

LUMBER GAINS ALL OVER U. S.

LOWER GRADES LAST AFFECTED

Stocks Suffer Under Increased Demand For Better Grades—Situation Better Than At Any Time During Year.

Improvements in the lumber market continues and is being noted in practically all divisions, though some of the lower grades have not yet felt the impetus of a greatly improved demand and as a result are commanding a price so low that they are practically shut out of the market on account of high freight rates, says the American Lumbermen's weekly review. The greatest improvement noted in the lumber market and probably the greatest activity is found on the Pacific coast where the demand has increased to a remarkable extent and is rapidly cleaning up stocks that are available for sale and early shipment, the Lumberman adds. It continues:

"For the week ended October 1, fir manufacturers on the Pacific coast booked more orders than for any other week for nearly two years. Of this total of business placed 39 per cent was for cargo delivery, slightly more than half of it being for delivery by vessel either to California or to the Atlantic coast. A significant feature of the situation on the Pacific coast is that lumber from that section is being sold in rapidly increasing quantities in the eastern market but this increase is largely taken care of through water shipments via the Panama Canal.

Rates Have Effect
"The effect that the high rail freight rates from coast to coast have had on lumber transportation is graphically shown in the reports from one concern on the Pacific coast. Records of this company show that for the first eight months in 1920 it shipped to the Atlantic coast, 22,590,672 feet of lumber, all of which went by rail. For the first eight months of 1921 under the existing high freight rates this concern shipped to the Atlantic coast 4,807,617 feet by rail while by water it shipped 21,096,863 feet.

"The demand for upper grades has continued so strong both for west coast lumber and for southern pine that stocks on hand have been almost obliterated and prices have made rapid advances during the last ten days. The biggest advance has been shown on southern pine flooring, the market on which today is ruling \$20 higher than a few weeks ago. Another item that has shown rapid advance is plaster lath, the demand for which has been so great that manufacturers now are finding difficulty in filling their orders.

Market Improves
"The hardwood market which has been sluggish practically the entire year also is beginning to feel the effects of improved demand and there have been some notable advances in the upper grades which are in very scarce supply all over the country. While prices on the lower grades have not shown any particular advances the market is stronger and inquiries for the low grade material are becoming more numerous. Should the reductions in freight rates that are being asked by hardwood producers be granted by the Interstate Commerce Commission there is no question but that an immediate revival in demand for the lower grades will follow.

"Altogether the situation in the lumber industry is much more encouraging than it has been at any other time this year."

BEND PARTY GOES TO LOGGING CONGRESS

J. H. Meister, Carl A. Johnson and Party of Ladies Leave For San Francisco By Automobile.

To attend the Pacific Logging Congress scheduled for October 25 to 29 in San Francisco, J. H. Meister, logging superintendent of the Shevlin-Hixon Company, and Carl A. Johnson who resigned recently as assistant general manager, left Tuesday morning by auto for the south. Mrs. Meister, Mrs. Agnes Sheridan, Mrs. Johnson, and Mrs. Frank R. Prince were members of the party.

Before the opening of the logging congress, the two mill men will look into details in connection with the proposed manufacture of the Dick transmission, in which both are interested.

Put it in The Bulletin.



The night was dark, a slight drizzle in the air, no one abroad except from necessity. No sign of life was visible for the full extent of the block, until the saloon on the further corner came into view. Its gleaming hospitality invited me, and I strolled along the opposite walk, my coat collar turned up to shut out the drizzle, and finally crossed over to where I could peer in



I Could Peer In Through the Dingy Window.

through the dingy windows. The man behind the bar was unmistakably Polish, and of no high type, and at first I saw no other occupants of the place except two roughly dressed men at a table just inside, who were playing cards silently. The room was clean enough, and quiet, yet I felt no inclination to enter. Those were not fellows it would be safe to question, and I would have turned away, but at that instant I perceived the indistinct figure of a young woman in the further corner, sitting beside a table alone.

Her presence stimulated my curiosity. She appeared to be young, not badly dressed, and her being in such a place unattended rendered her of some interest. It surely could do no harm if I dropped in for a sandwich and a glass of beer. I crossed to the bar, furtively watchful, but no one except the proprietor apparently paid the slightest attention to my entrance. The two men never glanced up from their cards, and the girl—for she was scarcely more—merely turned her head and stared at me without interest. I spoke to the barman in English. We exchanged a few words—his own speech very broken—while he prepared the sandwich, and the only thing unusual I noticed was the passage of a slight signal between him and the woman across the room. I could not be sure even as to that, but gained the impression that he shook his head negatively, as though to some mute question.

