

LEGION OPENS CAMPAIGN FOR INCREASE ROLL

MEMORIAL CANNON IS MOUNTED AT GYM

CARDS SELLING TODAY

Heavy Gun Hoisted by Hand As Part of Housewarming Program—Fire Engineer Gets First Card—Two Reports On Convention.

The energetic manner in which the American Legion plans to operate the B. A. A. C. was demonstrated Friday morning to the wondering gaze of all who passed in front of the gymnasium and saw the memorial cannon, recently received from Fort Stevens, reposing on the terrace, three feet above the sidewalk, still covered with the camouflage coat it wore in the Fourth of July parade.

The ex-service men did not wait for daylight, advice nor block and tackle, but hoisted the gun, weighing, with the carriage, about 1900 pounds, by hand, as a part of the housewarming program of last night.

The membership campaign, which was the principal business of the meeting, opened within thirty minutes after the application cards were distributed to the Legion and Auxiliary members. Fire Engineer Willard Houston sold the first membership, and Myrl Hoover, the other pilot of the big red truck was issued the first card.

Solicitors covered a large part of the city today and a great many cards were taken out, but no count will be made until tonight.

Post Has High Reputation.
Percy A. Stevens post is regarded as one of the most active posts in the state, it was brought out in the reports of Earl B. Houston and Charles W. Erskine on the convention held recently at Eugene. Bend may get the convention in 1933, or the year following, it was stated. Every Bend delegate was placed on an important committee at Eugene.

Thomas Norton, Earl Mottice and F. K. Garnett were elected to membership in the post.

A new orchestra, directed by William G. Schlichting, proved popular during the program and dance which followed the business meeting. Dancing and refreshments were enjoyed up to a late hour by Legion and Auxiliary members.

DENY CHANGE IN RAIL OWNERSHIP

Heads of Great Northern and Northern Pacific Say Report of S. P. & S. Transfer Is Unfounded.

Reports that the Great Northern railway intended to take over the Northern Pacific interests in the S. P. & S. line are denied in a joint statement issued by Ralph Budd, president of the Great Northern, and Frank Donnelly, president of the Northern Pacific, through W. F. Turner, president of the S. P. & S.

The statement is published in the Oregon Journal as follows:

"The story that the Great Northern Railway Co. is to acquire the interests of the Northern Pacific Railway Co. in the Spokane, Portland & Seattle railway is entirely incorrect and unfounded. The Northern Pacific has never at any time considered selling its interests in that property, nor has the Great Northern considered purchasing. It is not at all certain that any change will be made in the operation of the Spokane, Portland & Seattle Railway Co.'s property, but it is absolutely certain that the equality of ownership of the Great Northern and Northern Pacific will not be disturbed."

O. A. C. BEE EXPERT VISITS IN COUNTY

H. A. Scullen, bee expert from the Oregon Agricultural college is in Deschutes county today. He was scheduled for sisters in the morning, and at 2 o'clock the same afternoon for the Grange Hall district, where a meeting of bee men was to be held at the R. M. Chase ranch.

AUTO LOSES WHEEL

The right rear wheel of Ralph Hope's Ford car dropped off the hub and allowed the rear axle to drop to the ground shortly after he left the American Legion building Monday, about 10:30 o'clock. It is reported that the car would not run, and was being towed from the gymnasium.

WILL INCREASE EFFORT TO GET CLUB MEMBERS

NEW VIGOR INJECTED INTO CAMPAIGN

B. A. A. C. BOARD MEETS

Senior And Family Memberships Only Two Divisions Sanctioned—Open House Draws Many Bend People To The Gymnasium.

Greater efforts to secure 1000 members for the B. A. A. C. will characterize the next few days of the campaign. It was indicated at Monday's meeting of the board of control. Manager Norman Cobb will assist H. J. Overturf in directing the campaign, and solicitors will report every day the names of members secured, and also those who refused to join, with the reasons given.

The board decided last night that no memberships would be granted from month to month, because of the expense of collection. It was also determined that no junior memberships would be sold, family cards being the only way in which children under 16 years of age may join. While the children might use the building most, it was hoped in this way to enlist the support from heads of families which the building deserves.

A meeting of all solicitors will be held tonight in the gymnasium for 15 minutes, Overturf announces.

Open House Held.

