

SOLDIER'S PAY LONG OVERDUE

IS SENT MOTHER OF
TUSCANIA VICTIM

Nearly Two Years Elapsed Before
Back Pay For Percy A. Stevens
Is Received, Ex-Service Men
Learn At Post Meeting.

Nearly two years after Percy A. Stevens, for whom the Bend post of the American Legion is named, lost his life at the time of the sinking of the Tuscania, his mother, Mrs. F. S. Stevens of this city, received the army pay due her son at the time of his death—\$37. Mrs. Stevens also received a letter relative to a small sum of money which was found in the pockets of the dead soldier. The money, however, has not been forwarded. The incident was made known Thursday by Frank R. Prince, commander of the post, and brother-in-law of Stevens, at the first 1934 meeting of the ex-service men's organization, held at the gymnasium.

The post decided unanimously to endeavor to secure for Bend, for memorial purposes, two of the artillery pieces which the war department is disposing of. A committee to handle the matter will start work at once.

A number of appointments were made by Commander Prince, including H. Cato as sergeant-at-arms, Charles W. Erskine as head of the Americanization committee, M. W. Wagner to head the committee on employment, Dr. L. W. Gatchell as chairman of the committee on changes in the constitution, Earl B. Houston as chairman of the committee to prepare a ritual for the post, C. H. Knowles and Roy Van Vleet as members of the women's auxiliary committee, Paul Hosmer in charge of advertising and publicity, and Dr. Albert Leasing as war risk and vocational officer.

BULLETS SING, SKIIS REGAINED

G. A. JOHNSON, UNDER GUARD,
MARCHED TO BRICKYARD BY
OWNER OF ARTICLES TAKEN
FROM TUMALO CREEK CACHE.

On his return to his camp at the Columbia Southern ditch intake, where he is securing data on the water flow for the B. W. L. & P. Co., John A. Dron failed to find his skiis where he had cached them, near the road. He did find tracks, however, made by G. A. Johnson of Bend. Dron followed the tracks for three miles, overtook the wearer of the skiis, and sent two bullets singing over Johnson's head to induce him to drop his rifle and elevate his hands.

The shells ejected from the discarded gun, Johnson was persuaded to shoulder skiis and rifle and march to the brickyard, where a car from Bend brought him into the city. His captor dropped legal proceedings on condition that Johnson pay for the damage done to the skiis.

More trouble occurred on the Tumalo creek road, it was reported Monday, for one of the horses, pulling the load of supplies to Dron's camp Saturday, fell down and could not be induced to rise. The animal would probably have to be shot, it was believed.

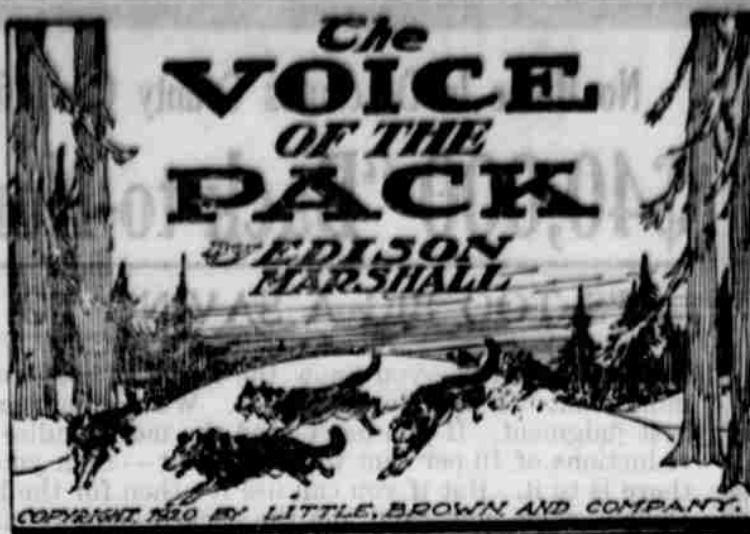
The climax needed for a perfect week-end came when T. H. Foley, manager of the B. W. L. & P. Co., visited the scene and, on his return, broke the front spring of his auto.

