## **BEND MAKES REAL** SACRIFICES TO PAY PRICE OF VICTORY

Splendid Records Established in Giving to Red Cross and Other War Work Activities.

OVER TOP IN W. S. S. DRIVE

Fred Lockley Says Central Oregon County Has Cause to Feel Proud of Her Fine Record.

By Fred Lockley

Bend, Dec. 28 .- Recently I spent a day or so at Camp Lewis. While there I met Sergeant David Livingstone. "There were five boys in our family," he said. "All of us enlisted. My brother Sam was a sergeant in Company K, 166th infantry. He was killed in action. Will and John were in the Fifteenth engineers. They were both killed while putting a bridge across a stream for our troops to go over. My brother Rob went up to Canada and enlisted in the Princess Pats before our country declared war. He also has gone west.

"I was hoping for a chance to go overseas and help in the cause my brothers died for, but the armistice has been signed, so we will have only four gold stars instead of five in our service flag.' Helping to Pay for Victory

Instances of this kind flash through my mind when I hear people who are amply able to buy Liberty bonds or War Savings Stamps making labored explanations as to why they cannot invest to help our government pay the price of victory.

Bend has good cause to feel pride in the part she has played toward winning the war. Bend is the metropolis of Deschutes county and Deschutes county leads every county in the state in the purchase of War Savings Stamps in proportion to her population.

More than a hundred volunteers enlisted from Deschutes county and 274 men were accepted under the selective

Bend went over the top and exceeded its quota in both of the early Liberty loans. In the third Liberty loan, Bend had a record of 202 per cent, or, in other words, raised more than double the quota. In the fourth Liberty loan Bend oversubscribed the quota by 70 per cent, its record being 170 per cent.

Sheepmen Subscribe \$5000

On the first Red Cross drive Bend was asked to subscribe \$7500. She raised \$10.831. At the sheepmen's banquet held in the the Pilot Butte inn at Bend last March, the sheepmen subscribed over \$5000 to the Red Cross. Last May another war work drive was put on which

The first Y. M. C. A. drive netted \$2892, which was far above the quota assigned to Bend. Again Bend exceeded its quota by raising \$1726 for the K. of C. drive. The Salvation Army was given \$725, and \$565 was raised for the Ar-Work drive on November 11 to 18, Deschutes county was the first county to go over the top and reach its objective.

The women of the Bend chapter of the Red Cross have sent overseas 2234 pairs of knitted woolen sccks, 552 knitted woolen sweaters, besides 1070 bed shirts. hundreds of comfort kits, dresses and other articles of wearing apparel. Besides these articles Bend shipped 13,701 surgical dressings, while Sisters shipped 2257, Redmond 1585 and Terrabonne 591.

Going Strong in W. S. S. Drive In the War Savings Stamp drive Deschutes county probably will exceed 200 per cent, as her standing already is in excess of 190 per cent of her quota. In all lines of war work Deschutes county feels as St. Peter did when the tightwad appealed for admission to the heavenly portals. St. Peter saw him coming and put up the bar. The new arrival said:

"But I never committed a sin in my life. I never missed going to church. Surely I am entitled to enter heaven." "Did you love your fellow man more than your money?" inquired St. Peter. "Did you ever give any money to alleviate suffering?"

The new arrival thought for a while and said: "Yes, I gave 25 cents once to the Salvation Army." St. Peter turned to the recording angel and said: "How about it?"

The angel looked and said: "Yes; he gave 25 cents to the Salvation Army. That is the only good deed he ever did.' St. Peter turned to the recording angel and said: "Give him his quarter back and tell

him to go to hell." Bend believes in giving until it hurts -in making real sacrifices.

#### Protest at Increase Of Light Rates Is Cause of Hearing

Elma, Wash., Dec. 28.—A generously signed petition by the men of Elma protesting the proposed raise in light and power rates by the Northwest Electric & Water Works was presented to the state public service commission ast week, and the commission granted a 60-day suspension of the raise. In the meantime an expert is going over the books of the concern, and a public hearing will be had on the matter early in

Government Hunter Due

Elma, Wash., Dec. 28 .- County Agribulturist McWhorter has received a letter from the commissioner of agriculture intimating that a government animal hunter will be sent to Elma and vicinity soon. People in this vicinity have asked for such a man, owing to the number of predatory animals here attacking domestic animals. There are an especially large number of coyotes in this district.

