

# SCHOOL WORKS TO AID FRANCE

DOLLAR BONDS SOLD BY STUDENTS TO HELP STRICKEN NATION — SENIOR PLAY, "MR. BOBS," TO BE GIVEN.

(From Friday's Daily.)  
The campaign for the sale of \$1 bonds for the aid of devastated France began Thursday in the Junior and senior high school. No bond can be bought for less than \$1. The quota for Bend is \$600, the majority of which will be raised in the schools. The territory assigned to the United States has an area of about 2800 square miles and is located near the Oise and Aisne rivers. Chateau-Thierry, Soissons and St. Quentin are in this district. A fountain pen will be given to the person selling the greatest number of bonds in the high school.

The senior play has arrived and will be put on by seven juniors and seniors with the aid of Miss Wright. The play has been very successful in other places and promises to gain popularity here. It is entitled "Mr. Bobs," and is well known in the east. The Pilot staff is hard at work and will have the picture department ready for final processes by the last of this week. It is anticipated that the annuals will be on sale by June 1st.

City Superintendent Moore has gone to Spokane to attend the annual convention of the Inland Empire Teachers association. He will remain there until the latter part of the week.

# NEW BUSINESS BLOCK PLANNED

BARNEY O'DONNELL AND H. M. HORTON BUY WALL STREET SITE AND WILL USE BRICK TO REPLACE FRAME STRUCTURE.

(From Friday's Daily.)  
That another desirable site in the business section may soon be utilized was indicated in the announcement this morning by Barney O'Donnell and H. M. Horton, of this city of their purchase from Mrs. Mina Barton, of Portland, of the property on Wall street now occupied by Charles Thornthwaite. The consideration was not made public.

The new owners will erect a modern brick building to take the place of the present frame structure, but the time at which this improvement will be started has not been definitely decided.

# NEW WARNER STORE IS TO BE OPENED

Leasing of Vacant Rooms in Sather Building Prompted by Rapidly Increasing Business.

(From Thursday's Daily.)  
Announcement was made today by the Warner company of the leasing of the vacant store room in the Sather building, formerly occupied by the Sather dry goods store. A first class variety store and house furnishing establishment will be installed in the new location. The building now occupied by the Warner store will continue to be used as an exclusive dry goods store, carrying in addition several distinctive lines of women's goods.

The opening of the new store will probably be some time in May, by which time, it is believed the necessary stock can be assembled. Rapidly increasing business has made necessary the securing of additional room, it is announced.

Put it in "THE BULLETIN."

# 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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When we got into the compartment and I found that the windows were not smashed I could not believe it at first until I remembered that this was not a prisoner train. We had a forty-eight hour ride to Lindau, which is on the Lake of Constance, and no food or water in that time. But still I did not mind it much. At Lindau they drilled me into a little house and took away all the addresses that I had, and then marched me over to the little boat which crosses the lake.

As I started up the gangway the last thing I received in Germany reached me—a crack across the back with a rifle!

The women and children on the dock had their fists up and were yelling, "American swine!" But I just laughed at them. And when I looked around the boat and saw no German soldiers—only Swiss civilians—I rubbed my eyes and could not believe it. When they gave me bread, which was what I had decided I wanted most of all back in the camp, I thought I was in heaven sure enough, and when, forty-five minutes later, we arrived at Rorschach in Switzerland, I finally knew I was free.

### CHAPTER XXIV.

#### Back in the States.

After I arrived at Rorschach I was taken to a large hall, where I remained over night. There were three American flags on the walls, the first I had seen in a long time. I certainly did a fine job of sleeping that night. I think I slept twice as fast to make up for lost time.

In the morning I had a regular banquet for breakfast—eggs, coffee, bread and a small glass of wine. Even now, although I never pass up a meal, that breakfast is still easy to taste, and I sometimes wish I could enjoy another meal as much. But I guess I never shall have one that goes as good.

After breakfast they took me out on the steps of the hall and photographed me, after which I went to the railway station, with a young mob at my heels. It reminded me a bit of Germany—it was so different. Instead of bricks and bayonet jabs, the mob gave me cigarettes and chocolate and sandwiches. They also handed me questions—enough to keep me busy answering to this day if I could.