PUNCH PUTS BOXER OUT OF THE GAME

Duffy Knorr Injures Tendon In His
Hand—Smoker Scheduled For
January 14 Is Postponed.

Duffy Knorr, Terrebonne boxer, suffered injuries while training at the gymnasium which will prevent his appearing in the ring for some time. A blow, struck by the Terrebonne boy while sparring with J. T. Yman, resulted in the tendon of the middle finger of the right hand being severed. Duffy had been matched with Jimmy Duffy for the smoker on January 14.

Matchmaker E. C. Brick has announced that, owing to present conditions, the smoker will be postponed. The new date has not been definitely determined.



Dan had every reason to think that Cranston would see him at first glance. Only one clump of thicker sheltered him. But because Dan had learned the lesson of standing still, because his olive-drab sporting clothes blended softly with the colored leaves, Cranston did not detect him. He turned and strode on down the trail.

He didn't move quite like a man with innocent purposes. There was something stealthy, something sinister in his stride, and the way he kept such a sharp lookout in all directions. Yet he never glanced to the trail for deer tracks, as he would have done had he been hunting. Without even waiting to meditate on the matter, Dan started to shadow him.

Before one hundred yards had been traversed, he could better understand the joy the cougar takes in his hunting. It was the same process—a cautious, silent advance in the trail of prey. He had to walk with the same caution, he had to take advantage of the thickets. He began to feel a curious excitement.

Cranston seemed to be moving more carefully now, examining the brush along the trail. Now and then he glanced up at the tree tops. And all at once he stopped and knelt in the dry shrubbery.

At first all that Dan could see was the glimmer of a knife blade. Cranston seemed to be whittling a piece of dead pine into fine shavings. Now he was gathering pine needles and small twigs, making a little pile of them. And then, just as Cranston drew his match, Dan saw his purpose. Cranston was at his old trade—setting a forest fire.

For two very good reasons, Dan didn't call to him at once. The two reasons were that Cranston had a rifle and that Dan was unarmed. It might be extremely likely that Cranston would choose the most plausible and effective means of preventing an interruption of his crime, and by the same token, prevent word of the crime ever reaching the authorities. The rifle contained five cartridges, and only one was needed.

But the idea of backing out, unseen, never even occurred to Dan. The fire would have a tremendous headway before he could summon help. Although it was near the lookout station, every condition pointed to a disastrous fire. The brush was dry as tinder, not so heavy as to choke the wind, but yet tall enough to carry the flame into the tree tops. The stiff breeze up the ridge would certainly carry the flame for miles through the parched divide before help could come. In the meantime stock and lives and homes would be endangered, besides the irreparable loss of timber. There were many things that Dan might do, but giving up was not one of them.

After all, he did the wisest thing of all. He simply came out in plain sight and unconcernedly walked down the trail toward Cranston. At the same instant, the latter struck his match.

As Dan was no longer stalking, Cranston immediately heard his step. He whirled, recognized Dan, and for one long instant in which the world seemed to have time to plenty to make a complete revolution, he stood perfectly motionless. The match flared in his dark fingers, his eyes—full of singular conjecturing—rested on Dan's face. No instant of the latter's life had ever been fraught with greater peril. He understood perfectly what was going on in Cranston's mind. The fire-brand was calmly deciding whether to shoot or whether to bluff it out.

One required no more moral courage than the other. It really didn't make a great deal of difference to Cranston. But he decided that the killing was not worth the cartridge. The other course was too easy. He did not even dream that Dan had been shadowing him and had seen his intention. He would have laughed at the idea that a "tenderfoot" could thus walk behind him, unheard. Without concern, he scattered with his foot the little heap of kindling, and slipping his pipe into his mouth, he touched the flaring match to it. It was a wholly admirable little piece of acting, and would have deceived any one who had not seen his previous preparations. Then he walked on down the trail toward Dan.

Dan stopped and lighted his own pipe. It was a curious little trick. And then he leaned back against the great gray trunk of a fallen tree.

