

GOT JOHN BURROUGHS' GOAT

Great Naturalist Admitted That Iron Wall of Treasury Vault Had Bad Effect on Him.

It was while sitting in front of the iron wall of the treasury vault at Washington that John Burroughs, guardian of the \$50,000,000 the vault contained, wrote his first book, "Wake Robin." In that book it has been thought that he got closer to nature than in any of the others. "Perhaps I did," he said of it. "I know I was closer to it in longing. That iron wall reacted on me."

MOST TALK NOT CONFESSIVE

Assertion Made That Anecdotes Compose by Far the Greatest Part of Conversations of Americans.

For hours a group of men will talk, and all problems fall like ducks on a rifle range before their well-aimed epigrams. It may be a brilliant session, but we cannot forbear thinking that not many serious thoughts are expressed with fervor, that few honest emotions have adequate utterance.

Of course, much conversation is necessarily anecdotal, but two travelers who meet in the smoker of a train crossing our American plains do not tell anecdotes merely, says the New York Sun. There the anecdotes take on more meat and grow in length—they become talks. Again, however learned we are, we forget our pedantry when we talk in a smoker. Yet over a meal among those we know and will meet again we slough off our impulse to modesty and sincere self-expression and launch forth in all our drab erudition or else we sparkle in anecdote and say nothing to the point; forgetting that the best jests, aside the point, seem pointless.

In short, there is not always enough confessional conversation between Americans. In France and in Latin America the art of conversation has become an art of confession—of the confession, indeed, of one's faults, follies and fancies. As for us, we feel that no one is so sympathetic perhaps as to merit listening to our personal histories, or, what is more to the point, the emotional accompaniment of these histories.

WRITER'S RIGHT TO BORROW

Highest Authority for the Practice in the Works of the World's Greatest.

One reads for thought and for quotation not less; if he finds his thought more finely conceived and aptly expressed by another, let him quote without hesitation or apology. He has the highest authority for the practice. How rich is Plutarch's page, Montaigne's, Bacon's! And what they borrow is of a piece with their own text, giving it added strength and grace. I know the fashion of our time affects disdain of borrowing. But who is rich enough to refuse, or plead honorably for his exclusiveness? Somehow the printer happens to forget his quotation marks, and the credit of originality goes to the writer none the less. The plea is that quoting often implies sterility and bad taste. Then Shakespeare and his contemporaries were wanting in wit and fine rhetoric. Hear how Montaigne justifies his practice:

"Let nobody insist upon the matter I write but by my method in writing. Let them observe in what I borrow, if I have known how to choose what is proper to raise or relieve invention, which is always my own; for I make others say for me what, either for want of language or want of sense, I cannot myself well express. I do not number my borrowings. I weigh them. And had I designed to raise their estimate by their number, I had made twice as many."—Bronson Alcott.

It Stands to Reason. The other day a downtown principal summoned before her two youngsters who had been guilty of fighting another boy. After proving their guilt, she turned the husky-looking youngster over her knee and administered a good, old-fashioned spanking. But at the other one she hesitated. She voted her reason to a teacher standing near: "I hate to whip him. He's so thin and sickly looking," she said. The chunky culprit overheard her speech. "I guess criminals can be skinny as well as fat," he sobbed accusingly.

Bulletin "WANT ADS" Bring Results—Try Them.

FRENCH PLAYHOUSE ON BOAT

Actors in Remarkable Theatre Are Said to Find Their Occupation a Pleasant One.

France has a playhouse, built on a barge, which travels from Tours to Strasbourg. It is a gorgeous affair painted in white and silver and called the "bateau-theatre." It wanders along the canals and wherever it stops the French, who have few entertainments, crowd into the Fulminant to see a dramatic representation. It is agreeable life to move leisurely by canal and river, to stop where one pleases, to play to a crowded house in a salie, which is always ready, to give pleasure to a whole community and profit to oneself. The room where the performances take place is spacious enough. It holds five hundred persons, and every one of the faucunils covered in red velvet in this blue and gold decorated hall is occupied whenever the floating theatre casts anchor in an out-of-the-way town. The actors are their own mariners. There is much work to be done on board any kind of boat, as all who have ever helped to sail a yacht will agree. They all lend a hand. They scrub the decks and they make the preparations which are constantly called for. What do they not do? They go out shopping—and is there anything so delightful as to shop always in strange towns? They prepare their play bills and announce their advent. The mere business of acting is only an incident in this varied life.

LINKED WITH GLORIOUS PAST

Town of Steinamanger Within Territory Once Important Part of the Old Roman Empire.

Perhaps it was not without deep sentimental reasons that former Emperor Charles of Austria-Hungary chose the town of Steinamanger—to the Hungarians, Szombathely—as a place from which he hoped to receive the acclaim of his former subjects as their returned ruler, says a bulletin from the Washington headquarters of the National Geographic society.

