

ESSAY PRIZES ARE PRESENTED

CLUB HOST TO SCHOOL CONTEST WINNERS

Each Ward School Takes One Prize—Meaning of Contest Is Told By Speakers—Essays Praised By Judges—Pupils Respond.

Awarding of prizes to the winners of the Oregon Products essay contest, at a luncheon given by the Bend Commercial club, at the Pilot Butte Inn Friday noon, was the final event on the Oregon Products week program.

The ward schools as well as the high school took part in the contest, and oddly enough the six prizes were well distributed among the different Bend schools.

Ervin McNeil of the high school took first prize and won for his school a Strativara phonograph. In his comment on the merits of the contest he expressed his appreciation of the privilege of taking part in such a contest, pointing out the possibilities of obtaining a broader viewpoint of business in general, its aid in the study of English and the general educational features of contests of this nature. In speaking of the prize awarded he said: "It appears to me, a more appropriate gift would be difficult to find. Each time this phonograph is played it will bring a thought of the superiority of Oregon products to the minds of every pupil in hearing distance of its beautiful tones."

Thomas Going took second prize. As he was not present at the luncheon the prize, a Jantzer sweater, was forwarded to him at Eugene, where he is attending school.

Essays Praised

Arthur Erickson was awarded third prize, a pair of shoes by the Burgman Shoe Co. In commenting on the construction of the essays, Rev. J. Edward Purdy, a member of the judging committee, said that Mr. Erickson won on the great amount of detailed data and the manner in which the essay held exclusively to facts.

Harvey Gardner, of the Reid school, was awarded a mackinaw, given by the Neustadter Bros. Gardner is a fifth grader and only 10 years of age, but his essay evidenced marked singularity, and pointed out many new phases of Oregon Products. "We are just the right age, no matter how young or how old, to help our country, our city or our state. Oregon is our state; we depend upon her for help so when she calls we must help her," was a quotation called to the attention of those present by L. Antles, club secretary.

Only One Girl Winner

Marion Michaelson of the Central school and Hope Shepard of the Kenwood school were the other two prize winners.

Superintendent S. M. Moore, Miss Effie Williamson of the Kenwood school, Miss Wanda Key of the Reid school, Miss Alma Gephart of the Central school and Miss Harriet Umbaugh, principal of the high school each expressed their belief that contests of this nature were even more beneficial to the pupils in a general educational way than many parents realized. Universal approval was expressed by all the teachers.

Rev. J. Edgar Purdy, member of the judging committee, in explaining the method of judging, pointed out that no names of contestants were available to the committee. Each paper was numbered as a guide. He spoke very highly of the type of every essay presented and attributed much of the credit to the efficiency of the instructors.

Mrs. L. W. Gatchell also a member of the judging committee expressed a real pleasure in the privilege of reading and judging the essays and also spoke very highly of the general excellence of the essays presented. A. G. Clark, of the Central Oregon Motor Co. presided.

PUNCTUALITY AIDED BY SPECIAL CLASS

Introduction of a special class between the hours of four and five o'clock in the afternoon, for students who found it impossible to arrive at nine in the morning, has proven effective in stimulating punctuality at the high school, reports Miss Harriet Umbaugh, principal. Attendance has also improved this week.

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.



CHAPTER III.

Within the Factory Walls.

I stood as though paralyzed, with one foot uplifted, a hand pressed against the wall, unable to move. There was nothing I could do to avert discovery, no place in which I could crouch in hiding. The newcomer moved swiftly, knowing his way through the darkness, and I had scarcely opportunity to even glance backward when he rounded the corner and bumped into me.

"What the h—ll!" he exclaimed, startled at the encounter. "Why, d—n it, Charlett, what are you slouching here for? You're Charlett, ain't you?" "Yes," I muttered, the assent actually frightened out of me; then added lamely, "I couldn't remember the signal."

The fellow laughed softly, releasing his grip on my coat.

"If you attended more meetings you'd be letter perfect," he said, his English without an accent. "Where have you been the last month—out of town?"

"In Washington," I ventured, praying the swift answer might suffice.

"Oh, I see," more heartily. "So you were the one Alva sent? Did the woman come back with you?"

The woman! Who could he mean but the same girl who had been waiting in the saloon? I had ventured already too far to draw back; I must take yet another chance, an answer.

"Not with me; that would be too risky. She is here, though."

"Good enough. That means money. Let's go in."