Son Is in Hospital

Chehalis, Wash., Dec. 28.—Mrs. Clara E. Dodge of Chehalis received a telegram Friday that her son, John Dodge, s in the naval hospital at Mare sland, Cal., receiving treatment for chronic meningitis. Mr. Dodge was serving on the battleship Brooklyn, and has seen service in the Philippines and at Viadi-

New Library Books Oakville, Wash., Dec. 28.—About 100 new books have been ordered for the Oakville high school, and probably 75 to 100 more will be purchased shortly. The books include some fiction, and are for reference work mostly.

## "WRAPPED IN SILK"

By CLARENCE BUDINGTON KELLAND

Author of "Sudden Jim", "The Source" .

HE sea was the color of slate upon which oil has been poured; its move-ment was not a roll but an undulation. as if it sleepily flexed its muscles.
Suddenly the surface of the ocean
was disturbed—an infinitesimal bubble of disturbance in a universe of placidity. For an instant it reminded one of the wake of a tiny animal swimming across a pond—of a muskrat making his crossing. At first it barely broke the surface of the water; then it erected itself gradually, sinisterly, like the tentaele of some obscene creature of the depths—a tentacle bearing the creature's eye. It was the periscope of a sub-

On her deck appeared a man in the uni-form of an officer of the Imperial German Navy. For half an hour he stood on the constricted deck until to the eastward appeared a vague blot which seemed to spread along and cling to the surface of the water. The officer turned suddenly and went below. The opening closed itself and the vessel began slowly to move -as slowly to disappear. It submerged itself until only a fragment of the periscope remained

above the surface, and there it waited. The vague blot on the horizon approached. became distinctly the trail of smoke billowing from the funnels of an ocean liner. Then the vessel itself, painted in fantastic designs and colors, issued from nothingness. Nearer and nearer it came, until one might have seen the captain on his bridge scanning the waters about him with unmistakable anxiety. The liner had been displaying no flag. Suddenly from her stern broke out the Stars and Stripes above a flag of white. Her engines stopped. Officers in uniform might be seen passing about the decks, obviously reassuring the passengers. Suddenly a man shouted, "Periscope—there's a periscope!" Instantly there was confusion. Some rushed to the rail to view the spectacle, some scurried below to seize life-preservers and valuables, and to return frantically to take their appointed boat-stations. The periscope lengthened itself into the view of the men and women on the liner until presently the untersee boat lay at a distance of fifty yards, deck above the wash of the sea, Once more her hatch opened itself to the officer who had scrutinized the sea with his glasses half an hour before. He was followed by

two seamen, one of whom hoisted the German flag above a flag of white. The second sailor carried a megaphone, which he passed to his The officer took it and shouted to the bridge of the liner, "I have your passengers. Send a boat to take them aboard." There was no trace.

of German accent in his speech.

BOAT let itself down spiderwise, and pres-A ently was being pulled toward the submarine, on whose deck, in obedience to the summons of the German officer, appeared

The boat drew alongside the submarine, the women were helped to descend, salutes were exchanged, and the small boat drew away. Before it had covered a dozen yards the submarine was again sealed, her decks bare, and she was beginning to sink beneath the sea. By the time the boat reached the liner she had disappeared. women in the boat the passengers might have fancied there had come to them an exceptionally vivid dream.

They had seen something which no logical mind could grasp; they had witnessed the impossible. They had, with their own eyes, perceived a friendly passage between a German submarine and a liner flying the flag of the United States. It is no wonder they guessed crazily. The craziest guess fell short of the

Thirty days prior to this date there met in a certain famous building in Berlin half a dozen men whose word and wills controlled the destinies of the Teutonic Empires. They sat in council, and their discussions dealt with the newest of their enemies, with the potentiality for harm there might lie in that enemy.

Presently a woman entered the room slowly She moved with the lithe grace of youth, with a certain splendor of movement possible only to women whom Nature has taken pains in the forming. She was veiled, but one hoped her face was as beautiful as her figure. It would have been impious to set other than a beautiful head on such a body.

The features of Mademoiselle are known only to me-to no other soul," said the Chief. "So long as none but myself know her to be in my employ she is invaluable. If one other knows, even yourself, her value is decreased by half."
"With your Majesty's permission," she said in a clear, musical voice, a voice that was not

German. You are French?" "No, Majestät.". "Belgian?"

