

The Bend Bulletin DAILY EDITION With Which is Consolidated CENTRAL OREGON PRESS

Published Every Afternoon Except Sunday by The Bend Bulletin (Incorporated) Entered as Second Class Matter, January 21, 1911, at the Postoffice at Bend, Oregon, under Act of March 3, 1879.

ROBERT W. SAWYER - Editor-Manager HENRY N. FOWLER - Associate Editor

An Independent Newspaper, Standing for the square deal, clear business, clean politics and the best interests of Bend and Central Oregon.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES Table with columns for By Mail and By Carrier, and rows for One Year, Six Months, Three Months, One Year, Six Months, Three Months, One Month.

All subscriptions are due and PAYABLE IN ADVANCE. Notices of expiration are mailed subscribers and if renewal is not made within reasonable time the paper will be discontinued.

TUESDAY, JUNE 21, 1927

HISTORY AND FICTION

In the past there has been all too little knowledge of Oregon history in Oregon. In nine years of class work in Oregon schools the writer recalls one sketchy reference to the Whitman massacre—not in Oregon, of course, although in the Oregon country.

It was from the works of novelists rather than of historians that we gained our first fascinating glimpse of Oregon history and legend, "McLoughlin and Old Oregon" and "The Bridge of the Gods", for instance. And it was, fascinating. The discovery of fact in fiction always has a certain allure. We may merely know the place referred to, but that alone gives us a common knowledge with the author and our interest becomes keener.

It is because of these things, of the importance of the novel in awakening interest in history, that a book such as "The Quest of the Sea Otter" is chiefly to be welcomed. It is by Sabra Conner, an Oregon woman, and it is that part of the story which has the Oregon country as its setting that holds the keenest enjoyment. As its historical theme is the founding of Astoria as a fur trading post, and the race between an American ship sailing around the horn, and Canadian explorers traveling overland, to preempt the northwest. The development of this theme is so well done that it leaves one with the wish that Miss Conner had written more on this subject.

From the standpoint of general interest the book comes very close to being an epic of the sailing vessel and the sea. And it has a tender, bright little love story woven through it that is very refreshing in contrast with the violently physical love making that has been the sole end and aim of a certain school of latter day fictionists.

Regardless of which is preferred—love, high adventure, or the romance of Oregon history—one is wasting no time by reading "The Quest of the Sea Otter".

Prisoners in Mines Strike for Cigaretts

Lansing, Kas., June 21.—(AP)—Refusing to communicate with prison authorities, 328 prisoners of the K. as a state penitentiary blocked themselves in a mine of the prison today, after maintaining because a request for cigarettes was refused.

It is feared the prisoners have overpowered guards and are holding them in the shaft. The cage used in lowering the men to work in the mine has been blocked by placing ties above and below it and the prisoners refuse to answer the telephone.

No word has been received from the men since shortly after noon, when the mutiny occurred.

