

WARRANT DEBT OF CITY LESS, REPORT SHOWS

Payments Now Only Eight Months Behind

FEEES SET NEW RECORD

Mandatory Injunction To Be Asked For Removal of Barn As Fire Hazard—Milk Ordinance Is Ordered Drawn.

Including \$3,835.54 of bills ordered paid by the city council at its meeting Friday night, general fund warrant indebtedness has been cut to \$37,959.38, it was shown in the report of Miss Mary E. Coleman, city treasurer. The city is now only eight months behind in its warrant payments. Money on hand in all funds totals \$24,862.29.

Fees received by the recorder's office reached \$616.50, a new record, largely made possible by the number of arrests and cases in city court. Of these, Police Chief Willard Houston reported 23, five for possessing liquor, 12 for drunkenness and disorderly conduct, one for speeding, and five for disorderly conduct. Eight juvenile cases were handled by the police department.

In the interest of fire prevention, Fire Chief Tom Carlon made 111 inspections, and reported but one fire for the entire month of May. The loss was given as \$600.

Would Remove Hazard

No danger exists that Bend's population will decrease as long as the present birth rate continues, it was shown in the report of Dr. C. A. Fowler, city health officer. Eighteen births with but two deaths are on record.

The council adjourned at the earliest hour in months, due partly to the speed with which business was handled, and partly to the fact that the summer schedule of convening at 7 o'clock went into effect.

Bend will go into circuit court asking a mandatory injunction for the removal of the Aune barn, condemned by the council more than a year ago as a fire hazard, it was decided after brief discussion. Fire Chief Carlon pointed out that Prineville's disastrous conflagration had started in a condemned building and predicted that unless the Aune barn is removed, Bend will some day suffer a fire which will make that at Prineville small by comparison.

"We've got to move on the owners, and move right," declared City Attorney C. S. Benson. "I shall start action just as quickly as possible."

Order Milk Ordinance

With bottles of milk and discolored filters on exhibition showing the poor results attained in sediment tests of 19 samples of milk offered for sale in Bend, the council followed the recommendation of State Dairy and Food Inspector Leach for a milk inspection ordinance, instructing the city attorney to draft a bill for presentation at the next council session. An ordinance to abate the weed nuisance was enacted.

Declaring that as he reads the vote polled at the recent special election, the people of Bend wish to continue the Woman's Protective division, C. J. Leverett said that he also believed they desired the removal of the present head of the division, Dr. Anna Ries Finley. His motion that she be dropped from the payroll was opposed by J. S. Innes, and received no second. Leverett stated that in case his motion had been successful he had intended to move that the money appropriated for the division be turned over to the Woman's Civic League.

Gilbert Gets Leave

A petition for sprinkling signed by residents of Newport avenue between the river and West Sixth street, was not acted on, chiefly because of the many sprinkling assessments on that side of the Deschutes remaining unpaid.

As head of the parks committee, Councilman Leverett reported total receipts of \$6.25 since the opening of the auto camp ground, and expenses totaling \$369.40. He recommended that of the \$630.60 theoretically remaining in the park fund, a part be used in improving the city park.

A request made by Councilman N. H. Gilbert for a six weeks' leave of absence, was granted.

Lines to Be Remembered.

Quiet minds cannot be perplexed or frightened, but go on in fortune or misfortune at their own private pace, like a clock during a thunderstorm.—R. L. Stevenson.