I got on the train to Zurich, and at every stop on the way there were more presents and more cameras and more questions. At St. Gallen they had cards ready for me to write on, and then they were going to send them to anybody I wished. The station at Zurich was packed with people, and I began to think I was a star for sure.

Francis B. Keene, the American consul general at Zurich, and his assistant, were there to meet me. We walked a few blocks to his office, and all the way the cameras were clicking and the chocolates and cigarettes piling up until I felt like Santa Claus on December 24th. After a little talk with Mr. Keene, he took me to the Stussehof hotel, where my wounds were dressed—and believe me, they needed it.

The Swiss certainly treated me well. Every time I came out on the streets they followed me around, and they used to give me money. But the money might just as well have been leather or lead—I could not spend it. Whenever I wanted to buy anything the shopkeeper would make me a present of it.

I also visited the Hotel Baur au Lac, the home of Mr. and Mrs. Harold McCormick of Chicago, who are doing such fine work with the Red Cross and are looking after the Belgian and

### NOTICE.

Ranchers desiring federal farm loans should apply at once. The government appraiser will visit Bend about Saturday, April 6. Therefore, immediate action can be had in all cases where loans are desired.  
5c ROSCOE M. SANDERS, Pres.  
H. C. ELLIS, Sec.-Treas.



The Swiss Certainly Treated Me Well.

French refugees in Switzerland. It was a dinner, and much appreciated by one guest, at least. I need not mention his name, but he ate so much that he felt ashamed afterward.

I do not think he got in bad for it, though, for afterward Mr. and Mrs. McCormick each gave him a valuable present, which he needed badly. After the dinner Mrs. McCormick made a little patriotic speech, in which she said that the Huns would never trample on the United States flag, and some other things that made all the Americans there very proud, especially Mr. Keene and myself. So you see I was having a great time.

But I was having a little trouble, all the time, for this reason: there were quite a few Germans interned in Zurich, and they went about in uniform. Now, when I saw one of these birds and remembered what had been happening to me just a short time before my hands began to itch. Believe me, it was not "good morning" that I said to them. I enjoyed it all right; they were not in squads and had no arms, so it was hard to hand, and pit for me.

But Mr. Keene did not like it, I guess, for he called me to his office one morning and bawled me out for a while, and I promised to be good. "You're supposed to be neutral," he said. And I said, "Yes, and when I was torpedoed and taken prisoner, I was supposed to be neutral, too." But I said I would not look for trouble any more, and started back to the hotel.

But no sooner was I underway than a Hun private came along and began to laugh at me. My hands itched again, and I could not help but slam him a few. We went round and round for a while, and then the Hun reversed and went down instead. Mr. Keene saw us, or heard about it, so he told me I had better go to Berne.

So off I went, with my passport. But the same thing happened in Berne. I tried very hard, but I just could not keep my hands off the Germans. So I guess everybody thought it was a good thing to tell me good-by—anyway I was shipped into France, going direct to St. Nazaire and from there to Brest.

I made a short trip to Hull, England, with a letter from a man at Branderburg to his wife. She was not at home, but I left the letter and returned to France. I was in France altogether about three weeks, and then went to Barcelona, Spain.

Then I took passage for the States on the C. Lopez y Lopez, a Spanish merchantman. We had mostly "Spigs" on board, which is navy slang for Spaniards. Almost every one of them had a large family of children and a raft of pets. We sailed down through Valencia, Almeria, Malaga, Cadiz and Las Palmas in the Canary islands.

When we left Las Palmas we had a regular menagerie aboard—parrots, canary birds, dogs, monkeys and various beasts. The steerage of that boat was some sight, believe me.

We had boat drill all the way across, of course, and from the way those Spigs rushed about I knew that if a submarine got us the only thing that would be saved would be monkeys. But we did not even have a false alarm all the way over.

I arrived in New York during the month of July, 1917—two years and a half from the time I decided to go abroad to the war zone to get some excitement. I got it, and no mistake. New York harbor and the old status of Liberty looked mighty good to me, you can bet.