Unless it might be the intense brunette blackness of hair and an extremely clear complexion, there was nothing typically Spanish in her appearance. Indeed she impressed me as thoroughly American in features, dress and manner, somewhere in the twenties I should judge, with brown eyes, and a face decidedly pleasant to look upon, although with a firmness to it, expressed by mouth and chin, not to be mistaken. I noted these things hurriedly, never venturing to stare at her, though she apparently gave me no attention whatever. Somehow the girl seemed strangely out of place in that dingy saloon—she did not in any sense belong. She was evidently not there seeking company, nor was she drinking; and yet there must surely be some meaning to her presence.

The proprietor approached me, leaning one hand on the table.
"There is nothing more?" he asked.
"No, this will answer very well."
He lingered, tempted to question me.
"You have not been in before? Perhaps you do not live near?"
"I do not," I replied frankly. "I travel out of Boston, and sell lumber. I have been doing some business with the yard down below."
"I see. You are not from New York, I make it?"
"No; Boston has always been my home."
"Once I live there, too; when I first come north from Rio. What you think about this war? We lick Germany—hey?"
"Oh, I don't know; she seems to be more than holding her own."
"Ach, yes. But now this country go in; what then?"
I looked up quickly into his face, with a swift desire to test his real sentiment.

"This country! Why should it go in? There are Germans enough over here to stop that."

"Not Germans—no. But Internationalists, revolutionaries. They are more than you think. 'Tis time for them to strike a great blow."

"You are Polish, are you not?"
"Yah, from Warsaw. I come over six years."

"Naturalized?"
"I have first papers—why you ask?" suspiciously.

"I merely questioned from curiosity." My eyes wandered once more to the girl across the room, and he noticed the glance.

"You wonder what she do in here?" he asked. "I tell you. She was my niece, an' sit here to wait for a friend to walk home with her. It is not a good neighborhood, this, for a woman alone in the dark."

"Her home is some distance?"
"Five—six blocks. It is a dark, bad way."

He moved back toward the bar, apparently satisfied with his examination of me, as well as his explanation. I wondered grimly why he had taken the trouble to tell me all this, and ordered another glass of beer as an excuse to linger there a while longer. What was the party like who was to call for the girl? I did not have to linger long to gratify my curiosity. The side door opened silently, and a man stepped briskly inside, shaking the raindrops from his coat as he greeted the barman cheerily.

"A dirty night, Jans," he said, glancing swiftly about, his eyes sweeping over me sharply. "Business not very good, I suppose?"

"Dead. It's no good now any more, with all the factories closing up because of the war. Just some salesman drops in for a beer. That makes me nothings."

The newcomer laughed, evidently put quite at ease by this quick explanation. I was watching him. A rather thick-set fellow with a turned-up mustache and a disfiguring scar on one cheek, which gave to his eye a peculiar expression. Watching the fellow I must have missed some signal, for he whirled about suddenly and confronted the girl, who had already risen to her feet and stood expectantly, one hand yet resting on the table.

"Ah, senorita! You were waiting for me to come," he exclaimed. "Yet I have not kept you long."

"Oh, no," she answered quietly in Spanish, her voice so low the words barely carried to where I sat. "You were delayed?"

"A car blockade at the wharf. No, thank you, Jans, nothing tonight. You would go, senorita?"

"There can be nothing to remain longer here for, surely."

I watched them disappear through the side door, marking his grasp on her arm and her quick glance aside into his face. There had been something wrong about this meeting, something undeniably awkward and constrained. These two were not what they pretended to be—old-time friends meeting incidentally to walk home together. They were strangers, coming together there for the first time by appointment. Neither had previously known the other. I had even detected fear, doubt, in the expression of the girl's face.

Yet I dare not move, or attempt to follow them. I could only sit quietly, my eyes on the window fronting the street. I watched intently, but no shadows passed that way—the two had not turned down Gans street.

My mind worked rapidly as I sat there motionless, afraid to make the slightest move lest it arouse suspicion. Whatever the object of the meeting might be, Jans was more or less involved. He had signaled to the girl twice, and his words, however innocent they may have sounded, must have brought a warning to the man. Beyond doubt he had questioned me with the distinct purpose of thus discovering why I had drifted into the place. I dismissed utterly his statement that the young woman was his niece—her very appearance gave that the lie.

