

PROTESTS FAIL TO STOP CRUEL SPORT

Shooting of Tame Pigeons Continues At Monte Carlo Despite Move For Clay Birds.

MONTE CARLO, Feb. 11.—Despite the pressure of American and British public opinion, voted by hundreds of humane visitors, the shooting of live, tame pigeons for sport continues this year on the terraces of the Casino.

Prizes amounting to 200,000 francs during the season are offered to the "sportsmen" who kill or maim the greatest number of birds.

An effort will be made by resident Americans and English to have the shooting of live pigeons abolished altogether after this year.

WHERE CHEWING GUM GROWS

In the Tropical Jungles of Campeche, in Yucatan, the Precious Chiclé Is Found.

What the chiclero, or chiclé gatherer, goes through to bring it from the forests of Yucatan, its home, is vividly told by the United States consul at Progreso.

Primitive and laborious is the task of winning the chiclé from the tropical jungles of Campeche. It was an American who discovered that this could be made into a satisfying chewing gum.

Chiclé is gathered much as sap is from maple trees in the North. The chiclero has to groove the bark, and he ascends and descends the tall trunks by means of a rope looped about his body and around the tree, progressing by hitches in the aboriginal manner as he wields his machete. The trees are tapped and drained for three successive years and then left alone for about ten years so that they may heal. The sap is cooked and molded into blocks.

It is gloomy work for the chiclero, out at his far-off hut. He is apt to be a melancholy man and his calling has its own particular superstitions, some of them fearful. Most dangerous is the belief in "the little old man of the forest." This is a mischievous phantom in a large Mexican hat and serape, who watches and follows his victim in the darkness of the deep forest and makes his presence known by snapping twigs. Once a chiclero has seen this little old man it is necessary to change his work to keep him from becoming depressed and to avoid the fatal accident which would result should he cut his rope upon hearing and suddenly turning to face his pursuer.

Low Germans Are Not Dutch.
The Low Germans are not Dutch, but are one division of the old Teutonic family, and are erroneously called Dutch. The Low German division is so called because it was composed of the Teutons living in the fowlands and along the shore of the Baltic sea. The Low German languages are: English, Dutch, Flemish and Frisian.



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I crossed the room, my limbs trembling so I could scarcely walk, my breath coming in gasps. They were kicking against the wood and pounding with fists, seeking to break in the lock. The sight sobered me, brought back my self-control and I threw the door open and faced them almost coolly. There were four policemen, the first a gray-mustached sergeant, revolver in hand, and behind these a jam of excited individuals of both sexes, peering over shoulders to gain view within. The sergeant gripped me by the collar. "Now, you; what's up here? Have you killed somebody?"

"No," I answered, making no effort to break away, still breathing hard, but able to express myself clearly. "There is a man dead, but he fell from a window. I have nothing to conceal, sergeant. My name is Severn, and I am connected with the United States consular service. Give me a chance and I'll hand you my card."

He must have been impressed by the way I acted and spoke, for he released his grasp and accepted the card I fished out of a vest pocket, holding it up to the light in order to read the script.

"Philip Severn," he repeated slowly, his glance wandering again to my face. "You are a friend of Clement Breckenridge—is that right?"

"Why, yes," in surprise, "I have known him for some years."

"I thought so; I don't forget a face often, but never heard your name before. I was waiting at the bank to see Breckenridge a few days ago, when he came out with you from his private office. He seemed very friendly. Well, now, Mr. Severn, what's been takin' place in here? Some hot fight, ain't there?"

His tone was friendly enough, and it was quite evident that my acquaintance with the banker had already given me a new standing.

"This is the end of the Alva murder and robbery," I said directly; "one of the men is dead, the other lies in there senseless, while the money they were after is there also in a valise untouched."

"Good God! What money?"

"So you didn't know about that, even! Well, I'll tell you. Captain Alva was killed to gain possession of a large sum which had been paid him for revolutionary purposes in Chile. These fellows inside found out about such a payment having been made and waylaid him. They had to kill him in order to get the money."

"Who did it?"

"I am not quite sure, sergeant, but I think Gaspar Wine committed the murder. He plunged from a window and is lying dead down below there. The other fellow is still alive, and was going to share in the spoils. You know him, I guess, a Russian Jew by the name of Waldron."

"Ivan Waldron, the Red orator?"

"That's the man. I'll tell you the story briefly; all that needs to be told now. I had reason to suspect these two and hid in that closet, where I could overhear them discussing a division of the spoils. The two quarreled, during which Wine was forced out through the window. Then I got the best of Waldron, just as you fellows tried to break in."

The sergeant looked about, plainly puzzled.

"I guess your word ought to be good, Mr. Severn," he admitted. "Sealin, as who you are. You lived in Washington?"

"Yes—officially; my home is in Ohio."

"Where yer stopping here?"

I told him, naming the hotel at which I was registered.