He pushed past, and I followed, totally unable to determine in my own mind what to do. The fellow in the darkness evidently mistook me for some one of the gang. His confidence in my identity as Charlett might win me entrance—but what then? That I was not Charlett would certainly be revealed by the first gleam of light, and I would be helpless. I was alone, unarmed, and these fellows, beyond question, were engaged in a desperate game. I am sure I should never have ventured it had not my companion suddenly turned and grasped my sleeve.

"You saw Mendez, of course?"

"Sure."

"And he vouched for her; he says she is all right?"

"He chose her; that ought to be enough."

"H—ll, I suppose so, but even Mendez has made mistakes. Here's the door."

He rapped lightly, his fingers still gripping my sleeve in a grasp of friendship. I could have broken away, and ran for it, but something mysterious held me, some odd fascination of danger. I saw nothing, heard nothing, yet had an instinctive feeling that a narrow wicket had opened in the door, through which our dim outlines were being scrutinized. I held my breath expectantly.

"Who is there?" the voice was a mere whisper, so close as to startle me. "Gaspar Wine," was the answer, in the same low tone, "163."

"What word?"

"Cervantes?"

"But there are two of you."

"Oh, this is one of us. It's all right, Juan; I'll vouch for him."

The fellow inside grumbled something in indistinguishable Spanish, but opened the door silently, just far enough for us to slip through one at a time. I felt Wine press past me, and was aware that the guard closed and barred the door, but could see nothing; not even my own hand before my eyes.

A latch clicked softly, and a dim ray of light broke in upon us from a revealed passage beyond. It was so faint as to scarcely render features visible, and, as my coat collar was still upturned, I pressed forward close behind Wine without discovery. I could perceive something of the fellow now, a rather squat figure, concealed by a long, shapeless raincoat, wearing a closely trimmed beard, and horn spectacles. His features were clearly foreign, yet failed to bespeak the fighting type. I placed him as a theorist, a professor, perhaps, in some small college.

But my thoughts were not so occupied with my guide as with the problem of how I was to escape from him. I dare not go on into the presence of others, where discovery that I was not Charlett would be immediate. At any cost I must avoid such exposure—but how? The place in which we were gave me little inspiration. It was a low passage-way, inclosed by rough board walls, instantly driving home upon me the impression that it had been constructed for the very purpose for which it was now being utilized—a secret entrance to prevent any gleam of light from being seen without. This precaution, coupled with the tightly boarded passage, left the whole build-



I Could Perceive Something of the Fellow Now.

ing apparently deserted and desolate, to any chance watcher without. This was evidently no common, vulgar band of schemers, but men with a definite purpose in view, which they were engaged in carrying out with true secret efficiency. They were plotting revolution. Only a strange chance had given me the clue, and only a reckless persistence had opened a way before me. Now my life was no longer my own; it belonged to my country. I must live to expose these men. But how?

My heart failed me as I stared about at the bare walls, and forward to where a heavy curtain draped the end of the passage. This widened as we advanced, so as to form what evidently had been designed as a cloakroom. Wine stopped and removed his coat, appropriating an unoccupied nail, and I followed his example, rejoicing to observe that he still remained so confident of my identity as to not once glance around in my direction. The fellow seemed obsessed with some special desire, for he swept his eyes over the swinging garments, and exclaimed: "Not half of them here yet. I want a word with Alva before the show opens. Charlett, so you better go right on in. See you later."

He pressed something in the side-wall, sliding back a panel, and disappeared, the rough boards returning instantly into place. I was left alone, staring at the spot where he had disappeared. Beyond doubt the entrance awaiting me lay straight ahead, concealed by the hanging curtain. I stepped cautiously forward, listening for some guiding sound from beyond that barrier, afraid to draw it aside and take a blind plunge into the unknown. I could detect the murmur of voices, several of them speaking Spanish, yet in such low tones I could distinguish only an occasional emphasized word. There was no door between us; only that thick, hanging curtain, and I ventured far enough to draw this aside sufficient to peer through with one eye. Beyond was a reasonably large room, but so dimly lighted as to be scarcely visible from end to end. I could discern men present, a number of them, lounging about on chairs, their outlines being fairly revealed, but the light was not sufficient to give me any impression of their faces. It seemed quite possible that I might slip in unobserved, and pass among them unrecognized except through accident. But the risk of discovery was too great. I must find some other point of entrance.