"No, Majestät." what then?" "What your Majesty pleases."

THE Kaiser smiled grimly. "Proceed," he "I must be set down in America by means which will at once make me conspicuous and place me above suspicion. This is my plan. I shall proceed to Belgium, where I shall take up my residence. I have selected the spot. I shall make one woman friend. I have selected the friend. She is young and becutiful-and patri-

"Patriotic?" "She loves Belgium."

"With her I shall plot to free prisoners of war. We shall be detected, tried, sentenced. The Edith Cavell episode repeated, Majestat."

The Emperor frowned. The name Cavell

was not grateful to his ears. "There will be an outcry from Englandland America. Germany will be obdurate. The world will ring with the matter. Finally Majestat will intervene. He will pardon the crime of myself and my friend upon condition that we accept exile in America. It shall be stipulated that we be placed on board an American-bound vessel and shall not return to Europe for the duration of the war. It will be done. We will be received

In America as heroines—myself and my friend who is indeed a patriotic Belgian. I shall be a

Belgian. Her antecedents are plain and beyond

dispute. As her companion in the plot, mine will be the same. She is genuine, Majestät. She shall never suspect me. We shall be together always. She is beautiful and will be of assistance. Americans, Majestät, are said to be suspentially to beauty." ceptible to beauty." "And then?"

"Me shall reside in Washington, Majestät. The rest will be easy. If the impossible occurs and suspicion arises, I shall throw it upon my companion. I shall borrow her identity. How will she prove it? It will not be myself who is suspected of spying, Majestät."

"The plan is good," said the Kaiser. "It has my approval."

"I'll leave him to save your lives, then," said the captain. "But be gentle with him. He is not long out of the hospital."
"Ah, a blesse," exclaimed Mademoiselle Rach-"You are going home to recover from your

"It was hardly worth calling a wound, Mad-emoiselle. I really had to argue with the doctor to get a wound chevron. He was all of the opinion I hadn't been hurt enough to deserve one." "It must have been more than a scratch to compel you to go home to America," said Mademoiselle Renée, her eyes studying the Major's face intently as tho striving to read the slightest message conveyed by its expression.



A little hand slid out of the darkness and fumbled with the Major's hair, seeking a place to strike

O IT was that within the month the world rang with a second Edith Cavell outrage. Two women were detected in the act of plotting to liberate prisoners of war. Both were young. Both were declared to be beautiful. Both were reported as members of splendid Belgian families—and both were sentenced to be shot.

England flamed with protest; America reached a fire of rage. Neutral nations intervened. But Germany was obdurate. A crime had been committed and punishment must be meted out. That was justice; that was efficiency. As a last resort, the combined diplomatic corps of the remaining neutral nations waited upon the Kaiser and laid the matter before him. He was reluctant to receive them or to hear of the matter, but so ably did they present their case that, graciously and with compassion for the unfortunate and misguided, he gave his imperial promise to intervene-in case, and only in case, the guilty women should be exiled from Europe and held as prisoners or as guests of the nation in America for the duration of the war. This

was quickly acceded to and the details arranged. And so it was that a German submarine made peaceful rendezvous with an American liner. So it was that two beautiful young women came to be aboard the Puritania. It was, however, Chance that made Major Douglas Land a voyager on that return trip, Major Douglas Land of the Artillery, on special service.

The two women who had been put aboard the liner by the submarine were, so confirmed rumor had it, Mademoiselle Renée Saxe and Mademoiselle Rachel Laurens, and were the identical women who had been detected by the German military authorities in Belgium in the act of plotting to aid in the escape of French and English prisoners. They had been sentenced to death, and the world had been waiting with horror the anmouncement of the carrying out of the sentence.

HE girls looked enough alike to be sisters, yet there was a certain dissimilarity, perhaps more of manner and expression than of feature, which made one hesitate almost to believe they were of the same race. Mademoiselle Renée possessed a vivacity of expression and of movement that seemed more Gaelic than Belgian; perhaps with something of the Slav lurking in the background. Mademoiselle Rachel gave an impression of repose, of acuteness also. She did not fit into one's preconceived ideas of a Belgian girl, but might have been American with a few drops of the French-Canadian blood, or even with some descent from an ancestor who had been a liegeman of the Sobieskis. Neither girl was of the obvious type. Both were of the sort who make a man look and then consider and come back again to check up his conclusions. Inevitably he would conclude that his deductions had been erroneous. The beauty of each was touched with the exotic; was of that alluring type which cries out to men and demands

