

DEMAND REASON FOR DISCHARGE OF LEGION MAN

POST RAPS ACTION OF GAME COMMISSION

SENATORS CRITICIZED

Legion Will Ask That Member of Post Be Made Boxing Matchmaker—May Stage Smokers—Meets Socially With The Auxiliary.

Demanding that a reason be given for the summary discharge of Earl B. Houston as district game warden, a resolution to the state game commission was authorized at last week's meeting of Percy A. Stevens Post No. 4. The motion was made by P. Pierson. Past Commander L. W. Gatchell presided while this action was taken.

The removal of Houston was characterized as "petty politics" by Legion men. The reason given by M. A. Lynch, Redmond member of the commission that Houston is too well known, was declared "fishy." C. A. Adams of Redmond has been appointed to fill the vacancy.

No attempt will be made to have Houston reinstated, but it was indicated last night that a resolution condemning the action of the commission will be passed if no reason is supplied. Discrimination against an ex-service man was charged.

A resolution condemning the action of two Oregon senators who voted against the national bonus for ex-service men and of President Harding in using his influence against its passage, was ordered sent to the state department.

To Ask Matchmaker
A committee to approach the boxing commission and ask that a Legion man be named matchmaker was ordered. The Legion did not commit itself to a program of staging professional smokers, but took this step toward such a program. The committee to organize an amateur smoker was discharged.

A crayon portrait of the late National Commander F. W. Galbraith was ordered purchased. The post will also put up a sign at the camp ground, telling the location of the American Legion club rooms, and advertising the swimming accommodations. Attendance at last night's meeting was unusually good for the time of year.

Following the meeting, Legion and Auxiliary members joined in an hour of dancing in the auditorium. Music was furnished by the Legion orchestra. Ice cream and wafers were served.

AMATEUR NIGHT IS NEXT WEEK

MEETING OF B. A. A. C. MEMBERS AND OTHERS FRIDAY NIGHT IS FREE — BOARD NAMES DEPARTMENT HEADS.

Anybody who misses the big amateur night and community meeting at the American Legion building Friday night, will regret it, the management promises. The meeting is planned for B. A. A. C. members and all others who are interested in the club's activities. No charges will be made.

"We cannot vouch for the excellence of the performance," Manager Cobb said last night. "We can assure you, however, that you will enjoy it." A number of entertainers and others who claim to be entertainers have volunteered their services.

At the last meeting of the governing board, the heads of several departments were named. They will have captains under them for each activity. Dr. L. W. Gatchell is head of entertainments, Carl A. Johnson has charge of indoor athletics, Dr. H. C. Dodds of outdoor athletics, and H. J. Overturf retains his supervision over membership.

Plans were made for opening the pool hall and repairing the bowling alley.

An offer of cooperation from the Shevlin-Hixon band was accepted. The band will give during the winter one free concert a month, and will play for free dancing later. This may be done in connection with the club's community meetings.



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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FOUR

"Walk right in, Mr. Green," said Hugh, as, three hours later, they got out of a taxi in Half Moon street. "This is my little rabbit-hutch."

He followed the American up the stairs, and produced his latchkey. But before he could even insert it in the hole the door was flung open, and Peter Darrell stood facing him with evident relief in his face.

"Thank the Lord you've come, old son," he cried, with a brief look at the detective. "There's something doing down at Godalming I don't like."

He followed Hugh into the sitting room. "At twelve o'clock today Toby rang up. He was talking quite ordinarily—you know the sort of rot he usually gets off his chest—when suddenly he stopped quite short and said, 'My God! What do you want? I could tell he'd looked up, because his voice was muffled. Then there was the sound of a scuffle. I heard Toby curse, then nothing more. I rang and rang and rang—no answer.'"

"What did you do?" Drummond, with a letter in his hand which he had taken off the mantelpiece, was listening grimly.

"Algy was here. He motored straight off to see if he could find out what was wrong. I stopped here to tell you."

"Anything through from him?"

"Not a word. There's foul play, or I'll eat my hat."

But Hugh did not answer. With a look on his face which even Peter had never seen before, he was reading the letter. It was short and to the point, but he read it three times before he spoke.

"When did this come?" he asked. "An hour ago," answered the other. "I very nearly opened it."

