

MONTHLY BILLS PAID BY CITY CLOSE TO \$9,000

Removal of The Protective Division Head Asked

USE OF PARK ISSUE

People Will Vote On Purchase of Auto Camp Site—Sewers Badly Clogged, Says Gould—Equipment Is Needed.

Authorization of payment of the biggest list of monthly bills to be received in nearly a year, of an investigation of the official record of Dr. Anna Reis Finley, head of the women's protective division, and a decision to place on the ballot at the May primaries the alternative measure of purchasing the auto park site or using half of the city park for camp ground purposes—these were the highlights of Friday night's council meeting which continued in session for nearly three hours. Bad clogging of the city sewer system, and the need for more modern cleaning devices, reported by City Engineer Robert B. Gould, brought a vote to refer the matter to the streets committee for investigation.

Bills ordered paid were considerably augmented by \$4,762.68 allowed the city treasurer for interest on bonded indebtedness. The total was \$8,929.87, and included payment of \$50 to the volunteer fire fighters for their work of washing down the city streets.

Says Officer Broke Word

That Dr. Finley has broken her word to him in failing to turn in reports on cases handled, was the declaration of Mayor E. D. Gilson, in commenting on the motion of G. H. Baker to investigate her work. The question was introduced by C. J. Leverett, who asserted that the protective division head is receiving a pension of \$75 monthly for doing nothing. N. H. Gilbert commented that Dr. Finley is doing one-third the work of the city health officer at three times the pay of that official.

A delegation of members of the Woman's Civic league, composed of Mrs. Carrie D. Manny, Mrs. Sadie Lucas, and Mrs. J. F. Arnold, waited on the council to ask that the question of purchase of the auto park site be submitted to the people. J. C. Rhodes, representing the Bend Company, owner of the property, stated that his company was willing to accept city bonds, or payments covering a term of years. Councilman Innes' motion that the question be placed on the ballot was amended by Gilbert to include the alternative proposition of use of the south half of the city park, and in its amended form carried unanimously, although with the objection of Innes.

Fire Hydrant Ordered

Further investigation of the cost of the proposed street improvement to eliminate the double curve at the point near Veltum's store where the Dallas-California highway enters the city, was authorized after protracted discussion.

City Attorney C. S. Benson reported that he had conferred with Auston Aune regarding the vacating in May of the Aune barn on Bond street, condemned by the council a year ago, but that he had been unable to secure any promise from Aune that he would comply with the council's demands.

Need for a fire hydrant on the corner of Lava Road and Kansas avenue was pointed out by Fire Chief Tom Carlon, and the hydrant was ordered installed. Leverett voted in the negative.

Monthly reports of officers showed three fires for March, 60 inspections, and 75 fire permits issued; eight births as against four deaths, recorded by the health department; and \$547 taken in fees by the recorder's office.

W. A. BEAVER BUYS REALTY ON BOND

\$5,500 Paid For Estates Property—Will Be Used For Meat Market After April.

Purchase of the J. A. Eastes building on Bond street now occupied by O'Neil and Johnson, was announced Tuesday morning by W. A. Beaver, proprietor of the Beaver market. The consideration was \$5,500.

Beaver will use the building as the permanent home for his business now located farther south in the same block. Before the move is made on May 1, however, he will thoroughly renovate and repair the structure, among other things planning an entire new roof and floor.



"Marc," he continued, "perhaps we can't agree on this matter at all, but I really do want a heart-to-heart talk with you about it. But not now! The fact is I was busy when you came in—"

"Thinking up a few more pleas for the squatters, eh?" the other man teased. "Well, old fellow, just remember this. I've got at least twenty-five men watching everything that scamp of a Hopkins does, and when I get something on him, there won't be twenty-four hours between that time and his arrest."

Robert almost shoved the speaker out of the door; but Marcus only chuckled good-naturedly as he went away. When Robert turned the key in the lock, he stood quite still, breathing hard.

From behind the curtain, Polly thrust out her head, her small face wrinkled and tears standing thick in her eyes.

"I'm a-goin' after that pup an' swat him," she hissed stormily. "He lies when he says my daddy's a scamp."

Percival lifted a precautionary hand. "Not too loud," he warned. "Come here." She went slowly forward, her head hanging; but when he held out his hands she snatched them and bent her curly head over the strong fingers and kissed them passionately.

