

# The Daredevil

By Maria Thompson Daviess  
Author of "The Melting of Molly"

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### SYNOPSIS

Roberta, an orphan, half French, half American, starting for America to stay with an uncle, meets Count de Lasselies crossing to secure mules for France.

By a mistake, Roberta's uncle believes she is a nephew. Knowing him to be a woman hater, Roberta adopts man's attire.

Her uncle, General Carruthers, informs his supposed nephew that he needs his knowledge of French to straighten out a deal for providing mules for France. The governor's honor is involved in the mule deal.

Roberta pledges her aid and is introduced to Governor Faulkner and to his private secretary, Buzz Glendenning.

Mrs. Jeff Whitworth is deep in the mule scheme with her husband and endeavoring to get the governor's signature to the transaction.

The governor gives a dinner to Roberta, who has been made private secretary pro tem. She matches her wits against Mrs. Whitworth.

Roberta examines specifications of the proposed deal. Mrs. Whitworth tries to jump Roberta and makes love to her.

Roberta accompanies the governor to the state prison, where he wishes to see a murderer. The latter attacks the governor, and Roberta defects the blow.

Roberta discovers that the murderer has killed his man in defending a woman. She secures a statement from the woman.

She takes the statement to the governor, who gives her a letter announcing the imminent arrival of Count de Bourdon to sign the mule contract.

The count arrives. He is in the plot with the Whitworths to defraud the French government in the mule deal.

Roberta goes with the governor to a mountain district from whence news has come that a Frenchman is detained in captivity.

The captured man is Count de Lasselies, who recognizes Roberta through her disguise to her embarrassment and the governor's astonishment.

"I am glad that we have made this Camp Heaven," I answered to him as I slid from my horse, ungritted him and drew from his back the heavy saddle he had worn for the day, as I had been taught by my father to do after a day's hunting if no groom came immediately. "Is it that you have hunger, my Gouverneur Faulkner?"

"Only about ten pounds of food craving," he made answer to me with a large laugh that was the first I had ever heard him to give forth. "I'll rustle the fire and water if you'll open the food wallet and feed the horses."

"Immediately I will do all of that," I made an answer to him, and because of the happiness of that laugh he had given forth a gladness rose in my heart that made me again that merry boy Robert.

And it was with a great industry for a short hour that we prepared the Camp Heaven for a sojourn of a night. Upon a very nice hot fire I put good bacon to cook, and my gouverneur set also the pot of coffee upon the coals. Then, while I made crisp with the heat the brown corn pone with which that Granny Bell had provided us, he brought a large armful of a very fragrant kind of tree and threw it not far into the shadow of the great tree which was the roof to our Camp Heaven.

"Bed," he said as he came and stood beside the fire in a large towering over me. I dropped beyond rescue a fragment of that corn bread into the extreme heat of the coals, but I said, with a great composure and a briefness like unto his words:

"Supper."

"Why is it that a man thinks he wants more of life's goods than fatigues, supper and bed, do you suppose, boy?" question my Gouverneur Faulkner to me as at last in repetition he leaned back against our giant roof-tree, between two of whose hospitable large roots we had made our repast, and lighted a pipe of great fragrance, which he had taken from his pocket.

"I would not possess happiness even though I had this nice supper if I was alone in this great forest, your excellency. I would have fear," I answered him, with a small laugh as I took my corduroy knees into my embrace and looked off into that distant valley below us which was beginning to glow with stars of home lights.

"Didn't I tell you once that you don't count, that you are just myself, youngster? You ought not to know I am here. I don't know you exist except as a form of pleasure of which I do not ask the reason," was the answer that my Gouverneur Faulkner made to me.

"I excuse myself away with humbleness for impertinence, your excellency," I returned to him.

"If you tried to you think you could call me Bill just for tonight, boy?" was the answer he made to my excuses as he puffed a beautiful ring of smoke at me.

"I could not," I answered, with an indignation.

"I heard you call Sue Tomlinson Sue the first night you danced with her."

"But that Mlle. Sue is a woman, my Gouverneur Faulkner," I answered, with haste.

"That's the reason that women get at us to do us, youngster. We don't approach them as human to human.

"You think you could call me Bill, just for tonight, boy?"

but we go up on their blind side, and they come back at us in the dark with a knife." And as he spoke all of the gayness of joy was lost from the voice of my beloved gouverneur, and in its place was a bitterness.