"Read it," said Hugh. He handed it to Peter and went to the door.

"Denny," he shouted, "I want my car round at once." Then he came back into the room. "If they've hurt one hair of her head," he said, his voice full of a smoldering fury, "I'll murder that gang one by one with my bare hands."

"Say, captain, may I see this letter?" said the American; and Hugh nodded.

"For pity's sake, come at once," read the detective aloud. "The bearer of this is trustworthy." He thoughtfully picked his teeth. "Girl's writing. Do you know her?"

"My fiancée," said Hugh shortly. "Certain?" snapped the American. "Certain!" cried Hugh. "Of course I am. I know every curl of every letter."

"There is such a thing as forgery," remarked the detective dispassionately. "D—n it, man," exploded Hugh; "do you imagine I don't know my own girl's writing?"

"A good many bank cashiers have mistaken their customers' writing before now," said the other, unmoved. "I don't like it, captain. A girl in real trouble wouldn't put in that bit about the bearer."

"You go to h—l," remarked Hugh briefly. "I'm going to Godalming."

"Well," drawled the American, "not knowing Godalming, I don't know who scores. But, if you go there—I come too."

"And me," said Peter, brightening up.

Hugh grinned. "Not you, old son. If Mr. Green will come, I'll be delighted; but I want you here at headquarters."

He turned round as his servant put his head in at the door.

"Car here, sir. Do you want a bag packed?"

"No—only my revolver. Are you ready, Mr. Green?"

"Sure thing," said the American. "I always am."

"Then we'll move." And Peter, watching the car resignedly from the window, saw the American grip his seat with both hands, and then raise them suddenly in silent prayer, while an elderly lady fled with a scream to the safety of the area below.

They did the trip in well under the hour, and the detective got out of the car with a faint sigh of relief.

Drummond dodged rapidly through the bushes on his way to The Larches; and when the American finally overtook him, he was standing by a side-door knocking hard on the panels.

"Seems kind of empty," said the detective thoughtfully, as the minutes went by and no one came. "Why not try the front door?"

"Because it's in sight of the other house," said Hugh briefly. "I'm going to break in."

He retreated a yard from the door, then, bracing his shoulder, he charged it once. And the door, as a door, was not... Rapidly the two men went from room to room—bedrooms, servants' quarters, even the bathroom. Everyone was empty; not a sound

could be heard in the house. Finally, only the dining room remained, and as they stood by the door looking round, the American shifted his chewing gum to a new point of vantage.

"Somebody has been rough-housing by the look of things," he remarked judicially. "Looks like a boozing den after a thick night."

"It does," remarked Hugh grimly, taking in the disorder of the room. The tablecloth was pulled off, the telephone lay on the floor. China and glass, smashed to pieces, littered the carpet; but what caught his eye, and caused him suddenly to step forward and pick it up, was a plain circle of glass with a black cord attached to it through a small hole.

"Algy Longworth's eyeglass," he muttered. "So he's been caught too."

And it was at that moment that, clear and distinct through the still evening air, they heard a woman's agonized scream. It came from the house next door, and then Drummond darted forward.

"Stop, you young fool," the American shouted, but he was too late.

He watched Drummond, running like a stag, cross the lawn and disappear in the trees. For a second he hesitated; then, with a shrug of square shoulders, he rapidly left the house by the way they had entered. And a few minutes later, Drummond's car was skimming back toward London, with a grim-faced man at the wheel.

And the owner of the car was lying in blissful unconsciousness in the hall of The Elms, surrounded by a half a dozen men.

CHAPTER X

In Which the Hun Nation Decreases by One.

ONE

Drummond had yielded to impulse—the blind, all-powerful impulse of any man who is a man to get to the woman he loves if she wants him. As he had dashed across the lawn to The Elms, with the American's warning cry echoing in his ears, he had been incapable of serious thought. Subconsciously he had known that, from every point of view, it was the act of a madman, that he was deliberately putting his head into what, in all probability, was a carefully prepared snare; that, from every point of view, he could help Phyllis better by remaining a free agent outside. But when a girl shrieks, and the man who loves her hears it, arguments begin to look tired. And what little caution might have remained to Hugh completely vanished as he saw the girl watching him with agonized terror in her face, from an upstairs window, as he dashed up to the house. It was only for a brief second that he saw her; then she disappeared suddenly, as if snatched away by some invisible person.