"All right, then. I'll look around a bit; Morris, run down and call the patrol; have 'em get that body down out of there first when they come; Kelly, you stay here, with Halsey at the door."

I followed him and the fourth officer into the inner office. It was a wreck, but the sergeant took the scene in at a glance and picked his way across to the shattered window. The policeman bent over the outstretched figure of Waldron.

"How is the cuss, Carr?"

"Alive, all right, but got a h—l of a crack on the coco."

"Give him a glass of water in the face. Is this the grip you was telling me about, Mr. Severn?"

"Yes; it's locked, but supposed to be full of yellowbacks."

He pulled it forth from beneath the grasp of Waldron's arm.

"All right; I'll see it safe out o' here. I guess you'll have to go along with us, Mr. Severn; the captain will likely want ter ask some questions."

CHAPTER XV.

The Private Secretary.

I told my story to the captain much more in detail, and Breckenridge being

found, stood sponsor for my identity, so that I was not detained. The next morning I testified before the coroner's jury over the crushed body of Wine, and later appeared in the room of the grand jury which indicted Waldron. On both these occasions I told enough to make matters reasonably clear, yet carefully avoided any direct mention of Miss Gessler. No doubt her name would be brought into the case later, but I was determined it should not be introduced through any indiscretion on my part. Krantz's name was used, but only indirectly, and the impression was left upon me that influence was being brought to bear to shield the banker from any direct connection with the crime.

I knew that when the time came for trial I could scarcely hope to escape thus easily. Under cross-examination by the defendant's attorney, the whole affair would be probed to the very bottom, and I should be compelled to disclose every bit of information I possessed. In the meanwhile I must discover the girl, and learn from her own lips, if possible, just how deeply she was involved. Then, and then only, could I decide upon my own future course. But how was I to locate her? I had nothing to guide me in the search. There were only two people to whom I could turn for even a suggestion—Krantz, the banker, and Sarah Waldron. I doubted if either would reveal the truth, but I could use the threat of exposure against Krantz, and might thus terrify him into revealing the truth. I decided that if the girl did not call me by phone before noon the next day I would certainly exhaust every effort to find her. She would assuredly learn by that time what had occurred, but, whether she so desired or not, I was not willing to let her drop out of my life. I would learn, at least, whatever Adolph Krantz knew about her.

The hours dragged away bringing no message, the silence merely strengthening my resolution and increasing my interest. After a lonely lunch, in which her face seemed ever before me, I took a taxi and drove direct to the bank. I crossed the marble-floored lobby and approached a desk rather doubtfully. A middle-aged man glanced up from his work, and listened quietly to my question, examining my card attentively.

"Ah, yes, United States consular service—I see. I regret to say that Mr. Adolph Krantz is not in the bank today. In fact he is out of town, possibly for a week. Yes, he left rather suddenly for Washington. Perhaps you might talk with his secretary."

I hesitated, yet almost as quickly decided to see what might develop.

"I will if you please, for just a moment."

"Very good, sir. The third door down that corridor to the left. You will find it ajar, I think; walk right in."

I proceeded as he directed, the glass partitions of the bank on one side, the other divided into small private offices, the equipment plainly handsome. The third door stood partly open, giving me a glimpse within before I ventured to enter. The place had far more the appearance of a private library than a downtown business office. A woman was bending over the further desk, busied at some work. With heart beating somewhat faster I ventured to open the door sufficiently wide to enter.

There was no one else present, but her head instantly lifted, and she rose to her feet, with a quick smile, and outstretched hand, coming directly toward me.

"Mr. Philip Severn, at last," she exclaimed pleasantly. "My faith is rewarded."

"Your faith," I echoed, rallying from my surprise at this greeting. "Then you were expecting me?"

"I have never felt a very serious doubt. Does that sound odd? Let me close the door, and then we will sit down and talk. I am never disturbed when the door is shut. Here is the best place. Yes, Mr. Severn, I was certain curiosity would cause you to seek me, even if there was no other motive. I did not phone, so you came here."

"I had but two choices—to seek information either through Adolph Krantz or Sarah Waldron. I chose to try Krantz first."

"And you really had no suspicion I was to be found here?"

"None whatever. Why should I? Not even yet do I know whom I am speaking with."

"Oh, yes, you do—Marie Gessler, revolutionist, messenger to the Chilean junta." She laughed, her eyes sparkling. "Does not that satisfy?"

"Far from it; I believe I am entitled to even more."

"Indeed you are. I have the honor of being also private secretary to Mr. Adolph Krantz. Now, what next?"

"Well, when he writes you a check, what name does he make it payable to?"

"Let me see; did you ever know any one called Tom Longdale?"

"Did I? Why, great Scott! you cannot mean that you are actually Helen? It is not possible."

"Oh, yes, it is; little girls grow up, you know. And now if you will be very good and quiet I am going to tell you just how it all happened. What led me to become a desperate conspirator, and—well, yes—a famous detective. Are you all ready for my confession?"

