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# Eats

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swaying mass of howling maniacs. He drew his heavy brows down over his eyes and the square jaws ground together with sullen determination.

With a sudden impulse he threw his right hand high above his head and his voice boomed over the crowd in a peal of command. The effect was electrical. A painful hush followed.

"Gentlemen!"

He paused and his next words were spoken in intense silence.

"My answer to the extraordinary greeting you have given me this morning is simple. I am not working for your approval. I work for my own approval, because I must in obedience to the call within me. Long ago in my life I gave up ambition and ceased to ask anything for myself. You cannot destroy my career because I cherish none. The scene you are enacting here this morning is a disgrace to humanity. You have surrendered to the unmeaning fear that drives a herd of swine over a precipice. You have, by an act of will, joined in a movement to paralyze



He Hurled Him Down the Steps.

the motive power of the world—faith! There is but one thing that runs this earth of ours for a single day—faith in one another.

"You are scrambling here for a few dollars in this bank. What can you do with it when you draw it out? There is not enough cash in the world to transact a single day's business. Business is run on credit—faith. The business of a bank is to keep money moving and make it do the world's work. You are attempting to stop the work by the destruction of its faith."

Suddenly a man who had quietly pushed his way through the crowd sprang on the step before the speaker and thrust a revolver into his face.

A cry of horror swept the crowd, as Stuart paused, turned pale and looked steadily down the flashing barrel into the madman's eyes.

"Who started this work of destruction?" the man cried. "You—you—do you hear me? And I've been commanded by God Almighty to end this trouble by ending you!"

As Stuart held the glittering eyes levelled at him across the blue back barrel he could see the man's nervous and uncertain finger twitching at the trigger. With a sudden panther like spring he leaped across the five feet which separated him from the man who held the revolver. His left hand gripped the weapon and threw it into the air as it was fired, while his right hand closed on the throat of his assailant. With his knee against the man's breast he hurled him down the steps, wrenched the revolver from his hand and with a single blow knocked him into insensibility.

The spell was broken. The mob that hated him saw their chance. A yell of rage swept them, and a dozen men sprang toward him with curses. For a moment he held his own, when suddenly a well directed blow from behind knocked him down. In blind fury he felt the smash of blows on his face and head. A stream of blood was trickling down his forehead and its salty taste penetrated his mouth.

A sudden crash from above seemed to send the world into a mass of flaming splinters and the light faded. He heard the soft rustle of silk and felt the pressure of a woman's lips on his. Surely he must be dead, was the first thought that flashed through his mind. And then from somewhere far away in space came Nan's voice low and tense:

"Come back, Jim, dear. I've something to tell you. You can't die, you shall not die until I've told you!"

He opened his eyes and found Nan bending over him. His hand rested on her soft arm, and his head lay pillowed on her breast.

"Why, Nan, it's you! What's happened? What on earth are you doing here?"

He looked about the room and saw that he was in the inner office of the president of the bank, alone with Bivens' wife. He was lying on the big leather couch.

"I heard that you were going to speak this morning. I wanted to hear you and came. I arrived just as you began and managed to get into the bank. I saw that man try to kill you, Jim, and that crowd of wild beasts trampling you to death. Two detectives pulled you out and dragged you into the bank."

A doctor entered and quickly dressed Stuart's wounds, and turned to Nan.

"He'll be all right in a week or so, Mrs. Bivens, provided he doesn't insist on breaking the run on another bank by the spell of his eloquence. I hope you can persuade him not to try that again."

"I think I'm fully persuaded, doctor," Stuart answered grimly. "I've seen a great light today."

When the doctor had gone and Nan was left alone with Stuart an embarrassed silence fell between them.

She was quietly wondering if he were fully unconscious when she was sobbing and saying some very foolish things. Above all, she was wondering whether he knew that she had kissed him.

When her car stopped at South Washington square and Stuart insisted on scrambling out alone, she held his hand tight a moment and spoke with trembling earnestness:

"You will see me now, Jim, and be friends!"