Something was wrong, perhaps not criminal, perhaps in no way associated with the affair which had brought me into that neighborhood, and yet suspiciously wrong, and I felt inexorably driven to find out what it all meant. I finished my beer slowly, and then selected a cigar from the case and lit it deliberately. Jans leaned over the bar, speaking confidentially, and I had to remain, although I cursed inwardly at the delay. Yet I broke away at last, assured that I had finally lulled every suspicion to rest and passed out through the front door.

The street was deserted and rain-swept, the few lights showing mere pin-pricks in the darkness. I plunged straight across the street, as though headed for the nearest car line, and



I Cursed Inwardly at the Delay.

then, in the shade of darkness, retraced my steps, passing the corner, until I attained the side entrance. Here, assured that I was safely beyond observation, I paused to gain some conception of my surroundings. Across from where I stood appeared the dim outlines of a long, ramshackle building, apparently a shed of some kind, while beyond the saloon was a row of one-story dwelling houses, seemingly exactly alike, and exhibiting no evidence of being occupied.

In which direction had the couple turned after their exit through the side door of the saloon—to right, or left?

Jans had unconsciously pointed in this direction when he told of where the girl lived, and, although that was doubtless a lie intended to deceive, it was no more than natural for him to have thoughtlessly designated the proper point of the compass.

I advanced cautiously, finding the narrow sidewalk one of boards, in very bad condition. It was only when I attained the end of this row of houses, and came to the entrance of a narrow, dark alley, that I found the slightest proof that I was, by good fortune, upon the right trail. It was above this opening that the incandescent bulb flickered dimly, yet, in spite of wind and rain, gave me glimpse of the mud underfoot. The two must have been the only ones passing that way since the drizzle began, for their footprints were yet visible in the soft mud of the crossing as they advanced beyond the safety of the board walk. By bending low, and keeping my own shadow out of the way, I was able to trace their progress for two or three yards quite easily, and then, to my surprise, the footprints turned abruptly to the left, and disappeared entirely.

To all appearances the two had proceeded down the alley. Black, uninviting, as that gloomy passage appeared, they must have turned into it and groped their way forward. Where? For what purpose? I could think of but one object—the Alva iron factory, the mysterious meeting place at 870 Gans street. Beyond all question this alley would skirt along the back of that building, and there would be an entrance at the rear.

Dare I go on alone, unarmed as I was, knowing nothing of what I might encounter? I hesitated, my heart beating like a trip-hammer, yet, after all the danger seemed more of the imagination than reality. Besides, I was still young, and venturesome; the situation appealed to me, and—well, the memory of that girl's face remained strangely insistent. Odd as it may seem, her predicament yielded me a reckless desire to have an immediate hand in the game.

I found two imprints of her narrow shoe in the mud after the turn had been made, then all trace vanished. I crept forward, enveloped in gloom, keeping as closely as possible to the high board fence at the left. The way was rough underfoot, and my progress consequently slow, being anxious to make as little noise as possible. The passage was so black, I lost all knowledge as to how far I had gone, and was only aroused to my position by finally coming up against a pile of lumber which completely blocked the further end of the alley. I recalled dimly that the passage swerved here, running along the side of the Alva factory, until it reached Gans street. Then the place I sought was to my left, behind the protection of this high fence, along which I had been so cautiously feeling my way.

The silence was profound, stupefying, uncanny. Against the lighter lead of the upper sky I was barely able to trace the upper story of the building, but it was all black, a gloomy, deserted hole. Any faith I might have had that the two I had attempted to follow had come there vanished as I strained my eyes for some gleam of light, or any other sign to denote their presence within. I still believed they had not turned down the alley, but this was not their goal; beyond doubt they had entered some gate along the way, and thus escaped me entirely.

I hardly know what impelled me to grope my way back along the fence, blindly feeling for a gate. Curiosity, no doubt, and a lingering desire to make certain of what was inside the barrier. The entrance was easily found, a mere wooden door, held by an iron clasp, which opened instantly to my touch. I stepped inside, closing it quietly behind me, and stared uneasily about through the enshrouding blackness.

My eyes, grown accustomed to the gloom, made out dim outlines, encouraging further exploration. Discovering ample space, and what felt to my feet like a walk, I turned the corner in search. At that moment the gate latch clicked sharply, and I sank down into the black ground shadow, every nerve tingling with alarm. The gate opened almost noiselessly, yet my strained ears could detect its stealthy movement, and hear the crunch of a heavy footstep on the cinder path within. The fellow evidently knew his way even in that darkness, for there was no hesitancy in his movements, no uncertainty. He faded away along the rear wall, and I became aware that he had turned about the further corner. That would naturally mean there was a door there. I had evidently been searching the wrong side.