"Well, Cranston," he said civilly. The men had met on previous occasions, and always there had been the same invisible war between them.

"How do you do, falling," Cranston replied. No perceptions could be so blunt as to miss the premeditated insult in the tone. He didn't speak in his own tongue at all, the short, guttural "Howdy" that is the greeting of the mountain men. He pronounced

all the words with an exaggerated precision, an unmistakable mockery of Dan's own tone. In his accent he threw a tone of sickly sweetness, and his inference was all too plain. He was simply calling falling a milk-soap and a white-liver; just as plainly as if he had used the words.

The eyes of the two men met. Cranston's lips were slightly curled in an unmistakable leer. Dan's were very straight. And in one thing at least, their eyes looked just the same. The pupils of both pairs had contracted to steel points, bright in the dark gray of the irises. Cranston's looked somewhat red; and Dan's were only hard and bright.

Dan felt himself straighten; and the color mounted somewhat higher in his brown cheeks. But he did not try to avenge the insult—yet. Cranston was still fifteen feet distant, and that was too far. A man may swing a rifle within fifteen feet. The fact that they were in no way physical equals did

not even occur to him. When the insult is great enough, such considerations cannot possibly matter. Cranston was hard as steel, one hundred and seventy pounds in weight. Dan did not touch one hundred and fifty, and a deadly disease had not yet entirely relinquished its hold upon him.

"I do very well, Cranston," Dan answered in the same tone. "Wouldn't you like another match? I believe your pipe has gone out."

Very little can be said for the wisdom of this remark. It was simply human—that age-old creed to answer blow for blow and insult for insult. Of course the inference was obvious—that Dan was accusing him, by innuendo, of his late attempt at arson. Cranston glanced up quickly, and it might be true that his fingers itched and tingled about the barrel of his rifle. He knew what Dan meant. He understood perfectly that Dan had guessed his purpose on the mountain side. And the curl at his lips became more pronounced.

"What a smart little boy," he scorned. "Going to be a Sherlock Holmes when he grows up." Then he half turned and the light in his eyes blazed up. He was not leering now. The mountain men are too intense to play at insult very long. Their inherent savagery comes to the surface, and they want the warmth of blood upon their fingers. His voice became guttural. "Maybe you're a spy?" he asked. "Maybe you're one of those city rats—to come and watch us, and then run and tell the forest service. There's two things, falling, that I want you to know."

Dan puffed at his pipe, and his eyes looked curiously bright through the film of smoke. "I'm not interested in hearing them," he said.

"It might pay you," Cranston went on. "One of 'em is that one man's word is good as another's in a court—and it wouldn't do you any good to run down and tell tales. A man can light his pipe on the mountain side without the courts being interested. The second thing is—just that I don't think you'd find it a healthy thing to do."

"I suppose, then, that is a threat?" "It ain't just a threat," Cranston laughed harshly—a single, grim syllable that was the most terrible sound he had yet uttered. "It's a fact. Just try it, falling. Just make one little step in that direction. You couldn't hide behind a girl's skirts, then, why, you city sissy, I'd break you to pieces in my hands!"

Few men can make a threat without a muscular accompaniment. Its very utterance releases pent-up emotions, part of which can only pour forth in muscular expression. And anger is a primitive thing, going down to the most mysterious depths of a man's nature. As Cranston spoke, his lips curled, his dark fingers clenched on his thick palm, and he half leaned forward.

Dan knocked out his pipe on the log. It was the only sound in that whole mountain realm; all the lesser sounds were stifled. The two men stood face to face, Dan tranquil, Cranston shaken by passion.

"I give you," said Dan with entire coldness, "an opportunity to take that back. Just about four seconds."

He stood very straight as he spoke, and his eyes did not waver in the least. It would not be the truth to say that his heart was not leaping like a wild thing in his breast. A dark mist was spreading like madness over his brain; but yet he was striving to keep his thoughts clear. Stentily, without seeming to do so, he was setting his muscles for a spring.

