

BEND TO HAVE NEW THEATRE

HIPPODROME TO BE REMODELED IN NEAR FUTURE FOR VAUDEVILLE AND FILM SHOWS—AL. DAVIS TO BE MANAGER.

(From Friday's Daily.)
With the beginning of summer Bend is to have another moving picture house, with the added feature of a four or five act vaudeville bill twice weekly. The announcement was made by Al. Davis, traveling salesman, whose headquarters were formerly in Bend, and who now intends to locate permanently in this city within the next few weeks.

Mr. Davis stated that the Hippodrome has been turned over to him by G. W. Shriner, and he has already secured necessary fittings, including 600 upholstered opera chairs, a double curtain and two machines for the movie end of the venture. He has made arrangements for vaudeville bills on Saturday and Sunday nights, and for a high class film service.

Remodeling of the hall will begin as soon as the agreement with the Union club for the use of the building has terminated, namely, about the first of June. Mr. Davis, however, does not intend to deprive the people of Bend of their popular dancing place, and will have the seats arranged in such a manner as to be easily removed to allow for Wednesday night dancing parties.

A feature to be introduced at the new play house will be a ladies' room, modeled after those in use at the better class moving picture theatres in Portland.

RED CROSS TO SHOW HOW TO GET BONUS

Soldiers May Consult Home Service Secretary in Securing Extra Money from Government.

(From Thursday's Daily.)
To aid returned soldiers, sailors and marines in making applications for the \$60 bonus provided by act of congress, Mrs. V. A. Forbes, secretary of the home service department of the Red Cross, will be in her office in the Bend Co. building on Saturdays until 6 o'clock and from 7 to 9:30 o'clock in the evening.

Mrs. Forbes has received the necessary application blanks which previous service men may fill out. All seeking advice on this subject are requested to bring their discharge papers with them.

HOMING PIGEONS TO AID FIRE FIGHTERS

(From Friday's Daily.)
Carrier pigeons as fire fighters will make their advent on the Deschutes national forest during the coming season, it was announced today at national forest headquarters here. A number of homing pigeons are being brought to Bend from Portland by William Sproat, a member of the supervisor's office force, and will be used this summer in transmitting messages from fire fighting parties to Bend.

In some of the more widespread conflagrations it frequently happens that communication with the home office by telephone is cut off, and because of this each detail of fire fighters will take a pigeon with them on leaving for the timber. The high rate of speed at which the birds fly will make it possible to send messages by air with very little loss of time.

SPRING CLEANING TIME IS HERE.

If a house needs spring cleaning, how about the human body after a winter of indoor life and heavy food? Don't suffer from indigestion, biliousness, bad breath, bloating, gas or constipation, when relief can be so easily had. Foley Cathartic Tablets clean stomach and bowels and tone up the liver. Sold everywhere.—Adv.

Gunner Depew

By Albert N. Depew

Ex-Gunner and Chief Petty Officer, U. S. Navy—Member of the Foreign Legion of France—Captain Gun turret, French Battleship Casard—Winner of the Croix de Guerre

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After we had been at Neustrelitz for three weeks, they drilled us out of the camp to a railway station, and stood us in the snow for four hours waiting for the train. We were exhausted and began falling, one by one, and each time one of us fell, the sentries would yell, "Nicht krank!" and give us the rifle butt. We had our choice of standing up and dying or falling down and being killed, and it was a fine choice to have to make.

The cars finally pulled in, and as usual, the windows were smashed, the doors open, and the compartments just packed with snow. When we saw this, we knew we were going to get worse treatment, even, than we had been getting, and many of us wanted to die. It had not been unusual for some of the men to tell the Germans to shoot them too, and it seems as though it was always a man who wanted to live who did get it and went west.

However, all of us nearly got killed when we reached Wittenberg. When the train stopped there, we saw a big wagonload of sliced bread on the station platform and we all stared at it. We stood it as long as we could, and then we made a rush for it. But when we got nearer, we saw that there were four sentries guarding it and four women issuing it out to the German soldiers. They would not give us any, of course.

