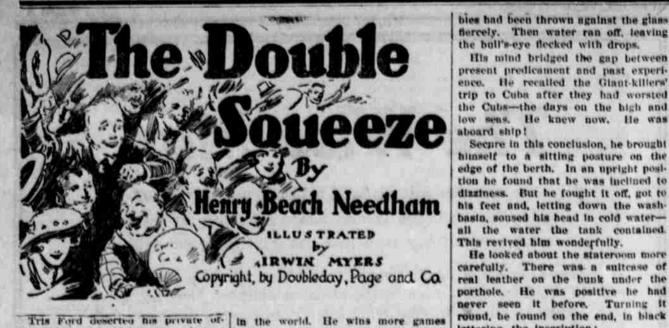
PAGE 6



fice shortly after high noon, and went to the locker-room-an unheard-of proceeding for him. Then he waited round impatiently. On the dot, as the clock pointed to 12:30, a triumphal procession moved ceremonlously into the presence of the chief of the Giantkillers.

At its head was Barney Larkin, a smile upon his boyish face and a cocky look in his eye that brought joy and comfort to the manager. Close behind was Ernest Steadman, also smiling. Next came an inconspicuous citizen, easily mistaken for a prosperous traveling man-the clever detective. Bringing up the rear were

for his club than any other man on the diamond today-and winning games is what counts in baseball. He was directly responsible for two of the games which his team won from us, and was there all the time in the other two victories. In defensive work he was casily the king-pin, breaking up our defense and making sensational plays around second base. The record shows that he led his own team in the attack. I say again-Shute is the greatest ball player in the world. With him no major-league team would be weak-without him the best team

would be seriously crippled." Seriously crippled !

Over in New York a few feet away from the ticker, which was announcing the beginning of play, Jake Stinger and his friends were already celebrat-

PART II.

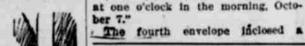
At Sea.

An unshaven, disheveled young man, hatless but otherwise completely dressed down to his shoes, turned over on the bed, opened his sticky eyes, then closed and dug his fists into them to dissipate the heaviness of the lids. He tried valuely to moisten his parched lips with his swollen tongue.

His nose fiched tormentingly and he rubbed it vigorously with the back of his hand.

As consciousness returned, haltingly and with brief lapses into stupor, his brain and the senses of taste, smell and sight began to correlate, slowly but accurately-due to the native resilience of an unabused constitution. A peculiar taste in his month he

couldn't label. To one whose lips had



yourself.

ing:

bles had been thrown sgainst the glass ticket calling for one first-class pasfiercely. Then water ran off, leaving sage, New York to Naples, on the the bull's-eye flecked with drops. steamship Colonia, and made out to S. His mind bridged the gap between W. James. There was nothing else in present predicament and past experi-

the pockets of his cont. Robbed ! was his first thought, and he searched in his trousers pocket for the cash which he had with him-less than ten dollars. He found many yeltow-backed bills. Five hundred dol-Inrs!

The sight of the five hundred dollars immediately brought to mind what had happened before the long, dreamless sleep just ended on the ship. This money-or five hundred dollars just like it-was lying on a table in a suite of rooms in the Belmont-Stratworth hotel. He was about to come into possession of it-all for signing a contract to report the world series on behalf of the Transcontinental Newspaper syndicate, Metropolitan tower, New York city.

He sat down again upon the berth to puzzle it out, beginning with the letter from the syndicate-it was on engraved stationery, he remembered. The secretary, Walter Noble, gave him as references three well-known New Yorkers. But the letter had come, speclal delivery, on Sunday-the day after the championship was cinched-and reply was requested by telegraph on Monday. Anyhow, what need was there of references, he had argued, when he couldn't lose !- For he was to receive five hundred dollars every day he turned in a story. No, he couldn't tose, and he could make thirteen hundred dollars at least-pineteen hundred dollars at most. Yes, he had looked upon it as "very easy" money and had kept his own counsel, not even confiding in Tris Ford, because of the reports in the newspapers that the national commission was to prohibit the players from wfiting for the papers; certainly all those who hadn't contracts.