"Poor little girl, poor little Polly," murmured Robert, brokenly. Then as she swayed toward him, his arms went around her, and for a moment he pressed her head against his breast.

"Polly, Pollyop," he whispered, kissing her hair. "Oh, God, if I owned that lake property I'd—I'd—"

A certain deep tone in his voice brought up Pollyop's head, and she saw in his eyes an expression that made her struggle from his arms. Fleeing to the porch window, she was gone before Robert could stop her.

"Bob's a queer fish, Eve," laughed MacKenzie, as he came into the music room where Evelyn Robertson was waiting for him. "If I hadn't kept my temper just now, we should have parted bad friends."

"That's like you, dear," she smiled. "But then, of course, you wouldn't let him bother you. Fussing about the squatters again, I suppose."

Evelyn took his big fingers in her hand and occupied herself in examining the white spots on one of the polished nails.

"My big man mustn't mind Bob," she exclaimed persuasively, noting the frowning lines that had come in his face. "He's sentimental, Robert is, full of half-baked notions about brotherly love and helping the downtrodden, and that sort of thing."

The man laughed indulgently. It delighted him to have the girl of his choice express his own sentiments so well.

"You precious!" he murmured. "They can't fool my Eve much, can they?" By a simple twist of his wrist he captured her hand. Then he took up a favorite topic with new zest. "I want to improve my property, dear. The Silent City's an eyesore! If I could get the squatters off the lake-side and buy the Bennett farm, I could make my place the handsomest in the county."

At the suggestion about Oscar's farm, a different light flashed into the girl's eyes. Her hand twitched in his.

"That would be wonderful, dear," she ejaculated. "If—if the squatters weren't there, you could make a very lovely drive right along where their road runs, couldn't you?"

This had been MacKenzie's idea, also. What a capable girl Eve was! He took her pretty face between his hands and kissed her once and then again and again.

"You darling!" he murmured. "You're the wisest little woman in the world! My whole ambition is to make our home just to suit you. I was talking to one of those landscape chaps up at the college the other day, and he said the lake section could be made charming. We can build our house on the hill just above there!"

"And the farm," Evelyn interposed, "that would just round out your place perfectly. Oh, honey, do that right away. Mr. Bennett will ask more for it as soon as you get rid of the squatters."

Marcus lighted a cigarette thoughtfully.

"The Bennett farm wouldn't be of any use to me," he explained slowly, "unless I can make a clean sweep of the whole thing. It's a crime, I tell you, Evelyn. Think of it! I had to send out of the county to get my men to watch those fellows down there. Ithaca makes me tired. It's a good thing I came back to put some snap into the fight against the squatters."

The girl's white lids made a curtain between his shining eyes and her own. Evelyn was wishing, oh, how very

much she desired that Marcus would buy the farm. Then Oscar could leave the country, and in another state he would set her free! She studied MacKenzie's face covertly through half-closed eyes, considering what to say and how to say it.

MacKenzie dung his cigarette into the grate. He found the suggestion of her veiled look so alluring that he gathered her into his arms and rained kisses upon her face.

"I love you so, sweet, I could almost eat you!" he panted.

A happy sigh, like the perfumed breath of a rose, slipped from her parted lips, and when she laughed again, his deep chuckles joined hers.

"Darling," he broke forth, "I'm just so happy, I can't have a row with Bob. Why don't you talk to him about the squatters? He'll listen to you, Eve! But, darling, that's a detail." He took one of her hands and kissed the tips of her slender fingers. "The most im-



portant thing to be considered now is when are you going to marry me? I can't, I simply can't wait much longer! Oh, Eve, Eve, I want you!"

Fiercely he drew her head against him; and the silence that followed was fraught with rapture for them both. Oh! She wanted to be his wife, to forget the past two wretched years, if Oscar did not stand in her way, how quickly she would give this man the happiness he craved and drink deep of it herself.

"When, my love?" breathed Marcus thickly, caressing her. "When, dear?" Gravely she lifted her head and looked into his eyes for a few seconds. "When you buy the Bennett farm," she ventured. "It—"

"And get rid of the squatters too. I suppose," he laughingly interrupted. "And get rid of the squatters too," nodded Evelyn. Then she kissed him softly and whispered, "My sweetheart!"

A moment later she moved to release herself; and with another kiss he let her go. Then he smiled whimsically.

