxiously)—Why—why—what's the matter? Who is ill? Johnny—Mr. Algernon is going to die—he said he would if sister would not marry him, and sister says she won't.—London Telegraph.

Quick Change.

"Here, you! What do you mean by telling that red nosed old bachelor friend of yours that marriage is all a lottery?"

"I was just about to assure him, m'dear, that I won a prize."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Flowers in Tibet.

The highest point at which flowering plants have been found is in Tibet at 19,200 feet above the level of the sea.

MYSTERY OF THE PLANETS.

Science Cannot Penetrate the Hazy Veils That Mask Them.

It is not known definitely whether the planet Venus rotates. If it does it may possibly have a life and a vegetation like our own, though we suspect that it is clothed in eternal cloud. Of Saturn's rings we cannot say whether they consist of millions of tiny moons like brickbats or whether they may be even smaller still—a veil of shining dust.

Of Jupiter we can only say that it is covered with clouds, though of their substance we know nothing, and that according to Professor Lowell and Sir William Huggins some of the bands we see on it may be rifts in the clouds revealing the body of the planet. Little lines crisscross these bands. Photographs of Jupiter taken at Flagstaff observatory, Arizona, seem to indicate that these lines, too, are the upper clouds of Jupiter.

But whenever we see a planet we see it badly. Even Mars, the most clearly revealed of them all, is constantly obscured by a refracting haze, so that even the famous "canals," though nearly 500 in number, are only perceptible a few at a time, and an unskilled observer would probably not make them out at all.

Sandstorms, sometimes snowstorms, sweep the surface of the planet, and because the winds of Mars are very gentle and slow moving these occurrences take a long time to pass by. A snowstorm on Mars—if indeed it was a snowstorm and not merely a fog—once lasted three weeks.

HYGIENE IN THE BEEHIVE.

The Way Intruders Are Sealed Up in a Tomb of Wax.

It has been observed that bees have a most ingenious and sanitary way of disposing of a living creature that may by accident or design chance to find its way into their hive. When the intruder is killed, as killed he must be, whether he be large or small, the problem arises how to deal with the body.

If the bees find that it is impossible to expel or dismember the creature they will proceed cleverly to inclose it in a veritable sepulcher of wax. In one of his hives a beekeeper discovered three such tombs side by side, erected with party walls like the cells of the comb, in order that no wax might be wasted. These tombs the prudent bees had raised over the remains of three snails that had strayed into the hive.

As a rule the bees will, when dealing with snails, be content to seal up with wax the opening of the shell. In this case, however, the snails' shells were more or less cracked or broken. The bees had therefore considered it simpler to bury the snails entire, and the bees had further contrived, in order that traffic might not be impeded in the entrance hall of the hive, a number of galleries exactly proportionate not to their own girth, but to that of the male bees, which are almost twice as large as the workers.—Exchange.

Historic Pawnee Rock.

A short distance north of Pawnee Rock station, Kansas, is a high southward facing cliff of sandstone known as Pawnee rock, projecting as a rocky promontory from the broad ridge that forms the north side of the valley. The elements and the hand of man, says a report of the geological survey, have made great changes in its size and appearance since the days when the Santa Fe trail passed along its base. Here there were many encounters between the savages and the whites and also between hostile bands of Indians, for the place is noted not only in pioneer history, but in Indian traditions as well. Names and initials of many travelers, from the early trappers and the "forty-niners" to the later army detachments, have been scratched on the smooth faces of the ledges.

Birds That Sing During Flight.

In reference to a recent paragraph about birds that sing while flying a correspondent writes:

"The cuckoo is a fine bird that sings as it flies, especially when pursued by angry little birds whose nest it has attempted to invade, as I have several times seen and heard. Then the tree pipit and whitethroat generally rise from their perch and flutter in the air while singing, besides swallows, if you count their twittering as a song. I have also seen and heard missel thrush and blackbird sing while flying, but only very rarely."—London Mail.

Its Value to Him.

"Has your college education been of any practical value to you?"

"You bet it has! If it wasn't for my experience in track athletics I'd have to leave my house five minutes earlier every morning in order to catch the 7:58."—replied the commuter.—Michigan Awgwan.

A Roast Resented.

"I always try to attend to my own business," said the self approving man. "That's just what folks are talkin' about," replied Farmer Cornstossel. "Tendin' to your own business ain't what we lectured you to the legislature fer."—Washington Star.

Unkind.

"A fool and his money are soon parted."
 "Yep. Who got yours away from you?"—Detroit Free Press.

Venice.

Venice became a maritime power in 1158. In the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries she was mistress of the seas.

QUEENSLAND SAVAGES.

Some Curious Customs of a Race That Will Soon Be Extinct.

The aborigines of Queensland are fast fading away, and in view of the fact that this race will soon be extinct an examination of their social customs is interesting.