So we stood around and watched the Huns eat it, while they and the women laughed at us, and pretended that they were starving and would groan and rub their stomachs and say, "Nichts zu essen," to each other, and then grab a big hunk of bread and eat it. What we did not say to them was very little indeed. We were certainly wild if any men ever were.

Then some of us said we were going to get some of that bread if we went west for it. So we started a fight, and while they were attending to some of us, the others grabbed and hid all the bread they could. They roused us back into the cars and we were just starting to divide up the bread when they caught us with it and took it away. We were wilder than ever then, but we could not do anything.

It got colder after we left Wittenberg, and the snow blew into the cars through the windows and doors until we were afraid to sleep for fear of freezing. It was the worst night I have ever seen, and the coal bunkers on the Yarrowdale seemed like a palace compared to the compartments, because we could at least move around in the ship, while in the train we could not move at all, and were packed so close that we could not even stretch our legs and arms. Some of the men did die, but not in my compartment, though most of us were frost-bitten about the face.

We thought that night would never end, but day came finally, and though it seemed to get colder and colder, we did not mind it so much. At about eleven that morning, we arrived at a place called Minden and saw a prison camp there—just a stockade near the tracks with the boys out in the open. We waved to them, and they waved back and gave a cheer-oh or two. We felt sorry for them, because we knew we were not going to that camp, and from what little we saw, we knew we could not be going to a worse place than they were in. I shall never forget Minden, because it was here that I received the only cigarette I had while I was in Germany.

Minden is quite a railway center, I guess, and when we pulled into the depot, we saw many troops going to the front or coming back. As at all important German railway stations, there was a Red Cross booth on the platform, with German girls handing out barley coffee and other things to the German soldiers. I saw a large shanty on the platform, with a Red Cross painted over the door. I saw the girls giving barley coffee to the soldiers, and I thought I would have

a try at it and at least be polite enough to give the girls a chance of refusing me. I was refused all right, but they were so nasty about it that I put down my head and let something slip. I do not remember just what it was, but it was not very complimentary, I guess. Anyhow, I did not think anyone near there understood English, but evidently some one heard me who did, for I got an awful boot that landed me ten or twelve feet away. I fell on my hands and knees, and about a yard away I saw a cigarette stub. I dived for it like a man falling on a football, and when I came up that stub was safely in my pocket. And it stayed there until I reached Dulmen and had a chance to light it behind the barracks. If any of the other men had smelled real tobacco, they would probably have murdered me, and I could not have blamed them for it.

That was the first and last cigarette I got in Germany, and you can believe me when I say that I enjoyed it. There was not much to it, but I smoked it until there was not enough left to hold in my mouth, and then I used what was left and mixed it with the bark that we made cigarettes out of. Incidentally, this bark was great stuff. I do not know what kind of tree it was from, but it served the purpose. Whenever a fellow wanted to smoke and lit one of these bark cigarettes, a few puffs were enough.



The First and Last Cigarette.

He did not want to smoke again for some time afterward, and like as not, he did not want to eat either. They were therefore very valuable.

It is very hard to get matches in the camps, and when any prisoner does get hold of one, it is made to last a long time. Here is how we make a match last. Some one gives up the sleeve of his coat, and the match is carefully lit, and the coat sleeve burned to a crisp. Then we take a button from our coats—the buttons are brass with two holes in them—pass a shoestring through the holes, knot the ends, and with the button in the center of the string, buzz it around as you have seen boys do, with the string over both hands, moving the hands together and apart until the button revolves very fast.

We then put a piece of flint against the crisped cloth, and buzz the button against it until a spark makes the crisp glow, and from this we would light our bark cigarettes. I do not think any man in the world could inhale one of these bark cigarettes: some of us tried and went right to sleep.

CHAPTER XXI.

A Visit From Mr. Gerard.