"Now it's settled, dearest," he said, rising. "I won't give you a minute's peace until you begin on your pretties, though the way you've set the day makes it rather indefinite." He waved his arm in a wide-open gesture, and finished: "But I'll see that it's mighty soon."

Mrs. Robertson's daughter was in a brown study before the fire when that lady came into the room, a few minutes later.

"Marc went early tonight, didn't he, Eve?" she questioned, as she dropped into a chair.

"He had to go and meet someone about those tiresome squatters," Eve explained. "In-s-lick of the sound of their names, Marcus says if he can't get rid of them, he'll leave Ithaca."

A step in the hall closed the conversation for the time being, and a moment later Robert Percival joined them. In silence Mrs. Robertson studied his face. She wondered what had changed him so perceptibly in the last little while. He looked almost haggard to her searching eyes. She was about to question him as to his health when the young man turned to Evelyn.

"Eve, dear," he began hesitatingly. "I want something done very badly and perhaps you can accomplish it for me."

A lazy smile stole to Evelyn's lips. "And you know, Bob, I'll do it if I can," she responded. "Tell me what's on your mind, honey."

"Certainly; why, yes, indeed," inter-

jected Mrs. Robertson. "You know, Bob, Eve and I will do anything we can for you!"

The expression of anxiety, which his face had worn since he had seen the last of Polly Hopkins, lifted a little.

"That's fine!" he exclaimed heartily. "There's nothing like a fellow's own women folks, is there? And you're just as good to me as if I belonged to you."

Mrs. Robertson smiled consciously, pleased with her nephew and pleased with herself.

"Why, Robert, dear," she returned, "you do belong to us. God bless you, boy, you're my baby and Eve's little brother. Now tell us what's bothering you."

"It's Marc's row with the squatters! I can't get the poor devils out of my mind. Eve, can't you get him to leave the settlement people alone? I'd let them have some of my land, but it couldn't touch the lake, and they couldn't make a living on it."

Evelyn arose and crossed the room to the table. She had not expected this. Her promise to MacKenzie flashed into her mind!

"I don't like interfering with Marc's business, Bob," she demurred. "Besides, he wants to improve the property down there, and he can't while the fishermen stay on the shore!"

Gently, for Robert had always been like a younger brother to her, and she loved him dearly, Evelyn explained MacKenzie's plans and showed how impossible it was for her, under the circumstances, to interfere with them. Then she crossed to his side and bent over him.

"Robert, dear," she begged. "Forget about the squatters. They aren't anything special to you!" To head off an objection that she saw in his eyes, she hurried on: "They're poor and unfortunate, I know. I'm sorry for them. We all are; but you can't deny they're worthless and filthy, and worst of all, they haven't any right to be where they are. You won't let them come between you and Marc and me, will you?"

Without giving the man a chance to answer, Mrs. Robertson interrupted:

"Mercy, Eve, why of course he won't! Marc will soon be one of the family. People of our social standing don't wrangle over such cattle as the squatters." She turned smilingly to the young man and ended sweetly: "You feel that way, don't you, Bob?"

Disregarding both the lady and her question, Robert got up, his lips grim and his fine brow corrugated with lines. Evelyn and Marcus could do as they pleased; he would take his stand right there.

"Evelyn," he said slowly, "I should be sorry to have anything come between us. You've always been like a dear sister to me. I suppose it's natural and right for you to see this the way Marc does. You're engaged to him, but you can tell him for me I'm going to help the squatters any way and every way I can."

Too angry to listen to any more arguments, he pushed his chair to one side and left the room.

Mrs. Robertson looked daggers at her daughter and as soon as she could get her breath, broke out:

"Now, Evelyn, see what a storm you've stirred up! Why didn't you use a little diplomacy? That was the least you could have done. You get Marc and Bob by the ears, and where'll you be?"

"Oh! I don't know! I don't know!" moaned Evelyn. "Don't talk to me any more. I'm just about crazy. I'm going to bed! Good night!"

CHAPTER IX.

In spite of the weight of apprehension that pressed upon the Silent City, Polly's soul insisted on singing with gladness. She found opportunity, even in the midst of her busy hours, to live over and over the adventures of that evening in the Robertson house. When she remembered how Robert had held her in his arms, her happiness made her almost faint.

She allowed Jerry's glapman blouse to fall neglected in her lap, as in imagination she dwelt on every incident of her visit. She recalled the thrilling tenderness in Robert's words, and her face grew soft in delightful reverie.