"With pardon I say that it is not a truth of all women, your excellency," I answered, with pride, as my head went up high at his condemnation of the sex of which I was one.

"You don't know what you are talking about, youngster. They all think I am cold and pass me along, except a few experienced ladies who—shall I say?—adventure for graft with me. I've been too busy really to love or let love, but I know 'em, and you don't. Let's stop talking about what concerns neither of us and go to bed. See this young cedar tree? I'm going to throw my blanket across it, and with these extra boughs I'll make a genuine cradle for each of us on the opposite sides of the trunk. Then we'll cover with your blanket and be as comfortable as two middies in their hammocks in a man-of-war. This is a piece of wood-craft of my own invention, and I'm proud of it, old scud."

And while he talked my Gouverneur Faulkner had prepared those cradles of our blankets unstrapped from the saddles of the horses at feeding time, seated himself upon the edge of one of them and began to pull from his feet his riding boots. "Take off your boots and your coat, youngster, and turn in. I'll take the windward side, and you can bivouac against the fire. Good night!" As he finished speaking my Gouverneur Faulkner rolled beneath that blanket upon the outer edge and left for me the hammock next to the fire, sheltered from a cool wind that had begun to come up from the valley.

Almost immediately, so that I should not have a fright, I lifted the blanket and crawled into the branches of the fragrant tree. Even as I did so I perceived a loud breathing of deep sleep from my Gouverneur Faulkner, but to me came no repose for a long time.

The round sun was high over that old Harpeth hill when I opened my eyes. For a moment I did not see clearly, and then I looked straight into the deep eyes of my Gouverneur Faulkner, which for that first time I had been able to see to be the color of violets in the twilight. He was seated beside me smoking the fragrant pipe and looking down at me with a great wonderment that was mingled with as great a tenderness.

After a flush to the breakfast my Gouverneur Faulkner gave to me the information that we must tether the good horses and make the remainder of the journey by walking, which we did for hardly a short hour.

"The wildest still is straight up Turkey gulch, and we'll have to scramble for it. It's hid like the nest of an old turkey hen," he said to me as we set out upon the mounting of a very steep precipice.

"What is that word 'wildcat still'?" I asked as I slid over a great rock with emerald moss incrustated and struggled beside my Gouverneur Faulkner through a heavy underbrush of leafy greenness.

"A place where men make whisky in defiance of the law of their state," he answered me as he held aside a long branch of green that was plink tipped so that I might slip thereunder without a scratching.

"Are you not the law of the state, my Gouverneur Faulkner?" I asked of him as I pulled myself by his arm through the thickets.

"I'm all that, but I'm the son of old Harpeth and Jim Todd's blood brother first. Some day I'll smoke Jim out of his hole and get him a good job. Now wait a minute and see what happens," and as he spoke my Gouverneur Faulkner stood very still for a long minute. As I sat at his side upon the fallen trunk of a large tree I regarded him with admiration, because he had the aspect of some beautiful lithe animal of the woods as he listened with a deep attention. Then very quickly he put his two long fingers to his mouth, and, behold, the call of a wild bird came from between his lips. Twice it was repeated, and then he stood again in deep attention. I made not even a little breathing as I, too, listened.

Then came three clear notes of that same wild bird in reply from not very far up the mountain from us.

"That's Jim, the old turkey. Come on!" said my Gouverneur Faulkner as he again began to break through the leafy barriers of the low trees.

And in a very short space of time a man emerged from a little path that led behind a tall cliff of the gray rocks. He was a very large and a very fierce man, and I might have had a fright of him if his blue eyes had not held such a kindness and joy in them at the sight of my Gouverneur Faulkner.

"Howdy, Bill," he said, with no hand-shake or other form of a comrade's greeting.

## CHILDREN HAVE POTATO CLUB

THOMPSON ORGANIZES FOUR SCHOOLS, AND WILL WATCH SELECTION OF SEED AND CULTIVATION.

(From Friday's Daily.)

In an endeavor to make potato culture one of the live features of farming in Deschutes county, J. Alton Thompson, county school superintendent, yesterday afternoon organized four potato clubs in schools in the vicinity of Bend, and will visit two more schools in the country, at Terrebonne and Redmond, to bring the total of similar organizations up to six.

County Agriculturist Blanchard will co-operate with Mr. Thompson in the work, and together they will supervise the selection of proper seed and later the cultivation of the pupils' truck patches. As a beginning Mr. Thompson drew pictures yesterday at the various schools, showing the ideal shape of potato for seed, furnishing a model for the club members to go by.