"I'm coming, darling." He had given one wild shout, and hurried himself through the door which led into the house from the garden. A dazzling light of intense brilliance had shone in his face, momentarily blinding him; then had come a crushing blow on the back of his head. One groping, wild step forward, and Hugh Drummond, dimly conscious of men all round him, had pitched forward on his face into utter oblivion.

"It's too easy," Lakington's sneering voice broke the silence, as he looked vindictively at the unconscious man.

"So you have thought before, Henry," chuckled Peterson. "And he always bobs up somehow. If you take my advice you'll finish him off here and now, and run no further risks."

"Kill him while he's unconscious?" Lakington laughed evilly. "No, Carl, not under any circumstances whatsoever. He has quite a lengthy score to pay, and by God! he's going to pay it this time." He stepped forward and kicked Drummond twice in the ribs with a cold, animal fury.

"Well, don't kick him when he's down, gov'nor. You'll 'ave plenty of time after." A hoarse voice from the circle of men made Lakington look up.

"You cut it out, Jem Smith," he snarled, "or I might find plenty of time after for others beside this young swine." The expugnatist muttered uneasily under his breath, but said no more, and it was Peterson who broke the silence.

"What are you going to do with him?"

"Lash him up like the other two," returned Lakington, "and leave him to cool until I get back tomorrow. But I'll bring him round before I go, and just talk to him for a little. I wouldn't like him not to know what was going to happen to him. Anticipation is always delightful." He turned to two of the men standing near. "Carry him into my room," he ordered, "and another of you get the rope."

"And so it was that Algy Longworth and Toby Sinclair, with black rage and fury in their hearts, watched the limp form of their leader being carried into the central room. Swathed in rope, they sat motionless and impotent, in their respective chairs, while they watched the same process being performed on Drummond. He was no amateur at the game, was the rope-winder, and by the time he had finished, Hugh resembled nothing so much as a lifeless brown mummy. Only his head was free, and that lolled forward helplessly.

Lakington watched the performance for a time; then, wearying of it, he strolled over to Algy's chair.

"Well, you puppy," he remarked, "are you going to try shouting again?" He picked up the rhinoceros-hide riding-whip lying on the floor, and bent it between his hands. "That wale on your face greatly improves your beauty, and next time you'll get two, and a gag as well."

"How's the jaw, you horrible bit of dog?" remarked Algy insultingly, and Toby laughed.

"Don't shake his nerve, Algy," he implored. "For the first time in his filthy life he feels safe in the same room as Hugh."

The taunt seemed to madden Lakington, who sprang across the room and lashed Sinclair over the face. But even after the sixth cut no sound came from the helpless man, though the blood was streaming down inside his collar. His eyes, calm and sneering, met those of the raving man in front of him without a quiver, and, at last, Peterson himself intervened.

"Stop it, Lakington." His voice was stern as he caught the other's up-



"Stop it, Lakington." His Voice Was Stern as He Caught the Other's Up-raised Arm.

raised arm. "That's enough for the time."

For a moment it seemed as if Lakington would have struck Peterson himself; then he controlled himself, and, with an ugly laugh, flung the whip into a corner.

"I forgot," he said slowly. "It's the leading dog we want—not the puppies that run after him yapping." He spun round on his heel. "Have you finished?"

The rope-artist bestowed a final touch to the last knot, and surveyed his handiwork with justifiable pride.

"Cold mutton," he remarked tersely, "would be lively compared to him when he wakes up."

"Good! Then we'll bring him to." Lakington took some crystals from a jar on one of the shelves, and placed them in a tumbler. Then he added a few drops of liquid and held the glass directly under the unconscious man's nose. Almost at once the liquid began to effervesce, and in less than a minute Drummond opened his eyes and stared dazedly round the room. He blinked foolishly as he saw Longworth and Sinclair; then he looked down and found he was similarly bound himself. Finally he glanced up at the man bending over him, and full realization returned.

"Feeling better, my friend?" With a mocking smile, Lakington laid the tumbler on a table close by.