He remembered that he had gone to the Belmont-Stratworth, and the clerk at the desk knew him-had seen him play. He could repeat his words : "Mr. Noble is expecting you-go right up to Suite 1142." He had gone up, had

(To Be Continued.)

REMOVAL SALE



Feed a dry mush. Keep house and yard clean. Provide roosts and dropping boards. . . .

Provide a nest for each four or five bens.

Make the house dry and free from drafts, but allow for ventilation.

Keep hens free from lice and the house free from mites.

Kill and cat the hens in the summer and fall as they begin to melt and cease to lay. . . .

A clean cellar, two-thirds below ground surface, makes a good place to set the incubator.

. . . Nature teaches us that fowls should

have a wide range and that a farm is the best place for them.

The fall renovation of the poultry business should include a thorough survey of the feed bins and corn cribs. . . .

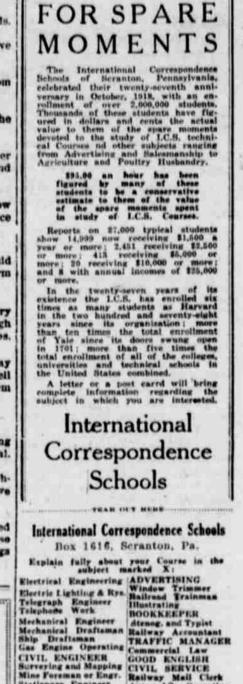
Idle hens soon grow too fat to lay and in the plans for winter it is well to provide some means to compel them to work.

>

Incubator chicks are just as strong as hen hatched, all else being equal.

Don't expect great success in hatching and raising chicks unless you have had some experience. ...

Preserve the surplus eggs produced during the spring and summer for use during the fall and winter when eggs are scarce and high in price.



The Bigger Share. China and India contain one-half the

people of the world. The annual MI-

grimage to Benares Includes over

MILLIONS

million persons.

BUTTER FAT!	Telepinode Work Mechanical Engineer Mechanical Draftaman Ship Draftaman ClyIL ENGINEER Survering and Mapping Mine Foreman or Engr. ARCHITECT ARCHITECT Connerete Builder Architectural Drftama Concrete Builder Plumbing and Realing CIIEMIST CIEMIST Telepinode Work BOOKKEEPER dtemog and Typist BOOKKEEPER dtemog and Typist Railway Accountant TRAFFIC MANAGEI Commercial Law GOOD ENGLISH Curvering And Mapping Mine Foreman or Engr. ARCHITECT Architectural Drftama Concrete Builder Plumbing and Realing CIIEMIST Commercial Law Commercial Law Commercial Law Commercial Law Commercial Law Commercial Law Commercial Law Commercial Law Concrete Builder Practice Spanishing French French
Same price for Butter Fat f. o. b. Bend as is paid f. o. b. Portland.	
Central Oregon Farmers Creamery	SALESMANSHIP Italian Addres

Name

Tris Ford Laughed. He Couldn't Help It.

two low-browed fellows-either pugilists in ordinary or highly efficient plano shifters.

Tris Ford laughed. He couldn't help it.

Although the team, with one exception, was not a party to the deep, dark secret, the players plainly shated the relief which Tris experienced at sight

BEND BULLETIN, BEND, OREGON, THURSDAY, JUNE 17, 1920.

Secure in this conclusion, he brought

He looked about the stateroom more

S. W. JAMES

New York.

recalled all the Jameses he had ever

heard of-they weren't many-from

"Cyclone," the Yankee pitcher, who

had struck him out twice in one game,

to Jesse and Henry-train robber and

author respectively. There was no "S.