Open house, very informal because of the preparations which were going on very rapidly for the Parisian Tours, was held at the American Legion building Monday, and was enjoyed by a great crowd of people, who made use of the gymnasium floor and the swimming pool. The boys, who have been denied the luxury of a swim since February, almost monopolized the pool last night.

With the return of Manager Norman Cobb, and largely because of the approaching "Folies Bergere" entertainment, there is more activity in the building this week than was ever known in its history. Committees from the American Legion and Auxiliary, and from the new B. A. A. C. membership last night swarmed everywhere in the building.

Prepare for Entertainment.

On the main floor, decorations are going up for the "Folies Bergere" itself. The stage, the dancing floor and the wings will all be in use. Decorations of a kind which suggest the trenches of Belgium are being made and barbed wire entanglements are being constructed.

Up in Monte Carlo arrangements are being made to satisfy the lust for gambling of the overflow crowds from Paris. A big roulette wheel is on its way, and the "Crown and Anchor" game is being set up.

The Shevlin-Hixon band has donated its services for Friday night, and will lead a feature parade, ending at the gym with a concert.

The cabaret is the busiest place of all. Here a bar is being constructed and mysterious preparations are going on where the pool tables once stood. Many members of the Ladies' Auxiliary are on the committee for this feature.

USE MOLASSES IN WAR ON HOPPERS

Molasses, 1400 pounds of it, to be used in the preparation of poison bait for the consumption of Crane Prairie grasshoppers, was sent to the prairie on Tuesday by County Agriculturist D. L. Jamison. One hundred pounds of arsenic was also sent, and 20 ounces of oil of banana will be used to scent the mess, which will be mixed with 500 pounds of sawdust. Jamison has not yet computed the number of hoppers which will be destroyed by the ton of poison.

BACK FROM FIRST TRIP OVER PASS

S. Stutesman, driving for the Bend-Eugene Stage company, returned last Wednesday night from his first trip over the McKenzie pass. The road is now passable at all points, without the assistance of a team, but is rough in many places, he reports. Except for a few springy places, the road is dry. It needs dragging on the other side, where heavy traffic, before the last storm, had worn bad ruts.

Bulletin Want Ads bring results—try them.



BULL-DOG DRUMMOND

The Adventures of A Demobilized Officer Who Found Peace Dull
by **CYRIL McNEILE**
"SAPPER"
Illustrations by **IRWIN MYERS**
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The car drew up at the station, and he strolled with her to the platform. Then the train came in, and he put her into a carriage. And two minutes later, with the touch of her lips warm on his, and her anxious little cry, "Take care, my darling—take care!" still ringing in his ears, he got into his car and drove off to an hotel to get an early dinner.

FOUR.

At a quarter to ten he backed his car into the shadow of some trees not far from the gate of The Elms. Save for a light in the sitting-room and one in a bedroom upstairs, the front of the house was in darkness, and, treading noiselessly on the turf, he explored all round it. There was one bedroom light at the back of the house, and thrown on the blind he could see the shadow of a man. As he watched, the man got up and moved away, only to return in a moment or two and take up his old position.

"It's one of those two bedrooms," he muttered to himself, "if he's here at all."
Then he crouched in the shadow of some shrubs and waited. Through the trees to his right he could see The Larches, and once, with a sudden quickening of his heart, he thought he saw the outline of the girl show up in the light from the drawing-room. But it was only for a second, and then it was gone.

He peered at his watch: it was just ten o'clock. The trees were creaking gently in the faint wind; all around him the strange night noises—noises which play pranks with a man's nerves—were whispering and muttering. Bushes seemed suddenly to come to life, and move; eerie shapes crawled over the ground toward him—figures which existed only in his imagination. And once again the thrill of the night stalker gripped him.

He remembered the German who had lain motionless for an hour in a little gully by Hebuterne, while he from behind a stunted bush had tried to locate him. And then that one creak as the Boche had moved his leg. And then . . . the end. On that night, too, the little hummocks had moved and taken to themselves strange shapes; fifty times he had imagined he saw him; fifty times he knew he was wrong—in time. He was used to it; the night held no terrors for him, only a fierce excitement. And thus it was that as he crouched in the bushes, waiting for the game to start, his pulse was as normal, and his nerves as steady as if he had been sitting down to supper.