She rested her hand on mine, and permitted my fingers to close over it, in a spirit of frank good fellowship.

"Then listen; it may make you shudder in some of its blood-curdling details, and possibly you may consider my actions very unwomanly. Now just be quiet until I finish."

Her eyes met mine earnestly, but I felt I could perceive a certain pleading in her depths.

"I am Tom Longdale's sister Helen. As you doubtless know, financially there is no necessity for my seeking employment. Indeed I did not seek it, but was induced to accept this position at the request of Mr. Krantz, who has been a lifelong friend of my father's. I enjoy the work, however, and have been here now nearly three years. Adolph Krantz is a most lovable man, and I am devoted to his service. He is an Austrian by birth, and has found it more or less difficult to get away from that influence. Much money from Europe passes through his hands in financing various schemes, and among others this revolutionary fund was entrusted to him. At first he accepted this in the ordinary course of business, without suspecting its purpose, but later learned how the money was being expended. The moment he became doubtful, Mr. Krantz absolutely severed all connections with these plotters and their schemes. While this was thoroughly understood officially, in Washington, where he reported his suspicion, certain circles, engaged in underhand work, still believed he could be used for their purposes."

"Yet he accepted the trust?"

"In a way, yes; but with perfectly loyal intent. As soon as word secretly reached him that he was to be thus used, he laid the full facts before the officials of this bank. I was present as his secretary, and learned then for the first time what I have already told you. They advised that he make the plot known immediately to the authorities at Washington. He was directed to accept the order, and thus, through seeming co-operation, learn the details connected with it. There was delay; for some reason Alva was not quite ready to go ahead, and refused to draw the money. Proof of conspiracy was lacking until this was consummated. Mr. Krantz, being afraid that he would be followed if he went again to Washington, delegated me to go, as I was entirely unknown. The Secret Service there outlined a plan designed to hurry matters. I was to be sent direct to these men—Alva, in particular—with positive instructions from the higher powers in Washington to draw the money and get busy. As I speak Spanish easily, and took the name of a well-known female revolutionist now in this country, but unknown even to Alva, the task did not seem a specially dangerous one."

She passed for a moment, her mind gathering up the odds and ends of narrative.

"It is not necessary that I go further into detail. I met Captain Alva as planned, and was taken to the place where his gang gathered. Krantz was there with the money, and my message compelled the Chilean to accept, and receipt for it. Government agents were stationed in Jersey City to intercept him on his way back to New York. He never got far enough to fall into their hands; before he had driven four blocks he was murdered and robbed. The rest of the story you already know."

"The money was actually in that valise, then?"

"Some money was, but not all. We were afraid it might be opened before an arrest could be made. Each package had real money on the outside; altogether the amount did not exceed fifteen hundred dollars, and these bills were all marked."

"But you suspected Wine? I know of your call at his office."

"I wondered if you did. Were you there then?"

"Yes, I followed you in."

"I wish I had known; I would have ventured more than I dared to alone. I suspected—yes; but that was all. I possessed no facts, but I frightened him so when I exhibited that hat-pin I felt absolutely convinced that he was guilty."

"You had no reason to believe he possessed such a weapon?"

"None whatever; I merely took a chance. I think now the pin used belonged to Sarah Waldron, but how it came there can only be determined through a confession by her husband."

Her eyes lifted again to mine, questioning, and a bit anxious.

"Was my course right or wrong, Philip Severn?"

"Undoubtedly right, although I imagine few girls would have had the courage."

"You believe in me still in the woman?"

My handclasp tightened, and her eyes dropped before the message she must have instant! read in mine.



She Did Not Move, or Glance Up.

"This has been a test of us both which we will never regret," I answered soberly, "for it has brought faith, hope, love; is this not true?"

She did not move, or glance up, but I caught the whispered response of her lips.

(THE END.)

SUMMONS

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

EDITH SUTHARD, Plaintiff,)
vs.)
WM. C. SUTHARD, Defendant.)

To WM. C. SUTHARD, the above named 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 case and cause, on or before the 13th day of March, 1922, which is more than six weeks after the 28th day of January, 1922, the date of the first publication of this summons, and if you fail so to appear

and answer for want thereof the plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief prayed for in the complaint, to-wit: For a decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony heretofore and now existing between plaintiff and defendant, and for a further decree awarding to plaintiff the future care, custody and control of Helen Marjorie Suthard, the minor child of the plaintiff and defendant, and for such other and further relief as to the Court may appear just and equitable.

Service of this summons is made upon you by publication thereof in the Bend Bulletin for six consecutive and successive weeks, under and by virtue of an order made and entered on the 27th day of January, 1922, by the Honorable T. E. J. Duffy, Judge of the above entitled Court.

The date of the first publication of this summons is the 28th day of January, 1922, and the date of the last publication thereof is the 4th day of March, 1922.

E. O. STADTER,
First National Bank Bldg.,
Bend, Oregon.

Attorney for Plaintiff.
45-51-57-63-69-75c

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