"Much, thank you, Henry," murmured Hugh. "Ah! and there's Carl." He grinned cheerfully, and Lakington struck him on the mouth.

"You can stop that style of conversation, Captain Drummond," he remarked. "I dislike it."

Hugh stared at the striker in silence.

"Accept my congratulations," he said at length, in a low voice which, despite himself, shook a little. "You are the first man who has ever done that, and I shall treasure the memory of that blow."

"I'd hate it to be a lonely memory," remarked Lakington. "So here's another, to keep it company." Again he struck him, then with a laugh he turned on his heel. "My compliments to Miss Benton," he said to a man standing near the door. "And ask her to be good enough to come down for a few minutes."

The veins stood out on Drummond's forehead at the mention of the girl, but otherwise he gave no sign; and, in silence, they waited for her arrival.

She came almost at once, a villainous-looking blackguard with her, and as she saw Hugh she gave a pitiful little moan and held out her hand to him.

"Why did you come, boy?" she cried. "Didn't you know it was only a forgery—that note?"

"Ah! was it?" said Hugh softly. "Was it, indeed?"

"An interesting point," murmured Lakington. "Surely if a charming girl is unable—or unwilling—to write herself to her fiancé, her father is a very able person to supply the deficiency. Especially if he has been kindly endowed by Nature with a special aptitude for—er—imitating writing."

"But time presses. And I don't want to go without telling you a little about the program, Captain Drummond. Unfortunately both Mr. Peterson and I have to leave you for tonight; but we shall be returning tomorrow morning—or, at any rate, I shall. You will be left in charge of Heinrich—you remember the filthy Boche?—with whom you had words the other night. As you may expect, he entertains feelings of great friendship and affection for you, so you should not lack for any bodily comforts, such as may be possible in your present somewhat cramped position."

Then tomorrow, when I return, I propose to try a few experiments on you, and, though I fear you will find them painful, it's a great thing to suffer in the cause of science. . . . You will always have the satisfaction of knowing that dear little Phyllis will be well cared for." With a sudden, quick

movement, he seized the girl and kissed her before she realized his intention. The rope round Drummond creaked as he struggled impotently, and Lakington's sneering face seemed to swim in a red glow.

"That is quite in keeping, is it not," he snarled, "to kiss the lady, and to strike the man like this—and this—and this! . . ." A rain of blows came down on Drummond's face, till, with a gasping sigh, the girl slipped fainting to the floor.

"That'll do, Lakington," said Peterson, intervening once again. "Have the girl carried upstairs, and send for Heinrich. It's time we were off."

With an effort Lakington let his hand fall to his side, and stood back from his victim.

"Perhaps for the present, it will," he said slowly. "But tomorrow—tomorrow, Captain Drummond, you shall scream to heaven for mercy, until I take out your tongue and you can scream no more." He turned as the German came into the room. "I leave them to you, Heinrich," he remarked shortly. "Use the dog-whip if they shout, and gag them."

The German's eyes were fixed on Hugh gloomily.

"They will not shout twice," he said in his guttural voice. "The dirty Boche to it himself will see."

(To be Continued)

SCHOOL FAIRS WILL BE HELD

OCTOBER 8 CHOSEN BY COUNTY SUPERINTENDENT—WORK OF SCHOOLS AND GIRLS' CLUBS TO BE FEATURED.

School fairs throughout the county are to be given on October 8, according to plans formulated by County Superintendent J. Alton Thompson. Some of these fairs will be held in individual districts, but in the rural sections, wherever possible, it is the intention of the superintendent to combine two or more districts.

School work and the achievements of girls' clubs will be featured, he states. For the exhibits brought in, lithographed certificates of merit will be given out. These will be in three colors to show comparative degrees of excellence.

BROWN'S STORE TO OPEN SEPTEMBER 1

Stock and fixtures were moved in today for "Brown's," the drygoods, shoes, furnishings and notions store to be opened in the Miner building by J. W. Brown, who has just arrived from Rogerson, Idaho. The store will probably open September 1. Mr. Brown will move his family here later. He is still operating his store in Rogerson.

Brand Directory

Right side; right ear cropped; wattle right hind leg. B. L. TONE, Sisters, Ore. adv. 100e

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