

"Well, there are all grades here, now that I look about; yet, as you say, the average is not bad. Probably they will grow louder later in the evening, when they take the lid off."

"I don't believe they ever do—that is, entirely. Mr. McLaughlin, the detective who came with us, said this was really the most dangerous place in town from the police viewpoint. Its very surface quiet made it a special menace. Nothing was ever permitted to occur here which would give the department any excuse for a raid. If there was a fight, or even a murder, it was hushed up instantly, and the victim hidden away, before even the patrolman on the block could hear about it. He mentioned several cases; and said the waiters were especially selected to take care of any rough house."

"Perhaps that is what makes it popular with the class they cater to."

"Safe, you mean. Yes; he said they could spot any criminal of reputation in the country at Peroni's, if they only waited long enough; that half the big jobs in New York were plotted at these tables."

"I begin to comprehend," I said jocularly, "why I was received as a distinguished guest. The headwaiter must have recognized me as an old pal—my face is my fortune."

"He may have mistaken you for Daly," she admitted soberly, "but more likely it was your tip which made him so attentive. You are some spender, Mr. Severn."

"That depends on who I am with; this is an unusual occasion."

She did not smile, or look at me, but leaned slightly forward, drawing back a fold of the curtain with one hand, so as to gain a wider glimpse of the large room without. A moment she remained motionless; then turned her face sideways toward me.

"Waldron is already here," she whispered warningly. "He is alone at that second table, against the pillar. Step around this side and you can see; the man with gray, bushy hair."

I could not easily have mistaken the fellow; his appearance was too emphatically that of the Russian Jew of a certain type to enable him to conceal his birthright. His back was toward us, yet as he occasionally cast his eyes about over the faces of those around him, I had a glimpse of a beaked nose, and a sallow, dull complexion, which seemed to blend naturally into a scraggling beard of no perceptible color. His hair though was iron-gray, apparently uncut for weeks, and thrust back from an unusually high forehead, so as to give the man a ruffled, unkempt appearance far from pleasing. He was big all over, strangely burly for a Jew, with broad shoulders and large hands, thickly covered with hair.

I moved backward toward the table as Francois appeared, and resumed my seat, keeping silent until the waiter again vanished, and left us alone.

"And now that you have located the fellow," I asked curiously, "what do you propose doing—go out and talk with him?"

She shook her head.

"I have reason to believe he expects to meet some one here," she explained. "I do not know who; that is one thing I desire to find out. From what you have told me tonight I rather think now it may be Harris."

"To divvie up?"

"To talk it over, at least; they'd hardly bring the stuff in here. Probably by this time that is safely planted."

Francois came back, and we devoted ourselves to the meal, although I could observe her glancing constantly through the opening in the curtains to make sure of her man. Finally Francois disappeared with the remnants, while we awaited the serving of dessert. From my seat I could see nothing of the Russian.

"No one arrived yet?" I inquired.

"The Jew still there?"

"He remains alone eating. Ah! my guess was right—isn't that Harris, who has just come in?"

It was "Gentleman George" beyond the shadow of a doubt. He had evidently located Waldron the moment of entering the room, and with no other thought in his mind headed straight toward where the latter sat. The Jew glanced up, saw him approaching, and drew partially back from the table, the knife he had been using still gripped in his hand.

His posture was that of defense, of one who anticipates possible attack. Nor did Harris' expression and manner render this improbable. The latter pushed his way forward with angry strides, until he reached the man he sought, leaning over the table to front him, his face black with passion, his first words plainly audible to us above the din of a jazz band.

"Say, where the h—i have you been?



"What is This, a Double-Cross, Waldron?"

What is this, a double-cross, Waldron?

"What you mean?" ejaculated the other. "By Gott! it is rather you I should ask why you not tell me the truth?"

"Tell you! What the devil have I got to tell you? Don't get funny with me. You sent me a note this morning, didn't you?"

"Sure I did."

"Well, then, why didn't you meet me? D—n it, I've been hunting you all day long. What's the idea? Come, blurt it out, before I wring your d—n Jew neck."

Waldron spread his hands, and lifted his shoulders in an expression more eloquent than words.

"What a man! You cuss me, but not wait to hear why this all was so. You sit down, and I tell you. Then maybe you tell me something also."

Harris stared at him, then sank into the vacant chair opposite, still scowling angrily across the table. A waiter paused at his elbow expectantly, and, in response to something said, the thief jerked out a surly answer.

"No, I don't want anything to eat. Bring me some whisky—a half pint—with a little water. Yes, that's all; now get out of here."

At this moment Francois returned with our final course, obliging us to appear indifferent to the quarrel raging beyond the curtains. Both men must have lowered their voices, for our ears caught nothing of what was said. It seemed to me the waiter was unusually slow in rearranging the table.