Mechanically be tried the bag to see

if it was locked. It opened, displaying

a complete assortment of lines and

underclothing. There were shirts,

handkerchiefs, stockings, brush and

comb-everything necessary, with the

suit he had on, to enable him to make

a respectable appearance. The things

had been carefully selected and they

were all new. But there wasn't a scrap

This turned his attention to his own

means of identification. Putting his

hand in his pocket, he drew out four

velopes contained bills-one an "acl

dressed to S. W. James, Hotel Long-

acre, New York city. Two of the en-

velopes contained bills-one on "ac-

count rendered" from a liquor dealer

for \$67.25; the other a bill for cigars

and cigarettes amounting to \$23,50.

The third was a letter from the steam-

ship agents of the Hambard line, read-

passage from New York to Nuples on

the S. S. Colonin, sailing from pter

foot of West Thirteenth street, N. R.

We have assigned to you Cabin C 39,

on the salon deck, and have arranged

that you are to have it entirely to

"We beg to call your attention to

the fact that, owing to the tide on the day of departure, the Colonia will sail

"Dear sir: We have booked you for

of writing to identify their owner.

"S.-W.-J-a-m-e-s?" he questioned. He

lettering, the inscription :

W." in the list

of Barney Larkin. They sang as they put on their uniforms, and one would have supposed, to look in upon them, that they were preparing for morning practice in the training season, instead of getting ready to fight for the highest bonors of the town-and the popularity of the home town.

Wild tumult broke loose at sight of the Glant-killers, answering the yell which had gone up on the appearance of the Phillies. There were the usual preliminaries-all before cameras. There was snappy practice by the Nationals. Then the Giant-killers took the field, to limber up and get their grip on the ball and sure fire inte their throws.

"Hit 'er out!"

An acute-sighted fan jumped up in his place back of first, and ignoring the shouts of "Down in front I" scanned the playing field from a point near second base to the Giant-killers' bench much as an anxious mother would look for her lost child. Then in agonfield accents he demanded of space: "Where's Win Shute?"

Eyes by the thousand traveled to the edge of the clay-base path in right. There an uneasy substitute was trying his hardest to accomplish the impossible-fill the spiked shoes of the king of second basemen.

What on the terrestrial ball did it mean? Was Tris Ford crazy?

Tardily, fifteen minutes after the hour set for the game to begin, the official announcer raised his megaphone and sing-songed the opposing batteries. The fans howled with delight when they heard that Barney Larkin was to pitch for the Giantkillers, although they knew it, of But when the announcer added that Pervis was to "play second base in place of Shute." the fans gave the matter-Win shute burt?" they shrieked.

Around the vast assemblage, starting in the press box, flying through the grand stand, leaping to the pavilions, reaching at last to the bleachers, sped the nuswer:

"He's disappeared !"

Gloom, impenetrable gloom, settled down upon a majority of the great throng-those who had come to help the Giant-killers win. Their quick minds were recalling what the rival manager, John Marlin, had given out after the Giant-killers downed New of it:



The Fans Howled With Delight When They Heard That Barney Larkin Was to Pitch for the Giant-Killers.

never "known the taste of liquor" it was indescribable-indescribably bad, nauseating.

But the smell that rose from some part of his clothing he recognized. It was the repellent odor that exuded from a saloon when the rubber-tired doors swung open. It was stale liquor ! And it had been spilled on his clothes. Following this loathesome discovery, he raised his hand toward his nose and again he was startled to get another whilf of stale liquor. A shudder of disgust passed through him. He now took a second invoice of the taste in his mouth and classified it as "dark brown." But not yet could loud vent to their disapproval, "What's he bring his logy mentality to take up the trail from effect back to cause.

His bed next attracted his attention. It was narrow-much like a shelf with a wooden side to prevent one's failing out, Looking up, he saw above him what, judging from the woven-wire springs, was another narrow bed. The furnishings of the apartment or cell, whatever it was, all tethered to something permanent, were at first unfamiliar to him. It was the aperture admitting the light that helped him fix the room and its location. This round opening to the outside world was a bull's-eye of thick glass. And as he York. They remembered every word stared through the circular window on to grayness-nothing more-there "I want to go on record as saying came a loud thump, instantly followed that Shute is the greatest ball player by a stinging sound, as if minute pet-

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