He answered promptly. "Yes, Nan, I will. The world is never going to be quite the same place for me after today. There was one moment this morning in which I think I lived a thousand years."

A hot flush stole over the woman's beautiful face as she looked steadily into his eyes and quietly asked:

"What moment was that?"

"The moment I looked down that gun barrel, saw the stupid hate in that fool's eyes and felt the throb of the insane desire to kill in the people behind him, the people for whom I've been giving my life a joyous sacrifice."

Nan smiled a sigh of relief.

"Oh, I see. Well, you've made me very happy with your promise. I know you will keep your word."

He pressed her hand firmly.

"You are more beautiful than ever, Nan. Yes, I'll keep my word. Goodbye until I call."

And the woman smiled in triumph.

### CHAPTER XI.

#### The Lamp of Aladdin.

THE clouds of the panic slowly lifted and the sun began to shine. A fearless officer of the law had struck a blow for justice that marked the beginning of a new era of national life. Slowly but surely the prices of stocks began to mount.

Incidentally a corner in wheat was suddenly developed, and the price of bread rose 20 per cent. Bivens was found to be the mysterious power behind the deal, and before the old timers in the wheat pit could marshal their forces to crush him he closed out his holdings at a profit of five millions.

The little financier awoke next morning to find himself the most famous man in America. His picture now appeared everywhere and all sorts of writers began to weave marvelous stories of his achievements.

Nan was insisting again that he make Stuart an offer to become his associate in business.

"I'm sure he will consider your offer now."

Bivens looked at her a moment curiously and she turned her eyes away.

"Why do you think he has changed his attitude toward me?"

"From something he said. That mob has written a question mark before his life."

"By George!" he exclaimed, his black eyes sparkling. "It may be possible."

"You'll try?" Nan asked eagerly.

"I'll not try—I'll do it."

"I've an enemy somewhere among the fallen," Bivens went on musingly, "who is dying hard. In spite of the fact that I have unlimited resources, this man is constantly circulating reports about the soundness of my finances. He uses the telephone principally and he has started two runs on my bank within the past month. Another is pending. I'm going to ask Jim to preside over an investigation of my resources in the presence of a dozen newspaper reporters."

Nan stooped and kissed him.

When Stuart reached Bivens' new offices in Wall street he was amazed at their size and magnificence. The first impression was one of dazzling splendor. The huge reception hall was trimmed from floor to dome in onyx and gold.

Stuart nodded to a group of reporters waiting for the chance of a word with the great man. "Looks like a full house, doesn't it?" he said.

"They've been here for hours," said a reporter. "There are a senator, three members of the house of representatives, an ambassador, the governor of a Chinese province, a Japanese prince and a dozen big politicians from as many states, to say nothing of the small fry."

"Well, I have an appointment with Mr. Bivens at this hour."

"Really?" the reporter gasped. "Then for heaven's sake give me a chance at you five minutes before the other fellows. Remember now, I saw you first!"

He was still pleading when Stuart smilingly drew away and followed one of Bivens' secretaries.

Bivens came forward to greet him with outstretched hands.

"I needn't say I am glad to see you, Jim. How do you like my new quarters?"

"Absolutely stunning. I had no idea you cultivated such ceremonial splendor in your business."

"Yes, I like it," the financier admitted thoughtfully. "I don't mind confiding to you on the sly that it was Nan's idea at first, but I took to it like a duck to water."

In spite of Stuart's contempt for the mere possession of money, in spite of his traditional contempt for Bivens' antecedents, character and business methods, he found himself unconsciously

# Holiday Greetings

We wish to thank our many friends and patrons for their patronage the past year, and will appreciate a continuance of the same for the coming year.

We hereby extend to you, one and all, the season's greetings, and wish you a Merry Christmas and Happy New Year.

**KENDALL & CHAPMAN**

REDMOND, - OREGON

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