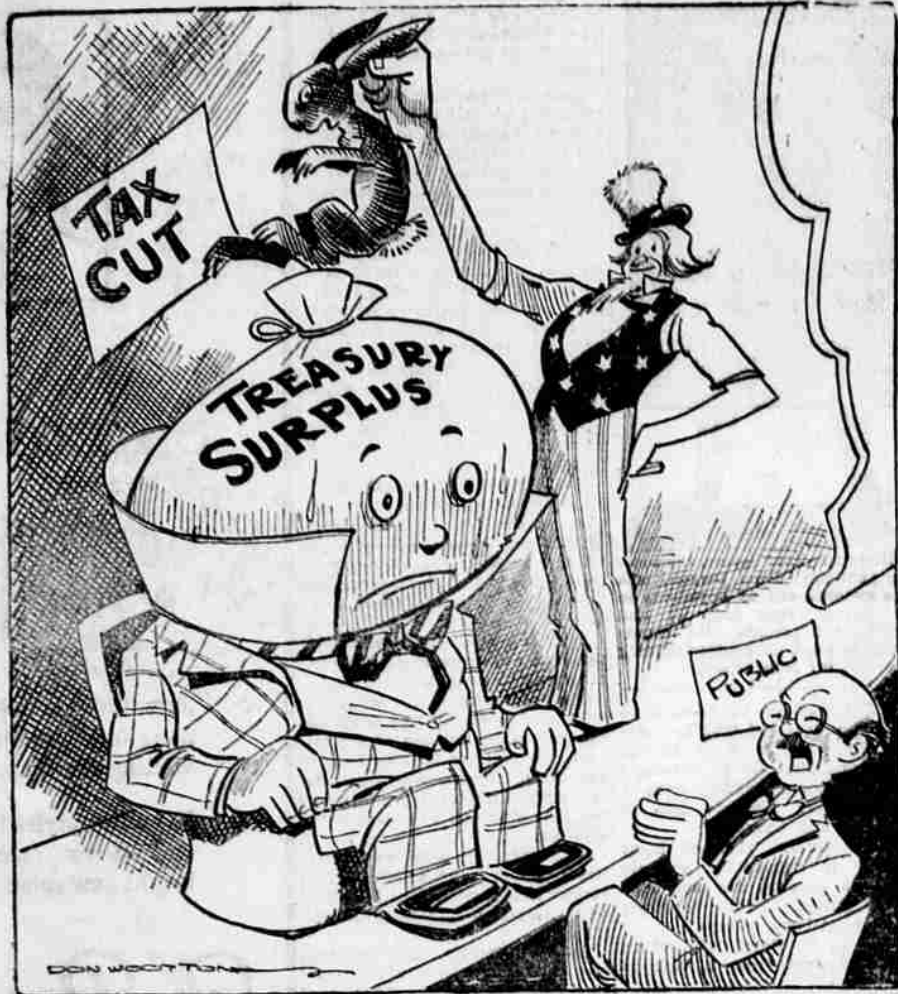
Shortly after the anti-cigarette day in Kansas was repeated the inmates of the state prison demanded permission to receive cigarettes and cigarette papers from friends outside. This permission was refused by prison authorities.

There has been an under current of mutiny brewing since then, according to prison officials. Sunday there were whispers of mutiny in the prison yard and today the break occurred. The men have made no request for arbitration nor have they sent any form of ultimatum to authorities. What is occurring beneath the surface of the earth in the mine shaft can only be conjectured.

The mutiny is the second of its nature in recent history of the institution.

Kumassi, the capital of Ashanti, which only a generation ago was a collection of mud and straw huts, now has electric lights and splendid college.

This Act Always Gets a Hand



DAUGHTERS OF MIDAS

By Olive Austin

THIS HAS HAPPENED

BILLY WELLS, NYDA LOMAX and WINNIE SHELTON are selected from the big T. Q. CURTIS department store to come into the home of their employer for one year, because old Curtis believes the girls have been worthy ambitious and he wants to help them. Billy, anxious to be a concert violinist, is the only one of the three that is truthful about her ambition.

Billy is secretly engaged to DAL ROMAIN, nephew of MRS. MEADOWS, the hostess, and she is deeply grieved when she learns he is also paying affectionate attention to Winnie Shelton.

Unknown to T. Q., the girl's find out he intends to adopt one of them when the year is up, and Nyda and Winnie turn the house into a hot-bed of intrigue. Strangely involved in these intrigues are Mrs. Meadows, Dal and EDDIE BANNING, Nyda's former sweetheart. T. Q.'s safe is robbed one night, and STWYERS, the butler, throws suspicion on Billy, whom he saw in the library at a late hour. Billy is innocent and calls on CLAY CURTIS, son of old T. Q., to help her. Clay has disinherited himself and is living at the Wells home in a poor part of town, working in a factory by day and writing music at night. Billy tells Clay she suspects Eddie Banning and Nyda. Clay goes for Banning and Nyda, and makes him confess. Nyda then tells T. Q. that she and Eddie have been married during the entire year.