It has been the cherished policy of the Hapsburg rulers of Austria-Hungary to rejuvenate the old "Holy Roman Empire," the Frankish and later the German union which claimed to be the heir to the power and overlordship of Rome. The affiliations of what was Austro-Hungarian territory before the World war, with the old Roman empire, were perhaps closer through Steinamanger than through any other town. The present town is in the site of the Roman Sabria, which was the capital of one of the chief divisions of Pannonia—the name given by the Romans to the province which covered the heart of modern Austria-Hungary.

A "Sand-Bow"

The unusual optical phenomenon of a rainbow produced by the sun shining not on rain-drops, but on particles of sand suspended in the air by wind, was witnessed over a part of the Great Salt Lake by some surveying parties. The colors were very brilliant, and there was a secondary bow visible. The main bow was fully double the width of an ordinary rainbow. Only a segment of it was seen. The sand was colitic, consisting of calcareous spherules of fairly uniform size, ranging between the limits of No. 8 and No. 10 shot, which are polished and exhibit a pearly luster. It is pointed out that the production of the bow must have been due to reflection from the outer surfaces of the spherules, and cannot be explained on the rule of refraction and total reflection, generally applied in the explanation of the rainbow.

Selenium a Rare Element

Selenium is a rare and little-used element described by the United States Geological survey, Department of the Interior, as having its greatest use in giving a red color to glass, such as that used in railroads for signal lights, and in coloring enamels were red. It is also used to overcome the natural green color of ordinary glass. Selenium is peculiar in being a very poor conductor of electricity in the dark and a fairly good conductor in the light and is used in several electric devices whose utility depends on this peculiarity. It has been used in telephoning along a ray of light and in transmitting sounds and photographs from one place to another over a wire.

China to Have Large Mint

One of the largest mints in the world, with a possible daily output of 500,000 silver dollars, is to be erected at Shanghai, China, at a cost of about \$2,000,000, under the direction of an American expert. When completed, in about two years, it will absorb some 14 tons of silver a day in its task of establishing a standardized currency in China, where the present unit of value, the Mexican dollar, competes with as many varieties of coin as there are provinces. The Chinese tael, now used for reckoning, is not a coin at all, but a measured slug of silver, the value of which varies in different parts of the country—Popular Mechanics Magazine.

Disappointed Hopes.

"Hiram," said Mrs. Cornstossel, "our boy Josh has learned to play a regular tune on his new violin." "That boy won't do nothin' but waste time. What does he want with a regular tune? I was educating him for leader of a jazz orchestra."

BULL-DOG DRUMMOND

The Adventures of A Demobilized Officer Who Found Peace Dull by CYRIL McNEILE "SAPPER" Illustrations by IRWIN MYERS Copyright by Geo H Doran Co

Slowly Lakington sank back in his chair, a hard, merciless smile on his lips; and for a moment or two there was silence in the room. It was broken by the unkempt man on the sofa, who, without warning, exploded unexpectedly.

"A truce to all this fooling," he burst forth in a deep rumble; "I confess I do not understand it. Are we assembled here tonight, comrades, to listen to private quarrels and stupid talk?"

A murmur of approval came from the others, and the speaker stood up waving his arms.

"I know not what this young man has done; I care less. In Russia such trifles matter not. He has the appearance of a bourgeois, therefore he must die. Did we not kill thousands—aye, tens of thousands of his kind, before we obtained the great freedom? Are we not going to do the same in this accursed country? Kill him now—"



"Kill Him Now—Throw Him in a Corner and Let Us Proceed."

throw him in a corner and let us proceed."

He sat down, amidst a murmur of approval, in which Hugh joined heartily.

"Splendid," he murmured. "A magnificent peroration. Am I right, sir, in assuming that you are what is vulgarly known as a Bolshevik?"

The man turned his sunken eyes, glowing with the burning fires of fanaticism, on Drummond.

"I am one of those who are fighting for the freedom of the world," he cried harshly, "for the right to live of the proletariat." He flung out his arms wildly. "It is freedom; it is the dawn of the new age."

Hugh looked at him with genuine curiosity; it was the first time he had actually met one of these wild visionaries in the flesh. And then the curiosity was succeeded by a very definite amazement: what had Peterson to do with such as he?

For the moment his own deadly risk was forgotten; a growing excitement filled his mind. Could it be possible that here, at last, was the real object of the gang; could it be possible that Peterson was organizing a deliberate plot to try and Bolshevize England? He looked up to find Peterson regarding him with a faint smile.

"It is a little difficult to understand, isn't it, Captain Drummond?" he said, carefully flicking the ash off his cigar. "I told you you'd find yourself in deep water." Then he resumed the contemplation of the papers in front of him. Hugh half closed his eyes, while a general buzz of conversation broke out round the table.