their homage. Major Douglas Land, wearing a wound stripe earned at Catigny; now journeying to America on special duty, occupied a chair from which he was able covertly to watch the two girls throughout the meal. The Major was young, as were the gold leaves on his shoulders. He had come to France a lieutenant. In five months his efficiency and intelligence had won him not only rapid promotion but no mean measure of distinction for gallantry on the field of action. He was young, and these strange girls were beautiful and interesting. Therefore, the Major delayed not at all, but carried himself to the Captain of the vessel, with whom he was already on terms of friendship. In a moment he had persuaded the Captain to introduce him. The girls looked up as the captain approached

with the young officer. "I have taken the liberty," he said, "of bringing Major Land to you. He seemed to be afraid you might die of loneliness. May I present him?"
"But certainly," said Mademoiselle Rachel Laurens, smiling up at Major Land gayly. Mademoiselle Saxe smiled, too, but with more restraint, with something more of formality, almost of caution.

"Oh," he said easily, "it is not my wound that sends me to America."
"Ah," said Rachel, "a mission! But I am indiscreet to mention it.'

"A mission? Oh, no indeed. I have been in France a year." He held up his arm to display the two golden service chevrons, each representing six months spent overseas. "Now I am being sent home to teach our new army what I have learned."

AND was uncomfortably conscious that both girls were scrutinizing him more closely, more interestedly, than was natural in new acquaintances casually curious. For an instant he held the impression that both of them were trying to pry inside his mind to see what was there-for some ulterior purpose. It startled him, and he turned from one to the other quickly, appraisingly. The impression vanished, and he smiled to himself and at himself.

Land's only regret was that he could not sit so as to watch both the girls at once. It was impossible to say which was the more beautiful. As he glanced at Renée he told himself she was the loveliest creature he had ever seen until he looked again at Rachel. It was disturbing, but pleasantly disturbing. No young man could have a pleasanter problem to worry him than which of two beautiful women was the lovelier. He shrugged his shoulders slightly. Long days on shipboard lay ahead of him in which to

"Let us promenade," suggested Rachel, and together they made the circuit of the deck again and again, chatting gaily, with Land the envy of every man aboard. "It is a wonderful feeling to be bound for America, away from all that," she waved her hand backward toward war-weary Europe, "to be crossing the ocean away from battles and intrigues and suffering-and from spies, spies, spies! You can not imagine the feeling of that, Major. My country is eaten up by German spies. They are everywhere. You are suspicious of every one. It will be wonderful to be in a land where one may speak freely and act without fear. I have been watched.

**7**OURS has been a dreadful experience," Land said soberly. "It isn't so terrible to die," said Ma-demoiselle Renée with straight lips, "but to be

tolled to your death by a spy—"
"I'm afraid we are not free from them, even in America," Land said. "The German Secret Service has a long arm.

And unscrupulous fingers," said Rachel with eyes that glowed soberly. As they made the turn around the end of the cabin they came suddenly face to face with the man Ballard who had arrested the captain a short time before, the returning correspondent with the "C" on his arm-band. It was almost

"Pardon," said Ballard, stepping back, and waiting with an air of expectancy.

Land nodded curtly and passed on with the girls. For some incomprehensible reason he had taken a dislike to the man; there existed an antipathy which he would have been hard put to it

Who is that man?" asked Renée, turning to look after him. "A newspaper correspondent. For what paper I do not know."

American?" "Yes, Mademoiselle." She turned her head and walked on silently, but there was a little pucker to her brows as if she were straining her memory for something that eluded her. "I don't think I like him,"

she said presently. "I think I shall go below and lie down," said Rachel after a few minutes more of walking. The exercise tires me." 'And I, too," said Renée. "Au revoir, Mon-

"May I rescue you again?"
"But certainly," said Rachel, looking at him directly with something very like challenge in

her eyes, "We shall be lonely, shall we not, Renée?"

They disappeared, nor did they reappear until the gong sounded for the evening meal.