One night after dinner, Billy surprises Winnie in T. Q.'s desk. She is holding a legal document in her hand. The next day, Winnie feigns illness and calls T. Q. to her room. She makes it plain that she is in love with him and the old man succumbs to her caresses when a giggle is heard from behind the curtain. VIOLA, the maid, tells T. Q. Winnie bribed her to witness the "compromising" situation. T. Q. is stunned. He orders Viola to her room, locks Winnie in, and sends for Billy and Mrs. Meadows to meet him in the library.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY

CHAPTER LV When T. Q. Curtis entered the library 16 minutes later, both Mrs. Meadows and Billy, who had answered his summons promptly, greeted him with shocked exclamations. "I'm not ill, thank you!" T. Q. waved aside their solicitous inquiries with a peremptory hand. But the gray pallor of his gaunt old cheeks and the twitching of his usually firm mouth belied his words. "I must apologize in advance for the distress which this interview is bound to cause you both, but it is necessary that I take you into my confidence, for my own protection," he explained, passing a weary, trembling hand across his eyes. Mrs. Meadows' hands fluttered over her knitting for a moment, then dropped heavily into her lap. If Billy had been watching her she would have seen a shadow of terror darken the faded brown eyes.

"I need your advice, too," T. Q. said with a ceremonious bow toward Mrs. Meadows. "I think you will believe me when I say that for a year I have tried to fulfill honorably the terms of the agreement I made with the three girls in whose lives and careers I have interested myself."

"Indeed I do, Mr. Curtis," Mrs. Meadows answered. "You have been a father to Nyda, Winnie and Billy. No one could be more distressed than I that Nyda repaid your generosity with gross ingratitude."

"Poor Nyda!" T. Q. interrupted her with a groan. "She is more to be pitied than blamed. I should have realized that I was putting almost irresistible temptation in her way. But it is not of Nyda that I wish to speak."

He bowed his head in his hands and sat in silence for a long minute. Billy's heart began to beat with painful rapidity. Why had she—and not Winnie—been summoned to this conference with T. Q. Curtis? Could it mean that he was about to announce his decision in that strange, secret contest? That document which Winnie had stolen from his desk to read?

But T. Q. Curtis was speaking again, his voice halting with embarrassment. "Another of my three girls has succumbed to irresistible temptation. I may be a fool, but it had not occurred to me, Mrs. Meadows, that a lovely girl would be tempted to try to marry me—for my money."

"My dear Mr. Curtis!" Mrs. Meadows' exclamation was freighted with shocked astonishment. Her faded eyes flashed a look of utter contempt upon Billy.

"I am afraid you are jumping to conclusions, Mrs. Meadows," T. Q. said heavily. "Billy is not—the guilty party. I shall be brief. Miss Shelton tricked me into a proposal of marriage this evening, and she took care to have a witness concealed in the room. It was the colored maid, Viola, who accidentally ruined Miss Shelton's scheme by betraying her presence behind the window drapes." He made his humiliating confession in a shamed, low voice.

Billy sank limply back into her chair. What a vile little beast Winnie Shelton was! So that had been her game all along! For months she had courted the old man, cunningly against him like an affectionate kitten, kissing him, trying, by every means in her power, to arouse desire for her in the unsuspecting old man's heart. Oh, it was sickening.

"You will, of course, put her out of your house immediately, Mr. Curtis!" Mrs. Meadows was saying indignantly. "I can't imagine such a thing! The brazen little hussy!" "Please, Mrs. Meadows!" T. Q. protested. "But I do need advice on how to handle the situation. If I do as you suggest—put her out of my house immediately—there will be a scandal. Oh, Lord!" he groaned, dropping his head into his hand again. "Mr. Curtis," Billy began diffidently, her heart aching for

him, "the year is almost up. Probably no one but a few of your employees at the store will remember the exact date when Winnie and I are expected to leave your home, under the terms of the agreement. Will you let me suggest something?"

"Go ahead, child," T. Q. answered without looking up. "I'm asking for advice."

"Well, then, Mr. Curtis, it is undoubtedly known at the store that Winnie's father has been very ill with pneumonia. She really should have been staying at home with him until he was out of danger. I understand he is much out of danger. I understand much better now, and it seems to me that everyone would consider it the most natural thing in the world if Winnie went home to nurse him until he is able to travel. I know how you must feel—heart-sick and terribly disappointed in—all of us," she stammered, "but I believe you will be happier a year from now if you return good for evil, so far as Winnie is concerned, just as you did for Nyda. Give her a thousand dollars, so that her father can recuperate for a month or two in the mountains, and so that she will have enough to carry her until she gets a position as a private secretary."