Fragments of conversation struck his ears from time to time. The intimidated rabbit, with the light of battle in his watery eye, was declaiming on the glories of workmen's councils; a bullet-headed man was shouting an inspiring battle cry about no starvation wages and work for all.

"Can it be possible," thought Hugh, grimly, "that such as these have the power to control big destinies?" And then, because he had some experience of what one unbalanced brain, whose owner could talk, was capable of achieving; because he knew something about mob psychology, his half contemptuous amusement changed to a bitter foreboding.

"You fool!" he cried suddenly to the Russian; and everyone ceased talking. "You poor d-d boob! You—and your new earth! In Petrograd today bread is two pounds four shillings a pound; tea, fifteen pounds a pound. Do you call that freedom?" He gave a

contemptuous laugh.

Too surprised to speak, the Russian sat staring at him; and it was Peterson who broke the silence with his suave voice.

"Your distress, I am glad to say, is not likely to be one of long duration," he remarked. "In fact, the time has come for you to retire for the night, my young friend."

He stood up smiling; then he walked over to the bell behind Hugh and rang it.

"Dead or mad—I wonder which." He threw the end of his cigar into the grate as Hugh rose. "While we



He Opened the Door and Stood There Smiling.

deliberate down here on various matters of importance we shall be thinking of you upstairs—that is to say, if you get there. I see that Lakington is even now beginning to gloat in pleasant anticipation."

Not a muscle on the soldier's face twitched; not by the hint of a look did he show the keenly watching audience that he realized his danger. Lakington's face was merciless, with its fiendish look of anticipation, and Hugh stared at him with level eyes for a while before he turned toward the door.

"Then I will say 'Good night,'" he remarked casually. "Is it the same room that I had last time?"

"No," said Peterson. "A different one—specially prepared for you. If you get to the top of the stairs a man will show you where it is." He opened the door and stood there stalling. And at that moment all the lights went out.

TWO.

The darkness could be felt, as real darkness inside a house always can be felt. Not the faintest glimmer even of greenness showed anywhere, and Hugh remained motionless, wondering what the next move was going to be. Now that the night's ordeal had commenced, all his nerve had returned to him. He felt ice-cold; and as his powerful hands clenched and unclenched by his sides, he grinned faintly to himself. Then very cautiously he commenced to feel his way toward the door.

At that moment someone brushed past him. Like a flash Hugh's hand shot out and gripped him by the arm. The man wriggled and twisted, but he was powerless as a child, and with another short laugh Hugh found his throat with his other hand. And again silence settled on the room.

Still holding the unknown man in front of him, he reached the foot of the stairs, and there he paused. He had suddenly remembered the mysterious thing which had whizzed past his head that other night, and then changed suddenly into the wall beside him. He had gone up five stairs when it had happened, and now with his foot on the first, he started to do some rapid thinking.

If, as Peterson had kindly assured him, they proposed to try and send him mad, it was unlikely that they would kill him on the stairs. At the same time it was obviously an implement capable of accurate adjustment, and therefore it was more than likely that they would use it to frighten him. And if they did—if they did...

The unknown man wriggled feebly in his hands, and a sudden unholy look came on to Hugh's face. "It's the only possible chance," he said to himself, "and if it's you or me, liddle, I guess it's got to be you."

THREE.

It was half an hour before Drummond decided that it was safe to start exploring. First he took off his shoes, and tying the laces together, he slung them around his neck. Then, as silently as he could, he commenced to scramble upward.

With a quick heave he jerked the man off his feet, and lifted him up till his head was above the level of his own. Then clutching him tight he commenced to climb. His own head was bent down, somewhere in the region of the man's back, and he took no notice of the feebly kicking legs.

Then at last he reached the fourth step, and gave a final adjustment to his semi-conscious burden. He pressed his head even lower in the man's back, and lifted him up another three inches.

"How awfully jolly!" he murmured. "I hope the result will please you."

"I'd stand quite still if I were you," said Peterson suavely. "Just listen."

As Hugh had gambled on, the performance was designed to frighten. Instead of that, something hit the neck of the man he was holding with such force that it wrenched him clean out of his arms. Then came the clang beside him, and with a series of ominous thuds a body rolled down the stairs into the hall below.

"You fool!" He heard Lakington's voice, shrill with anger. "You've killed him. Switch on the light..."

But before the order could be carried out Hugh had disappeared, like a great cat, into the darkness of the passage above. As luck would have it the first room he darted into was empty, and he flung up the window and peered out.

A faint, watery moon showed him a twenty-foot drop onto the grass, and without hesitation he flung his legs over the sill. And at that moment something prompted him to look upward.

It was a dormer window, and to an active man access to the roof was easy. Without an instant's hesitation he abandoned all thoughts of retreat; and when two excited men rushed into the room he was firmly ensconced, with his legs astride of the ridge of the window, not a yard from their heads.