The private doorway through which Wine had disappeared gave me the thought that there might also be others. I dare not follow after him, but if there was another opening to be found I was perfectly willing to explore into its mysteries. The search was brief, yet the very nature of the rough board wall made concealment impossible. Behind the dangling coats I uncovered what I sought, and not a moment too soon. Even as my hand touched the exposed latch, a murmur of voices in the outer entry reached my ears—there were new arrivals being questioned, and admitted.

The panel slid back silently in its grooves, and I peered through the revealed opening into absolute darkness. All I could be sure of, as exhibited by the dim light of the passage, was a single step downward, and then apparently a strip of earth floor. I dare not wait and meet those entering; there was but one choice of action. I pressed through the orifice, forced the panel back into place, and stood erect in the intense darkness and silence, listening for the slightest sound.

I was still motionless, my heart

beating fiercely, when several men entered the passage I had just left. Pressing my ear against the thin crack I distinguished words so as to piece together scraps of conversation. It seemed to me there were three voices—one speaking Spanish entirely, the others using English. One of the latter spoke first.

"'Tis a dirty night out, but good for our purpose. You came by motor, Altonzo?"

"No. Wine said that was too risky. I walked from the car line. What's up? Do you know, Captain?"

The fellow addressed exploded in Spanish.

"Why you call me that? I tell you my name!"

"It's safe enough in here, but I'll be careful outside. What was this meeting called for?"

"It was a message from Washington, orders maybe, that we act soon. I hope it."

"From Washington? Is Mendez here?"

"Saprista, no! Can he move without a dozen spies at his heels? He find a messenger no one ever suspect. She bring the word."

"She? A woman?"

"Sure! That was better. No one know her; no one ever see her with our people. It was a good trick, and it fool the pigs."

"But who is the woman?"

The other uttered a gruff exclamation of disgust.

"If I know, you suppose I tell? Not much, but I do not know. They trust her—is it not enough? 'Tis my guess she come special for to do this."

"She is a Chilean then?"

"Maybe; maybe American, Spanish. What difference if she be in our service? They know what she is; tonight she is Marie Gessler—it has the sound of Switzerland. Beyond this I care nothing."

"But you have seen her, perhaps?"

"Not a sight; none of the boys have. She was to meet Alva at Times square this noon. I went with him, but no girl—just a messenger boy there with a note in code. Something had frightened the lady, and she made a night appointment over here."

"Here! How did she know the way out?"

"She didn't, for the matter of that; but she had been piped off on Jans' place, and agreed to be there as soon as it was dark. I'm wondering if she showed up; let's go in and see."

The three moved off down the passage, still conversing in subdued tones, the sharp accent of the Spaniard most prominent, and I became acutely aware of the black silence in which I stood. There was no occasion for me to risk my life farther in an effort to learn more. I had located the secret rendezvous of this gang of revolutionary plotters. I was aware of their connection with the Chilean Junta at Washington, and it would be a comparatively easy matter now to capture them red-handed. I saw therefore no reason why I should venture further, or endeavor to learn in detail the nature of this message intrusted to the girl for delivery. My duty now was to report what I had discovered, when the prompt arrest of Alva, and a few others, would end the whole scheme. It seemed simple enough, if I could only find my way out safely.

But escape unobserved was far from being assured. Any retreat by way of the lighted passage was impossible; there were guards there at both ends; the only hope lay in a blind effort forward.

I accepted the only course possible, and began to feel my way to the left, skirting the wall of rough boarding, until it widened out into what was apparently the larger room beyond. No sound reached me from any direction, the silence and darkness oppressing me, as though they had weight.

Yet one fact became more and more clear—the deliberate purpose with which this deserted iron factory had been prepared for a secret rendezvous. Apparently, from without, it stood grim, desolate and deserted, yet the interior arrangements were such that conspirators could meet securely inside, protected from observation, in rooms through whose walls no gleam of light might be visible from either street or alley. Only an accident, or constant vigilance without, could reveal the true use to which the building was now being devoted. This knowledge rendered the peril of my own position the more intense. I could be killed, murdered, and no man would ever be the wiser. I would simply disappear, vanish, and that would be the end.

At that moment I had no thought but to discover some means of escape. The knowledge of the danger I was in robbed me of all courage. I was like a child afraid in the dark. I moved forward, inch by inch, feeling my way along the rough planking with one hand, my limbs actually trembling under me. If I could only find some opening; see some gleam of light; break away from this terrible silent darkness.

I supposed I was moving with the utmost caution, every nerve on edge, feeling a way forward with hands and feet. Once I stepped upon a shelf of some kind which crunched beneath the weight, and again my groping hand dislodged a small block of wood, which fell with a slight clatter. I halted both times, my heart in my mouth, yet nothing happened, and I moved forward again confident of not being overheard.