A sound at the door brought her thoughts back and she glanced up, startled. Unnoticed, the blouse dropped to the floor as Evelyn Robertson came in. Embarrassed and in silence, Pollyop arose and offered her a chair.

"You ain't feeling well, I bet," she burst out, wiping the dust from the rope seat of the rocker with her shirt. "You look white like the moon does before a rain. Go on, an' sit down!"

Sinking back, Evelyn looked steadily up at her. Then she caught at the hand resting on her shoulder.

"Pollyop, I've come to you because you're the only friend I have," she exclaimed, tears misting her eyes.

"I'm awful glad you come to me," Polly breathed softly. "You want me to run to Oscar again? I can't stand the sight of that duffer, but I'll go just the same. Have you got a letter?"

Wiping her eyes, Evelyn shook her head.

"No, but Oscar wants to see you," she replied. She paused and studied the girl. "Polly," she continued, "don't you want to do something for— for your people? There's a way, Pollyop, that you can—"

Impulsively Polly could not wait. "Do you mean help Daddy Hopkins an' the rest of 'em?" she interrupted. Evelyn nodded.

"Yes, every one in the settlement."

A brilliant smile lit up Pollyop's countenance.

"I'd give inches out of my hide to do that," she declared. "Go on, an' yep it to me."

DRY SQUAD HAS TIME FOR REST

Bootleg Exchange Empty Following Raids—Price Advance Forecast.

After seriously hampering, if not actually crushing a promising infant industry in Deschutes county, state and county officers who have been conducting a whirlwind campaign for several days, are finding time for a breathing spell. Moonshine liquor, which a week ago could be obtained with ease, suddenly became scarce, and a sharp advance in quotations on the bootleg exchange is foreseen by brokers, who declare, however, that no stocks are being offered. They predict that it will be many weeks before the stricken industry can be revived to any noticeable extent.

Sentence is yet to be passed on Russell Barclay, who has entered a plea of guilty in justice court, and who has been released on \$500 bail. His is the last of the series of arrests made in this county by county, state and federal officials.

ROAD FUND USE IS BEING INVESTIGATED

A committee consisting of John Marsh, W. A. Holmes and P. F. Rawson, appointed by the Deschutes county federation, was in Bend Saturday studying the question of expenditures of county road funds. A report is expected soon.

BEND DAIRY STORE CHANGES LOCATION

The Bend Dairy store today opened for business in its new location in the Miner building. The stock and fixtures were moved Saturday night. W. E. Redman, manager, says that an increase in stock, made possible by the greater space, will be made in the near future.



"I'm Awful Glad You Come to Me," Polly Breathed Softly.

"Then sit down, dear," entreated Evelyn, "and don't stare at me so!" To have saved her life, Pollyop could not drag her eyes away, but obediently she sat down on the floor. Evelyn flinched under the searching, honest gaze.

(To Be Continued.)

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NON-MEMBERS WEAR BUTTON

Complaints Made To Legion Council—Jobs Available, Declared.

Complaints that persons having no right to do so are wearing the American Legion button were made at the Redmond meeting of the Central Oregon Legion council Sunday, according to the official report of the meeting given out. Discussion which may tend toward preventive action resulted from the complaints.

Succeeding James Fisher, Larry M. Hagen, adjutant of Percy A. Stevens post, was named as editor of the Central Oregon Legionnaire.

Standing committees were designated and their chairmen appointed. The securing of employment for ex-service men in Central Oregon was discussed, and it was ascertained that many can be placed on farm and road work if they will apply at once.

Committees who will serve for the remainder of the year are: Law Enforcement, Dr. J. F. Hoese; Americanism, W. T. McNulty; Public Affairs, C. W. Erskine; Sports, O. B. Hardy; Publicity, F. R. Prince; Finance, A. L. Lambert. Chairmen were authorized to select their own assistants.

MUSIC IS PLAINLY HEARD OVER RADIO

"The Rosary" played as a violin solo, was heard Monday night over radio receiving apparatus at the Central Oregon Electric Co. shop, by Mrs. Carl Austin, whose husband is operator of the licensed station. A piano solo and a baritone solo were also heard during the evening, as well as a man's voice broadcasting weather forecasts. The source could not be learned.

Bulletin Want Ads bring results—try them.

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