

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. I met the sergeant, David Livingstone. "There were five boys in our family," he said. "All of us enlisted. My brother Sam was a sergeant in the 106th 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 Bob 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 only have 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 laborious 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 draft.

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 over-subscribed 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 Pilot Butte Inn at Bend last March, the sheepmen subscribed over \$9000 to the Red Cross. Last May another war work drive was put on which netted \$8715.

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 \$126 for the K. of C. drive. The Salvation Army was given \$725, and \$655 was raised for the Armenian relief fund. In the United War Work drive on November 11 to 18, Deschutes county was first in the state 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 ties, 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 2287, Redmond 1255 and Terrabourne 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 have 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 residents of Elma protesting the proposed raise in light and power rates by the Northwest Electric & Water Works was presented to the state public utility commission last 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 January.

Government Hunter Dies
Elma, Wash., Dec. 28.—County Agriculturist 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, is in the naval hospital at Mare Island, Cal., receiving treatment for chronic meningitis. Mr. Dodge was serving on the battleship Brooklyn and has been in service in the Philippines and at Vladivostok.

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"

THE sea was the color of slate upon which oil has been poured; its movement 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—a muskrat making his crossing. At first it barely broke the surface of the water; then it erected itself gradually, sinistraly, like the tentacle of some obscene creature of the depths—a tentacle bearing the creature's eye. It was the periscope of a submarine.

On her deck appeared a man in the uniform of an officer of the Imperial German Navy. For half an hour he stood on the constricted deck until 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 indistinctly 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—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 *unlabeled* 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 superior.

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.

A BOAT let itself down spiderwise, and presently was being pulled toward the submarine, on whose deck, in obedience to the summons of the German officer, appeared two women.

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. Had it not been for the two heavily veiled 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 friendly relations 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 truth—

Thirty days prior to this date there met in a certain famous building in Berlin half a dozen men of diverse views, but all of 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 lithic grace of youth, with certain splendor of position, and she came 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, and to other sensitive souls. "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, Mademoiselle."

"Belgian?"

"No, Mademoiselle."

"What then?"

"What your Majesty pleases."

The Kaiser smiled grimly. "Proceed," he ordered. "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 beautiful—and patriotic."

"Patriotic?"

"She loves Belgium."

"Ah—"

"With her I shall plot to free prisoners of war. We shall be detected, tried, sentenced. The Edith Cavell episode repeated, *Majestät*! The Emperor frowned. The name Cavell was not grateful to his ears.

"Proceed."

"There will be an outcry from England and America. Germany will be odious. The world will ring with the matter. Finally *Majestät* will intervene. He will pardon the crime of myself and my friend upon the 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 susceptible to beauty?"

"And then?"

"We 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 blessing," exclaimed Mademoiselle Rachel. "You are going home to recover from your wound?"

"It was hardly worth calling a wound, Mademoiselle. 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 she striving to read the slightest message conveyed by its expression.

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 soldier man.

Altogether 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 rounds again and again. Not a light was visible on board, every opening, every port-hole 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 suddenly that collisions were of-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.

LAND 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 thoughts were confused. There were only one of them, yet the motif of his reactions. 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.

"Confused it, he muttered, 'I can't fall in love with both of them. I don't know what this year's rules are, but last year that wasn't being done."

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 dropped.

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.

"I'm 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 to America. He listened.

"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.

THE couple arose after a silence and moved slowly toward Land, fumbling their way in the blackness. The man tripped over a deck-chair, staggered—and sprawled upon Land, uttering an imprecation. As if by instinct the man grappled with Land, his enemy, the spy with an unknown who had been an avenger-dropper. 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 skin. 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 precious packet—"

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 a knockout. Land's muscles relaxed, 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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