So here I am, and sometimes I have to pinch myself to be sure of it. I certainly enjoy the food and warmth I get here, and except for an occasional pro-German I have no trouble with anybody. My wounds break open once

# PRINCE ALBERT

the national joy smoke



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PUT a pipe in your face that's filled cheerily brimful of Prince Albert, if you're on the trail of smoke peace! For, P. A. will sing you a song of tobacco joy that will make you wish your life job was to see how much of the national joy smoke you could get away with every twenty-four hours!

You can "carry on" with Prince Albert through thick and thin. You'll be after laying down a smoke barrage that'll make the boys think of the old front line in France!

P. A. never tires your taste because it has the quality! And, let it slip into your think-tank that P. A. is made by our exclusive patented process that cuts out bite and parch—assurance that you can hit smoke-record-high-spots seven days out of every week without any comeback but real smoke joy!

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, N. C.

# STRAY BULLET STUNS CHILD

LEADEN PELLET, STRIKING THE WATER, RICOCHETTES AND HITS TUMALO BOY PLAYING ON OPPOSITE SIDE OF DESCHUTES.

Eleven year old Vernon Marion, son of Mrs. Frank Marion of Tumalo, narrowly escaped death while playing on the banks of the Deschutes a short distance from his home yesterday when a bullet fired by C. A. Daniels of this city, from the opposite side of the river, hit the water, ricocheted and struck the lad in the forehead. The boy, stunned by the impact was at first believed to be dead, but regained consciousness before being brought to the Bend Surgical hospital.

The bullet, deflected in its course, followed the bone and was found imbedded under the scalp. Except for the possible chance of infection he is in no danger, but only the fact that the leaden pellet struck one of the thickest portions of his skull saved his life, according to the attending physician.

Mr. Daniels brought the boy to Bend and is defraying all expenses connected with the case.

# BLACKLEG VACCINE IS NOW AVAILABLE

Ranchers Advised to Inoculate Young Stock to Prevent Plague Among Cattle.

(From Friday's Daily.)  
The blackleg season is now at hand and in preparation for it R. A. Ward of the First National bank has secured a quantity of government blackleg vaccine and will distribute it free, in limited amounts, to ranchers making application. The vaccine is an absolute protection against the cattle plague, and all stock under two years of age should be vaccinated, Mr. Ward directs.

Put it in "THE BULLETIN."

in a while, and I am often bothered inside, on account of the gas I swallowed. They say I cannot get back into the service. It is tough to be knocked out before our own boys get into the scrap.

But I do not know. I am twenty-three year old, and probably have a lot to live for yet. I ought to settle down and be quiet for a while, but comfortable as I am, I think I will have to go to sea again. I think of it many times, and each time it is harder to stay ashore.

THE END.

# WOMAN CRANKS CAR; FOREARM IS BROKEN

(From Monday's Daily.)  
While cranking her auto yesterday, Mrs. Ole Simonson of Brothers sustained a fracture of one of the bones of the forearm, when the crank suddenly kicked back. She was brought to Bend and the fracture reduced. Mr. Simonson had warned his wife not to drive the car as the batteries were run down and the starting device was in consequence, not in working order.

# U. S. DELEGATION HAS SLAV POLICY

(By United Press to The Bend Bulletin.)  
PARIS, April 7.—The American peace delegation has evolved a definite Russian policy, it was learned today, to be submitted to the other allied delegates for ratification.



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Our big variety of materials tailored to measure at \$16.50

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NELSON One Door South of Bend Hardware.

# CANTERBURY TO TAKE NEW POST

SECRETARY OF LOCAL TIMBERWORKERS UNION TO GO ON ROAD AS INTERNATIONAL BUSINESS REPRESENTATIVE.

As a result of a decision reached in the International Timberworkers' convention just ended in Seattle, Ray Canterbury, secretary of the Bend Union, and editor of the Labor Bender, resigned yesterday from his position in local labor affairs and in two weeks will take up the work of business representative of the executive board of the International. Mr. Canterbury was also re-elected vice president at the convention. His successor as secretary of the local will be selected at a special called meeting next Sunday, while the Bender board will choose the new editor of the labor publication.

Mr. Canterbury's new work will probably take him all over the Pacific coast, the middle west and the southern states. His first task will be the organization of a union club at Aberdeen, Washington, and thereafter he will continue such organization in other districts, also acting as an advisor in adjusting labor difficulties. His headquarters will be in Seattle.

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