Securely hidden in the shadow, he watched the subsequent proceedings with genial toleration. A raucous fellow from the two men announced that they had discovered his line of escape; and in half a minute the garden was full of hurrying figures. One, calm and impassive, his identity betrayed only by the inevitable cigar, stood by the garden door, apparently taking no part in the game; Lakington, blind with fury, was running round in small circles, cursing everyone impartially.

"The car is still there." A man came up to Peterson, and Hugh heard the words distinctly.

"Then he's probably over at Benton's house. I will go and see."

Hugh watched the thick-set, massive figure stroll down toward the wicket gate, and he laughed gently to himself. Then he grew serious again, and with a slight frown he pulled out his watch and peered at it. Half-past one... two more hours before dawn. And in those two hours he wanted to explore the house from top to bottom; especially he wanted to have a look at the mysterious central room of which Phyllis had spoken to him—the room where Lakington kept his treasures. But until the excited throng below went indoors, it was unsafe to move. Once out of the shadow, any one would be able to see him crawling over the roof in the moonlight.

At times the thought of the helpless man for whose death he had in one way been responsible recurred to him, but he shook his head angrily. It had been necessary, he realized; you can carry someone upstairs in a normal house without him having his neck broken—but still... And then he wondered who he was. It had been one of the men who sat round the table—that he was tolerably certain. But which...? Was it the frightened bunny, or the Russian, or the gentleman with the blood-shot eye? The only comfort was that whoever it had been, the world would not be appreciably the poorer for his sudden decease. The only regret was that it hadn't been dear Henry...

He had a distate for Henry which far exceeded his dislike of Peterson. "He's not over there," Peterson's voice came to him from below. "And we've wasted time enough as it is."

The men had gathered together in a group, just below where Hugh was sitting, evidently awaiting further orders.

"Do you mean to say we've lost the young swine again?" said Lakington angrily.

"Not lost—merely mislaid," murmured Peterson. "The more I see of him the more do I admire his initiative."

Lakington snorted. "It was that d-d fool Ivolstsky's own fault," he snarled; "why didn't he keep still as he was told to do?"

"Why, indeed?" returned Peterson, his cigar glowing red. "And I'm afraid we shall never know. He is very dead." He turned toward the house. "That concludes the entertainment, gentlemen, for tonight. I think you can all go to bed."

He disappeared into the house, and the others followed slowly. For the time being Hugh was safe, and with a sigh of relief he stretched his cramped limbs and lay back against the sloping roof. If only he had dared to light a cigarette.

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stip and nothing could have stopped him sliding down and finally crashing into the garden below, with a broken leg, at the very best, for his pains. In addition, there was the risk of dislodging a slate, an unwise proceeding in a house whose most of the occupants slept with one eye open. But at last he got his hands over the ridge of the roof, and in another moment he was sitting straddled across it.

A sudden rattle close to him made him start violently; only to curse himself for a nervous ass the next moment, and lean forward eagerly. One of the blinds had been released from the room, and a pale, diffused light came filtering out into the night from the side of the glass roof.

He was still crouching backward and forward to try and find some chunk through which he could see, when, with a kind of unsteady deliberation, one of the panes of glass slowly opened. It was worked on a ratchet from inside, and Hugh bowed his thanks to the unseen operator below. Then he leaned forward cautiously, and peered in...

The whole room was visible to him, and his jaw tightened as he took in the scene. In an armchair, smoking as unconcernedly as ever, sat Peterson. He was reading a letter, and occasionally underlining some point with a pencil. Beside him on a table was a big ledger, and every now and then he would turn over a few pages and make an entry. But it was Peterson on whom the watcher above was concentrating his attention; it was Lakington, taking a red velvet box out of a drawer in the desk. He opened it lovingly, and Hugh saw the flash of diamonds. Lakington let the stones run through his hands, glittering with a thousand flames, while Peterson watched him contemptuously.

"Dabbles," he said, scornfully. "Pretty dabbles. What will you get for them?"

"Ten, perhaps fifteen thousand," returned the other. "But it's not the money I care about; it's the delight in having them, and the skill required to get them."

Peterson shrugged his shoulders. "Skill which would give you hundreds of thousands if you turned it into proper channels."

Lakington replaced the stones, and threw the end of his cigarette into the grate.

"Possibly, Carl, quite possibly. But it boils down to this, my friend, and you like the big canvas with broad effects; I like the miniature and the well-drawn sketching."

"Which makes us a very happy combination," said Peterson. "The pearls, don't forget, are your job. The big thing"—he turned to the other, and a trace of excitement came into his voice—"the big thing is mine."

(To be Continued)

Washington's First Newspaper. The first newspaper published in Washington was called the Washington Gazette. It was issued on June 11, 1796.

Brand Directory

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