Land sat in his deck-chair and smoked furiously, while he considered them and compared them and admired them. He could visualize them clearly, for both were vivid types, yet as he looked at them with the eye of his recollection, he could not tell which he would choose were he to be given the choice. His own conclusion was that it was a toss up and God help the hapless

Altho it was rather late, Major Land did not Altho it was rather late, Major Land did not go below. He remained on deck chatting with his newly found acquaintances until they retired, then he paced the darkened deck, making the black founds again and again. Not a light was visible on board, every opening, every porthole was heavily screened. Even the momentary light that flashed from a door being opened and closed was hidden from the eye of a possible lurking submarine by a spread of canvas. It was like walking in a tunnel. Black forms would spring suddenly out of the darkness, so would spring suddenly out of the darkness, so suddenly that collisions were oft-times unavoidable. One had to guess his way, and as for finding the entrance to the cabin it was not to be done. One waited until somebody opened the door, and then darted for the brief flash of light.

AND sat down to watch the phosphorescent water as it broke into silver flame against the vessel's side. He was young. He had been thrown into sudden contact with romance and with seductive beauty, and his head was not altogether steady as he re-acted to it. His thought was rueful. "If there were only one of them," was the motif of his reflections. It was his mature judgment, after a year in the camps and trenches, removed from pleasures, in a world destitute of women, that he could with facility love either of his new friends-if the

other were not there to interfere.
"Confound it," he muttered, "I can't fall in love with both of them. I den't know what this year's rules are, but last year that wasn't being

He sat back and closed his eyes comfortably. It was good to rest. For a year he had had no moment of rest, and this complete idleness, this remoteness from the world, from the great and grim business which occupied all the world, was very pleasant. He drowsed. Some one awakened him by stumbling

against a nearby chair. I'm through banging around this deck in the dark," a surly voice said. "Sit down here." "Well?" said another voice presently, a low,

sweet, pleasant woman's voice. "It's not in his cabin." "You are sure?"

"I learned how to search in a school that tolerates few mistakes." 'He is known to have it, it is even known what it looks like and its size."

"Yes, a little packet, thin as a letter and no larger, wrapped in yellow oiled silk."

Major Land sat very still, but he was wide awake and alert now. A tiny packet, the size of a letter, wrapped in oiled silk! He knew what that was, for it was that packet that carried him

"The thing is not in his cabin. He must carry it with him.

"He looks like the sort who would sleep with it in his mouth," said the woman. Her voice was pitched so low that Land could barely catch her words. He fancied the voice was familiar; there was a note in it that called to something in his recollection.

"Where is he, anyhow?" "Prowling about the decks."

Land strained his ear to catch the slightest tone of those faint voices—to recognize them, to identify them. Every nerve was alive now and quivering. He knew he was the quarry and that here were the hunters-and he knew how precious to his country and to the cause of the Allies was the tiny packet he carried.

HE couple arose after a silence and moved slowly toward Land, fumbling their way in the blackness. The man tripped over a deckchair, staggered—and sprawled upon Land, uttering an imprecation. As if by instinct the men grappled; Land with a known enemy, the spy with an unknown who had been an eavesdropper. His hands flew to Land's throat, stopped an instant at his shoulder as it touched the

gold leaf indicating military rank.

"It's Land," the man said savagely.

The Major twisted sidewise, holding his antagonist off with his left hand while he placed his right against his chair and heaved upward. He was not in the pink of condition, not the clean, powerful athlete of the days before his wound, but he was, even in his convalescence an antagonist to approach with caution. He struggled to his feet, lifting his assailant with him and for an instant they swayed, then pitched to the deck with Land uppermost. He tore free one hand and struck twice quickly, powerfully.

"He's on top," grated the man's voice.'
A little hand came out of the darkness and fumbled over the Major's hair, a soft little hand. Land snatched for it, but it eluded him, and he was conscious of the contact of soft silk. As thoughts have an absurd way of doing at strange moments, this one flashed through his mind: both wrapped in silk, the woman spy, the pre-

His antagonist heaved and struggled silently; Land did not think of calling for assistance, somehow the idea did not occur to him. He was the sort to fight his own battles. Again that soft hand touched his hair—locating it, placing it. Then it seemed to Land as if a high explosive shell had struck close to his side. There was a paralyzing shock, the shock of the impact of something hard and round against his skull. It was repeated. Land's muscles re-laxed, his grip slackened, he collapsed upon his enemy. The soft hand had not hesitated to arm itself and to strike.

They rolled him over on his back. The man flashed a light on the sprawling body as they knelt beside him, and with hands accustomed by training, they searched him swiftly, efficiently.
"I have it," whispered the man.
"Give it to me."

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