I could not have told what it was that halted me. I remember I stopped as though shot, my very breath suspended, one foot still uplifted in a step forward, my eyes staring helplessly into the black void. The silence was that of a tomb. I could feel the perspiration flow down my face in a

stream; it was an instant of torture. Then an unseen hand gripped me and an electric flash-light glared into my eyes.

(To Be Continued.)

FINEST TRAINING FOR YOUTH

Business Man Tells Why He Would Have His Son Get Full Newspaper Experience.

"Journalism teaches that results alone count, that excuses and equivocations are failures," writes Henry Scott, vice president of a paper company. "There is a discipline in big newspaper offices that does not exist in the average business, and that discipline is based on the motto, 'No excuses.' It is accepted in ordinary business that when a man is told to do something he usually expects detailed instructions. 'Where do I go, what do I do, how do I do it, what do I ask, and what will I do then,' are the questions that show their utter helplessness and lack of action.

"On the other hand a reporter gets this training as no one else does. He learns to lean on his own initiative. He gets an assignment, plans his campaign and then carries it out without asking any questions. When an obstacle comes up in the path of the average young man he stops and yells for help. But a newspaper man learns to either go through it, knock it down or skim around it in a hurry. He has learned that excuses can't be cashed at the bank.

"If I had a boy and wanted to give him a rigid business training in order that he might bring distinction to himself some day in his profession, whatever it might be, I would like to give him about two years under a first-class city editor, the kind that commits mental murder three or four times a night."

Last of Three Friends.

Chauncey M. Depew is the last of three distinguished friends, of whom General Horace Porter and Joseph H. Choate are dead, remarks the Detroit News. They were for years a link between the present generation and that of Civil war days. General Porter campaigned with Grant and was present when Lee surrendered. All three were noted orators. General Porter was regarded as having the superior mentality and his achievements as soldier, diplomat and rail road financier and builder made him most conspicuous.

Choate's oratory was closely associated with his winning personality. Depew's addresses are notable for their spontaneous humor and wit, while General Porter drafted speeches with infinite care and delivered them with impressive intensity and sincerity.

Praises the Y. M. C. A.

The Hon. V. S. Srinivasa Sastri, an Indian official, gives this testimony: "You have done me the honor to ask me to state what I think of the work of the Y. M. C. A. in India. It is beyond praise. I do not pretend to know all about it, but what I have seen of it fills me with admiration and gratitude. The association neglects no promising field of service. The magnitude and many-sidedness of its operations are a wonder to me, and I have sometimes felt the nonofficial organizations in India would gain in persistence and boldness of conception by a study of the aims, methods and ideals of the great movement known throughout the world by the letters 'Y. M. C. A.'"—Chicago Post.

Lakes for Tourists.

Fresh-air lakes are to be found in great numbers and of all sizes along the coast of Alaska, says the American Forestry Magazine. The Chignik forest has its full share, two which are typical and easily accessible to the tourist, being Eyak lake, near Cordova, along the south shore of which runs the Copper river and Northwestern railroad, and Kenai lake, which is in the heart of the moose range some twenty miles north of Seward and is reached by the government railroad skirting one shore.

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.

EX-SERVICE MAN'S FUNERAL IS SUNDAY

Alvin Olson, Who Died Saturday of Injuries Received in Runaway, Is World War Veteran.

Funeral services were held Sunday afternoon at 3 o'clock for Alvin Olson, La Pine ex-service man, who died Saturday as a result of injuries received when the team which he was driving ran away, overturning the rig in which he was taking a number of children to school Wednesday morning. The services were held at the Niswonger chapel, Rev. J. Edgar Purdy officiating. American Legion men were pallbearers.

Olson's mother, Mrs. Emma Olson of Spokane, arrived here Saturday night, after her son had died but in time for the funeral. His sister Mrs. P. L. Kemp of La Pine, was with him from shortly after he was injured.

Olson spent four years in the hospital service in the army. He was born in Idaho, and was living in Spokane until a few months ago, when he came to Central Oregon to live with his sister. The cause of his death was given as meningitis, caused by fractured vertebrae.

Miss Lucille Kemp, his niece, was injured in the same accident, is improving.

BEND ARTICLE TO APPEAR IN WEEKLY

An article on the American Legion building in Bend will appear soon in the American Legion Weekly, together with a photograph of the building, according to advice received here today. The story was written by local post officers.

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