Late that night we arrived at Dulmen, Westphalia. We were roused out of the carriages, mustered on the platform, counted, then drilled through the streets. In spite of the lateness, the streets were pretty well filled with people, and they zig-zagged us through all the streets they could, so that all the people would have a chance to see the crazy men, as they called us. Most of the people were women, and as soon as they saw us coming, they began singing the "Watch on the Rhine" or some other German song, and it was funny to see windows opening and fat fraus, with night-caps on, sticking their heads out of the windows. They would give us a quick once-over, and pipe up like a boatswain: "Schweinhund—Vaterland—Wacht am Rhein"—all kinds of things and all mixed up.

So we gave them "Tipperary" and "Pack Up Your Troubles," and showed them how to sing. Our guards had no ear for music and tried to stop us, but though they knocked several men down, we did not stop until we

had finished the song. Then, after we had admitted to each other that we were not downhearted, we shut up.

We would have done so, anyway, because by this time we were on the outskirts of the town, and we needed all the breath we had. The road we were on was just one long sheet of ice, and we could hardly walk more than four steps without slipping and falling. My shoes had wooden soles, and it was just one bang after another, with the ice and myself trying to see which could hit the hardest. Every time we fell—smash! came a rifle over the back.

I was getting pretty tired, so I said to some of the fellows that I was going to sit down and rest, and they said they would also. So we dropped out and waited until the guards behind had just about caught up with us, and then we would go on. We did this several times until they got on to us, and we could not do it any more.

Up the road a piece I fell again, and this time I did not care what happened, so I just sat there in the middle of the road until Fritz came up. Instead of giving me the bayonet, he made me take off my shoes—that is, he took them off of me with a knife through the strings—and I had to walk the rest of the way in my bare feet. It was about four miles altogether from the station to the camp.

When we got near the camp, all the boys came out of the barracks and lined up along the barbed wire, and yelled us a welcome. We asked them if they were downhearted, and they said no, and we said we were not either. We could hardly see them, but they began yelling again when we got nearer, and asked us, "Is there anyone there from Queenstown?" and then Hull, and Portsmouth, and Dover, and Toronto and a lot of other places.

I did not pay much attention until I heard, "Any Americans there?" and I yelled back, "Yes, where are you?" "Barracks G-B, Gruppe 3." "Where from?" I yelled. "Boston. Where're you from?" "The U. S. A. and Atlantic ports. See you later."

So, the next morning, I went over to his barracks and asked for the Yank. They pointed him out to me, where he was lying on the floor. I went over and laid down with him, and we had quite a talk. I will not give his name here for certain reasons.

He had received several wounds at the time he was taken prisoner. He had been in the Canadian service for two years. We used to talk about New York and Boston and the different places we knew in both towns, and we also talked a lot about the rotten treatment we were receiving, and tried to cook up some plan of escape. But every one we could think of had been used by some one else, and either had failed, or the Huns had fixed it so the plan could not be tried again. We doped out some pretty wild schemes at that. Altogether, we became great pals, and were together as much as possible at Dulmen. The day I left the camp, he gave me a ring made from a shell, and told me to get it safely back to the States, but some one stole it at Brandenburg.

One day while I was in his barracks an Englishman stepped out of the door for some reason or other, and though he did not say a word to Fritz, in two minutes he was dead, in cold blood. We never knew why they killed him.

At Swinemunde and Neustrelitz, I must admit that the Germans had us pretty badly buffaloed, but at Dulmen the prisoners were entirely different. Dulmen was the receiving camp for the whole western front, and the prisoners there got to be pretty tough eggs, as far as Fritz was concerned, before they had been in camp many days. They thought nothing of picking a fight with a sentry and giving him a good battle, even though he was armed with rifle and bayonet. We soon learned that unless his pals are around a German will not stand by his arguments with his fists. In other words, if he can outtalk you, he will beat you up, but if he cannot, it is a case of "Here comes Heinie going back."