"Private secretary!" T. Q. smiled sadly. "The child is probably the world's worst stenographer. She'll never know how to spell 'receive'. But—thanks for the suggestion, my dear. Of course I intended to do something for her, even though I would prefer never to see her again. Well, what's done is done, and it can't be helped," he groaned.

"You still have Billy, Mr. Curtis!" Mrs. Meadows reminded him. "A dear good girl who is devoted to you—"

"Please, Mrs. Meadows!" Billy cried, tears of shame stinging her eyes. "I will you leave me alone for a few minutes with Mr. Curtis? There is something I must say to him, if he will let me."

T. Q. nodded, his eyes narrowing with what Billy thought, with a guilty conscience, must be suspicion. Poor darling! He had every right to be suspicious of any girl that asked to be alone with him now!

Mrs. Meadows rustled indignantly out of the room, and Billy

walked slowly to his desk, where she stood, head high and blue eyes sparkling with tears.

"I—I couldn't say what I want to say before anyone else," she began, striving to get a tight grip on her courage. "Mr. Curtis, I want to leave your home today, too. It must be painful for you to see any of us now, and—and it's impossible for me to be happy here. I can't tell you how deeply I appreciate your great kindness to me—" Her voice broke.

"Billy"—T. Q. leaned forward and laid a hand on hers, which was rigidly grasping the edge of the desk—"I want you to stay. There is something I did not intend to tell you just yet, but if you are determined to leave today—"

"Please, Mr. Curtis! Before you—say anything—I've got to make a confession."

"A confession?" T. Q. withdrew his hand. "You, too?"

"Yes," she nodded miserably. "Me, too! I'd rather die than tell you, Mr. Curtis, for I—I've learned to love you almost as much as I do my mother since I have been in your home. But—I've got to do it! All three of us—Nyda, Winnie and I—have known for almost a year that you—that you planned to—adopt one of us as your daughter!"

"I—that explains a great deal, doesn't it?" he asked at last, heavily. "Nyda knew that she had no chance to win. But—why did Winnie spoil her chances before the year was up?"

"She picked the lock of your desk last night and found what must have been an application to the courts for the adoption—of one of us," Billy explained, the red of shame dying in her throat and forehead. "I didn't know, when I caught her in the act, what she was doing. I didn't realize until you were telling us just now what she had done, that Winnie had learned that she—she had lost."

"How did you girls learn my plans?" T. Q. asked slowly, his eyes averted.

"I overheard you and Mr. Warburton talking as you passed through the music room on your way to the library. We hadn't been here a month then. I was asleep in a chair drawn up to the window. I'd been practicing. Your voices woke me up. I didn't intend to eavesdrop. I hope you'll believe that!" Her head went higher—her eyes flashed through their tears.

"Your confession is entirely voluntary," T. Q. answered wearily. "I shall believe anything you say. But, with a piece of valuable information that is in your hands and yours alone, how did the other girls happen to know?"

"I told them, of course!" Billy's voice rang out sharply. "At first I wanted to rush into the library and tell you that I had overheard, but—but I was selfish. I thought that you would give up your plan for having the three of us here for a year. I didn't know what to do. I went home and told—Clay—"

"So my son has known all this time!" T. Q. interrupted bitterly. "What a fool he must think his father is!"

"No, he doesn't! He had suspected from the first that you were planning just such a move. He tried to keep me from entering the contests and when I'd won on both he tried to keep me from accepting your offer of a year in your home. He—he warned me that it would be hell, and—it has been!" she confessed in a low voice.

"I can see that it must have been," T. Q. conceded, his lips twisting wryly over the words. "Did Clay advise you to tell the other girls?"

"Yes, he did, after I'd assured him that I didn't want anything more than the year. I didn't either! Not then, at any rate!" She did drop her eyes then, for the thought of her own motives in trying to win was almost more than she could bear. "He told me that it wouldn't be fair to Nyda and Winnie for me to know such a secret and to keep them out of it. And so for a year three girls have accepted your hospitality, your boundless generosity,

while they schemed to outwit each other and to win the big prize."

"You, too?" he repeated sadly, but there was hope in his eyes as they gazed searchingly into hers.