Two prizes for the best potatoes raised in the county by members of school clubs, are offered by the state, the first a three day trip to Salem to attend the State fair, the second a week at the O. A. C. summer short course. In addition, Mr. Thompson plans to introduce similar competition, if a county fair is held this year, with a change from the ordinary system, however, as the best hill of potatoes, instead of the best bushlet of tubers will receive the award.

Enthusiasm Shown.

Mr. Thompson reported considerable enthusiasm among the boys and girls joining the clubs.

In the Arnold district, the Pilot Butte Potato club organized yesterday, with Roy Worststaff president, and Jesse Stooky, secretary. Other members of the club are Georgie Cook, Johnny Worststaff, Margaret Worststaff, Ray Neff, Milton Hakala, Floyd Stooky, Roy Neff, Ruth Neff, Lois Stooky and Thelma Cook.

Officers of the Juniper Cove Potato club, at the Young school, are Clyde Smith, president, and Mildred Witteman, secretary. Doris Witteman, Katherine Helgeson, Reuben Nelson, Anna Smith, and Mable Dahle comprise the balance of the membership of the organization.

The Tumalo Potato club, at the school of the same name, is headed by Holbert Wallace, with Wayne Wright as secretary. Clarence Park, Kenneth Dayton, Chester Lundberg, and Thomas Collier are other members.

At the Deschutes school a similar organization, taking its name from that institution was formed, with Katherine Redfield president, Edith Gray, secretary. Medora Howard, Laura Pritchard, Miggie Pritchard, Orval Lockwood, Hans Hansen, Lyle Thurston and Alfred Mickelson comprise the remainder of the membership list.



"Do I find that it is you?"

mountain but in America as he kissed my hands that I raised my eyes to encounter a cold lightning as of a dash on steel from under the black brows of my Gouverneur Faulkner of the state in my heart.

"You?" he asked of me in a voice that was of the same coldness and sharpness as that steel, and his beautiful mouth was set into one straight line as he hung into my face that one word.

(To be continued.)

## WAREHOUSEMAN HURT BY FALLING TRUCK

(From Thursday's Daily.)  
(By United Press to The Daily Bulletin)

Bert Fries, an employe of the United Warehouse, sustained a crushed foot yesterday afternoon, when a heavily loaded truck slipped from his grasp. No bones were broken, and it is not thought that Fries will be incapacitated for work for more than a few days at most.

## LIGHT AUTO TEARS WHEEL OFF ANOTHER

(From Thursday's Daily.)

An auto belonging to Ward Coble, parked in front of his office at the Bend Park Co., sustained the loss of a rear wheel this afternoon, when it was rammed by a car driven by Theodore Aune. The lighter machine was apparently unharmed.

## Organization For Securing More Settlers Is Counseled

From the January 27 issue of the Oregon Voter, we reprinted a portion of Roscoe Howard's article dealing with Central Oregon irrigation affairs. Below is a continuation of Mr. Howard's article, reprinted from the current issue of the Voter, through the courtesy of its editor, C. C. Chapman.—Ed.

It has been demonstrated pretty well that, except in special cases, private capital will not go into the irrigation business in future. There is no profit to be derived from the business itself, and the indirect profits go to the settlers and to the state. The irrigation district plan is good for lands that are settled, but there are many projects where there are not enough people to form a district.

I think practically all irrigators and many other people are of the opinion that the state should lend its credit to this propaganda. But it seems to me that there is a disposition to let up on the advocacy of state aid and work for aid from the United States. Uncle Sam is over-burdened with irrigation projects, and will be for years to come. "The Lord helps those who help themselves."

The amount of credit that the state would have to lend would not be great for the state; 2 per cent of the assessed valuation of this state—approximately eighteen million of dollars would be sufficient to carry through the work on all projects. Long before such sum was expended either directly or obligated by guaranteeing interest on bonds of irrigation and Drainage Districts, settlers' contracts for deferred payments from sales would be coming in which could be used as security for a bond issue in the same manner as are notes and mortgages under the State's Farm Loan plan, and by the sale of such bonds the work could be carried on. The bonds would be paid together with original advances by the settlers.

Contemporaneously with the construction of irrigation and drainage projects to prepare the land for settlers should the induction to settlement proceed.