"I came to talk about him, he interrupted. 'Now please don't cry any more. Don't! Sit down a minute.' He placed her in a chair, going white as his hand touched her. 'You say the child is ill, Polly?' he went on, but paused as Polly nodded her head. 'Yes, he's sick all right,' she returned, wiping her eyes. 'Then perhaps if he went away somewhere, to a place where he'd have good food and care until his father—' 'At his words the girl suddenly grew rigidly erect, but the piteous trembling of her lips made the young man avert his eyes. 'Squatter babies grow on the grub squatters give 'em,' she replied huskily. 'All they need is bread an' beans an' love,' she hesitated and swallowed hard before she continued: 'An' lots of love! That's what's allin' Wee Jerry. He wants his daddy!' 'But, Polly!' Robert tried to check the flow of her words, but she ran on: 'He'd die sure in a strange place. Nope! Jerry stays in the shanty with me.' There was such an air of finality in her inflection and appearance that Percival groaned within himself and nervously paced the length of the room and back. He simply could not tell her. How could he place another burden upon the already bowed young shoulders? Then the matter was taken out of his hands. The roll of carriage wheels, an unusual sound in the settlement, came distinctly to their ears and caused the girl to throw him a startled, questioning glance. Before he could give her the least warning, the door flung open, and MacKenzie, followed by three men, came into the shanty. Marcus had not expected to find his wife's cousin there after the scene of that morning. A sneer tugged at the corners of his mouth. Then, remembering that he represented the county, a slow smile curled his lips. 'So you're here, young man,' he snarled. 'Well, muddling in this business won't do you any good. Didn't I tell you yesterday what I intended to do; and you had the nerve to upset my wife about it. You're making yourself the laughing stock of the whole town! Now you'd better go if you don't want to witness a little comedy that'll stick in your memory for many a long day.' The speaker turned to Pollyop. 'Where's that boy?' he demanded. Involuntarily Polly looked toward the cot where Wee Jerry lay asleep. 'You mean the baby—Oh, you don't mean Jerry?' she questioned dully. He held out a paper which the squatter girl took as if she had been in a stupor. She held it up, tried to make out what was printed on it, then dropped her hand hopelessly to her side. With an exclamation of pity, Robert went to her and took the fingers that clutched the paper. 'Polly,' he said swiftly, 'you'll have to give Jerry up for a little while, just a little while—' She snatched her hand away, the document fluttering to the floor. In a moment she had picked up the child from the cot and hugged him to her breast. 'Old Marc ain't come for the baby, has he?' she shrieked, her tone high-pitched and strained. 'He's mine, Jerry is. I'm goin' to keep 'im here till Daddy comes home; so you might as well all scoot.' In the stillness that fell as her voice broke, each man was impressed with the martyrdom she was passing through. Robert had never imagined a person could go so white and still be alive. With an ejaculation, hoarse and defiant, he sprang to her side. 'Polly,' he cried. 'My God, don't look that way! Listen to me!' 'Can he take the baby?' fell monotonously from her blue lips. 'That's just what he can do, Miss Hopkins,' thrust in MacKenzie. 'The law says a child can't stay in a place like this. You'd have seen that if you'd taken the pains to read the paper. Put some wraps on the child, Miss!'

told him, drooping a little at the telling. 'but Jerry—He's my baby, an' I keep him in the shanty till his pappy comes home. You hear, the hull of you, don't you?' Her eyes were roving from one to another, but her voice lowered on each word, because in the steady gaze of Old Marc and his deputies she saw no relenting. 'I'd rather he'd die,' she screamed. 'I'd rather he'd be next to Granny Hope in the graveyard!—Get out of here, I say.' The scene was even more nerve-racking than MacKenzie had expected. 'Take him away from her, Bowers,' he ordered, turning to one of the men. The man spoken to stepped forward in evident unwillingness; but a shout from MacKenzie made him grab for the child. With one hand the frenzied girl beat at him with all her energy, but he struck down her slim young fingers as if they had been twigs. Thrusting one arm around her, he caught Wee Jerry by the shoulders. 'You scoot, too,' she said to him; 'get out, an' stay out; an'—an' tell your lily-livered cousin, I say, I hope if she ever has a baby it won't have no eyes to see 'er with, nor no mouth to kiss 'er with—I hope—' 'Oh, God!' groaned Robert. Before he could get back his wits, she had rushed past him into the shack, slammed the door and barred it against him. For more than two hours Polly Hopkins lay face down on her cot. During that time her loving heart had broken and died within her. She had no longer an incentive to live, no more a desire to look forward to Daddy's home-coming. When at length she crawled to the floor, all signs of tears had disappeared, leaving the once glowing eyes dull and expressionless. There was no one left to love save the billy goat, and to him she gave no heed. In her aimless wandering about the shanty she paused before the reproduction of 'The Greatest Mother in the World.' Polly did not care for her any more either. Deliberately she took an old coat and hung it carefully over the glorious solemn face. She never wanted to look upon it again—Never—Never! Then, taking the ax, she went out and, as deliberately as she had hidden from view the picture, so did she hack from above the door the welcoming sign. When it lay at her feet, battered and partly broken, she muttered over the words, 'If your heart is loving and kind come right in. If it ain't scoot off.' She had learned her lesson at last. Hearts were not loving and kind, after all. Then, with powerful strokes of the ax, she split the slab in pieces. Unfathomable depths of hate and revenge had swallowed her soul! Polly Hopkins was done with love forever!