The only difference was that in his hand he held something tight-gripped. At last faintly in the distance he heard the hum of a car. Rapidly it grew louder, and he smiled grimly to himself as the sound of five unmelodious voices singing lustily struck his ear. They passed along the road in front of the house. There was a sudden crash—then silence; but only for a moment.

Peter's voice came first: "You priceless old ass, you've rammed the blinking gate."
It was Jerry Seymour who then took up the brawl. His voice was intensely solemn—also extremely loud. "Preposterous. Perfectly preposterous. We must go and apologize to the owner. . . I . . . I . . . absolutely . . . must apologize. . . Quite unpardonable. . . You can't go about country . . . knocking down gates. . . Out of question."

Half-consciously Hugh listened, but, now that the moment for action had come, every faculty was concentrated on his own job. He saw half a dozen men go rushing into the garden through a side door, and then two more ran out and came straight toward him. They crashed past him and went into the darkness, and for an instant he wondered what they were doing. A little later he was destined to find out.

Then came a peal at the front-door bell, and he determined to wait no longer. He darted through the garden door, to find a flight of stairs in front of him, and in another moment he was on the first floor. He walked rapidly along the landing, trying to find his bearings, and, turning a corner, he found himself at the top of the main staircase—the spot where he had fought Peterson two nights previously.

He walked quickly on to the room which he calculated was the one where he had seen the shadow on the blind. Without a second's hesitation he flung the door open and walked in. There lying in the bed, was the American, while crouched beside him, with a revolver in his hand, was a man. . . . For a few seconds they watched one another in silence, and then the man stretched up.

"The soldier!" he snarled. "You young pup!"
Deliberately, almost casually, he raised his revolver, and then the unexpected happened. A jet of liquid ammonia struck him full in the face, and with a short laugh Hugh dropped his water-pistol in his pocket, and turned his attention to the bed. Wrapping the millionaire in a blanket, he poked him up, and, paying no more attention to the man gasping and choking in a corner, he raced for the back stairs.

Below he could hear Jerry bleating gently, and explaining to the proprietor that he personally would repair . . . insisted on repulsing . . . any and every gate post he possessed. . . . And then he reached the garden. . . . Everything had fallen out exactly as he had hoped, but had hardly dared to expect. He heard Peterson's voice, calm and suave as usual, answering Jerry. From the garden in front came the dreadful sound of a duet by Algy and Peter. Not a soul was in sight; the back of the house was clear. All that he had to do was to walk quietly through the wicket-gate to The

Larches with his semi-conscious burden, get to his car, and drive off. It all seemed so easy that he laughed. . . . But there were one or two factors that he had forgotten, and the first and most important one was the man upstairs. The window was thrown up suddenly, and the man leaned out waving his arms. He was still gasping with the strength of the ammonia, but Hugh saw him clearly in the light from the room behind. And as he cursed himself for a fool in not having tied him up, from the trees close by there came the sharp clang of metal.

With a quick catch in his breath he began to run. The two men who had rushed past him before he had entered the house, and whom, save for a passing thought, he had disregarded, had become the principal danger. For he had heard that clang before; he remembered Jim Smith's white horror-struck face, and then his sigh of relief as the thing—whatever it was—was shut in its cage. And now it was out, dodging through the trees, let loose by the two men. He heard something crash into a bush on his right, and give a snarl of anger. Like a flash he swerved into the undergrowth on the left.

the animal as it tried to tear away the man's hand from its throat, and then encircle him with its powerful arms. And with his brain cold as ice Hugh saw his danger and kept his head. It couldn't go on; no human being could last the pace, whatever his strength. And there was only one chance of finishing it quickly, the possibility that the grip taught him by Otaki would serve with a monkey as it did with a man.

He shifted his left thumb an inch or two on the brute's throat, and the baboon, thinking he was weakening, redoubled its efforts. And then, little by little, the fingers moved, and the grip which had been tight before grew tighter still. Back went its head; something was snapping in its neck. With a scream of fear and rage it wrapped its legs round Drummond, squeezing and writhing. And then suddenly there was a tearing snap, and the great limbs relaxed and grew limp.

For a moment the man stood watching the still quivering brute lying at his feet; then, with a gasp of utter exhaustion, he dropped on the ground himself. He was done—utterly cooked; even Peterson's voice close behind scarcely roused him.