The only answer to his words was a laugh—a roaring laugh of scorn from Cranston's dark lips. In his laughter, his intent, catlike vigilance relaxed. Dan saw a chance; feeble



The Battles of the Mountains were Battles to the Death.

though it was, it was the only chance he had. And his long body leaped like a serpent through the air.

Physical superior though he was, Cranston would have repelled the attack with his rifle if he had had a chance. His blood was already at the murder heat—a point always quickly reached in Cranston—and the dark, hot fumes in his brain were simply nothing more nor less than the most poisonous, bitter hatred. No other word exists. If his class of degenerate mountain men had no other

accomplishment, they could hate. All their lives they practiced the emotion: hatred of their neighbors, hatred of law, hatred of civilization in all its forms. Besides, this kind of hillman habitually fought his duels with rifles. Hands were not deadly enough.

But Dan was past his guard before he had time to raise his gun. The whole attack was one of the most astounding surprises of Cranston's life. Dan's body struck him, his fists failed, and to protect himself, Cranston was obliged to drop the rifle. They staggered, as if in some weird dance, on the trail; and their arms clasped in a clinch.

For a long instant they stood straining, seemingly motionless. Cranston's powerful body had stood up well under the shock of Dan's leap. It was a hand-to-hand battle now. The rifle had slid on down the hillside, to be caught in a clump of brush twenty feet below. Dan called on every ounce of his strength, because he knew what mercy he might expect if Cranston mastered him. The battles of the mountains were battles to the death.

They flung back and forth, wrenching shoulders, slashing fists, teeth and feet and fingers. There were no Marquis of Queensberry rules in this battle. Again and again Dan sent home his blows; but they all seemed ineffective. By now, Cranston had completely overcome the moment's advantage the other had obtained by the power of his leap. He hurled Dan from the clinch and lashed at him with hard fists.

It is a very common thing to hear of a silent fight. But it is really a more rare occurrence than most people believe. It is true that serpents will often fight in the strangest, most eerie silence; but human beings are not serpents. They partake more of the qualities of the meat-eaters—the wolves and felines. After the first instant, the noise of the fight aroused the whole hillside. The sound of blows was in itself notable, and besides, both of the men were howling the primordial battle cries of hatred and vengeance.

For two long minutes Dan fought with the strength of desperation, summoning at last all that mysterious reserve force with which all men are born. But he was playing a losing game. The malady with which he had suffered had taken too much of his vigor. Even as he struggled, it seemed to him that the vista about him, the dark pines, the colored leaves of the perennial shrubbery, the yellow path were all obscured in a strange, white mist. A great wind roared in his ears—and his heart was evidently about to shiver to pieces.

But still he fought on, not daring to yield. He could no longer parry Cranston's blows. The latter's arms went around him in one of those deadly holds that wrestlers know; and Dan struggled in vain to free himself. Cranston's face itself seemed hideous and unreal in the mist that was creeping over him. He did not recognize the curious thumping sound as Cranston's fists on his flesh. And now Cranston had hurled him off his feet.

Nothing mattered further. He had fought the best he could. This cruel beast could pounce on him at will and hammer away his life. But still he struggled. Except for the constant play of his muscles, his almost unconscious effort to free himself that kept one of Cranston's arms busy holding him down, that fight on the mountain path might have come to a sudden end. Human bodies can stand a terrific punishment; but Dan's was weakened from the ravages of his disease. Besides, Cranston would soon have both hands and both feet free for the work, and when these four terrible weapons are used at once, the issue—soon or late—can never be in doubt.



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Your animals are coming off summer pastures and going on dry feed. It's a big change. Out in the succulent pastures, Nature supplies the tonics and laxatives to keep animals in condition.

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It keeps animals free from worms.
It keeps their bowels open and regular.
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It conditions cows for calving.
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It keeps feeding cattle right up on their appetite.
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It means health and thrift for all animals.

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But even now, consciousness still lingered. Dan could hear his enemy's curses—and far up the trail, he heard another, stranger sound. It sounded like some one running.