"There, that will do, Francois," I broke out, at last, impatiently. "We will want nothing else at present. When I need you again I will ring. That is the bell, I presume."

"Oui, M'sieur."

"All right; then leave us alone for a while."

Neither one of us touched a thing, the coffee growing cold in the cups, as we endeavored to distinguish what was going on at that second table out in the main dining room. I came around beside her, to where I could peer out also beneath the curtain fold, and thus gain glimpses of the two men. They were talking earnestly, but had lowered their voices, until they were nearly inaudible amid the din of the place. The anger and threat had gone out of both voices; but only occasionally could we weave together words into an understandable sentence; these came to us detached, unrelated, as the surrounding noise ceased suddenly, or the music came to a pause.

"You didn't get it! Then who the h—i did? Me, I should say no; why I never knew the old man had even slipped him the dough. That d—n girl rode down with him. Of course I do; I saw them go out together; that's why I thought I was playing safe to keep away. Somebody was played up for suckers. If you had kept your d—n mouth shut we'd a-had it easy."

Waldron broke in, stung by this last taunt into elevating his voice.

"What you mean, I keep my mouth shut? So help me, Moses, I tell nobody."

"The h—i you didn't! You blabbed the whole thing to Daly. He told me so himself. That's what I was doing last night, bluffing him out."

"I tell Daly? Where you get that stuff? I ain't seen Daly for three years. Was he in this deal? Why you not tell me of Daly before?"

"Tell you! I never knew it until he told me."

A waiter brushed past him, bearing a tray, striking against one shoulder

as he passed. Harris glanced up with a snarling oath, and, before I realized the danger, his eyes must have caught a glimpse of me beneath the draped curtain. Instantly the fellow was on his feet, all else forgotten in a swift wave of passion.

"There's the guy now!" he burst forth. "He's hiding in that booth; I saw him. Come on, and we'll have the stiff cough up yet!"

I drew back swiftly, pushing the girl behind me. There was no place in which to hide, no chance for escape. Perhaps I could explain, but, if not, then I must fight. The two came plunging through the opening and faced us, the heavy curtains dropping behind them and shutting out all view beyond. Harris, inflated by drink, glared about as though doubting the evidence of his own eyes, but his expression was that of savage hatred.

"H—i, if they ain't both of 'em here! Say, this is rich. So you two are in cahoots, hey? Thought you'd play me for a d—n fool, did you, Daly? Well, I'll show you what you're up against—you and yer girl. Come now, where's that hoodie?"

"I know nothing about it, Harris."

"You're a liar. This dame went away with Alva in his car. I saw her go out with him. You cough up, both of you, and be d—n quick about it, or you'll never get out of here without a hole through you. You think you can double-cross me; I'll show you a trick of my own!"

He was reaching for his gun. It must have caught in his pocket, though I wasted no time. It was his life or mine, and I gripped the empty wine bottle on the table and smashed a vicious blow at his head. He went down like a log, his body half projecting through the curtains, while I wheeled about barely in time to meet the mad i—l rush of Waldron. The Russian could not have been armed, for he came at me with bare hands, his grip like that of a bear. For an instant he had me throttled, scarcely able to breathe, his hands pinned helplessly in the grasp of his arms. But brute strength was all he possessed, brute strength and ferocity. The bottle was crushed out of my fingers, yet I wriggled partially free, and got one hand twisted into his whiskers, jerking his head back, and side-wise, until the strained neck threatened to crack, and he had to release his grip to protect himself. It was all over in a minute, but hot while it lasted; I know we struck against the girl, throwing her to her knees; I know the fellow stumbled over Harris' legs, giving me a chance to drive home one fist square into his face. I heard him rip out a Hebrew oath, and saw blood staining his lips. I tried to break away from him, but it was no use; yet the effort opened his guard for a swift uppercut, and I let him have it straight to the chin. He crashed back across the table, and hung there dangling, arms outspread and head in a broken dish. Before I could strike again, or even recover my breath, the curtains were thrust violently aside, and the head-waiter, backed by a half dozen subordinates, came tumbling in over Harris' inert body. Even as they stared about, I helped the girl to her feet, and faced them.

"What happen here, M'sieur? What happen?" shrieked the excited Frenchman. "You keel ze men? What?"

"No; they're just knocked out. A little private affair, that's all," I said, too exhausted to speak clearly. "See here, M'sieur," and I thrust the first bill I could reach into his hand. "Hush this up, will you, and let the lady and me get out of here."

He dashed about frantically, wringing his hands and gesticulating.

"Oul, oul! Eer shall be so. There ees to be no trouble, no police. Ze men attack you, M'sieur Daly—I see et all; you protect ze Madame. There be no noise, no peestal—bien! Francois, Jules, you will help ze lady an' ze gentleman to go—quick."