Polly Struggled Madly, and the Child Shrieked and Clung to His Sister With All the Puny Strength He Had.

But to disengage the boy's clutch from the chestnut curls called forth all the quickness the man possessed. Polly struggled madly, and the child shrieked and clung to his sister with all the puny strength he had. 'Keep away, Percival,' snapped MacKenzie, pushing Robert backward. 'If you lay one finger on my men, I'll take the girl along to jail.' To save the girl he loved, Robert compelled himself to stand by while the boy was torn bodily from her. He saw one of the men drag a blanket from the bed and throw it around Wee Jerry. Then he snatched at the girl, but she quickly eluded his grasp. How awfully her eyes glowed, and how her face twitched! 'Get out with him before she cuts up any more,' growled Marcus, as Polly bounded forward only to be met by the speaker's outstretched arms. 'If you make another scene, my lady,' he rapped out, 'I'll have you arrested for obstructing the law. And remember this, huzzy, I'm going to get you next.'

His threat against herself meant nothing to Polly Hopkins. But the word 'law'! It struck at her brain like a hammer. She suddenly felt as if a tidal wave, strong and relentless, had broken over her. It was the same law taking Jerry that had carried away Larry Bishop from his woman. The thought brought her up with a sharp gasp. She did not care what they did with her, but little Jerry, Wee Baby Jerry! 'What you goin' to do with him, mister?' she begged, wringing her hands. 'Tell me that! I can't let 'im go till you do!'

She caught at his arm, and the strong brown fingers dug deep into his flesh. 'Look into the paper there and you'll see where I'm going to take him,' answered MacKenzie. 'Let go of my arm! There!' He wrenched himself free. Then, enraged and with eyes flashing, he shouted, 'Get out with the kid, you men, and start off!'

Glad to be gone, the officials stepped into the open, one of them carrying the writhing Jerry. Then Polly Hopkins stood upright in the middle of the shanty, grief, consternation, and then an expression of insanity passing over her face. Robert Percival was near her, not daring to utter a word; her deep-set

agony was too terrible for sympathy. All at once she started forward; and he made a desperate effort to stop her. 'Pollyop,' he pleaded. As she raced through the doorway, he called: 'Wait—wait—'

In an instant he was out beside her, speaking her name softly, imploringly. She paid no heed to him, but flung up her arms. And then she laughed! Marcus MacKenzie was standing beside his horse, and on beyond in the lane a carriage was rolling away, from which came piteous screams from Jerry. 'Pollyop,' entreated Robert. But Polly had bounded from him toward the man and the horse. 'I hope,' she shrieked at MacKenzie, 'I hope your hands'll wither off; I'm wishin' all you love'll die before your eyes, an' every day I'll be askin' Granny Hope's lovin' God to d—n you till you drop rottin' in your grave.'