"Quite one of the most amusing entertainments I've seen for a long time." The calm, expressionless voice made him look up wearily, and he saw that he was surrounded by men. The inevitable cigar glowed red in the darkness, and after a moment or two he scrambled unsteadily to his feet.

"I'd forgotten your d-d menagerie. I must frankly confess," he remarked. "What's the party for?" He glanced at the men who had closed in round him.

"A guard of honor, my young friend," said Peterson suavely, "to lead you to the house. I wouldn't breathe . . . it's very foolish. Your friends have gone, and, strong as you are, I don't think you can manage ten."
Hugh commenced to stroll toward the house.

"Well, don't leave the wretched Potts lying about. I dropped him over there."
CHAPTER VII,
In Which He Spends an Hour or Two on a Roof.

ONE.
Drummond paused for a moment at the door of the sitting room, then with a slight shrug he stepped past Peterson. During the last few days he had grown to look on this particular room as the private den of the principals of the gang. He associated it in his mind with Peterson himself, suave, impassive, ruthless; with the girl Irma, perfectly groomed, lying on the sofa, smoking innumerable cigarettes, and man-courting her already faultless nails; and in a lesser degree, with Henry Lakington's thin, cruel face, and blue, staring eyes.

But tonight a different scene confronted him. The girl was not there; her accustomed place on the sofa was occupied by an unkempt-looking man with a ragged beard. At the end of the table was a vacant chair, on the right of which sat Lakington regarding him with malevolent fury. Along the table on each side there were half a dozen men, and he glanced at their faces. Some were obviously foreigners; some might have been anything from murderers to Sunday school teachers. There was one with spectacles and the general appearance of an intimidated rabbit, while his neighbor, helped by a large red scar right across his cheek, and two bloodshot eyes, struck Hugh as being the sort of man with whom one would not share a luncheon basket.

Peterson's voice from just behind his shoulder roused him. "Permit me, gentlemen, to introduce to you Captain Drummond, D. S. O., M. C., the originator of the little entertainment we have just had."
Hugh bowed gravely. "My only regret is that it failed to function," he remarked. "As I told you outside, I'd quite forgotten your menagerie. In fact"—his glance wandered slowly and somewhat pointedly from face to face at the table—"I had no idea it was such a large one."

"So this is the insolent young swine, is it?" The bloodshot eyes of the man with the scarred face turned on him morosely. "What I cannot understand is why he hasn't been killed by now."
Hugh wagged an accusing finger at him.

"I knew you were a nasty man as soon as I saw you. Now look at Henry up at the end of the table; he doesn't say that sort of thing. And you do hate me, don't you, Henry? How's the jaw?"
"Captain Drummond," said Lakington, ignoring Hugh and addressing the first speaker, "was very nearly killed last night. I thought for some time as to whether I would or not, but I finally decided it could be much too easy a death. So it can be remedied tonight."

If Hugh felt a momentary twinge of fear at the calm, expressionless tone, and the half-satisfied grunt which greeted the words, no trace of it showed on his face. Already the realization had come to him that if he got through the night alive he would be more than passing lucky, but he was too much of a fatalist to let that worry him unduly. So he merely stifled a yawn, and again turned to Lakington.

"So it was you, my little one, whose fairy face I saw pressed against the window. Would it be indiscreet to ask how you got the dope into us?"
Lakington looked at him with an expression of grim satisfaction on his face.

"You were ~~guilty~~ if you want to know. An admirable invention of my friend Kauffman's nation."
A guttural chuckle came from one of the men, and Hugh looked at him grimly.

"The scum certainly would not be complete," he remarked to Peterson, "without a filthy Boche in it."
The German pushed back his chair with an oath, his face purple with passion.

"A filthy Boche," he muttered thickly, lurching toward Hugh. "Hold him the arms of, and I will the throat tear out. . . ."
It all happened so quickly. At one moment Hugh was apparently intent upon selecting a cigarette, the next instant the case had fallen to the floor; there was a dull, heavy thud, and the Boche crashed back, overturned a chair, and fell like a log to the floor, his head hitting the wall with a vicious crack. The bloodshot being resumed his seat a little limply. Hugh resumed his search for a cigarette.

"After which breezy interlude," remarked Peterson, "let us to business get."
Hugh paused in the act of striking a match, and for the first time a genuine smile spread over his face.

"There are moments, Peterson," he murmured, "when you really appeal to me."
Peterson took the empty chair next to Lakington.

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