At present there is little demand for land. Those who ordinarily take up land are now filling the places of, or working to supply those engaged in war's destruction. But when the European war ceases, there will be many seeking land.

The land settlement problem today is in a chaotic condition. It is not organized; there is no general market for exchange. There is no large agency engaged in changing people from farms in one section where climatic or other conditions do not agree with them to others more suitable to them, and from cities to farms, providing means by which the desired settler with means too small to procure privately owned land may do so, and bringing settlers to the state.

The railroads do much general immigration work, but they cannot specifically direct people and see that they are properly placed and sent to afterwards.

We have evolved the plan of the federal reserve to prevent financial panic; can we not evolve some plan by which the price of land may be kept on a more stable basis? The idea may be too great to consider for a whole country, or for all land in a particular state, but it is conceivable that certain lands like those under irrigation and drainage projects, may within the confines of one section of the country be stabilized in value and made marketable if some large agency like the state had control of the induction to settlement and the land on which to place the people.

Competition between section of the United States for new settlers has always been keen and will so continue. Some states, like California, have been very successful through able action of various chambers of commerce. Ours is a great country, sparsely settled. Mr. Wu Ting Fang, ex-Chinese minister to the U.

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## BEND HIGH TOSSERS DEFEAT PRINEVILLE

32 to 17 is Final Tally for Locals —Enthusiastic Rally Rouses "Pep" for Contest.

(From Friday's Daily.)

Before a crowd of 300 fans, assembled at the Hippodrome last night the Bend high school basket tossers won from the Prineville high quintet by a score of 32 to 17. Under the tutelage of Coach Francis, the local boys showed better form than at any time during the season, and when the tally sheet at the end of the first half showed 11 to 10 in their favor, the Bendites turned in and ran up the balance of their total with little difficulty. The visitors were apparently tiring during the last half.

Norcott and Sanders, holding down the forward positions for Bend, were responsible for a majority of the baskets shot, and the work of Grube, at center, showed real class. Clarno and Smith put up a good game on the preventive end of the lineup.

Cannon and Bonney, forwards, Yancey and Mitchell, guards, and Lister, center, constituted the Prineville team.

Jimmy Clifford, of the Hippodrome team, and Warren Yancey, of Prineville, alternated as officials.

The game was preceded by an enthusiastic rally, under the direction of Yell Leader Alex Mersdorf.

The high school team will clash Monday night with the Hippodrome team.

## REFUSES TO BRING WOOL CAR TO BEND

(From Friday's Daily Bulletin)

Cold water was thrown on the plan to bring the government wool demonstration car to Bend the latter part of this month, when H. J. Overturf, manager of the Commercial Club, received a wire from A. D. Hetzel, of the Oregon Agricultural college, in charge of the routing of the car, stating that it would be impossible to change the schedule.

## O. A. C. LOOKED TO FOR WOOL CAR AID

Railroad Officials Place Responsibility on Shoulders of A. D. Hetzel, of State College.

(From Thursday's Daily.)

Answering the request made at general headquarters of the O. W. R. & N. that Bend be included in the itinerary of the government wool demonstration car the latter part of this month, Traveling Freight and Passenger Agent H. C. Oliver received a wire today from General Passenger Agent William McMurray, that the schedule of the car is entirely in the hands of A. D. Hetzel, of the Oregon Agricultural college. He intimated that because of the publicity and advertising on the basis of the original schedule a change might be difficult.

County Agriculturist Blanchard, and H. J. Overturf, manager of the Bend Commercial club, have both wired to Mr. Hetzel in an endeavor to have the car continue to the end of the line in Central Oregon, instead of terminating its trip at Madras.

## BEND BOYS WILL MIX IN PRINEVILLE RING

"Speck" Woods and Gilbert Scholes Sign for 10-Round Go on February 26, is Announced.

(From Thursday's Daily.)

Arrangements have been virtually completed for a ten round mill between "Speck" Woods, of Bend, and Gilbert Scholes, of The Shevlin-Hixon Company mill, who came here recently from Portland. The match is to be fought in Prineville on February 26.

"Speck" is well known locally as a hard, clever fighter, while Scholes is comparatively a dark horse, the only line on his ability being given Monday night, when he lost to Tom Phillips, of Prineville, in a five round go at the Hippodrome smoker.

The boys will fight at 135 pounds, and Scholes will have some hard work laid out for him, as he is now some 15 pounds over weight. Woods is in good trim, and close to the weight limit.