Marcus had halted with his foot in the stirrup. He had heard every word she had uttered; and drops of cold sweat gathered on his brow. Then, with an oath, he vaulted into the saddle, put the spurs to his horse and galloped up the hill after the retreating carriage. Robert was leaning limply against the side of the shanty when Polly Hopkins turned swiftly back. He spoke to her; and she looked dazedly at him. Then she laughed again, directly into his face; and the young man, almost as distraught as she, tried to take hold of her.

'You scoot, too,' she said to him; 'get out, an' stay out; an'—an' tell your lily-livered cousin, I say, I hope if she ever has a baby it won't have no eyes to see 'er with, nor no mouth to kiss 'er with—I hope—' 'Oh, God!' groaned Robert. Before he could get back his wits, she had rushed past him into the shack, slammed the door and barred it against him. For more than two hours Polly Hopkins lay face down on her cot. During that time her loving heart had broken and died within her. She had no longer an incentive to live, no more a desire to look forward to Daddy's home-coming.

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CHAPTER XIV. 'God-Almighty, Polly brat!' exclaimed Larry Bishop one evening, 'what made you come out a night like this, huh?'

The girl went to the stove and in silence extended her hands over its top. 'What's up, Pollyop?' the man demanded again, curiously, dropping into a chair. 'You look something awful! And so she did! The long-lashed eyes had gathered and held an indefinable expression of hatred. The fair, lovely face knew tender sympathy no more. She was no longer Polly of the Sun. For her that orb had become merely a ball in the sky, hot like the stove and bright like the candle flame, only more so. Nor did the pale winter moon ever catch her dazzling smiles. The winking stars had forgotten weeks ago that once a squatter girl had stolen out nightly to throw upward a kiss, begging them to deliver it to the crucified one there beyond them—the good Jesus who sat on the golden throne and who had sent her the message by Granny Hope that 'Love were stronger'n hate any day.'

As usual her feet were in Jeremiah's boots, and as usual she wore his coat. Her curls were covered with snow, and as she studied the dark-faced man she shook drops of water from them. She advanced toward him, choking with emotion. Since Wee Jerry had gone, her hours, spent in planning revenge, had completely exhausted her. She was so tired that when she reached Larry she crouched before him on the floor and turned a pale, beseeching face up to him. 'I've come, Larry Bishop,' she began gravely, 'to ask you to help me to even up a little with Old Marc.'

The squatter's head went up, and a startled expression shot into his fierce eyes. Then he sank lower in his chair, and the fire died out of his countenance. 'Who can get even with that d—n brute?' he muttered after a while. 'Squatters can't! We'd all go to Auburn if we muss up him or his'n.'

A white young face shoved so close to his that Bishop drew back. 'Who cares a d—n about Auburn?' Pollyop exclaimed roughly. 'We won't go there till we've tore Old Marc's heart to pieces an' made it hurt like yours does, Larry, like mine does for Jerry an' Daddy Hopkins. Wouldn't you be willin' to spend a few years in

Nearly Half of Graduates To Enter College In Fall; 23 Are Given Diplomas

Among the members of the Bend high class who were graduated last night who will enter college next fall, Dorothy Dodds, Louise Inabnit and Alice Stockmon plan to go to the University of Oregon, and Gurden Dutt, Loyde Blakley and Gordon Valitchka will go to O. A. C. Mildred Hoover will enter Willamette university. Others who may enter college next year or the year following are Dorothy Hinman, Erta Scott, Wilbur Watkins, and Ervin McNeal. The class roll is as follows: Mabel Betate Dahle, Dorothy Dodds, Eula Nellie Erickson, Dorothy Louise Hinman, Mildred Lucille Hoover, Thelma Bertha Howes, Louise Inabnit, Helen Marie Mahoney, Dorsey Marie Moore, Vivian Done Rasmussen, Erta Estellene Scott, Faye Beatrice Smith, Alice Lillian Stockmon, Elisabeth M. Veltum, Loyde S. Blakley, Wilbur S. Watkins, Gordon J. Valitchka, Ervin McNeal, Reuben Nelson, Gurden A. Dutt, Elmer E. Johnson.

