

Grand Theatre

CENTRAL OREGON'S FINEST MOVIE PLAYHOUSE

TONIGHT
Crane Wilbur, in
"WASTED YEARS"

—and—
Pathe Weekly

SUNDAY NIGHT
Theda Bara
IN
EAST LYNNE

Theda Bara, in a moving picture revival of the famous stage, long-run favorite, "East Lynne," is offered to the public, in photo-draws even exceeding that star's and noted producer's previous triumphs in master picture making. The old drama of Elgish country life is enacted in all truthness to its powerful form by an all-star cast in support of Miss Bara, including those picture favorites, Claire Whitney, Stanhope Wheatcroft, W. H. Tooker, the charming "movie villain"; Stuart Holmes, and other actors and actresses of sound reputations on stage and screen.

MONDAY
Christmas Matinee and Evening
"THE SHINE GIRL"

TUESDAY
"THE CLOSED ROAD"
Featuring House Peters
The story of a sacrificing young man, who takes a crime upon himself for the sake of a young girl.

PROFESSIONALS TO INVADE GRIDIRONS OF EAST IN 1917

(By United Press to The Daily Bulletin)
BOSTON, Dec. 23.—Professional football, bringing with it a cluster of old time stars, is due east next fall.

Plans are being made here for games, and if the "pros" produce the brand of football they show in the west they probably will be soon in other big cities of the east.

The deserted ball parks, with their bleak bleachers, offer an ideal setting for the re-appearance at the ancient pig-skin game of some of the former favorites.

Professional football went like a prairie fire in the middle west this year. Former all-America stars and college captains played to capacity crowds wherever they went.

In the effete east are even more stars of yesterday than decorate the wild and woolly. Many of them are pining for the discarded mole-skins and cleated shoes. But as yet they have made their appearance only in alumni contests, or, in Boston, as members of the Battery A or I Corps cadets, in their annual game.

Salaries of \$100 a week and more were paid in the west to stars who were called back, more perhaps by the lure of the gridiron than by the remuneration.

Jim Thorpe, the Indian all-around star, led a team known as the Canton Bulldogs this fall that was a whale. On it played such brilliant performers as Soucy, of Harvard; Ghee, of Dartmouth; Costello, Georgetown; Spears, Dartmouth; Calac, former Indian star, and many others who have attained no little fame at the gridiron game.

"Ernie" Soucy, former Harvard captain and crack end, back from Wisconsin where he's been coaching, is enthusiastic over the prospect and incidentally had a lot to say about Jim Thorpe and his playing, which he greatly admires.

At the Movies

GRAND THEATRE.

Crane Wilbur's appearance in any theatre brings out big crowds. This well known movie actor will be seen tonight at the Grand Theatre in "Wasted Years" and it is one of the best in which he has appeared.

Tomorrow night, Theda Bara will appear in that famous English play "East Lynne." The play on the legitimate stage has been seen by hundreds of thousands for decades past and its introduction upon the screen is proving even more popular with the well known Theda Bara.

A special has been arranged for Christmas day when Manager Rudow will offer "The Shine Girl" at a matinee and evening show.

On Tuesday House Peters will appear in "The Closed Road," a story of a young idle rich man who gives himself up to sentence for a crime which he did not commit, doing so at the request of a popular society girl.

BEND THEATRE.

Helen Holmes pulls some reel thrillers in the sixth chapter of "The Lass of the Lumberlands" at the Bend theatre. This chapter tests Miss Holmes' grit to the limit. Tomorrow night Blanche Sweet, one of the Paramount pictures' most widely known moving picture stars, will be seen in "The Dupe."

REWARD OFFERED

\$10 reward for information leading to arrest and conviction of any person breaking or defacing street intersection signs.

By L. A. W. NIXON,

Chief of Police.

THE NEW CHEF

At Wright hotel, just arrived from San Francisco, will fix your 6 o'clock Christmas dinner to please you.

LOYD GEORGE CALLS ON AMERICA TO ANSWER THE CALL OF DESTINY

(By United Press to The Daily Bulletin)

NEW YORK, Dec. 23.—An appeal to America from the British premier, David Lloyd George, "to realize the call destiny is making to her" for the enforcement of international law and international rights" is contained in Isaac F. Marcosson's personal study of England's prime minister.

"The hope of the world," said Lloyd George in his "message to America," is that America will realize the call destiny is making to her in tones that are getting louder and more insistent as these terrible months go by.

"That destiny lies in the enforcement of respect for international law and international rights."

If you had probed behind this kindling utterance you would have seen with Lloyd George himself that beyond the flaming battle-lines and past the tumult of a world at war was the hope of some faraway tribunal that would judge nations and keep them, just as individuals are kept, in the path of right and humanity.

"But before any such bloodless antidote can be applied to international disputes, to quote Lloyd George again, "this war must be fought to a finish."

These final words, snapped like a whiplash and emphasized with a fist-beat on the table, meant that England would see her Titan task through, and if for no other reason, because the man who drives the war gods wills it so.

"What sort of man is this who goes from post to post with inspired faith and unfailing execution? What are the qualities that have lifted him from obscure provincial solicitor to be the prop of a people?"