The death bone or bone apparatus, with its supposed property of producing death, is one of the most dreaded and universal superstitions among the natives of the Queensland interior. The apparatus consists of a jointer connected by string with an elongated cylindrical receptacle. The pointer, three to five inches long, is made from a human forearm bone, the string is made from human hair, and the receptacle, which incloses the victim's lifeblood, is fashioned from a shin bone. The "medicine man" of the tribe uses the weapon by aiming the pointer at the person selected for punishment.

One of the most curious of the aboriginal weapons is the "whirler," or "bull roarer." It is made of a flattened piece of gillyea timber cut into spindle shape, into one extremity of which a hole is drilled with a sharp-edged emu bone. By means of the aperture this whirler is attached to a piece of string fixed at the end of a small stick. Revolving rapidly, the whirler gives out a roaring sound.—London Telegraph.

RELIGIOUS WARS IN EUROPE.

The Thirty Years' Conflict and the Peace of Westphalia.

Osnabruck is one of the most venerable towns of Prussia. In the closing years of the eighth century Charlemagne designated it as the capital of a bishopric, a distinction which it enjoyed without interruption for more than a thousand years. In 1837 the see was suppressed, the last bishop being Frederick, duke of York, son of the English Hanoverian monarch, George III. In 1858 the city was restored to its religious eminence when it was again made the seat of a Roman Catholic bishop.

It is on account of her share in the preliminary negotiations which led to the epochal peace of Westphalia that Osnabruck is famous in history. In 1644, after all central Europe had been devastated by the great struggle which eventually became known as the Thirty Years' war, representatives of Sweden, the German empire and German Protestants met here, while in the neighboring city of Munster, thirty miles to the southwest, delegates from France, Spain, the German Catholics and the German empire gathered.

The negotiations extended over a period of four years. In October, 1648, both groups of conferees having arrived at a common basis of settlement, the Osnabruck diplomats repaired to Munster, where a few days later the

peace was signed which guaranteed the sovereignty and independence of the several states of the empire and which forbade religious persecution throughout Germany. It was this peace, in which Osnabruck played such a vital part, that put an end to religious wars in Europe.

As early as 888 Osnabruck was granted the right to establish its own mint, but it was not until the fifteenth century that the city reached the crest of its mediaeval prosperity. Following the decline which was necessarily incidental to the ravages of the Thirty Years' war, it enjoyed a second era of growth.

The two most impressive architectural piles in Osnabruck are the spacious cathedral, dating back to the twelfth century and representing a combination of the Romanesque and Transitional styles, and the royal palace, built in 1602-75.—National Geographic Society Bulletin.

How Flying Fish Fly.

The popular notion that flying fish beat their "wings" is a mistake. It appears that the wings are not true organs of flight, but rather play the part of a parachute or an aeroplane. The whole motive power is supplied by the tail, which acts as a propeller, and the vibration or quivering of the wings in the air currents and their occasional shift of inclination are not phenomena connected with the propulsion of the fish in its aerial flight.

Dirty Windows.

A German professor has ascertained that in industrial cities windows which have not been washed for ten days exclude from 35 to 48 per cent of the light. If not washed for four weeks they may exclude as much as 80 per cent of the light.

Picture Frames.

In the early parts of the fifteenth century carvers and gliders in Venice were permitted to attach their names to the frames of pictures by famous artists.

Set not thyself to attain much rest, but much patience.—Thomas a Kempis.

LINCOLN UNDER FIRE.

A Salute That Might Have Carried Death in Its Train.

In "Reminiscences of a Wartime Statesman and Diplomat," by Frederick W. Seward, is the story of a visit to a French frigate, "I think the Garibaldi," on which the author accompanied Mr. Lincoln early in 1861. The visit over the party was leaving the frigate and the parting salute was about to be fired.

"As Mr. Lincoln took his seat in the stern he said: 'Suppose we row around her bows. I should like to look at her hull and rig from that direction.' Captain Dahlgren, of course, shifted his helm accordingly. The French officers doubtless had not heard or understood the president's remark and supposed we were pulling off astern in the ordinary way.

"We had hardly reached her bow when on looking up I saw the officer of the deck pacing the bridge, watch in hand and counting off the seconds—'un, deux, trois'—and then immediately followed the flash and deafening roar of a cannon apparently just over our heads. Another followed, then another and another in rapid succession. We were enveloped in smoke and literally 'under fire' from the frigate's broadside. Captain Dahlgren sprang to his feet, his face aflame with indignation as he shouted: 'Pull like the —, boys! Pull like —!'
 "They obeyed with a will, and a few sturdy strokes took us out of danger. After he had resumed his seat and calmed down I said in a low voice, 'Of course those guns were not shotted, and we were below their range?'
 "He answered, gritting his teeth, 'Yes, but to think of exposing the president to the danger of having his head taken off by a wad!'
 "I did not know until he explained that the wadding blown to pieces by the explosion sometimes commences dropping fragments soon after leaving the gun. Whether Mr. Lincoln realized the danger or not I never knew. He sat impassively through it and made no reference to it afterward."

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