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THATCHER ABANDONS MEETING

Failed to Appear at Bend Same As He Did At Redmond

The Bend Bulletin of last Wednesday had the following to say in regard to Col. Thatcher, the advocate for good roads, and it seems the colonel did about the same at Bend as he did in Redmond when he was recently advertised to hold a meeting:

"The meeting that was advertised to be held here tomorrow night, with Col. Charles W. Thatcher as the chief speaker, has been abandoned. All arrangements for it had been made and an address by Col. Thatcher before the schools and another at the Grange hall had been arranged for, when last Thursday he showed up in Bend unexpectedly and dashed all plans by announcing that he would have no more of Crook county."

"Last week he spoke at Laidlaw and later at Sisters. The people of Laidlaw received him enthusiastically, as did those of Sisters and, as Bend was preparing to do. Then he went to Redmond, where he had been advertised to speak, but something riled him and he threw up the engagement without even notifying President M. A. Lynch of the Good Roads Association, who has been his chief supporter and sponsor. It is understood that Col. Thatcher feels his reception has not been sufficient-

HIS RISE TO POWER

Continued from page 4

so emphatic—
Inside, the decorators—not from New Chelsea—were putting the finishing touches on the last room, and most of the furnishings were in place. He found that the Globe had done the house quite justice. It was not at all "palatial," but planned with an eye to comfort and harmony—"livableness," Katherine called it—and marked by extreme simplicity—of the expensive sort however.

Under Katherine's guidance John was shown the whole house from garret to cellar. At least half of his admiration he gave to his guide. He had never before known her as she was that afternoon, girlish, enthusiastic, absorbed in her woman's task of home-making, never so alluring. Afterward they rested on the shady eastern terrace.

"Do you know," she said, "you haven't exclaimed once. Not a single 'Fine' or even a 'Hully'! You're a very satisfactory person—in some ways. Do you like it?"

"Very much," he answered with such evident sincerity that she was content. "But why this air of permanence?"

"Because this is to be home. Of course we shall be in the Steel city during the winter, with a month in New York for the opera. But this is home. It seems lonely and out of the way now, I suppose, but that won't last long. The Sanzers have bought the place next to this. The Flocks, and maybe the Hawes, are coming. We'll soon have our own little colony."

"And the siege of New York?"

"A foolish expedition from which we have discreetly retreated." Her laugh did not ring quite so free as usual. She continued: "It was humiliating, too, trying to people who despise you for your presumption." The crimson rushed resentfully to her cheeks. He said nothing.

"Thank you for not asking questions. It's foolish for me to be so sensitive about it, but"—she shrugged her shoulders—"our experience wasn't pleasant. I like the new rich. I like to meet men who are doing things—who are making their own conquests, not living on the fruits of others' conquests."

He sat silent. To win, always to win, was the sum of this girl's philosophy, with no thought of its cruelty or realization that for every victor there



Lightning Soon Emerged in the Company of Crusader.

must be many losers. And wealth, power, the things a man had, were the badge of his victory.

She was laughing at him. "What do you think when you retire into yourself so rarely? Anything profitable or interesting?"

"I'm afraid not. Do you think winning is all of life?"

"Isn't it?"

"No," he cried. "There is the use of strength, if one is strong, to support the weak"—He paused abruptly, conscious of the triteness and futility of his words, with the shyness of the man

who, self-conscious without conceit, fears to uncover his ideals before unsympathetic eyes.

"Oh, John Dunmeade," she replied impatiently, "you're so disappointing with your schoolboy platitudes."

He made no answer; the quick red rushed to his face. And why should he interest himself in his ideals? A long, troubled silence fell between them.

"John," she said suddenly, "was it necessary for you to criticize and quarrel with my father?"

"I did not criticize him," he responded quickly, "and there is no quarrel that I am aware of. We merely differed in opinion on a business matter, each believing he was right."

"Will you tell me why you think him wrong?"

He found his lips sealed. "I haven't criticized him," he said gravely, "and I can't begin now, especially to his daughter."

The afternoon was spoiled. Into her face had come a look almost of hardness, like the swift shadow of a cloud over the fields on a sunny day, the absence of which had given her the sweet, frank girlishness. What had he to do with this girl to whom luxury was a matter of course? Why did her impatience with his ideals trouble him?

"Let us go home," she said.

They went to the horses. From the beginning Crusader behaved badly.

"Be careful!" he cautioned her, as they turned into the public road.

"That horse wants to bolt!"

"I told you he lacks common sense sometimes," she laughed.

As though to illustrate this saying Crusader now began a series of short, cramped plunges, rearing and tossing

violently to loosen the steel thing that cut into his mouth.

She brought her crop stingingly down on the horse's flanks. Crusader broke her grip on the reins, took the bit between his teeth and, head lowered, raced madly down the hill.

John did not stop to consider the uselessness of risking his own life too. His arm rose and fell continuously as he tried to best more speed into his horse to close the rapidly widening gap between him and the flying Crusader.

A turn of the road took her out of his sight. Thereafter to the end of the mad chase she was always just beyond the next turn. He was not a good rider, and the wonder was that as he swung at top speed around the curves in the snaky road he was not unseated. Lightning's legs doubled and stretched with a rapidity never before and never again attained in his placid life, but to John the space between the pounding, staccato hoof beats seemed endless.

The blood throbbled heavily in his temples, at every turn he closed his eyes, fearing to see a still, broken figure before him. Yet to him just then life meant to find—what he must find.

By a miracle the descent was accomplished without mishap. The road ran on a level for a few hundred yards, then began a long gradual climb of the next hill. Lightning's steps lagged.

At a turn in the road just below the crest he came upon the panting Crusader standing with head meekly lowered. Seated on the roadside was Katherine—silly putting up her hair.

Lightning stopped of his own accord. John's blood rushed to his heart, leaving his face very white.

He climbed weakly from the saddle and threw himself down beside her.

"It was glorious while it lasted," she said.

"Glorious!" he stammered.

"Oh, I was frightened too!" she turned back from which the way lay gun to recede. "But you look so scared than I felt. What did you see while it was happening?"

He stared at her in a queer fashion. "I—I am trying to think what I was thinking."

But he knew—he knew!

She looked at him curiously, and she, too, knew. The knowledge displeased her. She rose suddenly.

As he was leaving her at her door she said impulsively: "John, I'm so I was so rusty about your mother standing with father. Won't you tell me what it is about his business dislike? Perhaps if I had your point of view..."

But he shook his head.

(To be continued.)

CREDIT WHERE CREDIT IS

Dr. Talcott Williams, the very successful head of Columbia's school of journalism, said the other day in New York:

"Newspapers should never run from one another. If a paper publishes a news item, an anecdote, or a story, it should give suitable credit always."

"Right, eminently right, at least in spirit, was the young Nola Chad, editor who copied in his paper a poem beginning 'Full fathom five your father lies,' and at the poem's end put these words of credit:

"William Shakespeare, in New Orleans States."

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