The two waiter-guardians held back the curtains for us to pass through. The main dining room was not as disturbed as I anticipated it might be. As we came forth and made our way down the aisle under escort, we were gazed at curiously, but no demonstration followed.

A group of waiters stood before the outer door, evidently collected there to prevent any alarm from reaching the outside. To the signal of Francois these stepped aside, permitting us to pass through into the vestibule.

I assisted my companion into her coat, and then hastily struggled into my own. She was pale, but her eyes met my own bravely, and her hand touched my arm as we went up the steps. Above, all remained quiet and dark.

"What next?" I asked.

"I believe there are taxis around the corner."

"Good; I would prefer riding to walking, myself. Where do you wish to be taken?"

"Back to the hotel, please."

In the semi-darkness of the cab I felt her hand touch mine gently, as though half afraid.

"Oh, I was so frightened—so sorry to have brought you there. It was all my fault. The Russian had a knife."

"Yes, I know; I caught a glimmer of it, but he went down and out for the count before it could be used. There is nothing to worry over now."

"They did not get the money?"

"No, that is clear enough. Somebody got the bulge on them, and they are very properly sore. You heard Harris swear you left with Alva."

"Harris knows nothing about it; you must believe me."

"I intend to—certainly as against Harris."

She may not have been altogether pleased with my answer, for she said no more until we drew up at the hotel entrance. She waited while I settled with the chauffeur, and we crossed the wide pavement together.

"It may be best for you not to come in; one never knows."

"This is not a final parting, I hope?"

"Perhaps so, perhaps not. You do not wholly trust me. Some day I mean you shall. Good-night."

I felt her hand in mine, just for a moment; then the doors opened and closed, leaving me alone.

(To Be Continued.)

SUMMONS

IN THE CIRCUIT COURT OF THE STATE OF OREGON, FOR THE COUNTY OF DESCHUTES

E. T. YOUNGFELT,)
Plaintiff,)
vs.)
SEABRON F. JOHNSON,)
Defendant.)

TO SEABRON F. JOHNSON, Defendant:

In the name of the State of Oregon, you are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint filed against you in the above entitled action within six weeks after the first publication of this summons, and in case of your failure to so appear and answer for want thereof plaintiff will take judgment against you for the sum of \$555 with interest thereon at 6 per cent per annum from March 27, 1920, and the costs and disbursements of the action.

This summons is served upon you by publication thereof pursuant to the order of the Hon. T. E. J. Duffy, judge of the above entitled court, made and entered therein on November 25, 1921.

The date of the first publication of this summons is November 26, 1921.

ROSS FARNHAM,
Attorney for Plaintiff, Residence and postoffice address, Bend, Oregon.
146, 152, 5, 11, 17, 23c.

REDMOND GIRLS HAS POSTOFFICE RECORD

Miss Nellie Sappington, former Redmond girl, now an employe of the Portland postoffice, is the champion letter distributor of the United States, distributing at the rate of 98 pieces per minute, with only one error out of 1175 handled. She has received a letter from the postoffice department commending her on her record, says the Oregon Journal.

REID SCHOOL WINS SEAL SALE CONTEST

Sale of \$30 worth of Christmas anti-tuberculosis seals this week resulted Friday in the awarding of a box of apples donated by the Farm Products Distributing Co., to the children of the Reid school as winners in the contest. The three grade schools and the junior high took part in the contest, selling in all \$75 worth of seals.

NOTICE OF SALE FOR DELINQUENT ASSESSMENTS

Whereas, on the 10th day of December, 1921, pursuant to the provisions of Chapter 19 of the Charter of the City of Bend, there were entered in the Docket of City Liens in the office of the Recorder of said City, assessments for the sprinkling of certain public ways in said City for the year 1919, in the following respective amounts, against the following described parcels of land, the owners or reputed owners thereof being as follows, to-wit:

Description	Block	Owner or Reputed Owner	Amount
Lot 1,	Block 1, Bend,	J. C. Vandeventer	\$14.74
Lot 8,	Block 2, Bend,	R. B. Mutzig	11.70
Lot 10,	Block 4, Bend,	J. Snow Parminter	5.85
Lot 14,	Block 4, Bend,	Ada R. Johnston	5.85
Lot 15,	Block 4, Bend,	Ada R. Johnston	5.85
N 1/2 Lot 11,	Block 5, Bend,	J. N. Hunter	4.09
S 1/2 Lot 11,	Block 5, Bend,	Geo. Brostehous Est.	4.09
Lot 12,	Block 5, Bend,	J. N. Hunter	33.99
Lot 11,	Block 8, Bend,	M. A. Palmer	4.68
Lot 12,	Block 8, Bend,	M. A. Palmer	27.61
Lot 7,	Block 9, Bend,	J. N. Hunter	34.63
Lot 8,	Block 9, Bend,	F. H. May	11.70
Lot 9,	Block 9, Bend,	J. W. Ferlich	11.70
Lot 10,	Block 9, Bend,	G. A. Padlock	11.70
Lot 1,	Block 10, Bend,	R. B. Mutzig	44.48
NE 1/2 Lot 2,	Block 10, Bend,	R. B. Mutzig	5.85
Lot 1, Sub. L 2 B 12, Bend,		D. E. Hunter	4.10
Lot 2, Sub. L 2 B 12, Bend,		D. E. Hunter	4.10
Lot 3, Sub. L 2 B 12, Bend,		D. E. Hunter	4.10
Lot 4, Sub. L 2 B 12, Bend,		D. E. Hunter	4.10
Lot 5, Sub. L 2 B 12, Bend,		D. E. Hunter	4.10
Lot 6, Sub. L 2 B 12, Bend,		D. E. Hunter	4.10
Lot 7, Sub. L 2 B 12, Bend,		D. E. Hunter	4.10
Lot 8, Sub. L 2 B 12, Bend,		D. E. Hunter	4.10
Lot 9, Sub. L 2 B 12, Bend,		Chas. Carroll & J. S. Innes	4.10
Lot 10, Sub. L 2 B 12, Bend,		Chas. Carroll & J. S. Innes	36.62
Lot 11, Sub. L 2 B 12, Bend,		D. E. Hunter	5.85
Lot 12, Sub. L 2 B 12, Bend,		D. E. Hunter	5.85
Lot 13, Sub. L 2 B 12, Bend,		D. E. Hunter	5.85
Lot 14, Sub. L 2 B 12, Bend,		D. E. Hunter	5.85
E 32 ft. Lot 1,	Block 13, Bend,	Pearl Corbett	7.49
Lot 4,	Block 13, Bend,	Lon L. Fox	11.70
Lot 7,	Block 13, Bend,	L. F. Kernott	40.25
Lot 5,	Block 14, Bend,	Jacob Mutzig	11.42
Lot 2,	Block 15, Bend,	M. P. Cashman	11.70
Lot 10,	Block 15, Bend,	Anna R. Finley	3.23
Lot 11,	Block 15, Bend,	R. B. Mutzig	10.76
Lot 12,	Block 15, Bend,	Jacob Mutzig	4.68
Lot 1,	Block 16, Bend,	Bend Hardware Co.	24.80
N 1/2 Lot 2,	Block 16, Bend,	Bend Hardware Co.	5.85
Lot 4,	Block 16, Bend,	Hunter & Staats	11.70
Lot 6,	Block 16, Bend,	Hunter & Staats	24.80
Lot 15,	Block 16, Bend,	Bend Hardware Co.	4.68
Lot 1,	Block 17, Bend,	Hunter & Staats	17.73
Lot 13,	Block 17, Bend,	Mrs. A. S. Hunter	7.30
Lot 14,	Block 17, Bend,	J. N. Hunter	4.68
Lot 15,	Block 17, Bend,	J. N. Hunter	4.68
Lot 16,	Block 17, Bend,	J. N. Hunter	4.68
Lot 17,	Block 17, Bend,	J. N. Hunter	4.68
Lot 5,	Block 24, Bend,	W. P. Vandeventer	4.10
Lot 6,	Block 24, Bend,	W. P. Vandeventer	4.10
Lot 7,	Block 24, Bend,	W. P. Vandeventer	4.10
Lot 1,	Block 28, Park Add.,	Methodist Church	4.68
Lot 4,	Block 28, Park Add.,	Mary F. Miller	4.68
Lot 5,	Block 28, Park Add.,	R. J. and M. F. Miller	4.68
Lot 6,	Block 28, Park Add.,	R. J. and M. F. Miller	4.68
All	Block 7, North Add.,	Bend Company	31.36

and said assessments not having been paid.

Notice is Herely Given, That pursuant to Warrant No. 3-8 issued by the Recorder of said City, to me the undersigned directed, I will on Tuesday, the 10th day of January, 1922, at the hour of three o'clock in the afternoon of said day, in front of the City Hall, at the corner of Lava Road and Minnesota Avenue in said City, sell separately the several tracts of land above described for the amount of said assessments against each, together with interest and all costs and accruing costs.

Dated this 10th day of December, 1921.

R. H. FOX, Chief of Police,
Bend, Oregon.

TEXT BOOK OF WALL STREET


—1921 EDITION—

Contents

- History of New York Stock Exchange
- History of the Consolidated Stock Exchange of New York
- History of the New York Curb
- How to Open an Account and Methods of Trading
- The Art of Speculating for Profits
- Augmenting One's Income
- How to Secure Loans on Stocks
- Dictionary of Wall Street
- Terms and Values of Foreign Exchanges

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