Heroism American Trail
In one of the most masterly commencement addresses ever delivered at the graduation exercises for a Bend high class, Professor E. T. Reed of O. A. C., speaking Friday night on 'The American Trail,' described the heroism of war and of peace, declaring that each is the result, not of spectacular qualities, but of lifelong habit of devotion to duty and service.

Vivid description of the heroism of boys he had known who performed distinguished service in France in the late war, was contrasted with the equally thrilling story of the boy who was physically disqualified for service on the battlefield, but who gave his life in 'limited service only.'

'It is the high school boys, the college boys, the educated boys who were the heroes of the war,' Reed declared.

The heroism of peace is as great as that of war, he emphasized. 'If the world has not as many heroes now as formerly, it is cause of dependence on institutions.

'Sometimes the most heroic act a man can do is to suppress himself,' said Reed, referring particularly to statesmen and leaders in government.

Opportunities At Hand
Heroism is close at hand, he said, calling attention to the heroic acts of Grace Wilson of Prineville, who stayed at her post in the telephone office Thursday morning during the

jail if you could make him howl an' go almost mad like me an' you have, Larry!'

Bishop looked beyond her head into a dark corner. It was in that spot he often imagined he saw the wraith of his woman. His unsteady regard settled; and the ghost woman rose mistily, gazing at him with unearthly eyes. Then the pale, unsmiling phantom extended her arms and within them appeared a frail infant.

'God!' burst from his lips like a shot from a gun. Pollyop glanced backward over her shoulder. But the shudder that ran over him brought her haggard face back to his.

'Ain't your heart hurtin' something awful for your Betty woman an' your brat now, this very minute?' she queried abruptly, as if she, too, had seen the ghastly thing in the corner.

'God, yes!' he shivered, taking firm hold of his chin to hide the tremble of it.

She seized his arm viselike, the grip drawing a groan from the squatter. 'An' wouldn't you just love to see Old Marc twist an' squirm like a stopped-on baby snake, huh?' came in one long, sobbing breath.

Again the shifty look of the tortured man came to rest on the gloom beyond. 'I'd die for it, so I would, Pollyop,' he cried. 'Out with what you got in your bean, Pol; an' I'll listen, so help me God!'

Pollyop leaned heavily against him, panting. She was making an effort to tell him her plan. With a swift upward motion of her head, she began to talk in broken tones; and as she proceeded, Larry Bishop raised straighter in his chair.

(To Be Continued.)

fire, calling for help for the town until she was forced to flee. His best description was of the great Titanic disaster, where rich and powerful men of affairs gave up their lives that immigrant women traveling in the steerage might live, sacrificing themselves for the ideals of civilization.

Equally heroic are many of the lives devoted to social service, said Reed, describing the work of Jane Addams, Judge Ben Lindsey, Hooker T. Washington and others who gave their lives for the good of humanity. 'This age is just as heroic as any that has gone before,' said Reed, adding a moment later that the opportunity for heroism is likewise as great.

Foss Presents Diplomas
Twenty-three members of the senior class of 1922 of the Bend high school were given diplomas Friday night at the annual commencement exercises at the American Legion building, in the presence of 500 parents and friends. The diplomas were presented by L. M. Foss, chairman of the board of education. In presenting the class, City Superintendent S. W. Moore declared that he did so in full confidence that its members had been given, through the efforts of the Bend high school faculty, the training and inspiration to prepare them for life.

Honor students in the class of 1922 were Misses Louise Inabnit, who maintained a scholastic average of slightly over 94 per cent through her four years in the local high school; Mildred Hoover, over 93 per cent; Eula Erickson, 93 per cent; Dorothy Dodds, 91 per cent, and Alice Stockmon, 90 per cent.

Time to Reach Ideals.
'I have to tell you, miss, that it will need five years of intensive training before you can sing as well as you think you can now,'—Stockholm Song-dogs Nisse.

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