Assured the man had vanished, and that he sought entrance to the building through some passage well known to him, I crept forth along the end wall, crouched low in the shadow, using every precaution against discovery. All that was venturesome in me held high carnival and nothing of danger now could have held me back. I reached the corner around which the fellow had disappeared, but, in the intense blackness, could perceive no movement beyond, no sign of any presence. I listened eagerly, scarcely venturing to breathe, and in another moment was rewarded by hearing the gentle tap of knuckles on wood a few feet away; there could be no doubt of the number—two raps, a pause, three raps; the very signal mentioned in the letter. I waited, still breathless, uncertain what had occurred, yet convinced the man ahead had been given entrance.

Unable longer to withstand the strain I took a step forward into the darkness. At that instant the latch of the gate clicked behind me.

(To Be Continued.)

"SMALL TALK" IS IMPORTANT

Well Worth Cultivating by Those to Whom Its Possession Has Been Denied.

The man who is a failure at small talk never quite hears what the girl he is talking to has to say. He is trying to think what he is going to say next, so of course he cannot fail to misunderstand what the girl he is talking to says. He is heedless, abstracted, worried and has a way of listening to the conversation of others rather than to those at hand.

The girl whom men regard as a good talker is always ready with a laugh, and the girl who laughs well is always popular. One can excuse the girl who giggles if she giggles in a way that makes others merry and seems to tell those with whom she talks that they are entertaining her immensely, that their stories are deliciously funny—though they may be very stupid—and that on the whole she is enjoying herself and her companions enormously.

"How should a man start the conversation at a dance?" is a frequent query. There are 1,000 ways and almost any way is a good way providing it is prompt and whole minutes of agonizing silence do not slip before anything is said. Little personal remarks that are not impertinent are sure to win a girl's attention.

"I was impatient for this dance," says the popular man to the girl dressed in old rose, whom he has met for the first time that night, "because I always find that I get along famously with girls that wear pink. I can tell a lot about a girl by the colors she likes to wear."

The man who never seems to know what to say to a woman would say something like this: "I knew I had this dance with a girl in pink, but there are so many girls in pink here, and they all look alike to me so I was afraid I would ask the wrong girl."

His Only Hope.

"Madam," said the poor but ambitious fiddler, "please don't interrupt me in the midst of my labors to do me for my board. You don't seem to realize that music is food and drink to me." "Well, all I've got to say," replied his landlady, as she turned away, "is just this, young man: If you don't pay up, then times you play is all the food and drink you'll get in this house."

NEVER WANTS ANYTHING ELSE

The season of coughs, colds, croup and bronchial troubles is at hand. Every mother will be interested in this letter from Mrs. E. K. Olson, 1917 Ohio Ave., Superior, Wis.: "I never want anything else than Foley's Honey and Tar. I used it for all my children and also for my grandchild." Sold everywhere.—Adv.

SELECT DATES FOR INSTITUTE

STATE SUPERINTENDENT OF INSTRUCTION TO ADDRESS COUNTY TEACHERS AT NOVEMBER MEETING.

Dates for the annual Deschutes county Teachers' Institute are set for November 16, 17, and 18, it was announced from the office of County School Superintendent J. Alton Thompson. The institute, it is expected, will be held in the auditorium of the high school.

Chief among the list of speakers who are listed for institute is J. A. Churchill, state superintendent of education. The date on which he will be in Bend is yet to be decided on. E. D. Rossler, of the University of Oregon extension department, and Dan E. Clark, instructor in the university's correspondence study work, have accepted invitations to address the gathering of Deschutes county teachers.

HEADS OF EDITORIAL ASSOCIATIONS VISIT

E. E. Brodie, president of the national editorial association and editor of the Oregon City Enterprise, and Elbert Bede, president of the Oregon editorial association and editor of the Cottage Grove Sentinel, and their wives, were in Bend last week on a tour of the state, having recently come from The Dalles after visiting many towns in eastern Oregon. Miss Evelyn Harding, of Oregon City accompanied them.

FOUND THEM A GREAT HELP
Indigestion, biliousness, headache, bad breath, coated tongue, gas, or any condition caused by fermenting, undigested food can be relieved. Peter Landis, Meyersdale, Pa., writes: "I suffered many years and I can say Foley Cathartic Tablets are a great help for constipation. Sold everywhere.—Adv."

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