(To be continued)

To be free of T. Q. Curtis and his agreement, and to go away with Dal Romaine, is Billy's only thought. In the next chapter she summons Dal.

Sheep Passing Through Powell Butte to Ranges

Powell Butte, June 21.—Among the many bands of sheep passing through Powell Butte during the past week were two large bands belonging to Pat Riley of Antelope on route to summer range above Bend.

Mr. and Mrs. Virgil Babcock are the parents of a son born Wednesday afternoon, June 15.

Mr. and Mrs. Bruce McMeen and Mr. and Mrs. E. P. Luthy were business visitors Wednesday in Bend.

Mrs. A. D. Hammond and sister, Miss Gertrude Urban of Redmond, were in Powell Butte Friday, calling at the S. D. Mustard ranch.

Mart Baty dressed and delivered a fat hog to Bend Thursday.

Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Babcock and children of Redmond were Sunday visitors at the Virgil Babcock home.

Charley Parish and Bruce Halford drove lambs to Redmond Saturday for shipment to Portland.

Donald Kissler was a business visitor Friday on Crooked river. Margaret Lucky of Powell Butte was among those passing the eighth grade examination held in Prineville June 19. A good number of Powell Butte people attended the Odd Fellows' picnic, above Prineville Sunday.

Ted Jones was a Prineville visitor Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. Marvin Thomas and children were afternoon callers Sunday at the Warweiler home.

Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Foster and children spent Sunday picnicking at the high bridge over Crooked river gorge, above Terrebonne.

Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Gibson spent Tuesday and Wednesday fishing at East lake. Gibson reports a catch of 40 nice fish while there.

Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Gessner and children spent Sunday afternoon at the Otto Pauls home.

Mr. and Mrs. Mart Baty and children expect to leave Thursday overland for Molala, Oregon, where they will spend the summer.

Miss Dorothy Truesdale was a week-end guest with her cousins on Crooked river.

J. J. Chapman and sons Billy and George were business visitors in Redmond Saturday evening.

A delegation of strangers from Powell Butte expect to attend the grape picnic in Redmond Saturday June 28.

Percy Smith of Seattle is visiting with his parents Mr. and Mrs. R. G. Smith.

Mr. and Mrs. E. B. Williams and son Charles were Redmond visitors Saturday afternoon.

REALTY TRANSFERS

H. C. Dodds and Marie E. Dodds, his wife, to Vesta V. Crane, lots 1 and 2, block 19, Northwest Townsite Company's Second Addition, W. D. \$10.

O. M. Cyrus and Hattie S. Cyrus, husband and wife, to William A. Russell, NW 1/4 section 1 and SE 1/4 NE 1/4, section 2-14-13, W. D. \$900.

L. E. Burger and Lillie Burger, husband and wife, to C. M. Brown and Florence L. Brown, husband and wife, lot 16, block 15, Boulevard Add., W. D. \$400.

Elwin L. Vinal and Grace T. Vinal, husband and wife, to Jonetta Arntsen, lot 11, block 50, Center Add., W. D. \$10.

Elwin L. Vinal and Grace T. Vinal, husband and wife, to Oscar E. Arntsen, lot 10, block 50, Center Add., W. D. \$10.

Levi D. West and Flora E. West, his wife, to Ray Olson, lots 2, 3, 4, 5, 6 and 7, block 31, Westoria, W. D. \$10.

Sixty years ago, when the Dominion of Canada was created and that country was given full power to manage her own affairs, many people in England believed that the step marked the beginning of the end of the British Empire.

A. D. LEWIS CONTRACTOR Painting Paper Hanging Interior Decorating Wall Paper Samples PHONE 684 Residence, 1503 Aubrey Rd.

Brooks-Scanlon Quality PINE LUMBER —Brooks-Scanlon Lumber Co

You're Safe when you buy tires Here! MORE safe landings for the airplane... We concentrate on quality tires. You know just what you get when you buy tires here. And the price you pay is based on real volume business—savings gained by quantity purchasing. Come in—get our prices on a Goodrich Tire for your car. It's the way to get the most mileage—the surest dollar for dollar value in tires. Goodrich Silvertowns. Silvertown Service Station Bend, Oregon

LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE: Now You See Him, Now You Don't