And then he dimly knew that Cranston was climbing from his body. Voices were speaking—quick, commanding voices just over him. Above Cranston's savage curses another voice rang clear, and to Dan's ears, glorious beyond all human utterance.

He opened his tortured eyes. The mist lifted from in front of them, and the whole drama was revealed. It had not been sudden mercy that had driven Cranston from his body, just when his victim's falling unconsciousness would have put him completely in his power. Rather it was something black and ominous that even now was pointed squarely at Cranston's breast.

None too soon, a ranger of the hill had heard the sounds of the struggle, and had left the trying place at the spring to come to Dan's aid. It was Snowbird, very pale but wholly self-sufficient and determined and intent. Her pistol was cocked and ready.

(To be Continued)

SOPHOMORES WIN BASKETBALL GAME

A basketball game at the gymnasium between the freshmen and sophomore teams opened the high school interclass season Friday night. Due to their superior height and team work the sophomores were easy victors, winning from the freshman team with a score of 40-10.

A large turnout, not only of the two classes but of the whole high school, watched the game.

The teams played a fast game with very little individual stalling and in this respect the team work was almost perfect.

The sophomores have a well balanced team and expect to be strong contenders for the championship. Howell comes well recommended from Pullman, Wash., and is a member of the high school quintet.

The two teams would like to schedule games with the seniors and juniors. Arrangements can be made through P. Philbrook of the freshmen, and Dee McRoberts of the sophomores.

The lineup:
Freshmen R. F. Howell
Philbrook L. F. Gove
Birdsall (c) C. McNeilly (c)
Mahoney R. G. Epperson
Orrell L. G. Clarno
Hicks Sub. Whitmore

BEND SAILOR WILL GO TO ANNAPOLIS

After less than two years in the U. S. navy, Leslie Holmes, 19-year-old son of C. A. Holmes of this city, has received an appointment to Annapolis, the naval academy for the training of officers. Word of the

appointment has just been received by the young sailor's father.

Young Holmes, a Bend high school boy, enlisted in the navy in July, 1919, and has been rapidly advanced, his rating at the time of his appointment being that of chief yeoman. In order that he may be in this country when the Annapolis entrance examinations are held, he has been taken from the Glacier, supply ship, which was just about to sail for Chile.

JOHN STEIDL WEDS PRINEVILLE GIRL

John V. Steidl, Jr., son of Mr. and Mrs. John Steidl, early pioneers of Bend, and Miss Amanda Harris of Prineville were married Thursday afternoon at the home of the groom's parents, 124 Revere street, by the Rev. J. Edgar Purdy of the Methodist church.

Only immediate relatives attended the ceremony and the wedding dinner which followed. The newly married couple will spend the next few weeks visiting friends and relatives in Portland and Seattle before returning to Bend to make their home.

The plans of a large party of friends, who had gathered at the depot to give the newlyweds a rousing send-off were frustrated when Mr. and Mrs. Steidl took an auto to Deschutes, from which point they boarded the train for Portland.

SPECIAL DELIVERY TO BE EXPEDITED

To expedite the distribution of special delivery mail, a new plan has been authorized by the postoffice department, a feature of which is that receipts will no longer be required. Postmaster W. H. Hudson states.

The usual record of delivery will be kept at the office, however. According to the new plan, the postal messenger will leave special delivery letters with the persons to whom this class of mail is addressed, or, in case of their absence, in letter boxes, in case these are provided. If delivery cannot be made, the letters will be returned to the postoffice and notices sent out. Distribution will then be made from the office, or by the regular carrier.

CUT THIS OUT—IT IS WORTH MONEY

Cut out this slip, enclose with \$6 to Foley & Co., 2835 Sheffield Ave., Chicago, Ill., writing your name and address clearly. You will receive in return a trial package containing Foley's Honey and Tar Compound, for coughs, colds and croup, Foley Kidney Pills and Foley Cathartic Tablets. Sold everywhere.—Adv.

Want to buy hay, use Bulletin classified ads.

Put it in The Bulletin.