The Russian prisoners at Dulmen were certainly a miserable looking bunch. They spent most of their time wandering around the Russian barracks, hunting for rotten potato peelings and other garbage, which they would eat. When they saw Fritz throw out his swill, they would dive right through the barbed wire one after another, and their hands and face and clothes were always torn from it. It was unhealthy to stand between the Russians and their garbage prey—they were so speedy that nothing stopped them.

One morning, just after barley-coffee time, I came out of the barracks and saw an Australian arguing with the sentry. I was not only curious, but anxious to be a good citizen, as they say, so I went up and slung an ear at them. The Australian had asked Fritz what had been done with the flag that the Huns were going to fly from the Eiffel tower in Paris.

That was too deep for Fritz, so the Australian answered it himself. "Don't you know, Fritz? Well, we have no blankets, you know."

Still the sentry did not get it. So the Australian carefully explained to me—so that Fritz could hear—that the Germans had no blankets and were using the flag to wrap their cold feet in.

This started a fight, of course—the German idea of a fight, that is. The sentry, being a very brave man for a German, blew his whistle very loudly, and sentries came from all directions. So we beat it to the Australian's barracks, and there I found the second American in the camp. He was a barber named Stinson, from one of the Western states. He had heard I was

EGGS BROUGHT FOR HATCHERY

MANY HARDSHIPS ENDURED IN WEARY 12-DAY TRIP FROM ELK LAKE—EGG COLLECTORS LIVE ON BEAN DIET.

(From Thursday's Daily.)
After 12 days of tramping through freshly fallen, deep-drifted snow, Pearl Lynes, Harry Smith, Percy Spencer and H. Eldridge arrived in Bend late yesterday afternoon, bringing with them more than 640,000 trout eggs, already well advanced in their development. The eggs were taken to the new hatchery on the Tumalo, as the first to be placed in the troughs at the new plant.

Mr. Lynes and his companions left Elk lake, where they had gathered the eggs, on February 22. Snow was from 2 to 14 feet in depth, and in covering the 33 miles to Pringle Falls they were forced to traverse an actual distance of 108 miles. Often they would break trail, return for their sled and then find that the snow had drifted in again and covered up the path they had so laboriously made.

When they were still two days' journey from Pringle Falls, their food was entirely used up with the exception of beans, and a strictly leguminous diet was their lot for the balance of the trip.

One of their greatest difficulties was in keeping the eggs from freezing, but Mr. Lynes believes that sufficient protection was given to insure hatching. Mr. Lynes intends to spend most of his time from now on at the Tumalo plant, and will not return to Elk lake until late in the spring.

RANCHERS MAY BUY REGISTERED CATTLE

(From Monday's Daily.)
Shorthorn enthusiasts of Tumalo, Lower Bridge and Redmond, accompanied by E. P. Mahaffey of the Central Oregon bank and R. A. Ward, went to Powell Butte Saturday to inspect the Shorthorn herd belonging to Frank Foster. Tuesday night a meeting will be held at Tumalo to consider the purchase of the herd.

there as well as the Boston man in the Canadian service, but he had been too sick to look us up, and in fact did not care what happened, he was so miserable. He had been wounded several times, and died in a day or two. I never knew how he came to be in the Australian service.

Those two and myself were the only Americans I knew of in this prison camp—whether in Canadian, Australian or French service. The other two had been captured in uniform, so there was no chance of their being released.

(To Be Continued.)



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ROD AND GUN CLUB FAVORED

ORGANIZATION MEETING OF BEND SPORTSMEN WILL BE CALLED FOR LATER IN THE WEEK BY J. A. EASTES.

(From Monday's Daily.)
In a desire to aid in the protection and propagation of fish and game in Deschutes county, local sportsmen are favoring a rod and gun club for Bend and in cooperation with the movement, Mayor J. A. Eastes announced this morning that he will call an organization meeting for later in the week. The time and place will be decided on by tomorrow.

Fish and game have been without protection in this section for the past year, excepting for the occasional visits of representatives of the state game commission. Occasional rumor of lakes being dynamited, and of the killing of game out of season have been heard, and it is to prevent law violations of this kind that the local sportsmen are favoring the organization.

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