Reducing the wizard Welshman to a formula, you find that he is fifty per cent Roosevelt in the virility and forcefulness of his character; fifteen per cent Bryan in the purely demagogic phase of his make-up, while the rest is canny Celt opportunism. It makes a dazzling and weling irresistible composite.

It is with Roosevelt that the best and happiest comparison can be made. Indeed, I know of no more convincing interpretation of the thing that is Lloyd George than to paint this live parallel. For Lloyd George is the British Roosevelt—the Imperial Rough Rider. Instead of using the Big Stick, he employs the Big Voice. No two leaders ever had so much in common.

Each is more of an institution than a mere man; each dramatizes himself in everything he does; each has a genius for the benevolent assimilation of idea and fact. They are both persistent but brilliant "crammers." Trust Lloyd George to know all about the man who comes to see him, whether he be statesman, author, explorer or plain

captain of industry. It is one of the reasons why he maintains his amazing political hold.

"Lloyd George has Roosevelt's striking gift of phrase-making, although he does not share the American's love of letter writing. As I have already intimated, whatever may be his future, Lloyd George will never be confronted by accusing epistle. None exists.

"Like Roosevelt, Lloyd George is past master in the art of effective publicity. He has a monopoly on the British front page. Each of these remarkable men projects the fire and magnetism of his dynamic personality. Curiously enough, each one has been the terror of the corporate evil-doer—the conspicuous target of big business in his respective country. Each one is a dictator in the making, and it is safe to assume that if Lloyd George lived in a republic, like Roosevelt he would say, "my army," "my navy," and "my police."

Roosevelt, however, has one distinct advantage over his British colleague in that he is a deeper student and has a wider learning.

"In one God-given gift Lloyd George surpasses not only Roosevelt but every other man I have ever met. It is an inspired oratory that is at once the wonder and the admiration of all who hear it. He is in many respects the greatest speaker of his day—the one man of his race whose utterance immediately becomes world property. The stage lost a great star when the Welsh David went into politics. There are those who say that he acts all the time, but that is a matter of opinion dictated by partisan or self-interest.

"Before the public he is always even tempered and amiable, serene and smiling, quick to capitalize interruption and drive home the chance remark. He invariably establishes friendly relations with his hearers, and he has the extraordinary ability to make every man and woman in the audience before him believe that he is getting a direct and personal message."

SLIDING TO DEATH.

A Perilous Mountain Incident and a Lucky Escape.

An American who lives in China made the ascent of the sacred mountain, Siao-outai-shan, a year or two since, and made, or at least began to make, the descent in a much more unpremeditated manner.

He had reached an altitude of over 9,000 feet and, having lost the trail, branched off and climbed a lower peak to see whether he could discover the right track. He managed to crawl to the top, and since the view was very fine he opened his paint box to make a sketch.

As he was sorting his brushes the stone on which he was sitting gave way, and he started sliding down the almost perpendicular slope. He tried to clutch the ground with his hands. He seized every projecting stone in the hope of stopping his precipitous descent, but at the speed at which he was going that was no easy matter.

Death stared him in the face, for another 100 yards would bring him to the edge of a precipice several hundred feet high, over which he must inevitably go. His hair stood on end as he approached the spot, and he can well remember the sound of his heavy point box clanging from rock to rock as it accompanied him in his descent. A violent shock, which nearly tore his body in two made him think he had gone over; but, no—he had suddenly stopped.

He opened his eyes, but he did not dare move, for his position, although much improved, was far from safe. His coat and strong leather strap that was slung under his arm had caught on a projecting stone, but a single false movement on his part would start him sliding down the slope again.

Slowly, carefully, as he lay on the almost perpendicular slope, he tried to get a footing. When he had succeeded in doing that the great difficulty was to turn round. After several anxious moments, each of which seemed ages long, he succeeded, and there he was, half kneeling, half lying, with his body on the ground, clutching the rock that saved him.

Then, when his agitation passed away, he managed to crawl up, cat fashion, to a position of safety.

About the Same Thing.

An old colored uncle was found by the preacher prowling in his barnyard late one night.

"Uncle Calhoun," said the preacher sternly, "it can't be good for your rheumatism to be prowling round here in the rain and cold."

"Doctor's orders, sah," the old man answered.

"Doctor's orders?" said the preacher. "Did he tell you to go prowling round all night?"

"No, sah, not exactly, sah," said Uncle Cal, "but he done ordered me chicken broth."—Chicago News.

WRIGHT HOTEL

Serves fried spring chicken, biscuits and cream gravy—Sunday, 6 o'clock.

Want Ads only ONE CENT a word

Christmas Greetings

At this Yuletide season of kind thoughts and good wishes, it is our pleasure to express to you—friends and patrons—our sincere appreciation of the enjoyable business relations of the year now drawing to a close—

A Merry Christmas to all.



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E. A. SATHER, Vice President
E. M. LARA, Cashier
L. G. McREYNOLDS, Assistant Cashier
B. A. STOVER, Assistant Cashier



Photo by American Press Association.
GOOD TASTE.

Worn with a tailored suit of navy worsted invisibly striped with white, this luxurious stole of pointed fox cuts a great dash with its circuit of once and half again around the neck. The close turban is navy velvet with silvery berries growing exactly in front.